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Radio Digest

4
programs illustrated

May

Thirty-Five Cents



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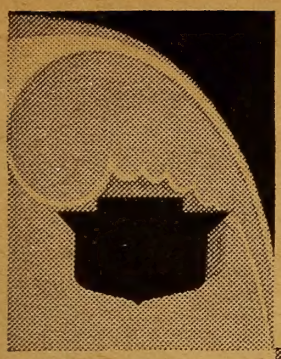
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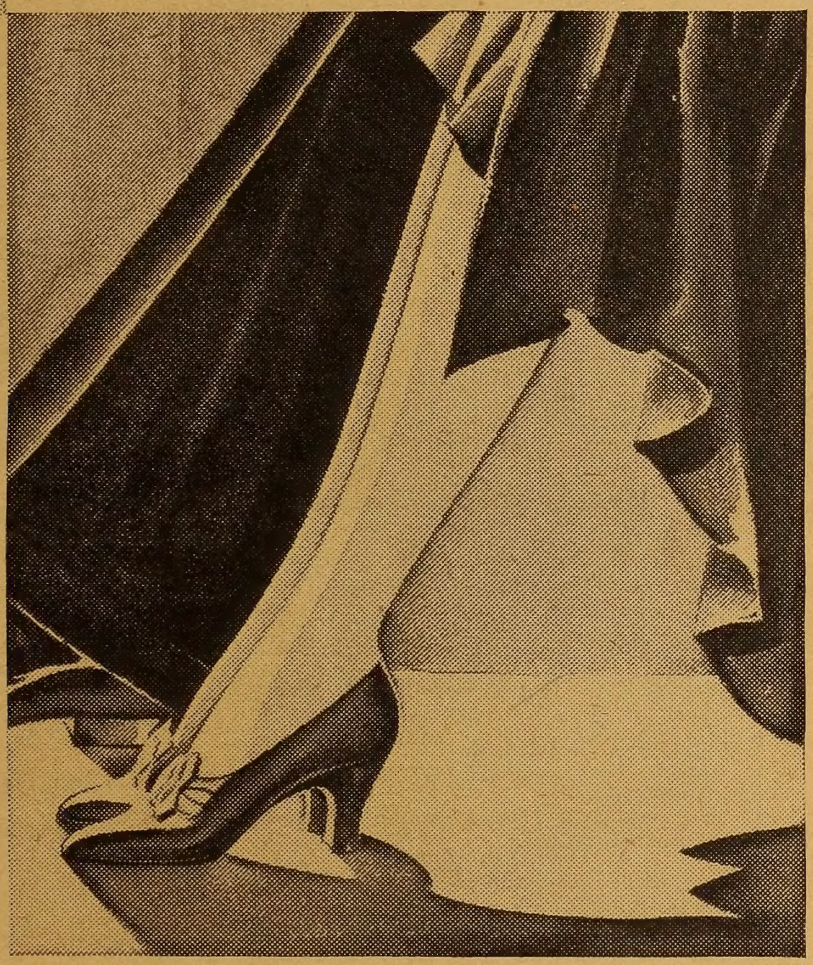
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APR 30 1930

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown, Editor

May, 1930



IRMA ASHLEY is one of those three charming Ashley sisters known as the Prairie Daisies at WLS, Chicago. And when the Saturday night Barn Dance comes along with Steve Cisler at the mike the Prairie Daisies dance on the hearthstone of nearly a million farm homes.

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MAXINE BROWN, who left Denver to become a Broadway star in New York, was the first to be called America's Sweetheart of the Air. She was also the first stage star to forsake the footlights for the microphone. You hear her over CBS in the Publix Radiovue.



LILLIAN ROTH divides her time between the picture sound studios and the Radio sound studios in Los Angeles. She is admirably adapted to the microphone. Her beauty delights the picture audiences. Listeners hear her through the Paramount broadcasts over CBS.



JANE KIRBY had her mind all made up to be a professional toe dancer when her teacher at Eastern High School, Baltimore, happened to note the unusually fine quality of her soprano voice. She followed advice to cultivate it with pronounced success, as thousands of WBAL fans will testify.

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Frantic Rush to Name Favorite for Diamond

MERITUM AWARD

Flood of Ballots and Fervent Letters Indicate Hot Battle to Pick Popular Program

FROM big stations and small—programs that are heard all over the nation via the great chains and super-power transmitters, and those who entertain in only a comparatively small area—the fans like them and don't hesitate to say so. Nominations and ballots for favorite Radio entertainers have flooded the Contest Editor's desk since the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award Contest to select America's Most Popular Program was announced in March.

Unprecedented enthusiasm is being displayed by listeners in every corner of the United States, and indications point to a battle of ballots and fervent letters of support unrivaled in their enthusiasm. It is far too early to guess even the number of nominations that will be received in this Diamond Award Contest, but several dark horses are already showing a determined strength that will put the supposed national favorites to their best pace to carry off honors.

To the program, organization or artist in the United States which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold mounted Diamond Meritum Award. This trophy will be in the shape of a gold medallion emblazoned with a diamond, and will be engraved with the name of the winning program, organization or artist.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite program, organization or artist in your section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, five Gold Awards will be presented in the sectional race. These trophies will be similar in every way to the Diamond Award, except that the diamond will be omitted from the design, and will be given to the most popular program in the divisions of the country representing the East, South, Middle West, West and Far West.

FOR the individual program, organization or artist winning the Diamond Meritum Award will come recognition of inestimable value. No one thing is worth more to a broadcast program than the expressed admiration and preference of the listening public.

No individual can tell with any degree of accuracy how any given program rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each program heard in the country.

It is by no means the program from the most powerful station that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the program, organization or artist that has the stanchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite entertainer.

READ the rules and regulations on page 101 of this issue. Remember that if you save your coupons for the rest of the Contest and send them in together they will count for more. Act today—send in your nominations—start the ball rolling and tell your friends about the Diamond Award Contest, that your favorite may be assured of more support.

"I nominate 'Fiddlin' John' Carson for the Diamond Award because I like old time fiddlin' and he is the best I have ever heard. He will entertain anyone. More power to 'Fiddlin' John' and WSB," writes Robert L. Harris.

"I am enclosing my nomination blank for the most popular program on the air, the Smith Family of WENR. I am saving all my votes so this popular program will have a better chance to win the Diamond Award."—George L. Meyers, Dubuque, Iowa.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to nominate Willy and Lilly of KMOX as candidates in your America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest, and I certainly hope they are successful. I really believe they are far superior to Amos 'n' Andy, as the impersonation of Lilly is so cleverly done, and the snappy singing keeps the program from being as dull and dry as Amos 'n' Andy. Will send a year's subscription to Radio Digest before the contest ends."—Charles H. Foley, St. Louis, Mo.

"Kindly accept my nomination for Dr. Brinckley of KFKB. He offers the best service and the best entertainment of them all. I'm saving my ballots so he will get the 75 votes."—M. B. Aldridge, Ponca City, Okla.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

*I Nominate*_____

*Station*_____
(Call Letters)
in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

*Signed*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Number **3**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program) (Call Letters)

(City) (State)

*Signed*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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Station KFKB Wins

GOLD CUP

Fans Rally to Support of the World's Most Popular Station—256,827 Votes

ACCLAIMED by an overwhelming majority of the listening public, readers of Radio Digest, broadcasting station KFKB wins the Gold Cup and the title of the World's Most Popular Station. Rallying to the support of their favorite with unprecedented enthusiasm, friends of this Milford, Kansas, station polled a total of 256,827 votes.

Contests for sectional honors in the six geographical divisions of the continent were marked by heavy balloting and close races. In the East, Station WJZ carried off first honors in a comparatively light vote, polling 4,210 ballots, winning a Silver Cup and the title of the East's Most Popular Station.

In the District of the South, "Hello World" W. K. Henderson carried off all honors and winning title to the Silver Cup for the South's Most Popular Station. His total vote was recorded as 19,514. In the Middle West another comparatively small station, but one which proved itself exceptionally strong in the hearts of its listeners, won first place. Station KFNF, owned and operated by the inimitable Henry Field, polled a total of 46,556 ballots to win the Silver Cup for the Middle West.

A South Dakota station, WNAX, proved itself the most popular broadcaster in the West, its friends casting 17,031 votes to carry the Silver Cup and the district title to Yankton. This is the second Radio Digest award won by WNAX. The Cup given for the most popular orchestra reposes in the Gurney Seed company's studios at Yankton.

IN THE Far West, Hal Nichol's Long Beach, California, station, KFOX, carried away the Silver Cup and the district title. In a whirlwind finish KFOX listeners piled up a grand total of 64,557 votes to bestow the title of the Most Popular Station in the Far West upon their favorite. Votes from Canada's widely scattered population registered an outstanding sentiment in favor of CFEQ as the Dominion's most popular broadcaster. Three thousand eight hundred and forty-two ballots were registered for this Saskatoon station.

In the true sense of this contest to select the World's Most Popular station, it was the station with the most loyal friends—listeners eager and willing to stand up and fight for the glory of their favorite, that won the Gold Cup. There are doubtless other broadcasters in the country who have more listeners over a period of time, but it was the station with the strongest, not the largest, following that was destined to win international recognition as the World's Most Popular.

Friends of broadcasters all over the continent rallied to the support of their favorites in splendid style, and every station entered in the Gold Cup Contest has a right to be proud of its standing with its listeners.

Great honor and recognition are the reward of the Gold Cup winner and winners of the Sectional races. To the runnersup must also go a large measure of credit which is their just due for the strong position they hold in the hearts of their listeners.

Full details of the balloting will appear in the June Radio Digest, together with a comprehensive layout of the winning broadcasters in this contest.

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of the Air



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JUNE RADIO DIGEST

The Boyhood Days of Amos and Andy

Graphic first hand picture of Curly Gosden when he was a freckle-faced kid in Richmond, Virginia.

Intimate sketch of Chuck Correll when he was a sturdy leather-lunged newsboy in Peoria.

CUPID ON THE AIR

Collection of true stories about some of the Radio romances that have culminated or soon will culminate in happy marriage.

SALARIES OF THE STARS

E. E. Plummer, famous Radio writer, presents an article with names an' everything about what the Big Stars get in the old pay envelope.

SPORT WAVES

Doty Hobart is lining up the summer schedule of games and outdoor amusements that will come to you by Radio.

TED HUSING'S LIFE

Gossipy narrative of the background for that marvelous voice you hear over the CBS. And a corking camera portrait, taken especially for Radio Digest.

THE HUNTERS

A pair of gangster gunmen follow their intended victim through Florida swamps and stumble over unprecedented contingencies. This is one of Will Payne's best short stories.

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

Indi's back and by June will have a thriving humor department for you. Send him the odd things you hear on the air and he may give you valuable tip.

RADIO DRAMA FICTIONIZED

Plays that you hear on the air done into fiction form with fresh angles of plot will interest you. Also first class fiction by famous authors.

These are just a few sidelights on the packed schedule lined up for the big special extra.

JUNE RADIO DIGEST

By Subscription or at your Newsstand

Advance Tips

JUNE is the month of tender glances and solemn vows. Many a happy romance has budded into lasting love through the medium of a Radio borne voice. "Cupid on the Air" will be the subject of an anthology of true stories of some of the swains and lasses who met, loved and joined hands at the altar of matrimony in Radioland. This will appear in the June Radio Digest. You will want to keep it in your album.

* * *

How much money does a top-notch Radio star make? What do the coming stars, now employed as Radio entertainers, make? What does a beginner make in this chosen profession? E. E. Plummer, former editor of Radio Digest, now Radio editor of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, has gone into the matter thoroughly and has promised an article that will tell us all about it—naming names, of course, in the June Radio Digest.

* * *

Interest in Amos and Andy grows by leaps and bounds. Radio Digest was first to give you information about them. It will continue to furnish you with Amos and Andy stories. Next month you will be taken to the home towns where these boys were known in youth as "Curley" Gosden and "Chuck" Correll. They were just like millions of other boys before some mysterious fate took them in hand. It might have happened to almost anybody, you'd say.

* * *

What a wow of a fiction story you are going to get from Will Payne in your June Radio Digest! Mr. Payne is marvelously gifted in picking out dangerous, hair-raising situations and keeping you on edge without being too rough. Two gangster gunmen find themselves far afield from their city rat hole haunts when they attempt to stalk an intended victim through the Florida swamps. Of course, Mr. Payne takes care that the obvious never happens and you will be guessing to the very end.

* * *

Speaking of fiction, be sure to read the E. Phillips Oppenheim story, "The Turning Wheel," in this issue. It is splendidly told and will be concluded in June—just two installments.

* * *

You will always find at least three and more often four good fiction stories in Radio Digest.

* * *

Keep your ears open for a Hit-Quip-Slip on the air. Indi is back on the job in this issue of Radio Digest. He is paying for things that make good paragraphs in his column. This is going to be one of the best features of its kind in the country. Read it and send in your contribution for next month.

* * *

DOTY HOBART is planning an article on how to get the most fun out of the big open air sports that come to you via Radio. He will also give you a forecast of some of the big games that will be broadcast. This will be in that very lively and very attractive June Radio Digest. We can't begin to tell you here everything that will be in it.

Across the Desk

MILFORD, Kansas, with its station KFKB wins the Radio Digest Grand Prize in the national popularity contest. Milford came romping in with a good lead as a big surprise to almost everybody but the people who live in the community. The winning of that cup had become a community enterprise. The station itself had no dickering in the handling of ballots or votes so far as Radio Digest was concerned. But there was every indication that the corner drug stores, the banks, the various centers of community gatherings, were all plugging for Dr. Brinkley, who now becomes a national Radio personality. KFKB is a feature of Dr. Brinkley's hospital. The doctor, his wife and young son live their lives in a very human way in plain Radio view of everybody. They are very sincere and enjoy the prodigious respect of their neighbors. With the whole community vitally interested in bringing Dr. Brinkley this tribute he didn't stand much of a chance to lose. It goes without saying that Dr. Brinkley will consider the Radio Digest Gold Cup a Milford trophy.

* * *

Very interesting statistics are furnished through a recent survey by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company as to the growth of Radio in the United States. The figures at best are a year behind but they show that $4,240,703 was spent for Radio advertising in the first quarter of 1929 as compared to $823,202 in the first quarter of 1927. There was an increase of more than $1,000,000 from the fourth quarter of 1928. This is of interest to you because it shows the growing esteem in dollars and cents that the great commercial houses have for you as Radio listeners. There is a keener competition for your attention. The more they want your attention the more they will pay for the entertainment to get it from you. So do not be too impatient if the sponsor asks to speak a word or two for his investment in your notice. A letter or card of appreciation always pleases both the artist and the sponsor.

* * *

The federal Radio commission is getting restless again. There is an endless amount of bickering and badgering for more power and better channels on the part of stations. At this writing it seems to be settled that there will be a trimming down of power for a number of the 50,000 watters. This will reflect in greater power for more community stations now prepared to supply better programs than they were a few years ago.

* * *

Complaints still come from listeners who say that they wait long and in vain for station announcements. Even if it is a chain program with a nearer outlet the listener is keen to know just the station from which it is coming. The announcer could easily slip in the call letters between numbers.

* * *

June days and summer weather will not dampen the interest of any real Radio fan in the air programs. The portables and automobile receivers are becoming more popular each year. Some cities have even begun regulating private automobile receivers to avoid interference with the police Radio equipped squad cars.

* * *

We are sometimes surprised by the letters, pro and con, that come in response to the signed editorials by famous writers on the opposite page. These editorials do not necessarily always express the views of Radio Digest. They usually do express the views of a great many people. We try to see things from all sides. In this issue we have Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, first nationally known Radio pastor. He had Radio Digest readers in mind in preparing this editorial. Dr. Cadman is enjoyed by millions of Radio listeners for his Sunday morning sermons over the National Broadcasting company network.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

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City..... **State**.....

Radio's Religious Influence

By S. Parkes Cadman, D. D., LL. D.

Radio Minister of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America

IT IS superfluous to expatiate on the Radio. It has done more than any other scientific marvel to convince the nations that there is a Divinity which shapes their ends, "rough hew them," as men may. Its well nigh universal ministries, developed by leaps and bounds after the anarchies created by the World War, have breathed a common mind, a common culture, and a common purpose into the seething disturbances of our common humanity. The people at large are intent on rationalized industry, national solidarity and international good will because this miracle of the viewless air transmits a superior intelligence and morality, making them available for all and sundry. The elevation of the public taste for entertainment which is wholesome and stimulative of the best life proceeds apace. Of course there are in the Radio grave possibilities of those evil communications which corrupt good manners. We also recognize that nothing is necessarily true because it is either widely circulated or widely accepted. Yet after every qualification has been made, the decisive factor remains that the choicest music, literature, drama, economic information and educational methods are at the daily disposal of countless hosts of Radio listeners.

The broadcasting agencies of our country have treated religion with the utmost consideration and generosity. In order to promote its oneness and prevent its differences, the officials of those agencies had to carefully ascertain how to diffuse "the things of the spirit" which underly all sectarian separations. Since religion is closely identified with ecclesiastical organizations, creeds and rituals, it is clear that no one denomination can be exalted at the expense of the rest.

Hence the vital questions: What is religion, as understood by those who are charged with the responsibility of "The Radio's Religious Influence?" How can their presentations be made effective for Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Gentiles? And what is perhaps more pertinent: how can the utterances which challenge attention week days and Lord's Days commend themselves to the fifty millions who attend no Church and hold no allegiance to any form of faith?

First, *such presentations must be non-controversial, in the sense that they attack no sincere efforts, by whomsoever attempted, to explain the ways of God toward men.*

Second, *they must be conferential, in the sense that they invite response, and the benefits of mutual understanding and appreciation. The professed Christian who regards all who are not of his peculiar tribe as outcast and doomed has no worth while message for a Radio audience.*

Third, *these presentations must breathe and embody the spirit of sacrificial love and purifying goodness. The noble declaration of the prophet Micah is the Old Testament watchword of Israel's religion: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Every right minded child of Abraham feels the force of Micah's historic summary.*

The New Testament conclusively shows that a churchman may possess every coveted gift of external religion, and nevertheless miss its internal beauty and power. He may speak with an angelic tongue, elucidate all theological mysteries, conquer the realms of knowledge, exercise compelling faith, bestow his goods on the poor, and even give his body to be burned. Yet St. Paul solemnly asseverates: "If I have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

THIS love is no nebulous sentimentalism which pities the sufferer and then passes him by. It is the holy passion, divinely given, which claims unlimited self sacrifice on the part of its recipients. It demands that the interest and safety of the whole body of citizenship shall be set above all private interests, and become the controlling motive of individual service for the welfare of humanity.

This is the religion which is preached through the Radio. Its various ways of communication but increase its force and meaning for those who hear it. Its message is for everyone, without distinction of race, caste or color. It is heard by numberless "shut ins" and bedfast invalids, by the inmates of asylums and prison houses, by coastguardsmen and lighthouse keepers, by lumbermen in frontier forests, sailors on the sea, soldiers in the camp, lonely homesteaders and by countless hosts of dwellers on farms or in villages, towns and cities.

The harvests reaped from the faithful sowing of God's spermatic seed are known only to Him. But my somewhat extensive experience of Radio preaching convinces me that its benefits are incalculable, its drawbacks negligible; and that its total influence vastly preponderates for the upbuilding of the nation in compassion, justice, loyalty and "the true knowledge of Him whom to know aright is Life Eternal."

(Continued on page 94)

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FRANK KNIGHT, announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting system, has caught the popular fancy, and with good reason, as you will see when you have read Florence Marks' story on the next page. A success on the legitimate stage, Mr. Knight has found the ether world even more to his liking, to the good fortune of the listening public.

Backstage Glamour in Stu

FRANK KNIGHT Finds All the Color and Romance o

"Legitimate Days" Lives Anew Before the Mike—
"The Show Must Go On"

By Florence E. Marks

THERE is a reason for the spirit and enthusiasm of Frank Knight, one of the star announcers for the Columbia Broadcasting system. It lies in the fact that when he left the stage and turned to broadcasting he found in the studio all the glamour and thrill of life backstage. The old tradition . . . "The show must go on." Even more, he found that in a Radio station the curtain rises on a dozen shows a day, each show a new one with all the anxiety, color, and romance that accompany a "first night." None of the familiar characters are missing. There are the musicians, the actors, the property men, stage manager and director. And, in the stellar role of master of ceremonies, the announcer, Mr. Frank Knight.

Frank likes his job. He likes the constant contact with a nation-wide audience. And he hasn't actually given up his old calling. For Columbia, every Sunday night, he portrays the character of Dr. Gilbert, the masculine lead in "Arabesque," and every Monday evening he does the dramatic role of David Peters in Littman's "Mountainville Sketches."

Try to realize, knowing Mr. Knight's keen enjoyment of his work now, that for many months he was perched on the brink of his present vocation with not a single thought of falling, diving, or being pushed into the ether. Several years ago he was flirting with Radio. More or less as a pastime, he took a few leads in Radio dramas, when the Radio play was in its infancy, and when, on account of the severe criticism to which it was being subjected, it seemed unlikely that it would ever reach maturity. For a couple of years he drifted in this manner; his Radio work was a filler-in—just so much velvet, not to be considered as a source of permanent income. But Radio drama came into its own, bringing him along with it, fully equipped for the place he holds now by the education and experience of his earlier life.

SEVERAL years ago Frank Knight was flirting with Radio. Perched on the brink of his present vocation, he had not a single thought of falling, diving or being pushed into the ether. More or less as a pastime, he took a few leads in Radio dramas, in the meantime filling engagements on the legitimate stage. Then came friendship with two of the most prominent figures in Radioland—Ted Husing and the late John B. Daniel. Under their tutelage and encouragement he joined the ranks of the broadcasting fraternity. "Radio today fills the bill to perfection," says Frank. And now, meet the CBS Master of Ceremonies, the announcer, Mr. Frank Knight.

HE WAS born in St. John's, Newfoundland, on May 10, 1894, the son of Herbert E. Knight, who, up to the time of his death a year ago, was the best known and most revered barrister and solicitor in the country.

He graduated from St. Bonaventure's college in the City of St. John's and soon after started work in the local branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. This he did at the request of his father, the latter feeling that every boy should have some business training no matter what plans he may have formulated for his future career.

With the advent of war in 1914, he immediately forgot the banking business to enlist in the regiment which later became the Royal Newfoundland regiment, and went abroad. He saw action in the Gallipoli campaign during the latter part of 1915, and in the beginning of 1916 his regiment was attached to the famous 29th British division. With this Division he fought on the Suvla bay and the Helles fronts and went through the evacuations of both these scenes of battle.

When the Gallipoli campaign ended, Frank moved to the French front and fought there until invalided out after the Battle of the Somme. He returned home, very much broken in health, and shortly after received an honorable discharge from the army.

As in the case of so many other young men, the war interrupted, at its inception, the smooth course of his life work. He had to begin all over again. For a while he went to McGill university in Montreal to study medicine, but gave it up in his second year—after finding himself physically unfit for the strenuousness of the profession.

He emigrated to New York City, his objective—the stage. He clicked, playing in New York and on the road with such stars as Nance O'Neill, Francine Larrimore, and Lest gan. It was about this time, during engagements on imate stage, that Mr. Knight started his Radio wor the hero in all the dramatizations of stories by Sa and E. Phillips Oppenheim. But he had not yet tremendous opportunity that awaited him in the ing field of broadcasting.

Persuaded by two of the most prominent figures world that he was on the wrong track, and that his find a large and appre ence if allowed full s went into the game fo worth. Under the tute them, Ted Husing, he the ranks of announce WABC. The other, th Daniel, supplied the er and pressure to whic succumbed.

MR. KNIGHT finds decide whether t made then was the w pleasantest change he h in his life. As he sai voted several years of pursuit of fame and f of the spoken drama, to the vagaries of stag York City and on th found it rather hard suitable career upon theatre.

"But," said Frank, the bill to perfection, a officiating at the micr Columbia Broadcasti one of a small group who handle the daily grams from our New a group, by the way collectively, is a hard one to beat. And when nc tively, can one possibly find a couple of annou for their respective tasks than Ted Husing Could you produce another personality like E I'll leave the answers to you."

Therein lies another reason for the succ dressed and well-spoken Frank Knight. He n hard at a job that is exciting and interesting t among people with whom he feels it is a ple and associate.

FRANK has a distinct flare for comfort whi satisfy in a manner suited to him sometime For that reason, he hates to drive a motor car, content to wait until he can afford the chauffeur a well-kept auto before he purchases one. H that it is a question of swank, merely a matter This holds true for valets also. He feels he nee he isn't perfectly immaculate and clean—but be a strain to be actually, not personally, tidy.

He lives by himself in a charming and mo and loves his freedom as a celibate, although h the married state might hold compensations for independence. His whole apartment is a syn tered cloths, half-smoked cigarettes, and beaut

He has a fine collection of prints, having ass a leisurely way with a great regard for his pers taste has been developed through years of galleries, studying the masters, and doing reading.

Mr. Knight discovered that he possessed for the works of the modern painters wh to New York, he found himself in that em state of having lots of time on his hands. find either very cheap or entirely free div Wanting a change from the old masters

(Continued on page 90)

the thou the boys some that touching. I and the Kin rsuade Am to the Gr even-year- wrote to and the let t Amos is in that Ho I am se saved up th I want you will have so ing to eat." letters ca if he and Amos to let h. This sa pleading, c g runs throu ed and the staff of ept cons classifying roups. ty extends avenue; fron t to the far ds out like a r the remain

on page 94)

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AMOS and ANDY

President Hoover Meets the Boys in Person —Just One of Millions of American Citizens Who Make Them Welcome in Mansion and Cottage

By Albert R. Williamson
National Broadcasting Company

immaculately clad young men followed the secre-
nto the office. Standing to greet them was the
ent of the United States. Both of the young men
considerably abashed, in fact, the blond-haired one
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were Amos 'n'
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with Mr. Ayles-
sited the Walter Reid hospital where hundreds
veterans forgot the pains and trying months of
inds to voice their enthusiasm for the two char-
come to be the bright spot in their monotonous
as much alike as beads on a string.

hen they were leaving New York to return
porters in the Grand Central terminal again
oval of their favorite characters. On their
mos 'n' Andy office, stand two brass orna-
life-like replica of a dog about eight inches
r an elephant with his trunk turned upwards
ented to the boys by Jimmy Williams, head
red-cap in the Grand Central, and both are tagged, "From Jimmy and His Gang."

Trying to take the characters of Correll and Gosden apart, or rather of Amos 'n' Andy apart, to see what makes them click or to discern what might be a clue to their almost awing popularity, is an impossible task. But these few incidents reveal some insight as to what it may be.

A faithfulness of their characters and episodes even to the locale of their story is another point which they always stress. They are admirers and friends of the colored race and their many trips in Harlem for the purpose of studying the habitat of their New York activities was a lot of fun for them and it was valuable. The boys made many of these trips incognito, talking to chance acquaintances, meeting up with love-sick "Amoses" and button-holing swaggering "Andys" in pool rooms as they roamed the entire black belt from Park avenue to Eighth avenue.

In writing about Harlem, Gosden says: "We try to be as faithful to this interesting section of New York as we can. Tramping up and down the streets, watching life, standing on corners and listening to the talk of the inhabitants, Charley and I got a lot of faithful impressions."

So faithful are these impressions, in fact, that the boys have a map in their office sketching out one of these trips, showing Manhattan in checkered patterns from Battery to Van Courtlandt.

There is the topographical picture of their episodes. The boys will point out Madame Queen's beauty parlor, the lodge rooms of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and the offices of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated.

IN CASE you are ever in New York, and want to know the exact vicinity in which you can locate these celebrated places, the boys call the members of the Mystic Knights of the Sea together on the north side of West 137th street some 150 feet west of Lenox avenue. They indicate Madame Queen's beauty parlor as being on the south side of West 135th street about half way between Lenox and Seventh streets, while the offices of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated, are on the north side of West 135th street, about 200 feet east of Seventh avenue. Amos 'n' Andy reside on the north side of 134th street between Park and Madison avenues.

"Of course," Amos says when you inquire, "these are only approximate locations, but you see it was necessary for us to establish our various activities with some measure of accuracy. Because a lot of people, especially those in Harlem, check up

HOT ziggity! Just as Mark Quest was about to sally forth to interview the Kingfish whom should he meet but Amos 'n' Andy themselves who submitted this particularly informative article by Mr. Williamson, official representative of the National Broadcasting company. We feel a little sorry for Mr. Williamson who is beleagured for just this sort of material from one end of the country to the other. You will read here how the two black idols of the air went into Harlem to get everything just right, how inadvertently they gave a telephone number that caused a Harlem lady a sleepless day and night answering calls for Madam Queen, how fifteen girls are kept busy every day opening letters written to Amos 'n' Andy, how the boys almost missed a broadcast because of a Chicago blizzard. Andy did a marathon of a mile and a half across town in the teeth of the worst storm Chicago had ever known to rescue the precious manuscript that had been so carefully worked out to furnish the evening's entertainment. Amos went on to the studio to hope and pray and tremble lest he should have to take the program alone. He had visions of his partner stuck head first in a snowdrift, and other similar calamaties. But Andy was resourceful. Coal trucks, cabs and private cars carried him across the loop and back to the studio just four minutes before going on the air. Do you remember what a time the boys were having getting their office decorated and the difficulties Andy encountered because Madam Queen sought his advice about getting her beauty parlor decorated? That's all explained here. And you will also find that the creators of Amos 'n' Andy have all the points of interest in Harlem carefully identified as to location. Mark was ee-lated to get this great story for you, and the Kingfish interview will have to wait. Mr. Williamson will give us another inside story about Amos 'n' Andy in June Radio Digest.—EDITOR.

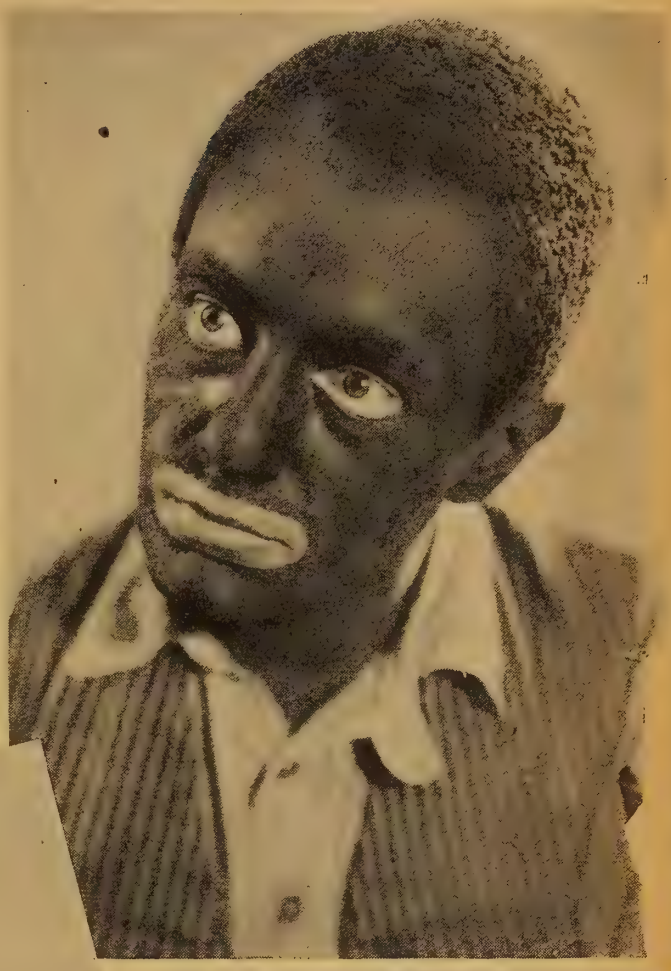
and THEIR FRIENDS

on us, it has to be topographically correct as well as faithful in character. We decided on these definite locations after our many visits to Harlem and we tried not to pick out any real addresses, of course, but rather to generalize, so that no one spot could be said to be the place, although it remained in the neighborhood." So while the investigator might find that Amos 'n' Andy lived under a bridge or the taxicab company office was in a vacant lot, if they check up on the addresses, Amos says that if they were to give the actual address, it might cause a lot of annoyance to people living there. This is illustrated by an incident that happened in one of their episodes.

For some reason or other, and not at all by choice, the boys used an actual number for Madame Queen, and the Harlem woman whose telephone it was, throughout that night and the next day answered more than six hundred telephone calls, asking for Madame Queen and inquiring for Andy. Finally the poor woman grew desperate and requested relief from the telephone company and the NBC. That solved the amazement of the telephone company at the astonishing activity for that particular number, because they had been forced to detail an extra girl for that exchange to put through the calls. Now Amos 'n' Andy have two Harlem numbers reserved for their own use. These are Harlem 5912 and Harlem 6119.

The boys are very apologetic about the incident. "We won't make that mistake again," says Gosden. "We felt sorry for the poor woman who was pestered. I don't know how we ever happened to get that particular number, but now that we have numbers assigned to us we will be all right."

A CASUAL observer would never realize what these episodes mean to millions of people over the United States. Amos 'n' Andy to these hordes of followers are real flesh and



"U-mm, Umm!"



"I's regusted."

blood people and in the thou
of fan letters that the boys
there are always some that
either laughable or touching. F
example, when Andy and the Kin
fish were trying to persuade Am
to put his money into the Gre
Home bank, a little seven-year-
boy from Pittsburgh wrote to
Pepsodent company and the let
read: "I feel sure that Amos is
ing to put his money in that Ho
bank and lose it all. I am se
years old and have saved up th
teen pennies, which I want you
give to Amos so he will have so
money to get something to eat."

At this same time, letters ca
in threatening Andy if he and
Kingfish persuaded Amos to let
his hard-earned cash. This sa
trend, threatening, pleading, c
gratulating, suggesting runs throu
all of the mail received and the
so much of it that a staff of
fifteen girls are kept cons
busy sorting and classifying
thirty different groups.

This popularity extends
Harlem to Park avenue; fron
cago's Gold Coast to the far
Shore and spreads out like a
gulfing flood over the remain

(Continued on page 94)

MRS. AMOS *and* MRS. ANDY

Wives of Famous Comedians Complete a Happy Foursome

By Jessica Arnot

Woman Interviewer discovers interesting events are about to happen in lives of Correll and Gosden—Where the "declaration" idea originated.



SHUSH, Shush, and Sho', Sho', — there's a deep dark secret about that well known pair of Radioland about to be revealed. Did you know that Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy, background abettors of all that is said and done by those famous broadcasters, are almost as interesting as their husbands? Off-stage, of course. And these wives of so widely heralded a pair of funsters are actually gleeful when informed that their purposeful seclusion and hiding behind this pair of household Radio pets has made them almost thoroughly unknown. In some parts they are not even known to exist. Few women are so reticent. But, perhaps, there is some wisdom in it.

"That's just the idea," chorus the two of them to all would-be interviewers. "We are truly delighted to let our husbands absorb all of the rarified public ether. "We're equally happy to bask quietly and effectively, albeit, as kindly critics and silent partners, in the homey atmosphere of our Chicago apartment hotel homes where we can hear them just as others do. And oft times we tell them some things about their performance that others would not tell them. We don't want them spoiled entirely, you know. But we do think they're great, grand and lovable. We love them. Yes, we do! Perhaps that's why we keep in the background just as much as possible, although they do not wish us to."

That being the gist of what Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy usually chorus to all interviewers, what you are to read now, many secrets, great and small, you will understand were gathered by a bit of close eavesdropping which proved most effective. For these

(Continued on page 91)

Freeman F. Gosden (Amos), left, and Charles J. Correll (Andy), in latest photo on the White House steps after call on the "prez-dent" of the U-nited States.

Destiny Shaped Lives of AMOS *and* ANDY

A Biographical Review

SUCCESS is as erratic as lightning. Often it is no less devastating. Success for Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, better known as Amos and Andy, finds them level headed and serenely alive to every opportunity of the moment.

Five years ago there was no such thing as Amos and Andy. Today Amos and Andy are perhaps better known to a greater number of people than any other entertainers in America. Many brilliantly talented artists strive for a lifetime for public favor and end their days comparatively unknown.

There was nothing particularly remarkable in young Curly Gosden, as he was known in Richmond when a boy, no outstanding trait to indicate Destiny had picked him for fame and glory. His father died while he still was a young boy of 12 (and you will read the story of his boyhood in the next Radio Digest). In the Gosden household was a negro mammy, who had a son about the same age as young Freeman. The black boy's name was Snowball. From Snowball and the mammy Curly absorbed the characteristics and traits now so popular in the American mind in the person of Amos.

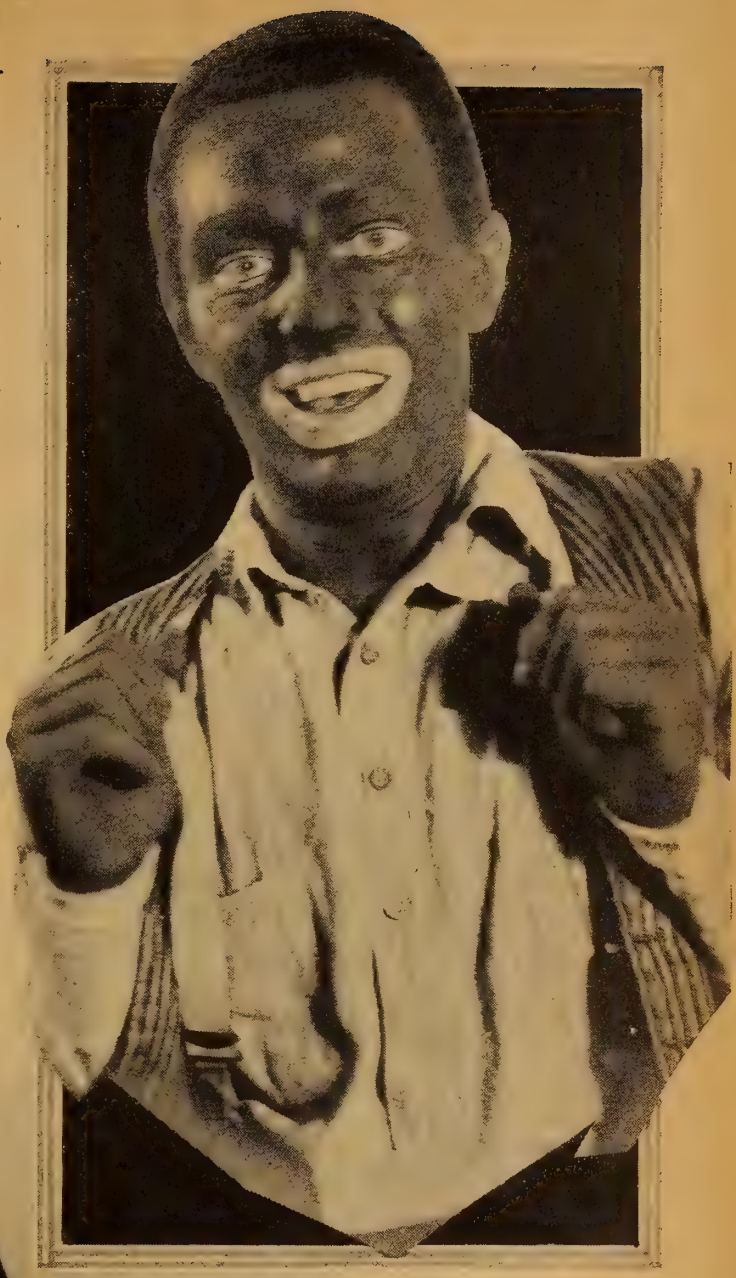
He acquired the common school education easily but did not go through to graduation. He wanted to be doing something that he considered at the time to be more worthwhile. In that, perhaps, may be found the starting point of his dreams of future success.

Opportunity for doing the things he wanted to do as a vocation did not present itself. At any rate he spent all his spare moments practicing for the benefit shows gotten up by the local amateurs. His exceptional ability finally came to the attention of professional managers. He was offered a position to join a producer. His older brother reluctantly gave consent. It was the first time a member of the family had left Richmond to go into business.

Besides, it was difficult to see where any great success could come from such a venture. Even young Freeman had nothing particularly brilliant to offer in the way of a future along this line. It was simply a case of going out and helping to stage other amateur theatricals in conjunction with local fraternal organizations.

BUT there, it seems, is where Old Madam Destiny did her stuff with the threads

(Continued on page 93)



"Is I Blue?" Amos sings gleefully.



"If I had revested my $5 in Skyrocket Airplane I would have $20," Andy reckons.

DREAM WORLD OF SPOKEN OPERA

Gives Stories Reality

MUSIC of Grand Opera Only Incidental in WLW Broadcasts

By Natalie Giddings

LIVING herself in a world of dreams which she does not deny oftimes is peopled with kings and princesses, Helen Rose is one of the rare dreamers who is privileged to weave her own fancies into a fabric of imagination to delight others.

For an inveterate romanticist, what could be more appropriate than a position as the director of dramatics for a Radio station such as the 50,000-watt Crosley broadcaster, WLW, from which the pattern of dreams she creates floats out to millions of listeners in every condition of life and every state of mind.

Hence it is not strange, is it, that Helen Rose should most enjoy writing and directing the Spoken Operas? That the kings and queens and princesses and gay adventurers who wander through the pages of the great operas are to her almost as real as the actors whom she trains to play the parts?

Enough of this attitude in regard to Helen Rose and her dreams. Montaigne, in his Essays, said, "I believe it to be true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them." Let us use a little art then in cataloguing Helen and her dreams.

Five years ago, Helen had just graduated from a school of dramatic art. She had gone back into the school as a member of the faculty. Radio broadcasting was well established, but much experimenting was being done on the programs even then. At WLW they decided to give plays, a radical step for 1925. The program director was a young man. Helen Rose was a young girl, an even younger girl than she is now, and no one ever considers her anything but young now. It wasn't strange, at any rate, that Helen should have got that lucky break that made her one of the first women to direct a Radio play. She was asked to direct "The Step on the Stairs," said to be the first mystery story ever broadcast.

"IT WAS so much fun," Helen reminisces. "Figuring out all the noises that had to be made took hours and hours of thinking. There were felt-slippered feet padding up creaking stairs; opening doors; squeaking boards; shots; screams; all sorts of weird effects to be created when there hadn't ever been any precedent for that sort of thing."

One can imagine Helen dreaming about those sounds to be done; staying awake for a little longer at night to puzzle out exactly how a padding slipper would sound; maybe jumping out of bed in the dark to paddle across the floor in bare feet before trying to repeat the sound for broadcasting.

That "radario" soon was finished. The mystery was solved. Besides that, there was no money to pay a dramatic director, even if there had been dramas to direct. As long as there were plays, Helen helped with them because she liked them. And with that taste of broadcasting, Helen was satisfied to dream for five years until Radio programs developed to the point where there would be a real position for her.

In the meantime, she went on with her dramatic training in several different schools, and with her teaching, all the time studying the drama, getting an understanding of actors and their reactions, of their abilities, of their types. For a time, she left Cincinnati and went to teach in a girls' school in Kentucky where she would have more time for herself, more time to think, more time to plan out things she hoped to do in the future. Even, it is not hard to believe, to dream about working for a broadcasting station.

Last Fall she came back to Cincinnati. Immediately she went to the Crosley stations, laid her plans before Ford Billings, director of broadcasting. He hired her. At once she began directing the dramatic talent, hiring the actors, planning plays. Her first productions were of newspaper serials: "All's Quiet on the Western Front" and "Sheila." So popular were they that listeners in San Francisco tuned in regularly each noon to hear the 3:00 o'clock production in Cincinnati, and followed the story as avidly as they would in a daily newspaper.

DREAMS do not thrive well on newspaper serials, however. So all the time Helen was evolving an idea for a series of dramas that would give her the opportunity to move in a world of the unreal. The Spoken Opera was the result. She remembered the gorgeous costumes, the romantic circumstances of the grand operas she had heard. She remembered, too, that she, like many other opera lovers, often had difficulty in distinguishing the thread of the story, woven around as they are in opera with the fine tissue of music.

There, then, was her opportunity to contribute a new idea to Radio programs. She would take from the operas their stories and dramatize them for Radio production, using the music only incidentally. Musicians who have played for operas for many years and who now play the backgrounds for the Spoken Opera in the WLW orchestra, have told her that for the first time they know "what the opera is all about."



The career of Helen Rose, dream castle builder, is an inspiration to women who want to get in to Radio.

For Helen it is great fun. Glamour, romance, everything centers in these dramas she makes from the operas. She sleeps, eats, dreams opera. A book on opera is always at her side as inevitably as is her purse and handkerchief. She reads every version of the story she can find, studies the librettos in various translations, leaves no avenue of information closed.

She rehearses her casts untiringly, working to get her players to create the characters for Radio as carefully as though their portrayal were to be a seeing audience instead of one that merely listens. Every inflection must be as true and vital as though it were accompanied by a gesture, a lifted eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulder. When her opera story is on the air, the listener sees it all; magnificent trappings of storied royalty, pitiful rags of the beggar, Fra Diavolo, the brigand; La Gioconda, the dancing girl; Carmen, with her too-red lips, and her voluptuous swagger, rosy-cheeked Hansel and Gretel in their peasant clothes, each one becomes a living character, instead of only a golden throat.

WHAT of this Helen Rose who builds dream castles for others? Where does she live? What is she like? She is a Cincinnati girl, born in the home where she now lives with her father, mother, brother and sister. It is far downtown, at the upper end of Broadway where two blocks of gentility have held out against the greedy city that has crept its giant fingers up to the hills, bringing in business houses to edge out homes. In upper Broadway, however, there still remain those two blocks of red brick and gray stone houses, each with its long shuttered windows, discreetly curtained against the slow traffic that bobs up the cobble-stone hill.

Though she now limits to Radio her dramatic abilities, and

(Continued on page 96)

WOMEN OF WEST COAST HAVE OWN MAGAZINE OF AIR

Editor Bennie Walker and His Staff "Publish" One Hour of Household Topics Daily Over NBC

By Madonna M. Todd

BACK in the stone-ages of chain-broadcasting, a clever commercial executive had a decidedly happy hunch.

The NBC "Woman's Magazine of the Air"—a morning program unique in Radio—is the result.

The "WMA," as his brain child has come to be called about the studios, is a daily feature of the Pacific Division, National Broadcasting company. It originates in the San Francisco studios and is broadcast to a decided advantage by the Western network stations: KGO, Oakland; KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KHQ, Spokane; KOMO, Seattle, and KGW, Portland.

Ben Walker McLaughlin—known to the WMA audience as Bennie Walker—is the editor of the magazine and Helen Webster and Ann Holden are the cognomens given the home science and domestic science experts constituting Bennie's staff.

Early in the Radio game—when the NBC Pacific Division was inaugurated—the Woman's Magazine of the Air wasn't on the air every day, but, to meet a growing demand, it now fills an hour every morning except Saturday and Sunday.

The unique program is divided into three 20-minute "editorial features," each sponsored by the manufacturer of some product for home use. There's everything from coffee and condensed milk to bed linens, fingernail polish and paint. Only one of any product has its "in" and the magazine staff completes a careful investigation before any account is accepted.

It's surprising how many excursions are necessary to one cheese factory or to the plant of a stove manufacturer, before Helen or Ann begin telling the West Coast women to use that particular product.

But, back to the WMA's origin.

BENNIE WALKER won the job of editor because he knew how to bake biscuits—he made thousands of dough-boys happy during the war by providing hot buns for their breakfast.

Says Don E. Gilman, Vice-President of NBC, explaining Ben's appointment as editor, "We had determined to call the new program the 'Magazine of the Air' and the editor of a national magazine became so enthusiastic about it that he insisted we designate our master-of-ceremonies 'The Editor.'"

Logically, the periods of the hour were termed "Features."

Helen and Ann are the names of the mother and aunt of the farsighted commercial manager who inaugurated the WMA.

Before the magazine went on the air, a survey was conducted among a group of Radio-minded women to learn whether the idea "clicked."

"They stood unanimously for the magazine," Mr. Gilman explains. "And asked us to present a program in the form of brief talks with interpolating instrumental and vocal music.

"Comes a time in the morning, around ten o'clock, we learned, that the home-maker wants to relax or to pick up the lighter tasks attendant to housekeeping. She can do this and listen to the Woman's Magazine of the Air."

Such a program fills a definite need, Mr. Gilman believes.

"Through the afternoon and evening hours, the Radio program must entertain or instruct the entire family," he points out. "It is fitting that the home-maker have an hour all her own when she may hear things discussed that are helpful and interesting to her. We try to give this to her at the time when she can profit most."

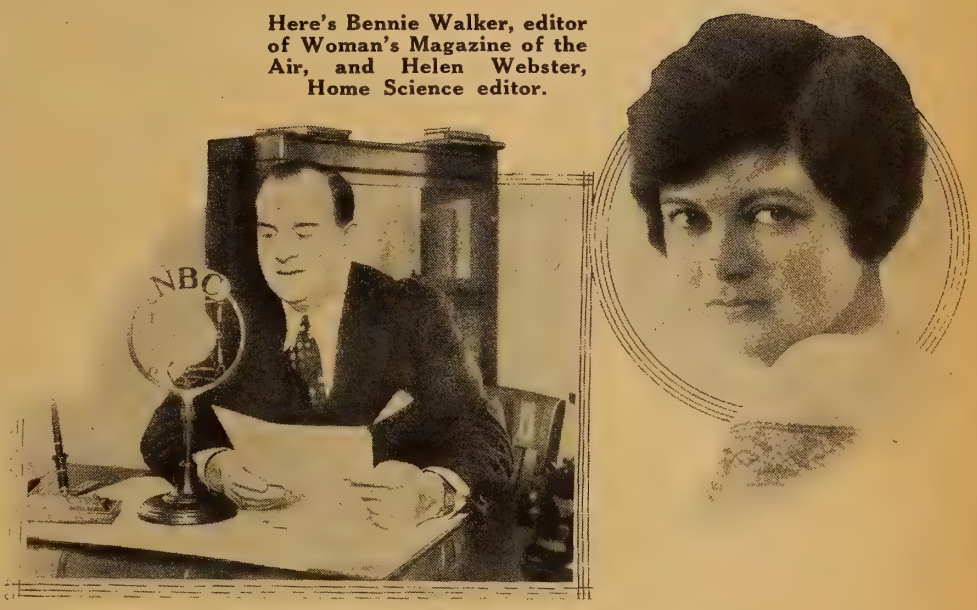
So keenly does the Radio audience feel this, that Bennie Walker's "fan-mail" outweighs that of all the other network programs.

HE HAS a slogan of his own—"Keep that old smile smiling"—which he chanted through the ether on the inaugural program, and he's still singing the same tune.

Letters come to him from all over the West—from blind mothers who keep their own homes and cook over the protected flame of a stove he advocates—shut-ins, whose hours are happier because of the songs his soloists offer—brides who are learning to cook from Ann Holden. Letters gay, pathetic, complimentary, critical—letters inviting Bennie to week-end in a hundred country homes. There are regular correspondents whose messages give Ben a great thrill—he knows when there's a new baby and if there's a new Ford on the ranch—and about a thousand other things.

WMA artists are the brightest stars of the NBC Pacific Division. Each day there are two different singers—always headliners—and the instrumental selections are offered by an eight-piece orchestra under the direction of Joseph Hornik, in the conductor's stand during several of the most important network programs every day.

Here's Bennie Walker, editor of Woman's Magazine of the Air, and Helen Webster, Home Science editor.



Mike Audience Enough

WHEN Dorothy Dukes Dimm is about to play over the air she generally has some one in the KGO studio for whom to play. Madame Berthe Baret doesn't care about having any one present when she plays the violin. She finds the microphone audience enough and likens it to an extremely sensitive ear. Eva Garcia, third member of the Rembrandt trio of which the other two belong, is at variance with both of her Rembrandt colleagues. She always selects some member in the invisible audience when she plays the piano over KGO.

* * *

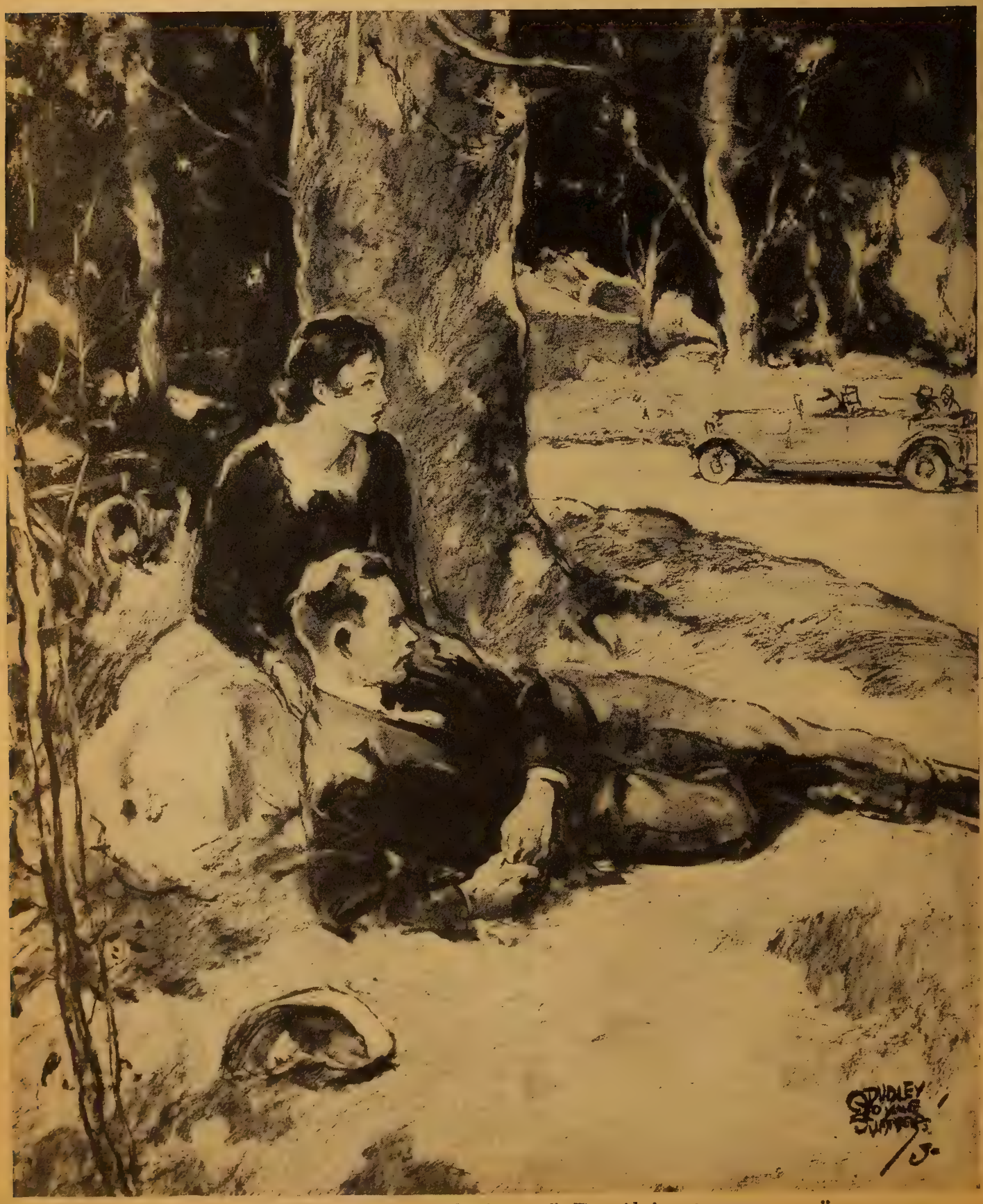
When Laura Daubman, five years old, made her aerial debut through KGO, Oakland, she was heard in Easton, Pa., by Mrs. Sara C. Heims, says a letter received at the NBC San Francisco studios. Mrs. Heims heard of the juvenile prodigy when Laura gave her first recital in San Francisco recently. The child plays 20 Bach selections from memory after only six months of study under Lev Shorr.

* * *

With a half-century of legitimate stage experience behind her, Olive West, NBC actress, probably holds the record among Radio stars for theatrical experience. Miss West came to the studios at San Francisco after a long experience on Broadway and trouping throughout the United States. She also has played character roles in motion pictures.

The Turning Wheel

Curiously *the* Cycle *of* Life Revolves *for* *The* Youth *and* Girl *of* Humble Birth



"It's simple enough. "They're rich and we're poor." They ride in motor cars . . ."

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THERE comes a time in the life of every really young man when he looks around like the chick just out of his shell and takes cognizance of a mighty world. His mind suddenly perceives deep, dark perspectives. He discovers an inexorable fate driving him down. He groans in despair. Then, from the depth of the rut, the point of his vision becomes focused on a point straight up in the zenith of the sky. The spoke begins to ascend. In The Turning Wheel Mr. Oppenheim has seized this living Youth, his Romance, and changing relations with the world.



"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously.
"Yes," he declared, "I couldn't have got him off if I would."

"I SAY, aren't we going to Bushey at all?"

The boy stirred his head, lazy, yet impatient.

"Why should we?" he asked. "We won't find a better place than this."

The girl was apparently disappointed.

"A young lady in our room was there last week and said that the chestnuts were glorious," she announced.

"Think of the crowds!" he murmured, half-closing his eyes. "We have it almost to ourselves here."

The girl looked around with an air of mild discontent. Her back was against the trunk of an ancient oak. Her companion was stretched upon the ground by her side with his head in her lap. Their clothes, bicycles, and the fact that they had so disposed themselves within a few yards of one of the roads leading through Richmond Park sufficiently proclaimed their status. They were of the toilers whom the June sunshine had drawn out from the hidden places of the great city.

"I have never known it so quiet here on a nice Sunday," the girl remarked.

"So much the better," the youth muttered. "Heavens! Don't we see enough of our fellow-creatures and hear their voices often enough six days in the week? It's a treat to hear something else—the wind in the leaves and the grasses, and the singing of the birds."

The subject was manifestly one which, if argued, might lead to misunderstandings. The girl stifled a yawn and changed her position a little, as though cramped. The boy, flat on his back, his hands pressed deep down in the cool grass, looked upward through the green leaves to the sky, dotted all over with little fleecy specks of white cloud.

"Can't you feel the quiet of it?" he asked. "No hum of machinery, no foreman rushing about the place to know when that work will be finished. I wonder—"

HE STOPPED short. The frown upon his forehead deepened. He changed his position so that he could see into the pale, anaemic face of the girl with whom he sat.

"I wonder what we do it for?" he remarked, curiously.

"Do what?" she asked.

"Make bondslaves of ourselves," he answered. "Ten hours a day for me, and nearly as much for you, and I don't suppose that my engineer's shop is a much livelier place than your dressmaker's room. One day's peace, of a sort, and six days with both feet upon the mill. What do we do it for, Agnes?"

"To live," she answered, with a hard little laugh. "Do you suppose I'd stand a single hour of the life if I didn't have to?"

The boy was answered, but unsatisfied. He looked away from his companion, but the frown remained deep-graven upon his face.

"To live!" he repeated. "I'm not so sure. It seems to me we do it so that other people may live. It isn't for ourselves we work—it's for the others."

"I work for fourteen dollars a week," the girl said, bluntly.

The boy shook his head.

"You don't," he declared. "You work so that the woman who employs you, and who calls herself a modiste, and has a flat in town and a little cottage up the river, can get all there is to be got out of life. You are one of the parts of the machine, and so am I. I think that we are foolish."

"What would you do?" the girl asked, curiously.

"I don't know," he answered. "I haven't thought about it."

"I shouldn't bother," the girl said.

"PERHAPS you are satisfied with your life," he went on, pulling out a handful of grass and throwing it from him. "I'm not. Three times last week I thought of things which improved the working of the room. I reckoned it out on the back of an old envelope. Someone must have made millions by my idea. I altered one of our filing machines on Monday, and it's done its work a lot better since. What do I get for it?"

"Twenty-eight dollars a week," the girl answered. "You see, we are laborers. I suppose you are one of them who call themselves Socialists?"

"I don't think I am," the boy answered. "I never talked with one, that I know of, in my life. And as for books, I never look inside them. But there's something wrong. If only one had time I would try and think out what it is."

"Better rest," the girl said, curtly. "You look as though you needed it."

"And what about yourself?" he answered. "I haven't seen

you with a speck of color in your cheeks since the first time we met up on the hill there."

"What chance should I have to get color in my cheeks, I wonder?" she asked. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter; I'm strong enough."

He turned his head and looked at her with new born criticism in his eyes. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes lusterless. Even her hair was dull and without life. Her mouth, well shaped once, had taken to itself a discontented turn. Her features, though good enough, were expressionless. Yet she was not without a certain natural prettiness, barely surviving the environment of her life. She bridled a little under his scrutiny and threw some grass into his face.

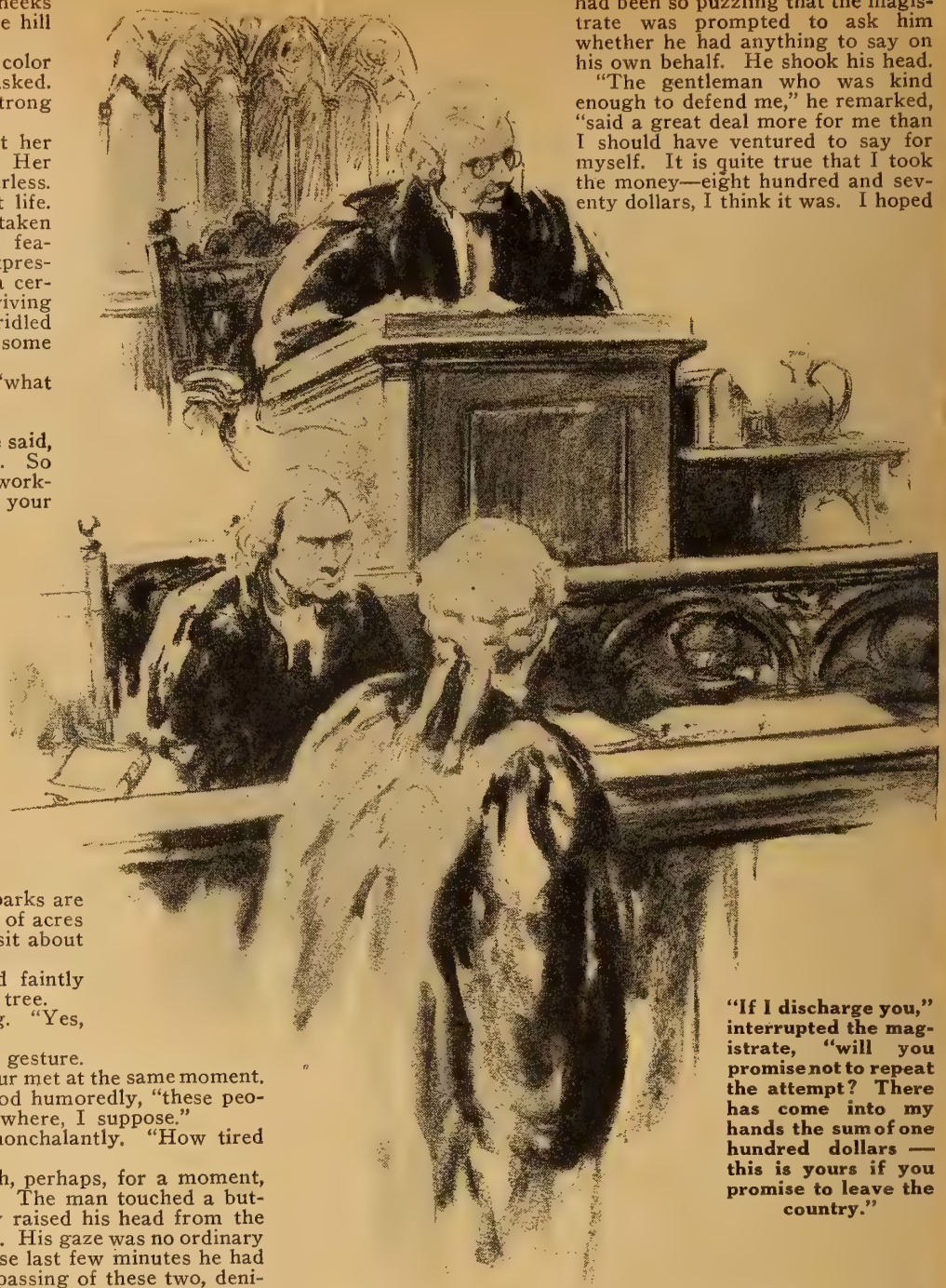
"Well, Mr. Impertinent," she said, "what do you think of me?"

He sighed.

"You are pretty enough, Agnes," he said, "but you've got the brand upon you. So have I. So has every man in my workshop. So has every girl, I expect, in your room. I don't understand it."

"Let's go down and get some tea," the girl suggested, yawning. "It won't do you no good to lie there puzzling your head about things that don't amount to anything. My, that's a fine motor car!"

The boy turned his head. The car had come to a standstill in the road, a few yards away. The man and the girl who were its sole occupants had turned to look at the view. In front, the chauffeur and footman, both immaculate in spotless livery, looked stolidly into space.



"If I discharge you," interrupted the magistrate, "will you promise not to repeat the attempt? There has come into my hands the sum of one hundred dollars — this is yours if you promise to leave the country."

"IN MANY respects," the man in the car was saying. "London is wonderfully fortunate. Our parks are magnificent. Fancy these thousands of acres free for all Londoners to come and sit about and enjoy themselves!"

His companion inclined her head faintly towards the boy and girl beneath the tree.

"Like that," she remarked, smiling. "Yes, I suppose they find pleasure in it."

The man at her side followed her gesture. It seemed as though the eyes of the four met at the same moment.

"Quite an idyll," he remarked, good humoredly, "these people must do their love-making somewhere, I suppose."

"Why not?" the girl answered, nonchalantly. "How tired they look, though!"

She withdrew her eyes, into which, perhaps, for a moment, had passed some faint glint of pity. The man touched a button and the car glided on. The boy raised his head from the girl's lap and followed it with his eyes. His gaze was no ordinary one. It seemed as though within these last few minutes he had seen farther into life, as though the passing of these two, denizens of an unknown world, had kindled in him a new seriousness.

"I don't understand it," he muttered.

"Then you're a fool," the girl declared, hardly. "It's simple enough. They're rich and we're poor. They ride in motor cars and we ride on hired bicycles. The girl wears silks and laces, and I have to be thankful for cheap linen. The man smokes cigars, and you can just run to a packet of cheap cigarettes. It's easy enough to understand. They're rich and we're poor."

The boy seemed as though he scarcely heard her.

"I wonder!" he said to himself.

"Are you going to buy me some tea or aren't you?" the girl asked, a little wearily. "I'm almost famished, and all the places'll be full unless we hurry."

He rose to his feet—five feet ten inches of long, lanky humanity, dressed in a ready-made blue serge suit, a clean collar and a black tie, good-looking enough in his way, but with his shoulders already bowed beneath the burden—the burden of the toiler. Even as he held his companion's bicycle for her to mount, his eyes watched the cloud of dust left by the motor car.

A YEAR later he stood, perfectly at his ease, in the prisoners' dock, waiting for the sentence which was obviously deserved and would certainly be forthcoming. Throughout the brief proceedings he had listened to the evidence against him with the intelligent interest of someone quite removed from personal association with the case. The speech for his defense he had ignored. His attitude, in fact, for a first offender, had been so puzzling that the magistrate was prompted to ask him whether he had anything to say on his own behalf. He shook his head.

"The gentleman who was kind enough to defend me," he remarked, "said a great deal more for me than I should have ventured to say for myself. It is quite true that I took the money—eight hundred and seventy dollars, I think it was. I hoped to have got away with it, but the luck was against me."

"You realized," the magistrate asked, "that you were committing a dishonest action?"

"Not in the least," was the prompt reply. "The money to which I endeavored to help myself was a very small portion of a great fortune which has been amassed by my employers by means of my brains and the brains of others like me. I have no personal grudge against the gentlemen who are prosecuting me, but morally I consider them at least as guilty as myself. They are not productive members of society in any sense of the word. They have left us, I and my fellow-laborers, to do the work, and they have spent the results in luxuries while we have been starved for necessities. I myself, in one room of that man's factory"—pointing to the somewhat pompous figure of the prosecutor—"have inaugurated changes and improvements which must have saved him in a single year ten times the sum I am accused of stealing. For this my wages were advanced two dollars a week. I am not saying," he continued, "that I could have got more elsewhere. None of my ideas were worth anything without the capital to buy the machinery and the established business in which to make use of it. But the fact remains that mine were the brains and his the opportunity. I was the worker and he the parasite. It didn't seem to me to be a fair bargain, and I saw no way of getting it set right, so I helped myself. I am willing to serve any sentence you may give me, but if you, sir, and society proclaim me dishonest, I venture, with the utmost heartiness, to disagree with you."

The magistrate stared at him. There was a little ripple of interest through the court. A moment or two later the sentence was pronounced: "Six months' imprisonment in the second division!"

THE youth, as he was being led from the dock, met the eyes of his employer fixed a little curiously upon him. It was thus almost, that they exchanged glances in Richmond park twelve months before. There was nothing threatening about the appearance of this young man, who followed the policeman obediently from the dock, yet his late employer went back to his works with an uneasy feeling that a new force was abroad in the world—something which he did not understand, something which he did not wish to understand. He thought of it at dinner that night, and his daughter feared that things had gone ill in the city, and felt a moment's alarm lest anything might happen to prevent the purchase of a new steam yacht in which they had planned a cruise.



"The day before I took that money," the prisoner said, "a physician told me another year of my present work would make a dead man of me."

"Nothing wrong in the city, I hope?" she asked, after the servants had left.

Her father shook his head.

"Nothing at all," he answered. "Rather a curious thing happened today, though. Do you remember driving through Richmond park a year ago? We stopped to look at the view, and a boy and a girl who were lying on the grass under one of the trees stared at us curiously. I told you at the time that the boy's face seemed familiar to me. I discovered afterwards that he was one of my employees."

"I remember perfectly," the girl answered, with interest. "I told you that I liked his face."

"Today I had to prosecute him," her father continued. "He robbed us of eight hundred and seventy dollars, and very nearly got away."

She raised her eyebrows.

"I am sorry," she remarked, quietly. "He didn't look like a thief."

"Nor did he look like one in the dock," her father answered. "Nor did he talk like one. He even tried to justify himself. It's this infernal socialism that's doing all the mischief with the half-educated working classes. Young men like this take it up and imbibe the most absurd ideas."

"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously.

Her father nodded.

"Yes," he declared. "I couldn't have got him off if I would. He's gone to prison for six months."

BEING naturally of a law-abiding temperament, and conducting himself, therefore, in prison with rare discretion, John Selwyn was a free man again in five months and eight days. Twenty-four hours after that period, however, he stood once more in the dock upon another and a very different charge. This time he was certainly paler, and he was dressed in borrowed clothes, but his manner had lost nothing of its earnest composure.

"The most determined case, sir, I ever did see," a policeman explained. "Got on the steamboat pier and threw himself off in the deepest part of the river."

The magistrate nodded.

"I read the particulars," he said. "I understand that he even struggled with the lighterman who saved his life."

"Naturally," the young man in the dock interrupted. "I did not throw myself into the river with the object of being picked out again."

The magistrate looked at him earnestly.

"Do you consider," he asked, "that you have a right to dispose of your own life in this fashion?"

"Why not?" the young man answered. "It appears to me that for anyone in my position it is the most sensible and reasonable thing to do. I lived like a slave for a great many years. I made an attempt to better myself, and it failed. Now that I have been in prison my chances of getting on in the world are certainly less than they were. I really do not feel under the slightest compulsion to continue an unequal struggle."

"There is a place for every man in the world," the magistrate said, "if only he has courage and wit enough to find it."

"You are doubtless right, sir," the prisoner answered, politely. "I would suggest, in that case, that a few signposts would be an advantage. I have never considered myself lacking in intelligence, but, so far as I am concerned, I have failed to find that place."

"You became a thief," the magistrate reminded him.

"That is a point," the prisoner answered, "upon which I regret to say that we disagree. But, in any case, I was driven to it. The day before I took that money, if it interests you to know this, I went to a physician. He explained to me that ten hours' work a day in an unwholesome atmosphere, without proper food or under sanitary conditions of life, was rapidly undermining my constitution. Another year of it and I should have been a dead man." I felt that it was time for me to make a change."

(Continued on page 108)

REPORTERS OF THE AIR

All Elements of a Metropolitan of Radio Programs—Thrill of Announcer Takes the Mike

By Doty



"How's the weather down there," calls Bill Lynch as he flies over Washington.

"THE next voice you hear will be that of ———!" That short sentence, completed with the name of the announcer who is to broadcast the report of an international or national event, brings the thrill supreme to the greatest number of Radio listeners—the thrill of suspense.

For months, weeks or perhaps only days, the important occasion has been publicized. It may be a football game, the arrival in this country of a foreign notable, the funeral of a national hero, a parade, a dinner of moment, a prize fight or the inaugural ceremonies bringing a new President to these United States. Whatever it may be the zero hour arrives for the listener when a station announcer speaks the magic words, "The next voice you hear will be that of ———!"

And, believe me, the zero hour has arrived for the reporting announcer, or, as sometimes happens, for the several reporting announcers working on the one assignment. When President Hoover was inaugurated the National Broadcasting company had six reporters stationed at different points in the capital city and one man broadcasting his reactions of the event from an airplane! The man in the plane was Bill Lynch, literally a reporter of the air.

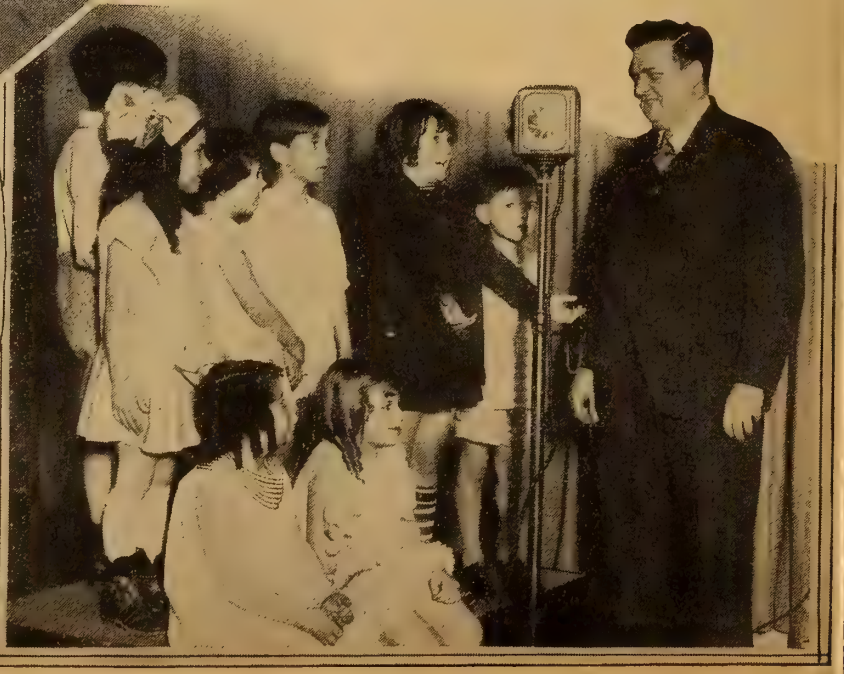
The preparation for the microphoning of a big event starts many days prior to the scheduled occasion. As a rule there is very little trouble with the political and technical problems involved but sometimes red tape gets all tangled up with the ether and a lot of "hemming and



Babe Ruth and Graham McNamee look things over at Yankee Field. In the lower left hand hand corner you see Phillips Carlin discussing weather with Lynch.



The big man below is Milton Cross with his Sunday morning kindergarten group.



GIVE HISTORY *IN* MAKING

Daily Now Going into Makeup
Thrills for Millions When the
to Tell the Waiting World

Hobart

hawing" takes place before the operation can be definitely assured.

When the Graf Zeppelin arrived in this country the war department was reluctant to permit announcers to get close enough to give any intimate descriptions of the big bag. It took a great deal of coaxing on the part of the heads of the chain systems to convince certain government officials that neither McNamee, Husing nor any of the other air reporters covering that assignment were the type of bad boys who go about stealing balloons!

WHEN a broadcaster decides to give an etherized report of an event the first procedure is to obtain permission from the proper authorities, either national, state or city department heads, if the occasion is of a public character.

If it is of a private nature, as, for instance, a prize fight, the dickering is done with the promoter of the contest who gives his permission on receipt of a sizable check. The amount involved depends on just how much pressure the promoter feels the broadcaster will stand before blowing up.

The price quoted for the privilege of giving the world a ringside description of the late fiasco in Florida, the swoon-song of Scott when he met Sharkey, was thirty thousand dollars. You didn't hear any blow-by-blow word picture of that fight on your Radio, did you? The answer is, "No, my listeners, thirty thousand dollars is still thirty thousand dollars."

When authorized permission has been granted the broadcaster the telephone company is instructed to furnish communication lines from the seat of the broadcast

(Continued on page 104)



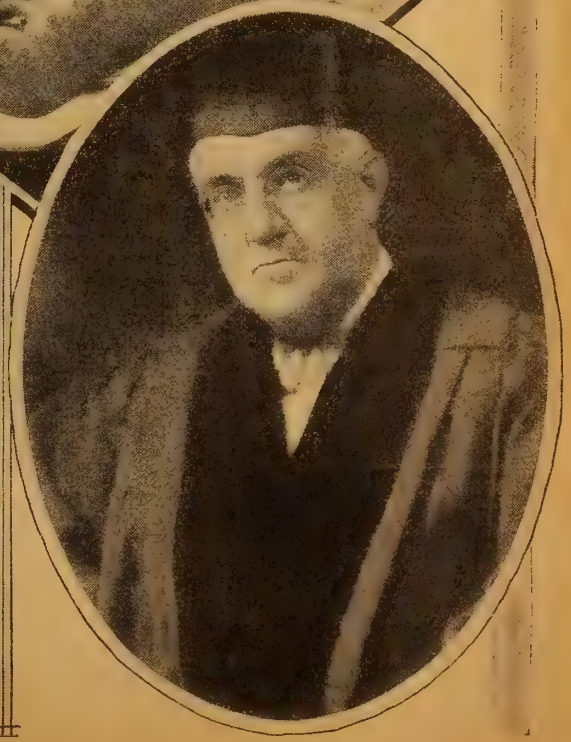
Vincent O'Shea added three minutes to his half hour of market reports by eliminating the word "and".



It's action every minute when Ted Husing's at the mike. Here you see Ted and his "spotter" covering a football game. The scholarly gentleman in the corner of the page is Frederick William Wile, LLD.

"North covers with the queen of diamonds," says Milton C. Work, describing a hand of bridge to thousands of lovers of this indoor pastime.





THIRTEEN and ONE

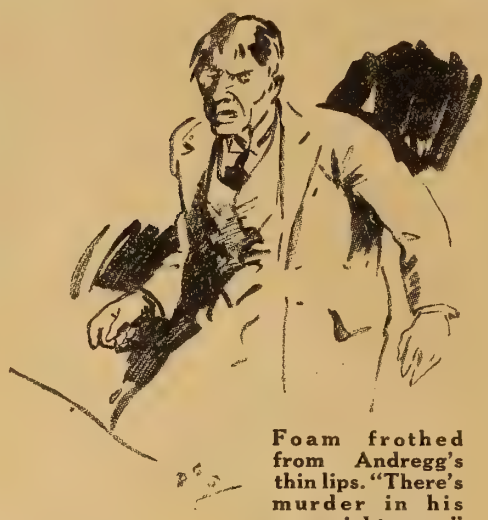
Human Tempests Rage as Suspicions and Accusations Run Rife in the House of Mystery Which Shelters the Murderer of Two Men

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

MAINWARING PARKS had summoned a most unusual company of guests to his remote and somewhat gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were especially interested in precious stones. Connoisseurs, adventurers, mystics, and there was one renowned jeweler by the name of Amos Laufer-Hirth. Paul Savoy, traveler and student of *genus homo*, had been the first to arrive at the great lodge, where he soon made the slightly unpleasant acquaintance of Captain Art Temple, world traveler, who had come with his military orderly.

Doctor Andregg, a sallow and rather saturnine guest, had permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. Then there was Herman A. Dicks, a famous detective, who had come with Mr. Parks and his jeweler friend. Will Little had come to look after the comforts of Laufer-Hirth. An East Indian, known as Mr. Nemo, entered as the other guests were gathering around the dinner table. He had a mysterious fellow countryman for an assistant.



Foam frothed from Andregg's thin lips. "There's murder in his eyes right now," shouted Blount.

Savoy counted noses, and by including the two Filipino servants, found there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

It was known that this huge log house had a history. The great opal known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought there long ago for the consideration of the builder of the house, one Thraff Willcyzinski. The jewel merchant had been accompanied by an unknown foreigner. That same night the jewel merchant and the foreigner were stabbed to death and the supposed Nonius opal, in a little wine-red silk covered case, had dissappeared. A little later Willcyzinski disappeared, a raving maniac.

Dicks apparently considered the story, as related by Parks, a fairy story. Savoy referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. But presently they came to the question as to why they had been assembled.

"I have a confession to make," said Mr Parks as by mutual consent they deferred their discussions to the next day. "There are in this room certain valuables which we'll not specify right now. For my part there is this." He exhibited a packet filled with yellow bank notes. "A million dollars there, gentlemen." He invited the others to put their valuables with his in a safe in the living room, after which the various members of the party retired to their respective rooms.

Thirty minutes later there was a high, strangling cry, out of which only one word, "Murder!" could be understood. A rushing from door to door by the startled guests ended with the discovery of the dead bodies of Parks and Dicks. As Dr. Andregg started to leave the body of his host he espied a small, bright object on the floor and quickly snatched it up.

Just as they were about to start a search for the murderer a resounding boom echoed through the house. It had come from the living room, where they found the door of the safe blown off. After a brief discussion they again started their search, only to find that both bodies had disappeared.

"Do you know," said Paul Savoy, finding himself alone with Laufer-Hirth, "I believe that I find myself in the exact, the ideal laboratory for testing a theory, which though widely shared in a superficial and therefore meaningless sort of way, is entirely my own in dead earnest. The mind of man is potentially a machine of unlimited power. To the mind of man, properly tuned, no desideratum is denied."

Following out his laboratory line of reasoning, Savoy snatched down the heavy drapes in the living room of the log house and began visualizing. At his direction the astonished Laufer-Hirth found the long lost Nonius opal.

When the survivors gathered at breakfast the next morning Captain Temple displayed a rasping animosity toward both Savoy and Dr. Andregg. His verbal attacks on Andregg grew quite acrimonious. Laufer-Hirth distracted the attention by displaying the opal and relating its discovery. There followed a mutual more or less frank revelation of their purposes in attending the gathering.

Mr. Nemo, in discussing the events of the evening before, addressed his questions to Savoy.

"I think that I may say I have made some progress," said the latter. "Mental fingers begin to point. At present, though of course I admit it is too early to be sure of anything, they point to one man. Rather odd, but thus far I am forced to admit that everything points to—me!—May I have the salt, Amos?"

"IF YOU'RE trying to be funny, Savoy," rasped out Captain Temple, the first to crash verbally into an astounded silence, "you're succeeding only in risking your neck by way of achieving a pretty glaring bit of bad taste."

"Thanks for the admonition and the warning," returned Paul Savoy coolly, "but I assure you I am quite in earnest when I say that everything points to me as the murderer. However, I prefaced my remark with the statement that I was, alas, merely at the very beginning of my investigation; and I add, that it is altogether too early to be sure of anything. Not for anything in the world would I make any accusation at this stage." He checked himself just in time in an absent-minded sugaring his eggs and diverted the burden of the heaping spoon to his coffee cup. "I am quite frank in saying," he added meditatively, "that I hope that further investigation may lead elsewhere."

"Twice last night I called you mad," burst out Laufer-Hirth. "That was only a way of speaking and you knew it. But now am I to make the accusation in all earnestness?"

"I should be interested in your method, Mr. Savoy," said Mr. Nemo. He spoke very politely; or was it, rather, graciously?

"My method, as you term it, sir, is really one of simplicity itself; entirely obvious and natural and matter-of-fact."

"Ah!" It was Mr. Nemo's silken utterance in mild ecstacy.

"IN THE annals of crime, its commission and detection," continued Savoy, "there stand out, so far as I know, a few names only of detectives who have in one way or another elevated their profession to an art. We need not enumerate them; they could be counted, though, on the fingers of one hand. The reason being that the detective-mind is inordinately fond of clues and clues are pretty certain to carry one three steps wrong to one step right. The detective-mind is unfortunately wide open to suspicion. It says, 'I'll begin with suspecting everyone; I'll eliminate one by one as I have to, grudgingly. When I've eliminated all but one, he's my man!' That's wrong; it's walking backward. He should say. 'I'll suspect no one. Suspicion is an evil drug and vitiates the true mental fabric.' Thus he'll maintain a clear, unclouded mind. And in due course, through the perfect functioning of that bit of machinery, he will be led straight to the desired end."

"You will pardon me?" spoke up Captain Temple rather stiffly. "I am afraid that the life I have led has caused me to forget most of the parlor tricks. And I can't help but say, Mr. Savoy, that all this rings in my ears like so much damned nonsense."

"As to that," said Savoy with a sigh, "I don't know but that you're right."

"And," muttered the captain with a little flush, not knowing what the other meant, "I think that you've done nothing but dodge the issue. If you're in earnest in suggesting yourself as a possible criminal—"

"And this time you're surely right, Captain! What led me to point out Paul Savoy? You're welcome to my explanation and I trust that you'll find it logical; I began, with a mind as clear as any crystal. I subdued such considerations as my friendship for Amos, the queer little friction which from the outset has seemed to exist between Paul Savoy and Captain Temple, any fantastic surmises having to do with Mr. Nemo, any reminiscences of anything odd concerning the actions of Dr. Andregg. Only when the broom of reason had swept all cobwebs did I really dally with the question: 'Who is the murderer?'

"So far as I could admit at the beginning, we all stood equally. "Instead of suspicion I instituted inquiry. And where should inquiry begin if not with myself? So I began with Paul Savoy. What did I know of him? I asked, first, 'What was Paul Savoy doing at the moment of the double murder?' And I found that I was not at all sure that I knew!"



The two Filipino boys were afraid—they had heard something in the basement. Laufer-Hirth could not drive them, so, in the end, he led the way, shivering.

HE SPOKE of himself so impersonally that they fell in with his attitude; it was quite as though they discussed some man not even of their number. No doubt there were times when this Paul Savoy wandered widely and rather at random among spacious theories; perhaps there were moments when he merely played with words, allowing them to lead him rather than follow his flight of fancy. But just now he was in deadly earnest. Amos Laufer-Hirth began to be troubled for him.

"Pursuing my inquiries," resumed Savoy, his tone that of the lecturer in the laboratory. "I found that Savoy's thoughts at dinner ran as follows: A really unprecedented gathering together of priceless gems was being accomplished here tonight. What histories some of those gems had, too! What crimes had been committed for their glorious sake! As time rolled on, what other crimes were still to be committed to come at ownership of them! The thought flitted through his brain like a bat through a shadowy cavern that he himself would like to own them all!

"Savoy had another thought: If a man, secure in a high place in the eye of the world, stepped down swiftly to the commission of a crime, who would suspect him? If none saw, who would imagine? A thought burst upon him like a flash of light: If the body were done away with, who would ever glimpse the truth?"

Laufer-Hirth groaned. The sweat was standing on his florid brow and his clenched, chubby hands were uncertain.

"Where was Savoy when that cry was heard? Ah, there I met with difficulty. I am not sure.

"Recalling the scene in the bedroom, there was Paul Savoy standing looking down curiously at the body of Mainwaring Parks; turning to look at the body of Detective Dicks. How and when had Savoy reached the room? Rushing up with the others? Ahead of them? Had he been there when the cry was uttered?

"In short, gentlemen, had this Paul Savoy in a strange daze gone swiftly and silently from his room to the room upstairs, easily killing two men who would have no reason on earth to fear him, and every reason to trust him? I wish that I knew."

He sighed and shook his head doubtfully, and added quite simply:

"At least, though I have touched only the high spots, you may glimpse why the magnetic needle pointed to Paul Savoy!"

A SITUATION had arisen in which Captain Temple found himself at a loss for words. Of a sudden he sprang to his feet and without a word hurried out of the room.

"He'll be after his clues," sighed Savoy. "The most misleading things in the world."

Yet they watched the door and awaited Temple's return in some impatience and not without a strange apprehension, certain to the last man of them that he would not be long away. And he did not disappoint them. Here he came striding back, a small, worn black bag in his hands. His eyes, unveiled now and bright and hard with suspicion, flashed to a meeting with Andregg's. Andregg, galvanized, came up out of his chair.

"That's mine!"

"Of course it's yours. What's in it, man?"

"I had misplaced it somehow—my surgical instruments, of course, and—"

"Misplaced it!" jeered Temple angrily. "Jammed in a corner, deep in your closet!—surgical instruments! Well, I'll say they're damned queer surgical instruments that you use!"

He held the bag open upon the table, recklessly spilling its contents out among the dishes. Clattering among broken crockery there cascaded a small hammer, a couple of carpenters' chisels, a pair of small, odd-shaped hinges and a handful of long screws.

"Explain that, damn you!" stormed the captain. "And explain what it was you picked up by Parks' body!"

But Andregg only sank back, wilting, into his chair and muttered incoherently, pulling at his long, bony fingers.

Andregg was in for a very bad half hour.

"You'll explain this time, I think?" demanded the captain, standing between his prey and the door. "That's your bag; yes. Why was it hidden? Why shoved far back on the top shelf of the closet in your room, covered with a cast-off litter of things? And why filled with such tools? You'll talk now, my man, if I have to take you by the throat and squeeze the words out. Lies, lies they'll be first, foam of the scum of your soul. And then we'll get the truth."

QUEERLY enough, yet perhaps not unnaturally, foam did come frothing up upon Andregg's thin lips.

"Look at his eyes!" cried out Sergeant Blount. "Talk about murder! There's murder in his eyes right now."

"I'd kill—yes, I'd kill you. You, Captain Temple. You stole my bag; you hid it away; then, with I don't know what evil plan in a maggot-infested mind, you replaced my instruments and medicines with those things. You, you," he screamed, on his feet now. "You did it! Before all these men I accuse you! You killed Mainwaring Parks and the detective."

Captain Temple laughed at him, a laugh as vicious as the cut of a whip across a man's face. He briefly ignored Andregg to say to his tense audience:

"Last night there was a heavy poker in the room where Dicks lay. Just the sort of thing which might have been used to dash a man's brains out. When we all ran downstairs, someone carried it off! Who? Why, it was this dog, Andregg, here. I thought of that later. I looked for it and didn't find it!

They looked at Andregg, inviting his answers. Though none of them took the first step in the direction of Captain Temple's violence, it was quite plain that they held with the captain that Andregg should answer. But when Andregg glared, then fell to shuffling with his feet and staring down at the floor, Paul Savoy spoke up in that faraway, sleepy way of his.

"These points which Captain Temple mention are what he would call 'clues.' As for me, I do not hold with him, but it would seem only reasonable that Dr. Andregg should answer."

Andregg looked at him dully and when he spoke it was sullenly and with moody defiance:

"There is nothing. Nothing which I could explain. Nothing which has any bearing on—on the murder."

"Good! I'm glad!" Paul Savoy was all of a sudden like a man awaking with a bound from sleep.

"Perhaps *you'll* explain?" came Temple's tart demand.

"Willingly; even eagerly," returned Savoy. "I tell you all that we already have every necessary sign and token and bit of information. We have but to sort, arrange, then deduce the truth which should be as clear as a trout in a shallow pool. Pokers, objects snatched from the floor and tools in a bag, for the love of Heaven, gentlemen, if these matters be significant, have we not already enough of them? If you insist on inhumanly choking words out of Andregg, I'll not have my ears and brain stuffed with them."

And with a hint of an emotion very much like anger, he went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Savoy will bear watching," spoke up Captain Temple, quietly, seeming to have grown cooler as Savoy grew hotter. "And now, Andregg, you are going to talk!"

ANDREGG ceased plucking at his lip just long enough to spit out:

"I'll see you in hell first, Temple."

"I am going to make you talk. You're going to babble like a brook before I'm through. Every thing you ever thought, is coming up to the top. Now, Andregg—"

"May I make a suggestion before this goes any further?" Mr. Nemo asked quietly. "I think there may be a reasonable excuse for Dr. Andregg refusing to speak. Perhaps what he will not tell to us all, he might be willing to confide to one. I think that he will tell—me!"

"I have said already that I have nothing to tell," said Andregg, stony in determination.

Mr. Nemo's smile only brightened.

"And," he resumed softly, "if, when I have talked with Dr. Andregg, and thereafter can assure you on my honor that I know he is not concealing any guilty secret in this matter, will you gentlemen be satisfied with that?"

"Yes!" burst out Laufer-Hirth. We all know who and what Mr. Nemo is; we all know that his word is sufficient. If Dr. Andregg cares to satisfy Mr. Nemo, he satisfies us all."

Mr. Nemo rose and drew close to Andregg, whispering something into his ear. Andregg stiffened visibly; his eyes flew wide open. His mouth, too, opened for speech and, while balanced impulses strove in his breast, remained open wordlessly.

"Dr. Andregg and I shall require not more than a five minutes' conference in his room," said Mr. Nemo. "You will await my report here?"

He stepped out of the room in high confidence. After the briefest of pauses Dr. Andregg followed him.

Five minutes later Mr. Nemo entered, still smiling.

"I have left Dr. Andregg in his room," he said, addressing Captain Temple. "He has explained to me, entirely satisfactorily, about the object which he was seen to pick up on the floor near the body of Mainwaring Parks. It was his own personal property; it has no bearing on the major question. I am entirely satisfied and trust that my satisfaction may extend to you also."

"To be sure we are all satisfied," said Laufer-Hirth with an attempt at spontaneity and heartiness.

Captain Temple nodded curtly to the sergeant; the two left the room, keeping step. A look flashed between Mr. Mohun and Mr. Nemo; they went, the man at the heels of the master, to their rooms. Laufer-Hirth, mumbling to himself, under his breath, shambled away to the living room.

He found the fire dying down in the living room; the intense cold of the outdoors began to shove its frosty nozzle in here. He roared at the two Filipino boys to go get wood. They were afraid. The wood was in the basement. They had heard something down there!

He could not drive them, and in the end, shivering with the growing cold, he did all that was possible and led them. They went close at his heels, starting at every whisper of sound.

THEIR way led through the kitchen. A very imperturbable Chinese cook sat a little table, placidly eating a huge breakfast. Beyond the kitchen was a narrow, dreary hall. Then a dozen steep steps brought them down to the floor of the basement. An enormous place extending under half the house, cement floored, studded with timbers supporting the building above. There was a wood-burning furnace; it had not been lighted this morning. And there was cord after cord of wood piled from floor to beams above.

He drove the Filipinos to their task, following them back and forth on several trips since they remained obstinate about going alone. In the end he saw the furnace lighted, the several fireplaces set blazing again. He sat down with a windy sigh and shoved his hands and feet out to the genial warmth.

Captain Temple and the sergeant, dressed for the outdoors, looked in on Laufer-Hirth in the living room

"Better come along with us and buffet the storm a bit," invited Temple. "There's a breeze stirring that ought to whip the cobwebs out of a man's brain."

"No. I'll stick. Besides, I want to talk to Paul Savoy."

"Oh, Savoy! He's a cursed poseur, I tell you, if nothing worse. I've got my suspicions of that freak, and I don't care who knows it."

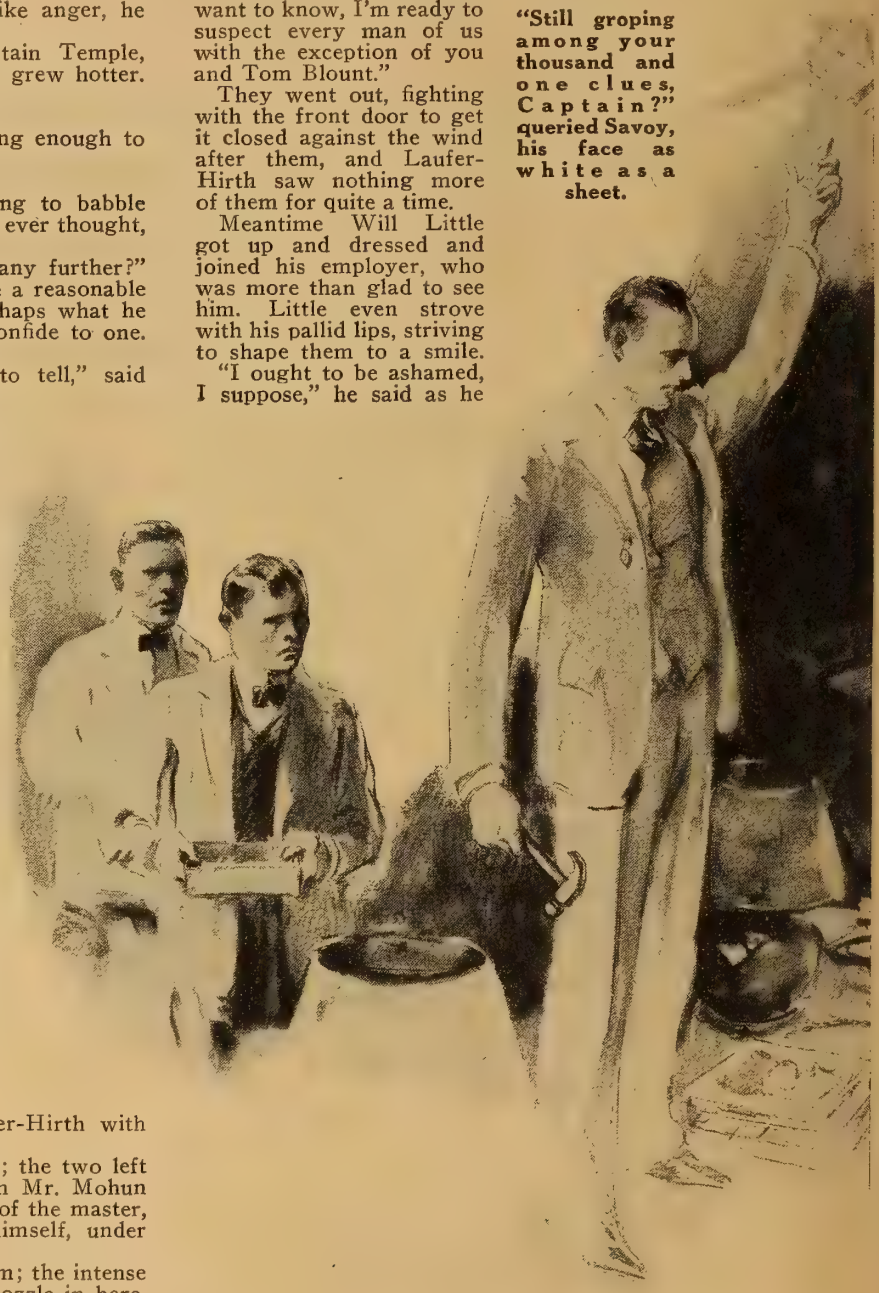
"It strikes me," said the jeweler, "that you've got a mighty lively set of suspicions, Temple."

"I don't deny it. If you want to know, I'm ready to suspect every man of us with the exception of you and Tom Blount."

They went out, fighting with the front door to get it closed against the wind after them, and Laufer-Hirth saw nothing more of them for quite a time.

Meantime Will Little got up and dressed and joined his employer, who was more than glad to see him. Little even strove with his pallid lips, striving to shape them to a smile.

"I ought to be ashamed, I suppose," he said as he sat down. "Just couldn't help myself, that's all, Mr. Laufer-Hirth."



"Still groping among your thousand and one clues, Captain?" queried Savoy, his face as white as a sheet.

"That's all right, my boy," said the other heartily. "It's shaken me up pretty considerably, and I fancy myself a downright stolid individual, as folks go."

"It's a queer business about that opal," said Will Little in a whisper. "Where's it been all these years? Who put it where you found it? Why?"

"Ask me another question," exclaimed his employer in a heavy attempt at playfulness, "and I'll stuff your mouth full of rags out of Chee-foo's kitchen. Sit still and we'll have something hot to drink. Hot and strong."

So no more questions were asked. Now and then one man or the other went as far as the windows from which Savoy had stripped down his violet-blue curtains, to look out into the storm.

Some time after the others had lunched lugubriously the captain and Tom Blount returned. When they, too, had lunched the seven guests of a departed host congregated in the living room. Paul Savoy still remained aloof; Andregg

joined them because Mr. Nemo had invited him and because, it appeared, that already Andregg was almost servilely anxious to comply in haste to Mr. Nemo's slightest request. Yet there were flashes in Andregg's peculiar eyes. He was like a dog that will both fawn and bite.

WHEN the two Filipinos entered with coffee and cigars, Captain Temple startled the two of them almost into dropping their burdens by jabbing suddenly toward them with a stiffened forefinger the while he veritably stabbed at them with his eyes.

"You two!" he snapped out at them, "stay here. Sit down, you poor fish, if you want to. What's gone wrong with your legs? Now, answer questions as I put them."

Indeed, their legs had been untrustworthy all day and now let them down into the two most convenient chairs quite as though the abrupt captain had jerked a string attached to their knees.

How long had they worked for Mr. Parks? For upward of a year, one of them; for nearly two years, the other. What did they know of their employer?



He nailed his envelope to the ceiling, then, stepping back, "There—a big step has been taken toward the solution of this mystery of ours."

That he was a very rich man who paid well; that he had a fine place in San Francisco and this place here; that he was a great traveler; that he had many friends, all sorts, too.

"You're a helpful pair of laddies," said the captain, and turned from them to Mr. Nemo. "Perhaps you'll tell us, Mr. Nemo? Were you visiting Parks in San Francisco about a year ago?"

"I'm greatly interested in your catechism," smiled Mr. Nemo. "Pray continue with it. I'll be here, you know, when you've done with your two helpful laddies."

Captain Temple, though frowningly, turned back to the Filipinos. Had they ever been employed before, at the lake, in the winter time? Yes; last winter. Mr. Parks had entertained a house full of guests for some two weeks, treating them to winter sports.

Did the electric lights work all right? And were there any big storms? Storms, yes; a big one. And the lights had gone out, some of the wires blown down. Telephones! Telephone, too, had gone out on them! They had been unable to use the telephone for two or thre days; then, in a lull in the storm, a couple of the men had fixed it. Broken limbs from trees, whipped off by the wind, had broken the wire.

Yes, Dr. Andregg was there when they came. Mr. Parks had told them they would find him here and that he would issue their orders.

"Ah," said Temple. Again he turned from them, now confronting Andregg. "So we come back to you, doctor."

Andregg had sat all the while well back from the irregular circle formed by the others. He had seemed more interested in Mr. Nemo than in the three who were doing the talking, and now a faint smile, not unlike Mr. Nemo's own, touched his lips.

"Will you object to answering a question or two?" Temple asked him bluntly.

"Fire away," muttered Andregg, with a sneer. "So long as the questions are—not impertinent!"

"Good enough," said Temple coolly. He was forever growing cool when the other man showed a least spark of fire. "First off, then: What did you happen to be doing here all alone?"

"I WAS a friend of Mainwaring Parks. He knew that I had a fancy for wintering in the snow and most hospitably put his own unused home at my disposal."

"How long have you known Parks?"

"About three years."

"How long have you lived in this neighborhood?"

"Off and on, about four years."

"Practicing medicine?"

"Practicing medicine some of the time. Reading, studying, enjoying life the balance."

"You are well off, then? Financially, you can afford to live as you please, without working?"

"It does not cost much to live here as I live," said Andregg.

"Did Parks pay you?"

"At times Mr. Parks consulted me professionally. At such times I rendered my bill and was paid."

"What was your school, doctor?" he blurted out.

"Being impertinent now?" countered Andregg.

Temple ignored the thrust and observed instead.

"I keep thinking that time must have dragged for you. By the way, do you make something of a hobby of carpentry?"

"It's quite clear," cried Andregg passionately, "that you mean to accuse me of murder!"

"I do not accuse you—yet. I merely make my statements and give you every opportunity to explain. You refuse to tell us what you picked up by Parks' body. You say you know nothing of the carpenter's tools. Will you, by any chance, tell us now what disposal you made of the poker which you carried away from Dicks' room?"

"I don't recall what I did with it; just dropped it somewhere. By the way," and he leaned forward sharply, a sudden brightness in his eyes. "Who was it carried the golf stick?"

There was a pause. Laufer-Hirth, with a sudden start, exclaimed:

"I remember now. Why, it was you, Captain Temple!"

"It was," said Andregg viciously. "A golf stick like that would inflict such a wound as Detective Dicks bore quite as well as a poker. And just where is that golf stick now, Captain Temple?"

"You have me there, Andregg," he admitted reluctantly. "I did catch up the first weapon I could lay my hands on; yes, it was a golf stick from the bag by the door. Driver, I think! And, like yourself, I don't recall at the moment where and when I dropped it."

ANDREGG could not refrain from the obvious taunt. Temple stared at him stonily.

"We grope, I admit. But we'll get somewhere yet. I have your consent to pass to other things? Then, there's this: How near is the nearest house?"

"Along the lake shore, less than a mile."

"Whose property is it?"

"I really don't know, Captain Temple. Nor can I see—"

"Occupied last summer?"

"No."

"The summer before?"

"I don't remember. I don't think so."

"Oh, all right," snorted the captain. "Tom Blount and I made our way as far as that house this morning, keeping along the water's edge. I wondered—we tried to see, of course, if anything could be done with the telephone line but I'm afraid it's hopeless; I wouldn't be surprised if it's down for miles. Of course, we ought to have outside help, someone from the district attorney's office or the sheriff's. But of one thing I feel pretty sure: The man, or men, who did this thing are as much bottled up here as we are."

A strangely mirthless laugh startled them. There in the door

(Continued on page 108)

Have a Ringside Seat for the

BATTLE of the BLUES

Lombardo, Vallee and Osborne Tell Their Story of Slow Motion Rhythm—Draw Your Own Conclusions

By Rosemary Drachman

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CHICAGO ILL 338 P
ROSEMARY DRACHMAN: 67 WEST 52
NEW YORK N Y
WILL YOU PLEASE GET WORD SKETCH OF GUY LOMBARDO SUPPOSED FIRST OF SLOW MOTION RHYTHM MASTERS STOP CHECK COMPARISONS TO RUDY VALLEE AND WILL OSBORNE OR OTHERS YOU MAY KNOW ABOUT STOP WOULD SUGGEST YOU MAKE ARTICLE SOMEWHAT PROVOCATIVE FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE PARTISANS AND QUOTE LEADERS EITHER BY DIRECT INTERVIEW OR FROM THE MORGUE STOP SHOOT THE WORKS AND WIRE ME TITLE FOR COVER DISPLAY
EDITOR RADIO DIGEST

ORDERS is orders. Lombardo first. Prettiest frock, my new hat and coat. Dab the powder on the nose—away to the Roosevelt Grill, wondering what Guy Lombardo is like and if he could possibly be as good-looking as his picture.

Well, he is. And just as charming as he is handsome, too.

He's a little above the average in height, well set up with black hair and eyes, and a natural tawnyness of skin that you and I get with sun-tan powder.

He is affable, genial and a sparkling conversationalist; a perfect host with thoughts only for his guests; and he showed a willingness to aid me that was held in check only by his shell of natural-born modesty.

I found him leading his Royal Canadians. When I introduced myself he turned the baton over to his brother, Carmen, and fixed me up with a table where I could see everything.

Should it ever be my lot to again interview this master of slow tempo, I hope it will not be from the sidelines of an inviting dance floor. (I'll bet he dances divinely.) No fun wagging my tongue when my feet want to dance.

The music would at times carry me off into the realm of dreams. I must have tried his patience sorely. Serves him right. I wanted to dance.

WITH the courtesy of a knight of old, he sat with me through two hours of spasmodic questioning. He endured my periods of abstraction with the fortitude of a martyr, and when the music ceased and I attempted to pick up the loose ends of the business at hand he helped me with a willingness born of inherent courtesy.

Between the *Wedding of the Painted Doll* and *Three O'clock in the Morning,* I learned that there are three Lombardo brothers in the band.

Guy, who is now twenty-seven years old, is leader by virtue of his venerable age and not because he plays the violin. No one instrument takes precedence in this orchestra. The boys feel that the tuba is just as important as the drums and that both rank with the piano.

Carmen, the middle brother, is twenty-six. He is the one that plays the sax and sings all those crooning choruses.

Lebert, the kid brother, is twenty-four, and toots the trumpet.

These three brothers, and all save one of the rest of the organization, hail from London—not "Lunnon-in-the-fog, where 'alf the blooming world comes from," but London, Ontario, a slightly smaller place of 65,000 population.

Here the two eldest Lombardo brothers, together with Fred Kreitzer, formed an orchestra in 1915. A little mental arithmetic divulges the secret that the venerable Guy was then just a middle aged man of twelve.

London was the military headquarters for Western Ontario and the boys were much in demand for the soldier entertainments.

In 1918 Lebert joined his brothers and this four-piece band was the nucleus of the present organization which was formed when, in 1919, five more local boys were added, and later in Cleveland, another man. Every man is a finished musician and has studied under the direction of Canada's most noted professors.

These same men make up the band as it is today. There are never any changes in personnel; no personal nor professional jealousies to mar the even tenor of their ways. When they move from one town to another, the wives and children all move into an apartment house like one big family, and as a whole, form a happy clan.

WHEN I marvelled at this statement, he said, with a wave of his hand toward the orchestra, "Why, Miss Drachman, I couldn't fight with him. His grandmother knows mine."

The band to Guy Lombardo is one unit. The use of "him," when referring to the other nine men, seemed perfectly natural.

The year 1923 found Lombardo and his Royal Canadians the rage of Cleveland where they stayed for four years. Here they were fitting new tempo to old and new numbers; playing ballads as ballads, fox trots as fox trots, etc., etc.

What'll I Do, was one of the first to lend itself to the innovation of slow motion music.

Carmen, the versatile arranger and soloist, was singing choruses as he had for the soldiers in Canada.

While playing a two weeks' engagement at Detroit in 1920 he had suggested to the leader that maybe people would like to hear the chorus sung. He was immediately informed that he was in an orchestra, not a choir. He almost got the gate for suggesting such a thing. Pick out the orchestra today that hasn't a member who can "double in voice."

Carmen is also a composer, numbering among his popular hits such songs as: *Sweethearts on Parade, Last Night I Dreamed I Kissed You, Coquette, My Victory, Moonlight March* and *Why Did You?*

Broadcasting over WTAM, their public grew until they began to have a reputation far afield. Fan mail started to come in and phonograph companies came to dicker for contracts.

Here we find Guy running into the first opposition to his slow tempo. Cleveland cafe patrons and Radio audiences were much enthused over this entirely new method of presenting their favorite numbers, but phonograph companies were much harder to convince.

IN THE spring of 1924, the Victor and Brunswick companies both sent recording equipment to Cleveland and made tests, but refused to record the slow tempo. They reasoned that, although this type of music was popular in Cleveland, purchasers of records in other parts of the world would increase the record speed and distort the tone. They couldn't afford to take a chance.

Still, early in 1924, Lombardo made a deal with the Canadian office of the Star Piano Company, makers of Gennett records and recorded two numbers: *Mama's Gone Goodbye* and *So This Is Venice.*

The beautiful grill room of the Roosevelt Hotel was beginning to fill with the after theatre crowd. Beautifully gowned women were dancing with tall, graceful men. I wanted to dance, too. The only consolation I got was from the envious glances as some of the women recognized my companion.

Where were we? Oh, yes—Lombardo signed his Royal Canucks up with The Music Corporation of America and they insisted upon the band making records for some of the better known companies.

The Columbia people came to Cleveland, but refused to be sold on anything other than the popular tempo of the day. However, Guy signed a year's contract with them and made four or five records in the "hot time" of more universal appeal.

The boys were not very enthusiastic over the phono deals, and in the fall of 1927 they took their families and their pets, including their slow tempo, all tied up in the pink ribbons of confidence, and moved bag and baggage to Chicago.

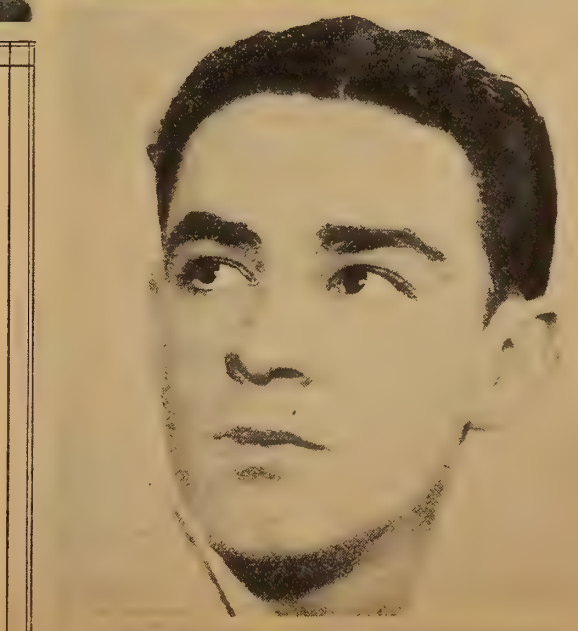
Here they broadcast over WBBM and before a week had passed the fan mail showed that the novelty of slow motion



That ready smile and cheerful expression you see above could belong to but one person—Rudy Vallee. Is your bet on him in "The Battle of the Blues"?



This interesting chap below, Will Osborne, is often mistaken for Vallee over the air—so much so that many have asked if they aren't one and the same person.



Here are the three Lombardo brothers of orchestra and Radio fame. First on the left is Carmen, the second brother, then Guy, the oldest, and then the "kid brother," Lebert.

That the Windy City might properly show its appreciation for Lombardo they made his orchestra the highest priced (per man) in the world.

They received $8,500 per week from the Chicago theatre while doubling a cafe for $2,000. When the boys were resting they went on the air during the Wrigley hour, filling one-half the program, for $1,000—a total of $11,500 per week for an organization of ten men. (I think I'll see if I can't trade my fountain pen for a piccolo.)

The manager of the theatre told Guy that he had broken all previous records for gross receipts and that people were now coming to his theatre who had never been there before.

"Just a minute," I stopped him short. Maybe I was just getting nervous and in an argumentative mood, but there was something I wanted to ask, right now.

"Will you please tell me, Mr. Lombardo, how a man can possibly know that new faces are filling his theatre?"

"Well," he said, a tired smile flickering across his handsome features, "when people come to a theatre the second time, they don't go around the lobby like they were gargling their throats. Ceiling decorations don't interest them after the first visit."

Think of this next time you go gawking around in some new playhouse. Somebody may be counting your uplifted chins. (No pun about "that future shadow" is intended.)

GUY LOMBARDO had shown the patience of Job, and I felt now that I was imposing on good nature. I pre-

(Continued on page 96)

music was being accepted by air audiences and Brunswick and Victor came with offers to raise the ante if Guy would make them some "torpid tempo" records.

The request to cancel with Columbia was refused when the Chicago office investigated this sudden popularity of Lombardo's band. He was given a free hand in the matter of rhythm when they made Carmen's *Coquette* and the then popular *Beloved* in his own manner.

These two records were the first in slow tempo to be released by any of the phonograph companies. The Royal Canadians and Columbia shared honors in a new field.

I guess this settles the priority question. At least it is tangible evidence.

THE BAND was playing one of my favorites. I'm off again on a trip to the moon. "The sweetest music this side of Heaven," someone had said. How true! I thought as I came back to earth and, picking up the loose ends again, continued with the interview.

Broadcasting over the Columbia Broadcasting system's network soon enlarged the band's following and they became the sensation of the air.



FRANCES SHELLEY feels all dressed up with a handful of pearls roped around her neck which, so far as it goes, is OK by us so long as she is safely concealed behind a microphone and does her stuff with a song on the Publix Night Owl Frolick.



JESSIE MATTHEWS takes one pair of big brown eyes, one pair of smiling roguish lips, a dash of hair and puts them between an enormous high hat and floppy collar so that you get an effect like this when she sings for you over the CBS.



BERNADINE HAYES, Red Head of the Air, had just finished singing "Ain't these tears in my eyes tellin' you," when the picture was snapped. If the eyes tell what she means she probably is blue. But why? You hear her during the Sonatron Hour.



LILAS JOHNSON'S talented fingers, of which you catch a mere glimpse in this picture, are responsible for the delightful piano concerts heard over KGB, San Diego—but who cares about fingers when there is charm and beauty to behold?



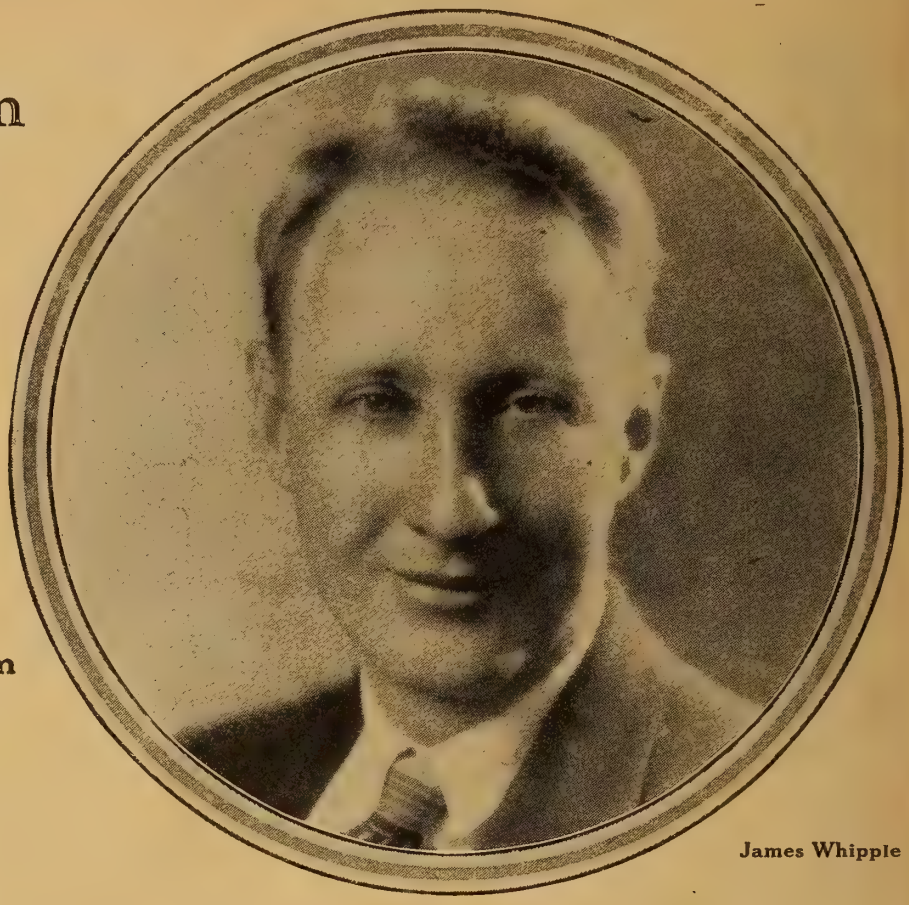
GRETA GAHLER is the intriguing co-ed coquette, "Mary Elizabeth," in the Radio feature, College Daze, heard over KYA, San Francisco. Susceptible male listeners are advised to open to this page while listening to Mary's vamping voice.



BROOK LOUIS never has submitted her picture for one of these photo personality prizes, but the above would deserve serious consideration in such an event. She is a famous composer and plays on a coast to coast program.

The MAID from MARTINIQUE

Old Forty Fathom Brings Tale of Coquette Who Wrecked Three Men and a Ship



James Whipple

From Presentation of Columbia Broadcasting System

***By* James Whipple**

"A GOOD story always ends happily," said Peter, who was young and full of romance.

"Aye," smiled the good captain, Old Forty Fathom Haft. "That depends a bit on what you call happy."

"And might I say that it depends, too, on what ye would call a good story," observed the grizzled mate as he thrust a match into the half emptied bowl of his briar.

You know Old Forty Fathom. You know them all. For weeks on weeks, season in and season out, you have listened to their yarns of the briny deep and their songs as they gathered around the table in the fo'castle of the speedy little trawler, Spray, just after eight bells has sounded the time for rest from a busy day in the fishing banks off New England. There's always a microphone or two near by. And the ship's wireless carries the picture to you wherever you may be, from coast to coast, through the Columbia Broadcasting system.

"But you know what I mean," insisted Peter, "the villian is disposed of and the hero marries the girl—"

"The girl, the girl! Must there always be a girl in what you call a good story?" Old Forty Fathom struck his fist on the edge of the table.

"Well, you know what I mean—"

"Aye, Peter, I cal-late I know—you are at that age—"

"Aw—listen—do you think I'm girl crazy?"

"How about that school teacher up in Seedville Center?"

"She gave me the go-bye—three weeks ago. She's off of sailors, she said."

"And what's the matter with sailors?" demanded the mate.

"She says a sailor barges around too much without anchorin' at the old front gate. And then there's probably other reasons," said Peter. "But do you know any real yarns, sir, that have girls in 'em and don't end happy?"

The captain took off his cap and put it on the table while he ran his fingers through his hair. He sighed and puffed half a dozen billowy clouds of smoke toward the ceiling before he spoke.

"REAL yarns with girls in 'em that don't end happy? Why, I'd say there's more of the real yarns with girls in 'em that don't end happy than there is that does—an' I'm not a woman hater either. For that matter, mayhap the ones you and I would consider unhappy might be considered happy enough for the fellow most concerned. Ah, hum! Newcomb, do you mind old Lloyd MacGreggor in the West Indies trade, who pardnered up with Joe Miller, that fascinatin' hot headed chap from Virginia? MacGreggor was a woman hater, if ever there was one, and good reason—the tight fisted old Scotchman—with a map that would either terrify a woman into paralysis or drive her into laughing hysterics."

"That I do, captain—and what he came to on account of a woman—"

"Aye, that's the story I had in mind for young Peter, here, who lives in a cloud of pretty faces that smile and beckon with the eyes of sinful sirens."

"It was a queer partnership."

"Queer a one as ever I saw. And Joe was more to be pitied than blamed, for he had a devil's hodgepodge of a makeup. His parents, they say, were Virginia blue bloods. But Joe was the family disgrace, the black sheep. He had family pride in him that fought bitterly the overwhelming forces that led him into one scrape after another. And how ever old MacGreggor took up with the man to buy a ship and go halvers is more than my simple mind will ever comprehend."

"They haggled the ship from a Jew in Martinique, as I recall?" Newcomb nodded.

"A small schooner she was, Newcomb. They were shipmates on a French bark when they heard about it being for sale. So they visited the agent, a man by the name of Meurice, who wanted $2,500 for the craft. But MacGreggor badgered him down to $1,500, which was more than the two of them had been able to save for their whole lives. Indeed, they were not so much as able to take out insurance against the hurricanes that were infesting the region at that time."

"I did not know about that part of it but it seems to me there was another man mixed up in the deal," answered Newcomb.

"You are right. There was. You were thinking of Bob Macey, that smart young chap from New York. He had big possibilities with his ideas and things. But whenever he seemed to be getting into his stride some pretty face would come along and Bob strayed clear off his course till he lost his bearings completely. Well, sir, as you say, Newcomb, there were three of them that finally signed up for equal shares in the schooner and if it hadn't been for the curse that was on



"I would not call Celeste a Cat," said old Forty Fathom.

two of them they might have been big ship owners today, for between them they had business, brains and maritime sagacity —and the Lord knows—"

"BUT—but—what about the girl?" asked Peter, shyly.

"Yes, yes, to be sure, Peter," replied the captain, but he did not smile as he whirled around from the table and silently stroked a cat that had just been taken from his shoulder by the new man who had come up from Boston to learn the fishing business from beginning to end.

"You see, Peter, sometimes there is a bit of the sly cat in —in—Oh, all of us!" He continued stroking the cat and puffing at his pipe.

"Aye, Peter, the cat—you see she came to me first with her favors. She was purring in my lap. Then, when I did not give her enough attention, she climbed up on my shoulder. Fred, standing by, saw her and took her in his arms—and now she is just as contented with him. Ah, but what a bloody scratch she can give you with the sharp claws she carries beneath those velvet paws!"

Old Forty Fathom puffed again at his corncob pipe before he resumed.

"But for all that, Peter, I would not say that Celeste was a cat —though a beautiful kittenish thing she was. You never saw her did you, Newcomb, the little French lass at Martinique, who crushed the visiting fleets with her laughing eyes and bewitching coquettish tricks?"

"Yes, Forty, I did see her. And I wasted a month's pay trying to make her think a little better of me than some of the other goofies who were playing the same game. And how about yourself?"

"That's beside the story, mate. But I'm telling Peter how she came aboard the schooner to the intense surprise of Mr. MacGreggor. Joe was ashore. Bob and the old man were chinning up fr'rd about what they were going to do with all the money they hoped to make out of the shipping business, when all of a sudden a female voice came rippling up from aft. Along came this baby faced Celeste humming and crooning as though she had belonged aboard the ship all her life.

"'Weel, me lass, I dinna ken we buyed fairies or witches wi' tha vessel—an' who are ye an' how came you here?' demanded MacGreggor.

"'Ah, I have ze honor to spek to ze great Messieur MacGreggoire, have I not? An' *ma fois,* Messieur Joe, he have not tell you who I am? No? Zen myself I will introduce. I am Celeste. You hear of Celeste? Yes?'

"'Celeste—delighted!' Bob exclaimed, while old MacGreggor uttered only a gruff sort of snort. The girl twirled a black and red beaded fan. Her arms were bare. She wore a thin light blue silk waist on which were embroidered some absurdly large butterflies of gorgeous hue. Her skirt carried out the butterfly effect—black tracings against a tan fuzzy sort of satin or silk—I knew that costume well, Newcomb. And you may remember the bright red slippers.

"MacGreggor bit off a chunk of plug and waddled across deck, his face all wrinkled up with evil foreboding. Bob assumed the duties of host and asked the girl to enter the cabin and sit down. But MacGreggor motioned vigorously from behind for him to keep the lady in plain sight.

"CELESTE simply floated into the cabin with those soft little exclamations of surprise and delight so fatal to all good resolutions or any mere dissenting male.

"'Make yourself comfortable,' said Bob. 'Joe will be along any minute.'

"'But ye canna stay, Miss, we sail directly—' protested MacGreggor.

"'Ah, let her stay, Mac—it's Joe's affair. Let him talk to her, then he'll send her away,' Bob pleaded.

"In the meantime Celeste flitted about the cabin and hummed her quaint little tune with an occasional 'Oh-oooooo-ah' and 'la, la, Mon Dieu!'

"'I tell you,' she finally decided, 'you are ontidy, so *maladroit* in ze care of your little house. I tell you. Celeste will wash out this dirty tablecloth. I fix some curtains for ze—how you call 'em—ze little round holes—windows, I know—'

"She began clearing the table. Bob lounged against the door and watched her with kindling admiration. Her charms were obvious and would have warmed the heart of any red blooded

(Continued on page 110)



This Little Thing Called Love—not especially posed by Cecil and Sally of KPO, San Francisco, although they say that Johnnie Patrick (Cecil) simply tumbled head over heels when he met Helen Troy (Sally) on a tennis court with ribbon over her hair just like this. Nope—no announcements specially that we know of.



Aha! Startling revelations about to be revealed! Prof. Dope (no relation to Oopy Doop) and Dr. Standard McWebster (of Words & Words) have discovered a fly stealing out to the end of the weather vane on yon steeple. Footprints of the fly may reveal an important witness to the rat murder. Yeah, real names are Lew Kelly and Gene Byrnes.



Now that Hughie Dobbs has landed that swell $85,000 contract he's putting more punch than ever in his socker programs. You see him here with the former world's champion, Jim Corbett, who made fame and fortune out of his punches. Wonder how a thump on Dobbsie's polka dot would sound on the air!



You may recall all that heavy artillery band barrage over WHEC, Rochester, N. Y., on a Saturday night? Well, here it is—all forty pieces and the announcer besides, who doesn't count because the three Sod Busters front center lay down the whole works.



Listen! You can almost hear them singing, "Jones and Hare, the Interwoven Pair"—they are known everywhere that voices come by air—or words to that effect. They are veteran Radio comedians and might actually be considered the founders of the sect. Their drolleries are widely imitated. You hear them Fridays over the NBC.



Don't be misled by the pugilistic exploits of Arthur The Great Shires, that he's so hard his smile curdles milk. Not so. Behold him here being initiated into the Milkman's Club of KSTP, St. Paul. Nothing like a nice foaming bottle of milk for Mr. Shires!



It's getting to be a great racket taking the emotional reactions of beautiful actresses for "Radio valuations." Claudette Colbert is supposed to be getting a great thrill from something or other on the air and the doc is tabulating her heart beats—according to the number of beats the act is good or not so good.



There is no reason for the station that employs this nice looking trio to be ashamed of them, but whoever sends out the pictures neglected to put their names on the back of the photo. Perhaps they will be recognized and we can tell you who they are next month.



Sing "Ah"—and when Dapper Dan of the Shoe-Flyer's program over the CBS opened his month to sound the syllable "ah" all the flies in the building considered it time to shoo out of there. Sometime they are going to try broadcasting Dan's voice without a microphone just to see how far it will go.



You may never have heard of Mrs. Beau Brummel, but merely to show you that she really does exist we offer you this picture from KSTP. Mrs. B. B. is very popular with followers of the fashions who listen to her every Friday at 10:15 p. m. Like to know her real name? Who wouldn't?





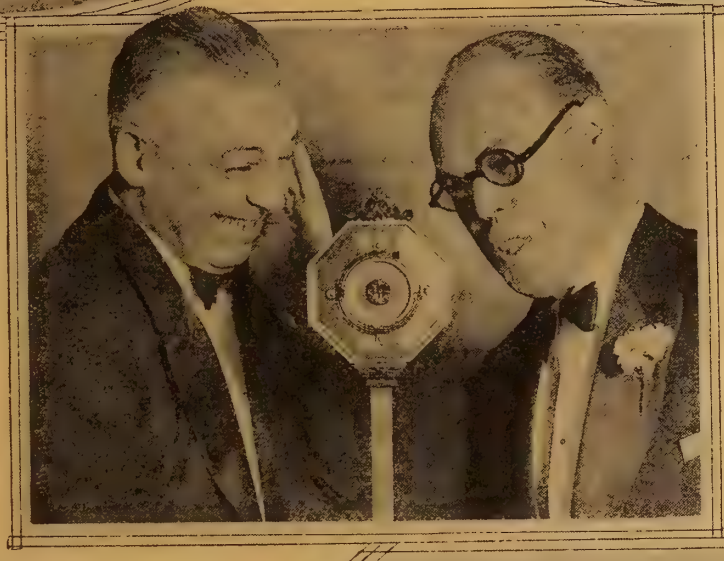
Following the success of the many darky dialect teams over the country has come a wave of Weberfieldians. Not many can out-Dutch Adolph and Rudolph, privately known as Ned Becker and Billy Doyle, at WCFL, Chicago.

When the program begins to cool off a bit at KFWI, San Francisco, the director steps to the mike and tells the listeners, "We'll warm up with a few banjo tamales with Henry and Tom on the pan." And here they are with their coats off making it hot.



Whoopee is still going strong in the big New York key stations. Frinstance when WABC wants a heap big pom-pom - boom - adeeyeow they call in the best whoopee experts on the island and this is Chief Ben Selvin with his new spring bonnet ready to lead the DeVoe Redskins down Antenna trail.





Speaking of the rum runner from Quebec—well, never mind, say nothing. This is Jacob Ben Ami as you think he looks during one of his CBS character broadcasts. But just the same there's something suspicious about that dark looking shadow hipward from the crook of his left elbow—Oui?

You can tell by the picture that something funny is right on the tip of Walt Sullivan's tongue as soon as he gets it out. Frank Galvan already thinks it's funny and is getting the first laugh. These two drop the pebbles in the KPO mike that start ripples of laughter across the continent.



"Laws o' Massy wha faw all de lillies? Reckon Metro an' Cosmo of KYA is gwine participate in a weddin' or a funeral! Whichevah it am it sho' do look mighty sudden faw Metro. He ain't no mo' prepared faw one dan he is faw t'other."

The SUCKER'S REVENGE

Old Jap Gideon's Bubble Breaks After a Gay Flight and He Goes Home Broke—But the Last Laugh's On the Other Fellow

By Lowell Otus Reese
Illustrations by Chas. J. McCarthy

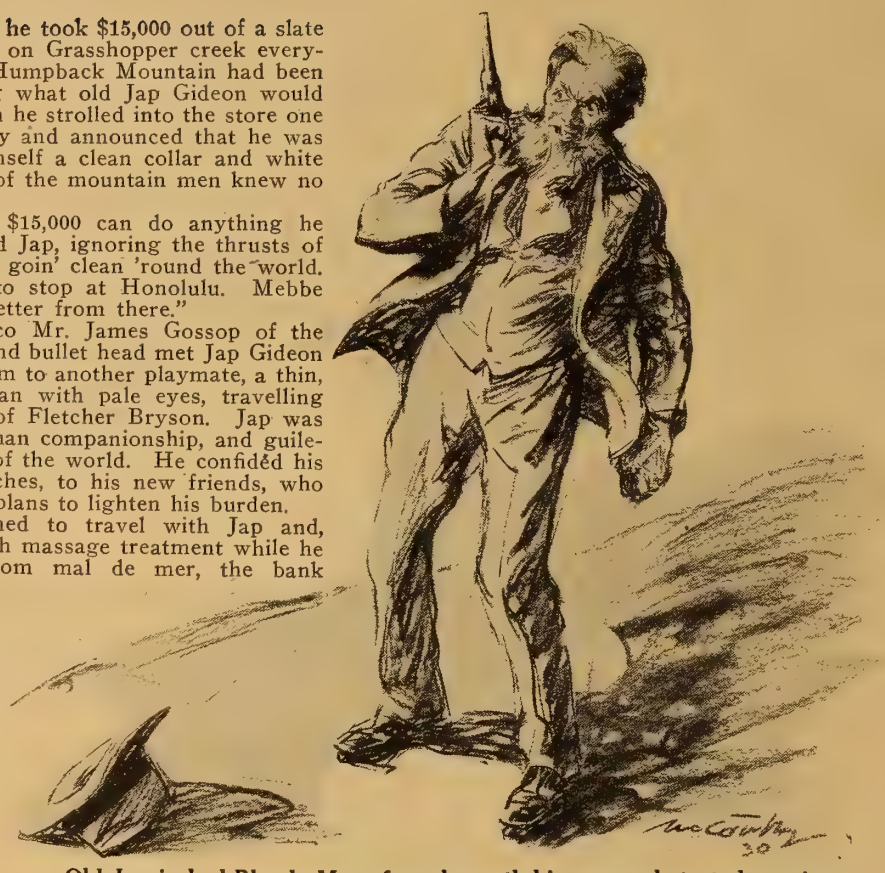
EVER since he took $15,000 out of a slate pocket up on Grasshopper creek everybody on Humpback Mountain had been wondering what old Jap Gideon would do with it. When he strolled into the store one bitter January day and announced that he was going to buy himself a clean collar and white pants, the mirth of the mountain men knew no bounds.

"A feller with $15,000 can do anything he likes," boasted old Jap, ignoring the thrusts of his friends. "I'm goin' clean 'round the world. First off I aim to stop at Honolulu. Mebbe I'll write you a letter from there."

Down in 'Frisco Mr. James Gossop of the hard black eyes and bullet head met Jap Gideon and introduced him to another playmate, a thin, anemic young man with pale eyes, travelling under the name of Fletcher Bryson. Jap was lonesome for human companionship, and guileless in the ways of the world. He confided his plans, and his riches, to his new friends, who made immediate plans to lighten his burden.

But luck seemed to travel with Jap and, despite a thorough massage treatment while he was suffering from mal de mer, the bank roll was still intact when the steamer docked at Honolulu. Forced to leave their new friend until they could in turn lose themselves in the island city, Gossop and Bryson made a date with him for a big hula dance and native party.

Full of ham and eggs and eager expectation, old Jap nearly broke his neck catching a street car to keep his date with his friends.



Old Jap jerked Bloody Mary from beneath his arm and started running down the street. Suddenly the peaceful silence was shattered by the bellowing roar of the ancient pocket cannon.

"LUCKY I hurried," he told himself as he settled in his seat. "Jim'll be waitin' for me time I get there."

He was right, Jim and Fletch were both doomed to wait considerably longer than they had anticipated. It was near midnight when they met at the Kapiolani park entrance, where Gossop still stayed, clinging to a fast dying hope.

"Fine steerer you are!" said Bryson with flaying acrimony. "Where's the boob?"

"How do I know?" retorted Gossop, his own temper brittle under the long strain and the ultimate disappointment. "How does anybody know? That boob ain't human! Something's happened to him."

"Well, what happened to him?" sneered the pickpocket nastily. "Go ahead—speak up! You're a fine fixer, I'll tell the cockeyed world!"

"Some of these days," said Gossop ominously, "I'm goin' to take you all apart! I know you got a snake's tongue, but you keep it for boobs or something's goin' to happen to you! Get me?"

Still quarreling, they boarded a car and went downtown to begin a search for Jap Gideon, sure that they would find him, tomorrow, at least. But they did not find Jap Gideon tomorrow; nor the next day nor the day after that. Discreet telephone calls elicited from the hotel desk the information that Mr. Gideon had been absent from his room ever since the evening of his arrival. No, he had left no word. He might have gone to Hilo, yes. To see the volcano. But there was no message left at the desk, bearing upon the gentleman's movements. Yes, Mr. Gideon's belongings were still in his apartment.

DAY AFTER day this went on. The two hunters trailed all over Honolulu, searching for their prospective victim, but to no avail. Jap Gideon had apparently dropped off the earth. And meanwhile the mild asperity, born of their mutual disappointment, grew into a deadly quarrel, fed by the days of cumulative suspense. Finally, at the end of the week, the tension snapped suddenly. They were in their rooms, blocks from the white section.

"That'll be all out of you!" said Gossop, his voice low and menacing. "Another crack like that and I'll take your neck in my two hands and squeeze it like a lemon!"

Bryson crouched suddenly, his thin lips writhing back from his teeth and his white fingers flashed toward his pocket. But with a swiftness astonishing in a thickset body, Gossop was upon the smaller man, one big, pudgy hand grasping the furtive wrist, the other fist mauling the palid face of the pickpocket. All in silence. When it was over, the beaten man crawled to the door and arose, staggering and shaking.

"Some day," he said, "you'll get yours! I hope you'll like it!" The words came sobbingly through his smashed thin lips that still writhed back from his teeth. He stumbled out into the night.

. . . V . . .

HALF an hour later, Gossop went out on the street, still raging within from the mad lust of battle, savage still with his disappointment. He had lost the fifteen thousand dollars which from the time of leaving San Francisco had seemed so easily won. His ship sailed tomorrow at ten o'clock. He dared not miss it and wait for the chance to book again, for his funds were low. Moreover, old Jap probably would not show up again. Perhaps he had been shoved off the wharf by someone else who had found that he carried the enormous sum upon his person. Gossop's thick spatulate fingers opened and closed convulsively. Yes, there was no other solution of the problem. Something had happened to the childish old prospector.

Hardly anybody was upon the streets, for Honolulu after dark is a quiet town where people go to bed decently at the proper time. Gossop wandered aimlessly, keeping instinctively in dark places and as he reached the corner of Hotel and Alakea he shrank into the shadow and watched, for a lone figure was coming down Hotel Street, moving slowly and dejectedly. The figure seemed familiar and Gossop's predatory heart gave a fierce, exultant bound. The figure came into the light cast by the Y. M. C. A. building and stopped, hesitating and looking back toward the Young Hotel.

The long, jaunty cigarette holder was missing; the cane also. The immaculate white trousers were stained and torn, the rakish white cap mauled and muddy, as though it had been trodden under foot. The old man was shrunken and bent and seemed to have aged ten years. Gossop rushed up to him, greeting him with a joyful effusion that came from the man's exulting heart.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Wherever you been, Jap? Say, I been lookin' all over this town for you—every day! And tonight I says to myself—I ain't goin' to sleep till I find my old pal Jap Gideon! Yes, sir, I been walkin' the streets every minute of the night—where you been anyway, Jap?"

"I BEEN in hell, Jim!" The slow, miserable tears welled in the old man's eyes, but he smiled, glad that at last he had found a friend. "I been drunk, Jim—paralyzed drunk! I didn't mean to get drunk, but—Say, I'm mighty sorry I missed you and the hula dance, Jim! I didn't mean to throw you down, Jim—honest I didn't! I started from the hotel all right and got on the car all right. But soon's I got on the car I met a feller that said his folks was named Gideon—at least his dad was. His dad was a half Englishman and half Solomon Islander and his mother was a Tahitian with a Scotch father and a German-Hawaiian mother and he'd just married a Portuguese-Hawaiian girl with a Chinese father and—"

"Let's go and sit down where we can talk comfortable, Jap!" Gossop took the poor old fellow by the arm and started him along Alakea Street and away from the Y. M. C. A. lights. "And when I come to myself," old Jap babbled as they walked, "the car had stopped and they told me I was in Kaimuki! Yes, sir, I'd got on the Kaimuki car instead of the Waikiki car—them both runnin' on the same track a ways! And—"

"Sure!" chuckled Gossop, a vast relief flooding him. He understood now. And he was going to reap the reward of his long trailing after all. He tightened upon the skinny arm with a fierce clutch. What a fine thing he had ditched Fletch! Fifteen thousand—and all his own! He steered his companion into Emma Square, a tiny rest park just off the street, and guided him beneath the heavy darkness of a bougainvillea vine that roofed a park bench. They sat down together.

"But that ain't the worst of it, Jim," went on Jap Gideon. "This feller give me a bottle of *okolehau*. Jim, that *okolehau* looked and tasted innocent, but it deceived me. It just naturally took my stummick by the hind laigs and tied it in a knot! I didn't wake up till three hours ago—"

"Sure—sure!" Gossop flung one thick arm affectionately about the prodigal's neck and tightened his grip on the sandbag in the opposite pocket. Safe as a church! No one would ever suspect him. He'd never been seen about town with the old man—better to kill him, of course. Easy to kill—a frail little old boob—easy to kill as a young robin. Why, he could kill him with one hand on the windpipe—same as he had threatened Fletch—

"—but I'm all right now!" Jap Gideon was saying happily. "Say, it's a good thing to have a friend or two, Jim. I'm all right now!"

"SURE you're all right, Jap!" soothed Gossop and half drew the heavy bag of lead from his pocket. But an instant before starting the blow he hesitated again, for someone was coming down Alakea Street. The man waited, seething with sinister impatience, while old Jap Gideon droned on. The pedestrian passed and the sound of his going died away as he turned into Hotel Street. Again the thick, spatulate fingers tightened about the sandbag.

"—and it was gone!" Jap Gideon was saying. "Every cent of that fifteen thousand dollars I been guardin' so careful—"

"What's that?" A cold premonition crept up Gossop's spine, instantaneously chilling his ferocious exultation. "You lost your money?"

"Every last cent!" gulped Jap Gideon.

"I don't believe it! Have you looked good? Where did you carry it?"

"On my stummick!" quavered Jap hopelessly. "Under that



The infuriated old man was gnawing industriously away at Gossop's ear with his two remaining teeth—somewhere Jap had picked up most of the fine points of the art of rough and tumble.

porous plaster on my stummick!"

A sick rage swept over Gossop, and a fierce, disappointed contempt for Fletcher Bryson, supposed to be the most accomplished pickpocket in the west. Fletch had had his hands on that fifteen thousand dollars—and never guessed it! "But what became of it, Jap?" he asked, his own voice tremulous with the anguish of realizing what he had lost. "What became of it while you was drunk?"

"Why," wailed old Jap, "I bought Hanakopiai."

"Hana-what?"

"Kopiai."

"What's Hanakopiai?"



Early one April morning Jap Gideon was sitting despondently on the edge of a sluice box when Jack Lynch rode by.

"I don't know. A kind of stock I guess. I don't know who sold it to me nor when nor where. But I'm hungry, Jim—"

"Stock!" Gossop spat forth the word and it sounded like the spit of snake venom. But a vestige of hope remained. "How do you know it's gone?" he demanded. "Maybe you're still drunk—"

"No, I looked good, Jim!" hiccupped poor Jap through his despondent whiskers. "I parted with that wad, all right. And I must have done it mighty awkward, too—me bein' full of *okolehau*—for that porous plaster had peeled enough hide off my belly to make a saddle blanket! Here's the stock, Jim." He proffered a heavy envelope and Gossop took it mechanically.

THE TOUCH of the paper sent Gossop to the peak of his disappointed rage. He sprang to his feet and old Jap arose also. "And by the old fake stock gag!" said Gossop hoarsely and laughed a harsh, unhuman laugh. "Me, Jim Gossop, beat by some guy with a pocketful of fake Hana—Hana—"

"Kopiai," old Jap finished for him, mistaking his friend's emotion for sympathy. "Hanakopiai."

"You swindlin' old dried alligator skin!" bawled Gossop. He seized the little old man by the neck and shook him savagely. "Old gorilla-faced jackass tramp—lurin' me all the way to Honolulu—only to let some broken-down porch climber nick your roll with a bunch of fake stock!" He flung the heavy package to the ground and danced upon it, suddenly ceasing this frenzied pastime to kick poor Jap Gideon violently in the region where men have been kicked since time immemorial.

The loss of Jap's fortune had broken his heart, but it had not even bent his pride. For one dazed instant following the kick he stood bewildered, and then the blinding truth struck him. This man was not his friend; never had been his friend! Old Jap had asked for sympathy and had expected sympathy. Instead, he had received a kick that had seemed to telescope his whole spinal column.

Gossop whirled contemptuously and started away from the bench beneath the bougainvillea arbor. But before he had taken the third step, something like an infuriated old wildcat flung itself between his shoulders and wound a stringy arm about his thick neck, half choking him. He whirled again, thinking to throw the incubus off, but in whirling he found a bony leg between his own legs, scientifically placed. He fell heavily to the ground and reached for his aged enemy's throat. But before he found the throat he discovered better occupation for his hand, since a horny old thumb had crept rudely into his eye and was gouging skillfully. Moreover, the arm remained about his neck and his own weight served to draw it with yet deadlier tightness across his throat.

GASPING for breath, he began flailing desperately with a heavy fist, trying to batter the old man's head. But Jap Gideon's head was not available; ti was buried between Gossop's own head and shoulder and the infuriated old man was industriously gnawing his victim's ear with those two remaining teeth.

It was then Gossop realized that somewhere old Jap Gideon had learned the art of rough and tumble. He could not know that the old prospector had been a noted fighter in those far years when men learned roughness from nature and the rough country they had come west to conquer; but as old Jap found the other eye Gossop vaguely guessed at this. He made one supreme effort, born of his agony and desperation, and rolled clear of those deadly arms, heaved to his feet and started to run. His breath was coming in stertorous whoops and he was half blind. Old Jap scrambled up also and followed, once more flinging himself upon the fleeing man like a blood-mad weasel. Gossop uttered a hoarse bellow of terror and kicked backward with a heavy foot. It was sheer luck, but the kick caught Jap Gideon in the stomach and the old man sat down in the pathway with a violence that jarred him even worse than Gossop's initial kick.

When he arose he was in a killing fury. He jerked old Bloody Mary from beneath his arm; and as Gossop dashed out of the park and started running down Alakea, the peaceful Honolulu silence was shattered by the bellowing roar of the ancient revolver. Six times the prehistoric weapon roared, but the sixth shot never had a chance, for Mr. Gossop had skidded 'round the corner at the Y. M. C. A. building and was gone.

Old Jap stood for a time, grinding his two remaining teeth and muttering hot curses of disappointment. Then he started away, hesitated again and went back to the deep darkness beneath the bougainvillea arbor, where he fumbled about on the ground until he found his bundle of Hanakopiai.

"Jap," he told himself, "Judge Hopper was right—and you're an old fool! Carryin' $15,000 around with you—and tellin' everybody about it—a pie-faced old fool and you deserve what you got! Know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to take this

here Hanakopiai home with me and tack it up on the wall. And every minute of your life it'll be there, tellin' you what a fool you been!"

He drifted aimlessly down to Bishop street and stood for a long time, looking across the street at the lighted lobby. Only the night clerk was there, sitting behind the desk, reading a magazine. A week ago old Jap had trodden through that noble entrance with wealth and dignity; now he had nothing but an awful headache and a sheaf of papers called Hanakopiai.

Dawn was appearing in the east and a new day was about to break upon Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific. Old Jap left the scene of his life's greatest moment and stumbled away to begin looking for a job. It was well named, this lovely land lying in the lap of a smiling sea. But it is tough to be hungry and broke, even in Paradise.



"Everybody thought you was gone for good, Jap!" said the cattleman. "When did you get back to Grasshopper?"

. . . VI . . .

IT WAS again midwinter when old Jap Gideon got back to his home on Grasshopper creek. It had taken him a year to save enough money to buy a passage to California and he had landed at San Francisco broke. From San Francisco he had walked the three hundred miles to Grasshopper creek, avoiding all settlements and making the last forty miles over the snow on skis, stealing into his old haunts like a criminal.

Poverty met him as he crossed the threshold of his dwelling. The woodrats had made havoc of all his simple belongings and his cabin was a wreck. Not at all like the sumptuous apartment in the Alexander Young hotel, where for fifteen exalted minutes he had sat and looked out over the world that had seemed to belong to him alone.

The old man nearly starved to death before spring came, for he was too proud and humiliated to let anyone know that he was in desperate circumstances. But spring came at last and he began shoveling gravel into his battered sluice boxes, working madly, with that specter of starvation constantly at his elbow. But here, too, misfortune attended him, for unaccountably the pay had broken off abruptly. Poor old Jap was at last compelled to confess it even to himself. Grasshopper creek had petered out.

About ten o'clock of an April day he was sitting despondently upon the edge of a sluice box when Jack Lynch rode by. Jack was a cattleman, prospecting the range for summer feed and it was quite by accident that he had happened by Jap Gideon's place. He was tremendously surprised to see the prospector and said so with vehement and picturesque profanity.

"EVERYBODY thought you was gone for good, Jap!" said the cattleman. "When did you get back to Grasshopper?"

"January," replied old Jap, laconically.

"Have a good time?"

"Fine!" The old man made a pathetic attempt to look carefree and nonchalant as he said this, but the effort was a pitiful failure. However, Lynch accepted the reply tactfully, for he was a prudent man and knew Jap Gideon's fiery temperament. He was a kind-hearted man, moreover; and there was pity in his face as he regarded the ragged little old figure hunched upon the sluice box, noting the haggard face and bony arms that advertised the fact that poor Jap Gideon was starving himself rather than sacrifice his pride.

"They's a fat man down to the ranger station at the mouth of Grasshopper," said the cattleman irrelevantly. "Name's Cowan. George B. Cowan, of San Francisco. I think he's dickerin' for the Hickson timber tract, up back of your place. He's been up on Humpback a week, runnin' lines, him and three-four timber cruisers. But they can't find a couple of corners that's somewhere over on Hurley Ridge. I heard him say he'd give fifty dollars if he could find them corners."

Old Jap looked up, a dawning hope in his sunken eyes. "I

(Continued on page 116)

Alarge Gorilla Presents 1930 Interpretation

Of ROMEO and JULIET

Capulet, Big Banana Peddler of Verona, Throws Grand Brawl in Town House—Lover Crashes Gate and Sticks Teaball— Sips Eye-Shutter with "Dumplin'" to Fadeout

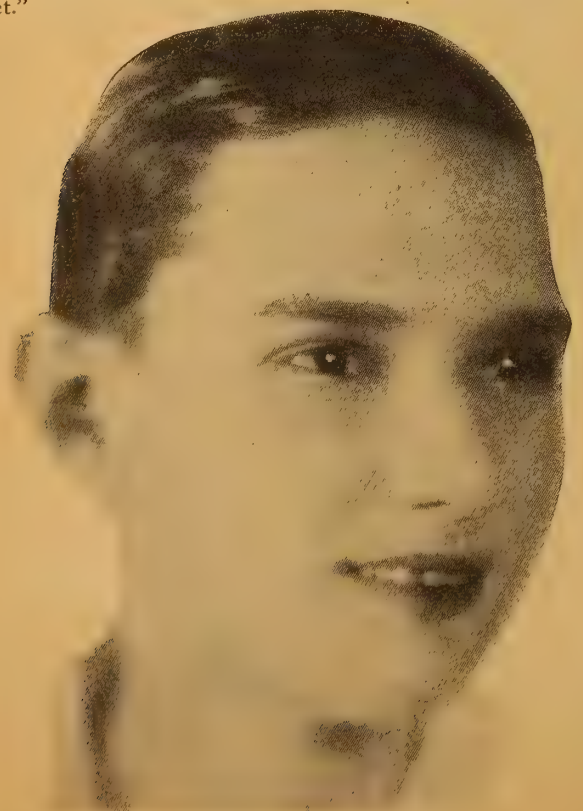
By Don Becker

Alias Alarge Gorilla, Alias J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, President of the Irrational Broadcasting Co., Heard from WLW, Cincinnati, Over the Lavender Network

SUPPOSE we let Radio Digest's good friend, Mrs. M. M. Johnston, 123 Northwood ave., Dayton, Ohio, introduce the author of this amazing 1930 version of Romeo and Juliet. She writes: "I think Don Becker in his Weak-End Satires at WLW is a scream. He calls himself Alarge Gorilla, but he's funnier than a cage full of monkeys. He's about the most comical man I have ever heard on the air and I travel about quite a bit, taking my Radio where I find it."

Alarge Gorilla

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience, this is Alarge Gorilla speaking over the Irrational Broadcasting company's one-piece, unbreakable and unbearable lavender network. Time, money, labor—nothing has been spared by the IBC to make your Radio worth half as much as it is worth now. J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, eminent president of the Irrational Broadcasting company, has been prevailed upon, by the many fans of this great national network, to present Grand Opera in a form which everyone, including himself, would understand. He has taken Grand Opera and given it a new twist—a new touch—a Fishbearder Touch, which will be recognized throughout this great work. The opera to be presented tonight by the Irrational Grand Opera Company is "Romeo and Juliet."



Don Becker

Orchestra
"Short Prologue" (Sauer)

Alarge Gorilla: It is the year 1867, and our scene opens in a tremendous joint owned by one Capulet—a big retired Banana-Peddler from Verona. Capulet's offspring, who by the way is named Juliet, and who, for the sake of personal touch, will hereafter be known as Julie—but anyway, Juliet is just about to break out with the swells, so in honor of this behemoth event, Capulet decides to throw a brawl, requesting that everyone come disguised as something or other. Just as the huge asbestos fireproof curtain of the IBC Teensy-Weensy Theatre rises, we hear Capulet telling everybody to make merry, and as we told you before, everybody was disguised, which made this request difficult to carry out. Juliet is discovered alone in the Ante-Room, (The Ante-Room was vacant because the boys couldn't find a deck of cards). Juliet is happy—in fact, we may go so far as to say she is jubilant, and the opera opens with her bursting forth, singing the gay melody "Juliet's Waltz Song."

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Juliet: "I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP."
Herald: Enters Romeo, the sheik—left center upstage.
Romeo: Julieuht—you-hoo—Julie—it's me—Romeo!
Juliet: (Laughs). Why Romeo, how clever of you to come disguised as a breakfast nook.
Romeo: Oh wondrous joy of my heart—you are one swell dame—come, let us pour out our souls in a love duet.
Romeo and Juliet: "YOU CAN'T PARK HERE."
Herald: Tea-Ball, cousin of Juliet enters on the wing.
Tea-Ball: Aha!—So it's you—Romeo Montagew!
Romeo: Yes this is me, but pray, who in the devil are you?
Tea-Ball: Sire, I am the GREAT Tea-Ball!
Romeo: Oh yeah!—Well run along Tea-Ball before I break you apart and empty your leaves on the floor!
Tea-Ball: Sire, that is an insult!
Romeo: Well now aren't you clever—you ketch on quick doncha?
Tea-Ball: Zounds and Odds Bodkin—for two bits I'd take out my sword and draw you!
Romeo: Say that's the berries—I always did want my picture drawn—so you're an artist, eh Tea-Ball?
Herald: Enters Old Man Capulet from left center stage.
Capulet: (Very gruff) Say you two tomatoes—is this the way to act in Capulet's house?—Come join the crowd, we are making merry!

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Alarge Gorilla: Thus ends act one of Romeo and Juliet, which is being presented under the auspices of the Irrational Broadcasting Company, and its now-famous, original, one and only Lavender Network. Act two brings us the famous Balcony Scene, between the two lovers, Romeo Montagew and Juliet Capulet. As the curtain ascends, we see Romeo creeping on all fours towards the balcony which afterwards made him famous and enabled him to get into Squawking Pictures.

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)
Segue to
"CREEPING MUSIC, THE TUM-TE-TUM TYPE"

Romeo (against music): Julieuht—you-hoo—Julie—come on out a minute—it's me—Romie.
Herald: Juliet comes on balcony.
Juliet: Oh, Romie, where on earth are your brains—in your feet? Don't you know poppa will ketch us spoonin' and, forsooth, then it will be just too tight!
Romie: Oh, Juliet, you are the apple of my recess, the gasoline of my roadster, the tubes in my Radio—the—uh—no, you aren't that much, but darn near it!
Juliet: Oh, Romeo, you're a kidder!
Herald: The nurse comes forth!
Nurse: JOOO-leee—JOOO-lee—it's twelve o'clock.
Juliet: Ye Gods, I'm sunk!
Romie: Don't tell me who it is, let me guess!



Romeo: Julieuht — you-hoo —Oh, Julie—it's me—Romie.

Juliet: Oh, Romie, where on earth are your brains — in your feet? Don't you know poppa will ketch us spoonin' and, forsooth, then it will be just too tight!

Romeo: Oh, Julie, you're the apple of my recess, the gasoline of my roadster, the tubes in my Radio—the — uh —no, you aren't that much, but darn near it!

Juliet: Oh, Romie, you're such a kidder!

Romeo: (Singing.) Oh, Jul-i-et, I may be wet, but I think you're wonderful.

Juliet: Sweet thing. (Throws kisses.)

Juliet: It's my nurse—All right Nursie, I'll be right in—Good-bye, Romie dear, see you tomorrow, at the Greeks!

Violin: "LINGER AWHILE" (Sauer).

Romeo (against violin music): Ah, maid of my delight, stick around a minut!

Juliet: Romie! Don't be a sill—goodniuht.

Romeo: Goodnight, Babe.

Juliet: Goodnight, dumplin'.

Romeo: Goodnight, Sugar!

Juliet: Goodnight, Honeysuckle.

Romeo: Say, are you going to end this act or aintcha? I'm supposed to say that last goodnight.

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Announcer: Act two of Romeo and Juliet has ended. Act three finds them about to go off the deep end and get married. The scene opens in the dim-lit chamber of Friar Laurence—their faces bear a troubled look—Romeo and Juliet, I mean—

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: Aw, Friar Laurence, be a good sport and hitch us. Romeo and I—dernit, I mean Juliet and I love each other, and besides her old man won't care—that is after he gets to see what a real guy I am.

Friar Laurence: But, Romeo, that is not the question—have you children any recompense?

Romeo: Well, I'll tell you, Friar, we're both fresh out of recompenses. You see, I've been under a big expense lately!

Friar Laurence: But, my dear children, that is not the point!

Romeo: Well, you can forthsooth yourself to put me on the cuff till the fifteenth of the month, can't you?

Friar Laurence: Very well, and may your children be as the sands of the sea!

Romeo: Who, me?

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Announcer: The scene changes—we are on a street in Verona. Stephano, Romeo's hired man, is out for no good reason. As he comes before Capulet's house on the main street, he bings a flower pot through the window. This makes Capulet angry, and, as a result, there is a free-for-all. Mechurecrome, who, by the way, is Romeo's pal, sensing something has gone wrong, starts to mix it up with Capulet. In some way or other he gets socked on the kisser, which puts him out of play. In the meantime, Romeo comes dashing up on his horse. Getting off the horse, and thinking Mechurecrome is dead, he gets mad and starts in too. Incidentally, he kills Tea-Ball, who was also fighting, and this incidentally puts him in dutch with the police, and he is banished from the town. Act four finds Romeo back in town, and, with a great risk to his neck, he get's up to Juliet's room, who, by the way, is now his wife. Juliet, I mean, not the room.

(Continued on page 114)

In An Emergency Tom Breen Steps to Front

Boyhood Hobby, Backed By Training and Natural Gifts, Leads Way to Big Time on NBC Staff

By Thornton McClaughry

AN EMERGENCY had arisen at station WAMD, in Minneapolis. An important program was about to go on the air. The plant men were hurriedly making a final check on the condition of their equipment, and production men were standing with split second stop-watches in their hands. The musicians and artists were in their places. In another few minutes the program must begin. *But there was no announcer to take his post before the microphone!*

Word had come but a few minutes before that the announcer scheduled to go on the air had been seized by a sudden illness, and no other announcer was immediately obtainable. No one knows what the outcome might have been if a tall, blond young man had not suddenly stepped in to avert a broadcasting tragedy.

"I'd like to try it, sir," he said to the station manager. "I think I can do it all right."

The station manager looked at the volunteer, and saw a tall young man, whose wavy light-brown hair, clear blue eyes, and patrician profile made him extremely pleasant to look at. He noticed his speaking voice, and found it clear and resonant. And, anyway, there was not much choice.

"Go ahead and try," he said gloomily.

It was thus that Thomas Breen, Jr., one of the youngest and most widely known announcers on the air today, "broke into" the announcing end of Radio.

The incident may be considered unimportant in the general history of Radio development, but it was of the greatest significance in the life of Tom Breen. For, after three years of announcing, today Tom finds himself, at the age of twenty-four, one of the outstanding announcers in Radio. Those who heard him announce the broadcasts of the Chicago Civic Opera season—one of the most aristocratic assignments in Radiodom—or else heard his work in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra programs, need no proof of this claim. And he keeps on giving proof of his exceptional ability in his chosen line several times a week, when his voice is heard in the Halsey-Stuart, the Yeast Foamers, the National Farm and Home hour, and several other programs from the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. And that one "break" he received at station WAMD, which has since merged to form station KSTP, Minneapolis, was what started it all.

TOM himself calls it all a stroke of luck today, and looks back with amusement at his first feverish efforts to send his personality out over the resounding ether via the magic microphone. But a glance in the pages of his life, both before and after the beginning of his dramatic rise to Radio stardom, may serve to show that there was a little more than luck involved in the situation which proved to be the first stepping-stone in a rise to national prominence.

Breen was born in Minneapolis, one of the twin cities, which have supplied Graham McNamee and several other Radio notables to a listening world. But the success of his fellow-townsmen in this new field could have had little influence on the youthful Breen, because his dreams of a Radio career began long before Graham McNamee ever shared the affections of a million listeners, and even before broadcasting, as we know it today, was thought of. For Breen was naturally a studious youth, although his regular school life was much interrupted by sickness, and, when he was still an awkward boy in short trousers, he adopted Radio as his hobby. A miniature laboratory was fitted up in the Breen home through the indulgence of his parents, and a small book-shelf began to display more and more copies of treatises on the new science. Then came a great day in his life when he was actually able to hear an assortment of strange sounds from the air received on his home-made set. After that Breen was definitely committed to the study of the absorbing new phenomenon.

Ordinarily when a boy of ten of twelve adopts a hobby, it means very little. There have been too many instances where youthful dreams of a life of adventure on the western plains have culminated in a career behind a dry-goods counter, or where young aviation enthusiasts develop into successful bond salesmen. But, for some reason or other, Breen's early interest in Radio stayed with him, and, when he matriculated at the University of Minnesota as a freshman, his natural choice of courses led him into the study of electrical engineering.



His boyhood hobby just grew and grew until one day Tom Breen "got his chance." Today he is one of the outstanding young announcers with the Chicago division of the National Broadcasting company.

A brief and successful college career followed, and Tom was at last put in the hard, cruel world faced with the necessity of making a living. Once again the old lure of Radio held him, and he made his first start inauspiciously as a plant engineer and general all around technician at his home-town station, WAMD. Then followed the emergency just related, and Tom set aside his diagrams and charts, deserted the control room, and stepped before the microphone as a full-fledged announcer.

After that, the story is short, for only three years have bridged the gap between then and now. As far as his work is concerned, life has been a succession of well-earned triumphs for the young announcer. Shortly after he began to be heard over the air, the station became KSTP, with a wider range of activities and more prestige, and Breen profited by the change. For a while, he was just another announcer, and then the fans themselves began to take a hand in things.

MORE and more letters began to be received by the Minneapolis station, in which comment was made on the pleasing voice and perfect enunciation of this young man called Breen. He made friends easily, both among the men with whom he worked and with the public, whenever he was called to appear before them in person. Gradually his fame as an announcer grew, and before long his participation in a program began to be almost as much of an event in the eyes of the public as the program itself. His fame spread outside his native state, with the result that he was offered a position with the Chicago studios of the NBC, where his voice would be carried by a nation-wide network to every part of the country.

But in following his ever-growing interest in Radio, Breen never let it become a mono-mania. A good announcer should be a man of varied experiences and interest, with a wide background of cultural developments. Although Breen spent a good deal of his youth pouring over technical textbooks, he never let himself grow rusty in other fields. It is remarkable to discover how many things and how many interests he has crowded into a comparatively short life-time.

In the first place, the sickness mentioned before in this article prevented Tom's schooling from becoming the stereotyped course of instruction which is meted out to most youngsters of today. There were weeks and months during his boyhood when he was unable to go out of the house, and the result was that a good deal of his preliminary education came from his insatiable taste for reading and the adventurous spirit which sent him coursing into new and exciting fields of knowledge. Perhaps the red-bound geography prescribed at the Minneapolis schools was neglected, but Tom more than made up for it by his thirst for travel stories and biographies. In literature, he followed his own taste, but, fortunately, it was a good one. Today he is probably as well informed in literary matters as any young man you may meet outside of a university faculty, and his knowledge ranges from the classics to the latest trend in modern literature. A visit to his Chicago apartment would surprise you, when your eye discovered the rows and rows of much thumbed books on his shelves, ranging from the discourses of Plato to the effusions of James Joyce.

An early and inherent love for music also urged him on a course of study which has proved of incalculable value

(Continued on page 96)

Love of Music Weems' Heritage

Ted's Smile, Musical Training Date from Age of Six—Theatre and Television Call Him

By Anne Steward

TO BE an orchestra leader requires more than good looks and the ability to swing a baton threateningly in the face of a gathering of musicians. The popular idea seems to be that our foremost orchestra leaders are young upstarts with patent leather hair, a smirk and no brains, character or intellect. We have young bond salesmen, clerks and real estate men whom we respect for hard work and study. Orchestra leaders have often had more real trials to face than any of these. Modern dance music and the rendition of modern dance music is as commendable a vocation as any. It requires much background and serious application, for it is a business transacted by business men of Ted Weems' caliber.

To the fact that his mother and father were amateur musicians at the time of his birth twenty-eight years ago in Pittsburgh, Ted Weems can undoubtedly attribute a great part of his present success and fame. Though music and musical study was not forced upon him, the love of it was instilled in him from earliest childhood. At the age of six, Ted was playing the violin and without doubt practicing his smile as a sideline. Surely such a smile as he now has could not be a very recent acquisition.

The young Ted was so fond of violin he planned to make it his life work, but after studying music at the Conservatory in Pittsburgh for some time and appearing in amateur performances with his brother, Arthur, two years his junior, he looked longingly at the trombone and finally gave up the violin for the wind instrument. Arthur, who even now is with Ted in the orchestra, confined his ability and practice to the trumpet.

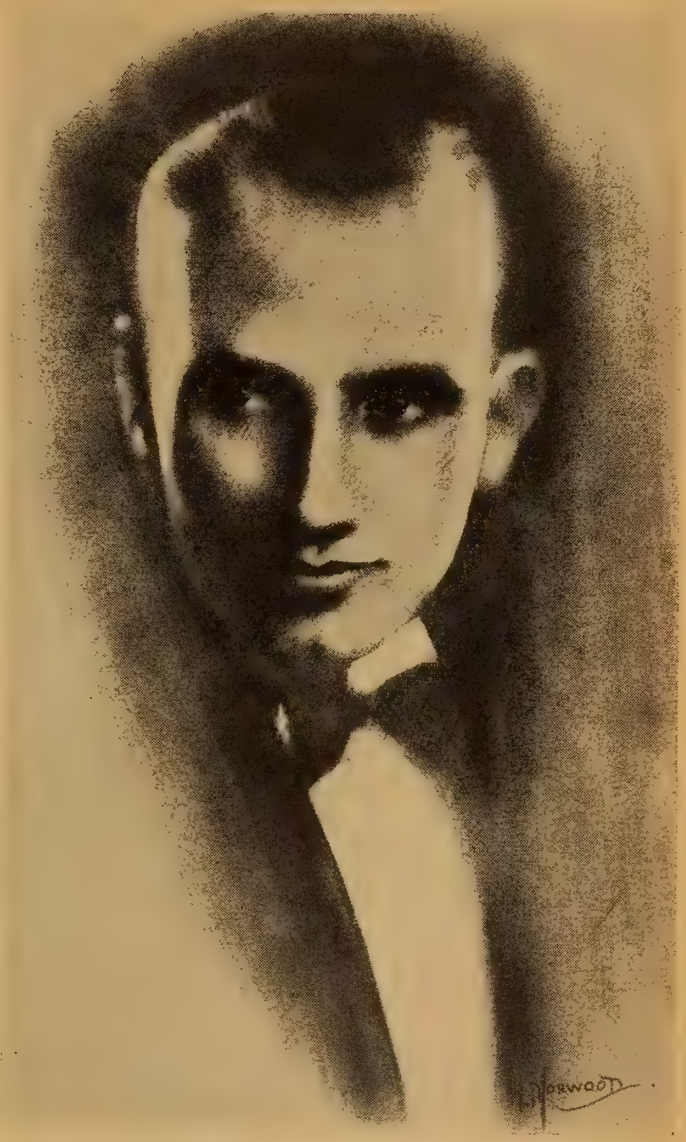
By the time Ted had struggled through some six or seven years of grade school in the ordinary small boy fashion, teasing teachers and playing hookey, he had mastered the trombone. In the last years of grade school life his talent was dragged from under the proverbial bushel and placed in the spotlight of a school band whose duty it was to furnish marches and folk songs for the students. This he enjoyed immensely and, perhaps, Ted Weems, the orchestra leader, was born then.

This, though it was the first orchestra Ted had graced, was by no means the last, for during his high school years in West Philadelphia he spent much of his time in the band. His native ability to win the confidence and admiration of people, to guide deftly, and his already finely developed knowledge of music, threw him into prominence almost at once as band master and leader of the West Philadelphia High School orchestra. Already at the culmination of high school, Ted Weems was working with music. He had become assistant concert master of the West Philadelphia Symphony orchestra and the title fell gracefully on his youthful shoulders. He learned music because he loved it and because he understood melody and harmony. It gave and still gives him great pleasure, not only as a profession, but as a means of enjoyment.

MOST boys have a habit of delaying college education for a year or two after graduation from high school. Ted Weems was no different from any other boys his age. He worked two years, never completely ostracizing his trombone, but, nevertheless, paying more attention to work than to his hobby. But the trombone and a world of music were there just the same. Even through the years of mechanical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania, they played a part, an economical part, in Mr. Weems' life. For in the position of trombone player in a dance orchestra, he earned the money to pay for his college course.

Once started in a dance orchestra, Ted Weems could not stop. I believe him when he says he was most sincere in his study of mechanical engineering, but seeing that his interest was bound in orchestras and music, he forgot the engineering as promptly as he had forgotten the earlier violin lessons. Mr. Weems does everything quite seriously and to the extent of his ability while he is doing it, but when he is through, the end has quite definitely been reached.

His work in the dance orchestra fed his imagination and gave birth to a new idea. If he could see faults in the playing of his fellow musicians, he could plan means of doing away with them. Professors instructed men to see as they taught, he could teach musicians to play as he felt they should. He could organize an orchestra himself and take the part of leader. The idea grew to plans and the plans to realization. In September, 1924, the first Ted Weems orchestra was brought to light in the L'Aiglon cafe in Philadelphia, where it played a successful run of a year and a half, during which time he came under the exclusive management of the Music Corporation of America.



Not "just a patent-leather kid," as many people think of orchestra leaders, but a real man who knows and loves his music is Ted Weems. Even now his days of broadcasting may be limited, as the theatrical booking business and television are calling him.

Of that first orchestra organized in New York, but two remain, Ted and Arthur Weems. In the public eye but two short months, Weems signed a contract with Victor and had the satisfaction of seeing his first record, "Somebody Stole My Gal," become the best seller of the week. If he had any worries concerning his future, he had no reason to entertain them.

A GOOD dance orchestra seldom stays in one place long. Even quail on toast palls, if eaten three times a day every day. Mr. Weems imagined too much good dance music was bound to satiate Philadelphia's appetite. Consequently, before his popularity threatened to wane, he took to the theatres and toured for some time in the capacity of master of ceremonies for his band. After that engagements poured onto his head. That he played three summers at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City is in itself a recommendation. The three winters of those years were spent in the Mehlebach hotel in Kansas City. Other minor engagements followed and brought him last fall to the Granada cafe in Chicago.

Ted Weems orchestra, as introduced to Chicago, numbers eleven men, all of whom have been with Weems two years and four of whom have been with him four years. WBBM broadcasting nightly from the Granada cafe brought the popu-

(Continued on page 91)

The SPICE of LIFE

Appetite for Thrills Begets Forgetfulness of His Wife, Mother and Self Even at Last Call

HERE is the story of a Hollywood stunt man who lived only for the thrill of his stunts and the reputation he made for himself.



They were forced to put an obstacle in the road at last—one at which no sane motorist would ever choose to drive.

HE WOULD do almost anything for a hundred dollars. For instance, once he engaged himself to a motion picture company for the round sum mentioned, undertaking as his side of the contract to turn himself over in a motor car on a macadam road, to enable the company's cameras to get a hundred feet or so of film that would present to startled fans a wild son of the gilded rich, who are always wicked, coming to grief because of too much wine, women and song.

He actually did it. That is, he turned the car over on the road, and remained inside of it himself. He had to try a dozen ways before he managed the trick, for a car never turns over as easily intentionally as it does unintentionally.

First, he attempted to turn a corner sharp enough to upset the big roadster, and he picked a place where there was a turn at which even the usual speeder on the road slowed down to twenty miles an hour, and where there was a bank that sloped away to the roadside woods, out upon which he could run on the turn, so as to give the car an additional tilt. The picture people set up their cameras and Breck drove at and around the turn at a pace of something between fifty and sixty—and rounded it on two wheels, both sliding all the way across the macadam and halfway out the bank, throwing dirt nearly to the tops of the trees, but turning the curve and settling back on all fours quite as if such things were all in the day's work for any car.

Of course, they explained it by saying that the soft earth bank eased the impulse of the motor to overturn. Doubtless it did, though that had not been at all the thing that Breck had thought it would do. He thought the soft earth would serve to catch his off wheels and stop them short, tripping the car like a deep rut, and throwing it over upon a good place to land. Or, rounding the curve, he thought he might turn over as he struck the road again at an angle that would bring him broadside first. But he didn't. That film was wasted.

THEN he tried an S curve. Again the picture people set up their cameras to cover all the possible spots where he could turn over. And again he drove the big car at as high a speed as he thought he could turn at all, straight into the double twist—and the car simply refused to obey her helm. That is, she skidded at the first turn, put her nose to the bank, swung her hind wheels in a half circle, raised dust enough to make a smoke screen for a maneuvering fleet and straightened out on the road again without so much as lifting a corner from the ground—only she faced back the way she had come.

They then tried substituting asphalt for macadam and wet the road, and Breck did his drive with all she had, and when he struck the wet spot he threw on his brakes with all they had. Anybody who has ever driven a car knows what that treatment is likely to produce. But Breck's car simply turned around again—twice and nearly smashed the nice front piazza of a cute little Hollywood bungalow before he got it thoroughly under control.

Of course, ways could be devised to make the car turn over, but the story called for a spill on the open road, and not on a hill, and not by means of broken wheels or collapsed tires and not by any means that the camera would show to be wholly artificial. You see, the purpose of the story was to illustrate the moral turpitude of this particular son of the

By GARDNER HUNTING

Illustrations by
Charles J. McCarthy

gilded rich by showing the very violent sort of death one of his sort should naturally expect as the poetically just end of his waywardness. The only trouble with the story was that it was a lot easier to make it happen in manuscript than it was in life.

THEY were forced to put an obstacle in the road at last. It was an obstacle at which no sane motorist, even a son of the gilded rich on his way to poetical punishment, would choose to drive over. But that was all right, for they placed



When Breck hit the pole he was traveling about fifty-five—the car hurdled the obstacle like a horse in a steeplechase, and turned over.

the cameras so that their field cut above the obstacle and took in only the car from its front hubs upward. Nobody looking at the picture afterwards would know there had been any obstacle there, though actually there lay across the road, at a violent angle to its general direction, a telegraph pole, bound at each end by chains to posts set into the ground so as not to come out readily. And at this Breck drove. When he hit it, going about fifty-five, he turned his steering wheel slightly, so that the side of a wheel caught the pole. And the car turned over. In fact, it jumped as if the road had heaved under it that time, and it hurdled its obstacle somewhat as a jockey does in a steeplechase when his mount fails to do it properly for him. And the car landed on its back and rolled over, not merely once, but twice, in full view of the other cameras that had been set to shoot away from the pole and get the finish of the spill.

Where was Breck? Oh, he was in the bottom of the car, hanging on to cleats he had thoughtfully placed there for the purpose, earning his hundred dollars and carefully preserving such faculties as he had for enjoying it.

That was the way Breck lived. He had found out that he could get a hundred dollars for an afternoon's work. To him it seemed a very large amount of money, wholly out of proportion to the amount of work involved in getting it. He didn't count the time spent in preparation, or the waits between stunts which he was hired to pull, nor the risk to life and limb and ability to go pulling stunts. When anybody asked him if he was not afraid he laughed. When anybody suggested that he might get hurt, he shrugged. When a thoughtful acquaintance hinted that he might meet his death somewhere amidst his mad doings, he said, in his picturesque way, that such an event would permanently solve the problem of earning a living.

He was vain, of course. He practiced modesty, and made a very good showing of it. He did not brag. But he allowed anybody else to brag for him who wanted to, and he never was known to forbid. When he laughed at danger, he calculated the effect. When he shrugged at the suggestion of injury, he knew how bystanders whispered about it. When he treated death as a guest who would find half a welcome at least from him, he knew the line he used was quotable.

HE DID not know that he might as easily have had several hundred or even a thousand dollars for one of his stunts as the single hundred he was accustomed to receive. The picture people refrained from telling him that; they opined that he would be apt to find it out soon enough for himself. But he had a return for his feats that they knew not of. It was the satisfaction of an appetite he had within him, which only a vital hazard would satisfy. Breck simply had to have a deadly risk on his hands, or just ahead of him much as he had to have his Worcestershire sauce on his meats and his cigarette smoke in his lungs, because the functions of eating and breathing were rather spiceless without.

He was a hard young man, built like a two-year-old steer; able to handle his own weight in swinging his body about by his hands on bars, or limbs of trees, or rafters, or doorsills, or eaves, like a monkey. He had the color of graham dough, and his eyes were small and uninteresting, about the tint of willowware. His shoulders were slightly humped, his knees slightly bowed, his feet awkward because they were never properly shod, his hands wide and red and leathery. He had no friends, particularly, and confessed to no relatives. He signed waivers by which the companies which hired him

sought to protect themselves from paying damages in case of accident, and said that nobody else but himself was interested in what happened to him. All he seemed to care for was the stunt itself, when one was imminent, and what he would get to eat when it was over. And the consciousness that people looked curiously at him and nudged each other when he passed. He did not know, or appear to know, that some of the things he did were front page stuff. His attitude toward publicity was about the same as that toward the wages he received.

Of course, on the screen and in the advertising, his name never appeared. When apparently he went to his death in his stunts, the public seemed satisfied that the ends of motion picture justice were served. When he doubled for some star who did not go in for rough stuff, but for whom some was written in as part of what the public was expected to believe he went in for, then the star got all the credit. There were even stars whose reputation depended largely on what Breck had done for them.

Once, for instance, Breck went hand over hand across a stream, some eighty feet about its surface, on a rope, doubling in skirts for a feminine exponent of heroic screen action, and allowed the assistant director of the picture to cut the rope and drop him into the stream. Eighty feet is a considerable fall, as may be ascertained by any doubter who cares to look down that distance, say from a sixth-floor window to the street. Breck fell into about fifteen feet of water, and struck it carefully feet first. It didn't hurt him any—and he had a hundred dollars and a beefsteak that night—with the Worcestershire sauce.

ON ANOTHER occasion, after he had watched for sometime the behavior of rock where a road gang was blasting it out of a hill pass with dynamite, he volunteered to stand on top of a certain giant stone while the dynamite should disrupt its interior, and allow himself to be photographed as the hero who dares the blast to save a child, say—with a dummy of an infant in his arms. He actually did it—and found that he had not miscalculated the engineer's ability to judge just what dynamite will do—for it neatly cracked the rock under him and only jarred him enough to make it interesting, and the film was excellent.

The only trouble was that everybody who saw that picture declared that it was a fake and that no man on earth would take such a risk as Breck had taken—or that no blast actually took place because not enough dirt and smoke and debris appeared to make it look like explosion.

It was about this time that he met Louise Timmons. Louise was a very pretty brown eyed girl who had thought she saw a hero in Breck. She was not one of those young persons who think they are themselves cut out for screen honors because they happen to have curls or to know a director. She was just a nice girl who looked on when Breck was dropped into the stream in place of the feminine star, and admired him as much as she despised said star, for the feat he did and she didn't.

Louise belonged to a large family of girls, from whom one or more could easily be spared. So when Breck noticed her, and found spice in her brown eyes' adulation, it was easily arranged. Of course, it took a little time, because there is a certain decorum to be observed, even when one girl or so can easily be spared. But after a couple of weeks they were married. And Louise went to live on the edge of Hollywood where Breck did.

For a while she worshiped her hero, and thrilled and worried and gasped and wept at his doings. She even argued that he should adopt a less hazardous calling now that he was married—and having sufficiently demonstrated his heroism.



Mother didn't get any better—nor any worse. She just remained helpless and peevish, blaming Louise for everything she could, and everything else.

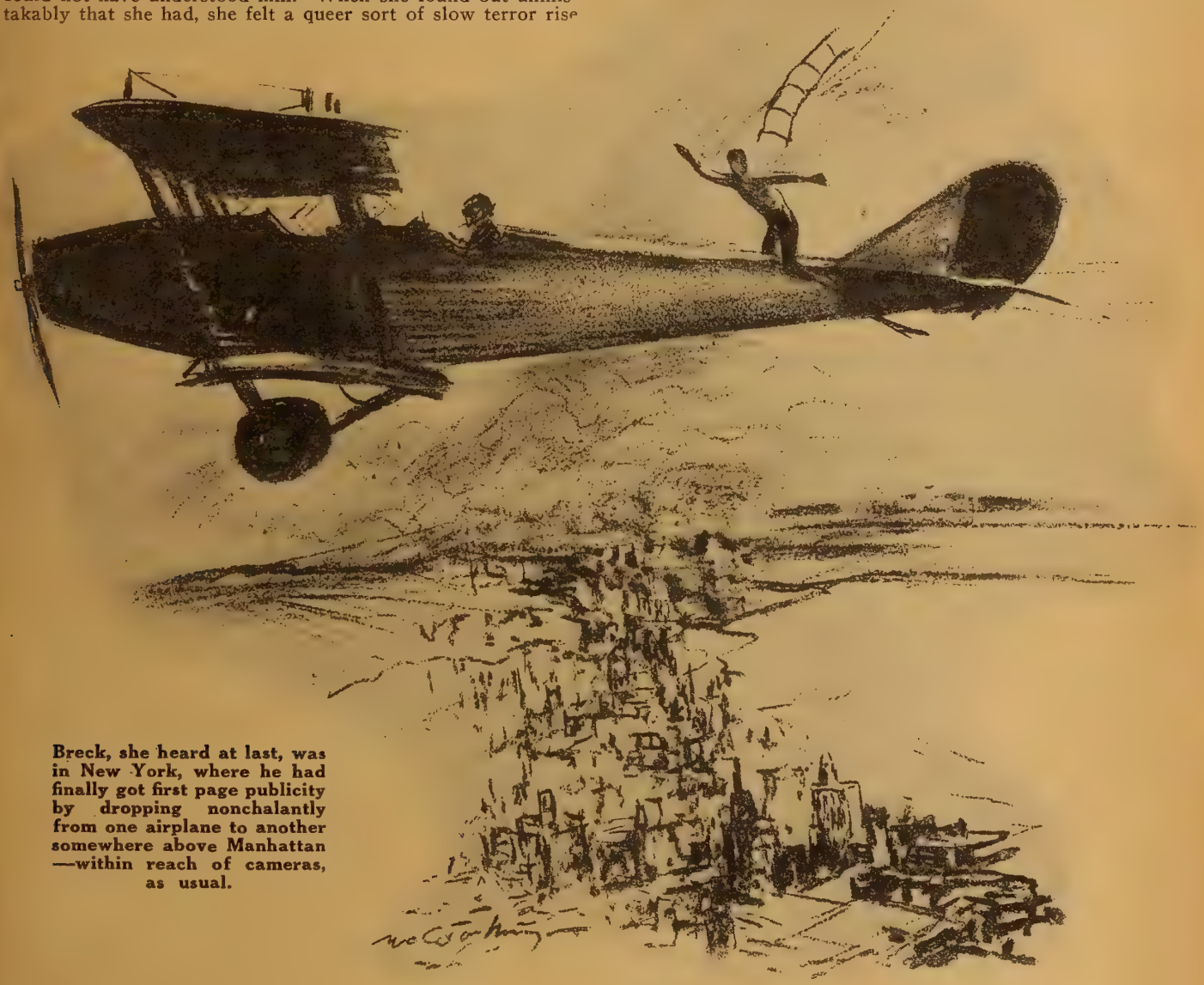
But he did not even seem to hear her arguments. Literally, he did not take them in. He was simply intent on his spice of life, and took no interest in suggestions that seemed to offer flavorless things.

AND then Louise found out that he had a mother. She discovered it through a casual remark of his about the place where he was born—it was no farther away than an outlying section of Los Angeles on the side farthest from Hollywood—and where, Breck calmly related, he thought his mother might be living yet.

Louise was rather startled at first. Then she thought she could not have understood him. When she found out unmistakably that she had, she felt a queer sort of slow terror rise inside her while she sat and looked at him. His graham-brown face, his little blue eyes, his wide, leather hands—suddenly they seemed to separate themselves from something she had thought he was. She asked him breathlessly if he was not ashamed to have neglected his mother, and he stared at her. He did not seem interested in that either. And suddenly Louise had a vision of what would be apt to happen one day, when he ceased to be interested now, and in what that interest consisted. And she found no answer—except in the way he was eating his steak—with Worcestershire sauce.

Louise went across Los Angeles to the address he remembered without much difficulty. She found Mrs. Breck there, a broken down, sickly woman, old at middle age, peevish, inclined to rail the moment she heard her son's name, and still more as soon as she learned that he was married. She looked at Louise sourly and suspiciously, until Louise showed that she had come to try to do something for her. And then Mrs. Breck burst out and told a long, sobbing story of washing, of rheumatism and indigestion and poverty as her portion. She did not seem at first to blame her son. Her complaints were just complaints at fate. Her son had done approximately what other sons she knew had done. Of course, he ought to take care of his mother, but that had apparently never been among her expectations. Now, however, she looked at her son's wife expectantly.

It all seemed strangely pathetic to Louise, who was a nice girl, with clear brown eyes. She began by trying to do something for Mrs. Breck. And that had its logical result. Mrs. Breck immediately began to lean, and Louise immediately found more to do for her. And then, from being sorry for her and doing things for her, Louise began to feel something more for her. She did not know that it is inevitable that one cares where one serves—that one's heart follows one's investments. She just invested care and kindliness first in Mrs. Breck, and then found herself bound by a tie she had never anticipated.



Breck, she heard at last, was in New York, where he had finally got first page publicity by dropping nonchalantly from one airplane to another somewhere above Manhattan—within reach of cameras, as usual.

MEANWHILE Breck got a job to drive a car over a cliff into the sea, in the depiction of a criminal's dire end in an attempt to get away with ill-gotten gold. He was to have the usual thrill and the usual hundred. So he was busy again.

It was arranged that Louise should run over and stay with Mother Breck for the time that preparations were under way. He suggested it as if he had never thought of such a thing before, but had come upon it in his mind just when he wanted something of the kind, as one stumbles upon a welcome chair in the dark. So Louise ran over and stayed. She was beginning to feel a little guilty on any day when she did not run over to Mrs. Breck. And Breck went off with the picture company to the location where his new stunt was to be performed.

That particular stunt was a startling one to watch. First, they took a picture of Breck in the car, as the bandit, running away with the money—a partner in crime sitting in the tonneau and holding the suit case full of money, while Breck drove. Breck was the arch criminal in the affair.

When he was thus established as the thief, making his getaway, the car was taken to a road back from the edge of a bluff over the water. An inland lake it was, not too far from Los Angeles. They arranged the road so that it would appear to run along the edge of the bluff and turn when it reached a fence carefully constructed on the exact lip of the cliff, where a car bursting through it and jumping over would

(Continued on page 98)

Women's Athletic Club Extends

ACTIVITY TO AIR

Only Station Owned and Operated by a Woman's Club Makes Allowances for Male Sex on Programs

By Betty McGee

WOMEN in business, women in politics, women in professional life, women in Radio Certainly. And what of it? Of course it is no longer news that woman has made a place for herself in almost every field of activity, but when we witness some outstanding undertaking which is significant of woman's achievement, we find ourselves jogged out of our usual attitude of complacency and saying enthusiastically: "Here's to Woman!"

The Illinois Woman's Athletic Club, Chicago, occasioned just such a mental tribute when they installed WCHI, the only Radio station owned and operated by a woman's club, on Friday, March 7, at 6:30 p. m., with a program consisting of a spirited dinner discussion and open forum on the question "Should Divorce Be Made as Easy as Marriage?" Two eminent thinkers, Dr. Arthur James Todd of Northwestern university and Dr. Horace J. Bridges, author-lecturer and leader of the Chicago Ethical Society, were brought before the mike to present the pros and cons.

This new station which is of, by and for women is not, however, confining its programs to features of exclusive woman appeal. On the contrary, it has programs ranging from opera singers to athletic events, sociology professors to minstrel shows, dramas to jazz orchestras—every available type of program that lives up to the requirements of distinction and quality. And isn't there a certain significance attendant upon the fact that a women's station has raised its voice, "the voice of Chicago," over the din of the city with its cluster of Radio stations, and is rapidly making a place for itself in the lives of thousands of listeners?



Women of the Illinois Women's Athletic Club make the men stand around, as is here evidenced when Mrs. Bessie Bragg Pierson, president, gives orders to John Stamford, announcer of the new WCHI.

AT THIS point, one can't help pausing to wonder. Isn't it possible, even probable, that this is only the first step? Won't other women's organizations all over the country be stimulated into following suit with similar organs of influence? In short, we might prophesy that women will soon find Radio as interesting a business venture as do men. And why not?

It must be admitted that WCHI is not manless. But of course the ordinary station is not womanless. The directors of this woman's station are old Radio men, H. A. Patterson, director in general, Lee Pastor, commercial manager, Paul Grubel, chief engineer and a man who has a long record of technical experience, and John Stamford, chief announcer and program director. Mr. Stamford comes to WCHI from WGN where he was popular both as an announcer and for his rich, clear tenor voice. He may well be called a veteran Radio man as he made his first apearance in front of the mike during the inaugural week of KYW.

The regular staff of artists of WCHI includes a string ensemble, an organization of well known concert musicians—Dean Remick, piano; Louis Perlman, violinist; Frank Seykora, cellist, and a mixed quartet, known as the "WCHI quartet," consisting of Marion Schroeder, soprano; Lucille Long, contralto; John Stamford, tenor, and Joel Lay, baritone.

From time to time WCHI will present to its listeners artists of international reputation.

Ray Binder, social director of the I. W. A. C., is arranging for an appearance before the microphone of the world renowned pianist, Arthur Shattuck, and is planning to present Eleanor Painter of light opera fame. Other celebrities, guests of the club, will make exclusive, non-professional appearances before the mike.

"In fact," said Mr. Stamford, "it will be WCHI's privilege to introduce to its Radio audience real celebrities all too seldom heard. And although we will present commercial programs we will allow nothing to mar the unusually high quality of our entertainment." In addition to the staff of artists and guest artists the station broadcasts a number of the leading Chicago orchestras by remote control.

THE idea of an I. W. A. C. Radio station was brewing a long time before it ever developed into anything tangible, but the original idea of the club's president, Mrs. Bessie Bragg Pierson, was to have a station that would extend to its listeners the characteristic features of the organization. This idea has been executed in every respect and, more particularly, during the day between the hours of 10 and 4, there are special women's features.

Mrs. Ethyl G. Kennedy is in charge of the Home Economics department and is an authentic source of information along the lines of food preparation and home problems. Mrs. Robert A. Leitz, who arranges for the style shows, sees to it that the women listeners of WCHI are kept posted on what to wear morning, noon and night.

Then there is the business women's forum with its 100 categories of professions among its 700 members, which brings stimulating and enlightening speakers, and the civics department with Mrs. E. W. Bemis as chairman and the legislative department with Mrs. Charles Severn, its chairman, both bringing informative speakers upon occasion to the audience of WCHI. In fact, it is rather thrilling to see a large woman audience share in the opportunities afforded by a progressive, wide awake organization such as this.

Of course there will be beauty talks and health talks and setting up exercises and talks on sports. Sports enthusiasts will have plenty of opportunity to hear exciting news of athletic events of national and international importance.

The I. W. A. C. swimming team is particularly famous and has recently added to its rapidly growing list a few more titles, this time the Dominion championships. All of which lends zest to the news of this department. And then there are the almost equally exciting contests in golf, bowling, equestrian and outdoor summer sports, and informative talks of particular interest to women on aeronautics.

Once a month, on Sunday afternoon, comes the Twilight Musicale. These musicales present such artists as Bernice Drangeles, dramatic soprano from the Hanna Butler studios, who won first place among the soprano contestants in the Biennial Musical Contest a year ago, and Miss Elain de Sellem,

well known contralto. The spring course of "Literary Journeys" is now well under way under the supervision of Mrs. M. J. Seifert, Chairman of the Library and Literature committee. Mrs. Theodosia Crosse has been giving this series of lectures which includes a detailed study of some of the outstanding writers and a survey of different types of literature. These lectures have proven very popular both with the seen and unseen audience. The drama department not only produces skits and plays utilizing the local talent, but provides dramatic artists of such ability as Madame Swanstrom Young and Mae Louise Borrenson who recently rendered "Sun-Up," that dialect play of the Blue Ridge mountains.

THEN, too, there are the social events such as the Fourth Annual Derby Dinner Dance and St. Patrick's Day celebration which was a more festive occasion this year than ever before, due to its first broadcast, and the Silver Plate Dinner which was given April 23 at a cost of $25.00 a plate. The money was saved by the women through skimping on luxuries or was earned by some extra duty.

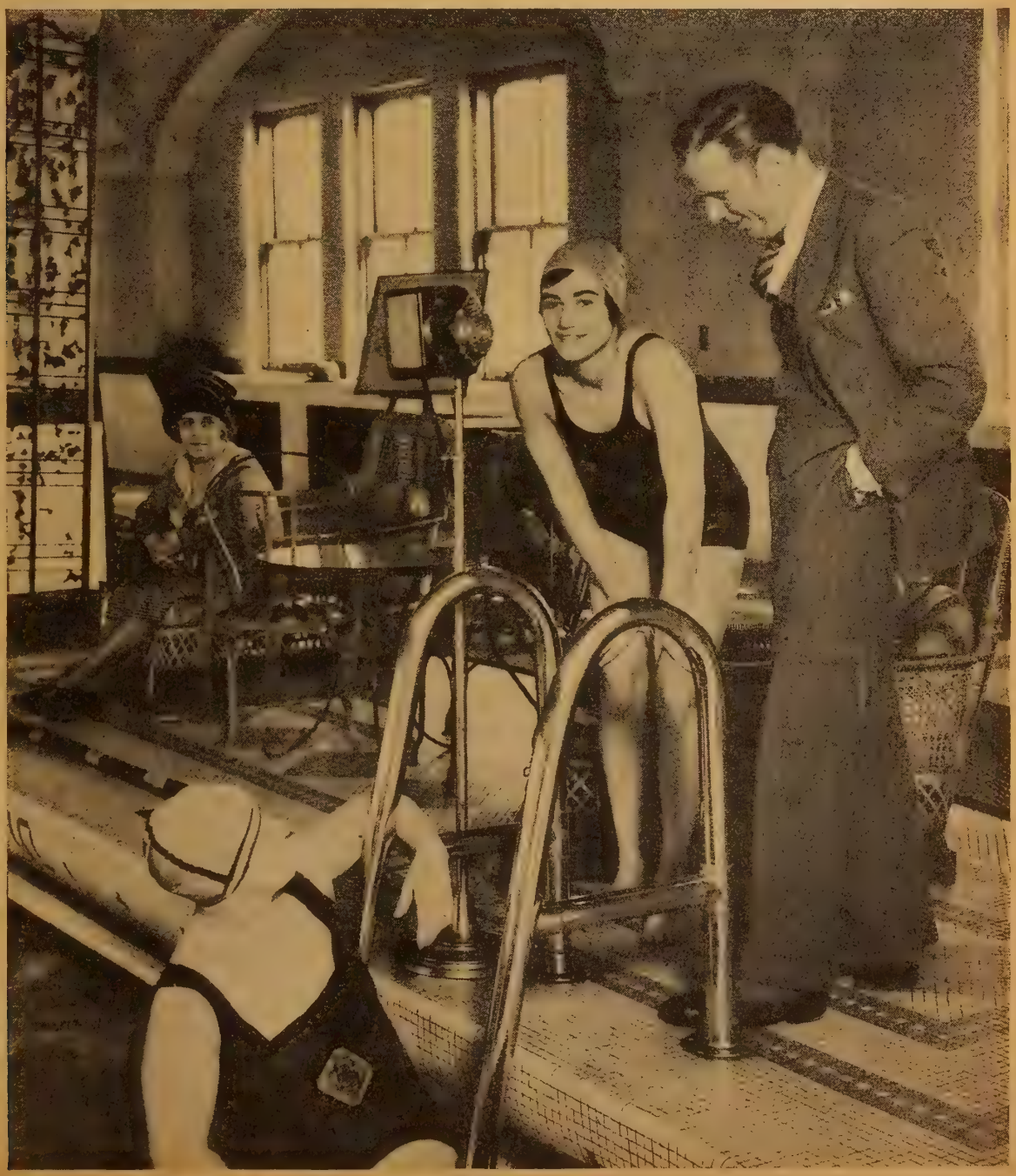
The aim of this dinner was to raise money for the club and the condition of attendance is that the money must be either saved or especially earned for the occasion. And of course there was the minstrel show on March 28 and 29, and one doesn't know whether to class this as a social or dramatic event, but, at any rate, it was good fun.

The slogan of the station is "The Voice of Chicago," and in its announcements it is "WCHI, 111 E. Pearson Street, the station just west of the Water Tower." Besides being an outstanding landmark of present day Chicago the Water Tower has the traditional association of marking the city limits at the time of the Chicago fire, all of which more or less lends color to associations that are forming around WCHI.

The studio proper is a long narrow room with windows at one end and glass panels at the other, beyond which is the visitors' gallery where the club members may sit and watch the broadcast. It is luxuriously and artistically furnished, the club colors, blue and silver, dominant in the decorating. The ceiling is draped in soft folds of blue and the walls are of silver metalline. The lighting is indirect and there are arrangements for flood lights in colors which obtain interesting lighting effects. The walls are adorned from time to time with exhibits of individual artists or with paintings loaned from various galleries. Adjoining the studio is the artists' reception and rehearsal room which may be used as an extension of the main studio inasmuch as it is also acoustically perfect.

WCHI is a 5,000-watt station and operates on a frequency of 1490 kc. It is on the air every day from 10 to 4, and is on at night until 2 a. m. with the following evening schedule of going on the air: Monday, 9:30; Tuesday, 9:30; Wednesday, 8:00; Thursday, 10:00; Friday, 8:00; Saturday, 9:00; and Sunday, 9:15.

It will be interesting in more ways than one to watch this new venture in the broadcasting world. Women have shown that they have the ability to succeed in almost every other phase of the business world—why not in this, which is the newest, and one in which they can grow as it grows? It seems that there are endless possibilities for this club-station.



Care to have your splashes put on the air? It's easy to put a mike beside the swimming pool at the Illinois Woman's Athletic club now that they have their own broadcasting station. Tank talks over WCHI to the tune of splashing, sparkling waves keep Miss Emily Daves, instructor at the I. W. A. C. pool, busy between swims. Here you see Miss Daves poised before the mike as John Stamford, announcer, looks on while club members and the listening audience absorb some tips.

OUT *of the* AIR
HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

"WHERE, oh, where is Indi-Gest?" demanded a petition of letters from a score of old readers of Radio Digest. In the general shuffle of readjustment Indi had become lost. What to do with the neat contributions of wit, verse and a varied assortment of humorous incidents? Indi seemed to be the only one in the world adequate to cope with the situation. So the hue and cry became a clamor. At last he was discovered. He had invested all his savings in the establishment of an artificial ice plant in Little America on the theory that the farther south you go the harder it is to get ice. In answer to an inquiry, Commander Byrd wirelessed: "Indi starving. No customers here for his brand of ice. Natives prefer domestic home grown variety. Suggest putting him back on the column. Byrd." Indi found his old chair, paste pot and shears waiting for him. He was authorized to offer small rewards for contributions until he can get on his feet again.

—EDITOR.

* * *

Dear Indi Jesters: *I jest want to say I was doggone glad to hear through Dicky Byrd that my old job was waiting for me. You'd be surprised to know how cold it is down on the south end of the world. I hope you'll send me lots of jokes. The doctor says I need a few good laughs to get the frost out of my bones. Hope I'll be hearing from you soon.* —INDI.

* * *

Dollar a Second!

WHILE TUNED in to station WCSH (Eastland at Portland, Me.) and listening in on a broadcast from the London naval conference, we were gratified at being intimately introduced to Great Britain's Scotch prime minister, when his announcer said: "Come on, Mac, they're waiting for you."—Miss Annie E. Littlefield, Saco, Me.

* * *

For Gentlemen Only

This joke is for men only and ladies of delicate sensibilities are asked to refrain from reading. The letter, signed by H. E. Foults, 422 York street, Vallejo, Calif., reads as follows:

Sir:

I send the following, which I heard over KPO (San Francisco) recently on the occasion of a weekly luncheon of the Shriners of the Bay region, namely: The mythical Sherlock Holmes had died and gone to heaven. Being duly entered he was confronted by Saint Peter, who had been patiently awaiting his arrival, with a view of searching for and finding Adam, the first man of the Christian era. The following conversation ensued:

Saint Peter: Now, Mr. Holmes, I want you to go out and find and bring to me Adam. Of course, you know you will have a most difficult job; in fact, one almost impossible with all the billions of people up here. But I understand you always get your man; so begone and good luck to you.

Sherlock Holmes: Yes, Your Eminence.

After a short while Holmes returned, bringing with him an old man.

Sherlock Holmes: Here, Your Eminence, is Adam.

Saint Peter: Are you sure, and how do you know it is Adam?

Sherlock Holmes: I am sure and I know it is Adam because he is the only man up here without a navel.

Marjorie Grover Newton of Flint, Mich., feels this way about it.

Radio

What magic to pluck rhythmic beauty from the air!
What God-given gift to be able to choose
Which strings of the soul should be played on to tear
The emotions—or new life infuse!

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contributions to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than June 1, 1930.

WE GLADLY shake hands again through the column with our old friend George—sometimes called Box Car George—who sends the following:

Listen, My Children

Hear The Black Fear—one act a week—
Great Radio Thriller—Spooks—a shriek
Revolving rooms—trick paneled walls—
Traps in the floors—sudden falls.

Hear tom-toms beating in the swamp
Where voodoo workers chant and stomp!
Signals from windows by candle-light
Bring Death to someone every night.

Gather the children in the room;
Turn out the light; sit in the gloom.
When the act is done put them to bed
Every hairup on each little head.

* * *

Jerry: Well, Doris, spring is here!
Doris: How do you make that out?
Jerry: I've seen several men go into pawn shops with racoon coats, and come out with golf bags and clubs.

(Aline Berry and Peter Dixon in the Cub Reporter, weekly NBC program.)

Such a Business!

PERSONS who suffered in the stock market debacle may not see any intentional or accidental humor in the microphone introduction the other day of Nick Pagliaria of Rochester of Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce, through WHEC. The announcement went like this: "We shall again join the Columbia Broadcasting System, where the world's business will be disgusted by Dr. Julius Klein."—L. E. Heibeck, Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Battling Mike

RECENTLY, while Quinn Ryan was re-broadcasting the Dempsey-Carpentier fight over WGN, he became so excited while describing one of Dempsey's left-hooks that he must have been actually illustrating it. For he apparently knocked the microphone over and disconnected it. I heard the crash. And all became silence.—T. L. Wires, Parkersburg, W. Va.

* * *

White House Errors

THIS over WFAN: Otto Schmidt, concert pianist of Artie Bittong's Cheer-ups," regularly plays the compositions of the masters, all, of course, long-since dead. But the other day he dashed off Erno Rapee's "Charmaine." After playing it in classic style, he encored it in jazz version. Artie said to him: "Otto, if that composer heard you rag his masterpiece like that, he'd turn over in his grave." Obviously Artie didn't know that Erno Rapee is still among the living.

During the last game of the 1929 world series, Graham McNamee announced: "President Hoover is now entering the stand, accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge." The next minute I tuned in on WABC, which was broadcasting the game, to hear Ted Husing proclaim: "They are playing the National Anthem and President Wilson is standing at attention with the rest of the fans."—Miss Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

She Would Fly

IT WAS the request period on a Sunday at KMOX with "Old Timer" on the microphone. Mrs. D. of St. Louis had appealed for "The Prisoner's Song" in celebration of her twentieth wedding anniversary. "Old Timer," not realizing that the microphone switch was open and that he was already on the air, remarked to the announcer, "That's a heck of a song for a wedding anniversary." The announcer must have told him that Mike was listening. Forthwith, "Old Timer" coughed embarressedly, uttered a "Huh?" and began with: "Oh, for someone to love me. . . ."

Another time I heard Milton J. Cross giggle. Can you imagine it?—W. M. Johnson, Grayville, Ill.

* * *

Same Song—Different Tubs

This may be all wet but we'll hear from Brother L. M. Younkin of Galveston, Texas, who reports as follows:

"A big bathtub—the biggest, probably—has been spoken of twice through my loud speaker. Yesterday Everett Mitchell of WENR, announced, 'We are now going to have Irma Singing in the Bathtub.' And today a local announcer said, 'We now present Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians Singing in the Bathtub on a Columbia record.'"

NATIONAL COMICS



Shelley: How do you feel tonight, Al?

Al: Not so good, Mr. Shelley. I had a bad dream last night and came near freezing to death.

Shelley: You had a bad dream, and it almost caused you to freeze?

Al: Yes, sir. I dreamed I was eating flannel cakes, and when I woke up the blanket was gone!

(William Shelley and Al Bernard in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Dumont: Mr. Shelley, can you tell me where the foggiest place in the world is?

Shelley: Why, London, of course.

Dumont: No it ain't; I've been in a place that was a whole lot foggier than what London is.

Shelley: Is that so? What is the name of the place, may I ask?

Dumont: I don't know. It was so foggy I couldn't tell where I was!!!

* * *

Look what Announcer Gene Byrnes of KHJ went and did: "Although it is early in the morning for requests, we now take pleasure in playing 'Crying for Caroline' for a lady just recovering from a long illness on a Columbia phonograph record." The knitted mustache cup was given him with due ceremony by the studio staff.

It's a modern marriage if he begins to pay alimony before the last installment on the engagement ring is paid.

Wife on telephone (disguising her voice): "Guess who this is?"

Husband: "It's—um—Edna."

Wife (furiously): "Edna! ! ! !"

Husband (disguising voice): "Guess who this is!"

* * *

A MARRIAGE license is a SLIP of paper which costs YOU $2 down and your ENTIRE income for the REST of your life.

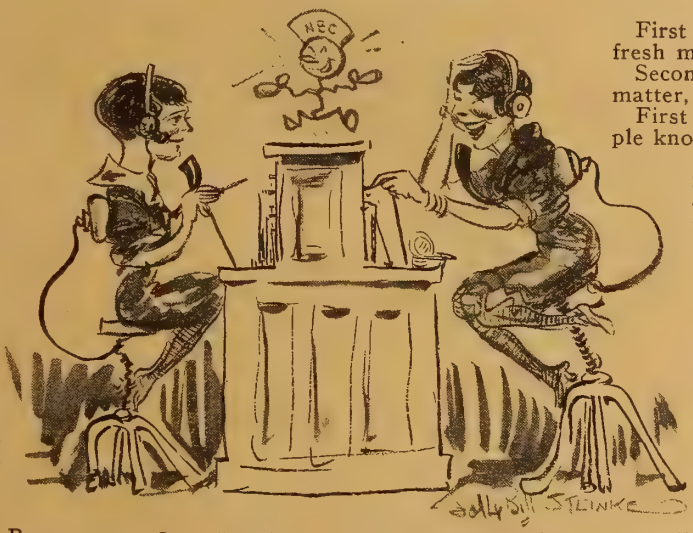
* * *

Girl: I know a song about gum. . . .

Weems: Do you, dear? What is it?

Girl: "Lover **GUM** Back to Me."

(Virginia Gardiner and Raymond Knight in KUKU, weekly NBC program.)



Over WKRC a woman was advertising a food product. She recited a number of delicious menus in which it was to be included. She admonished housewives to include this product in their next grocery order and, as her time was elapsing, she hastily added: "We continue with 'Nobody's Using It Now,' a phonograph record."—Evelyn G. Drake, Cincinnati, O.

* * *

Grandpa: Why do the leaves turn red in the fall, Percy?

Percy: I don't know, grandpa. Why do they turn red?

Grandpa: Because they're blushing, to to think how green they were all summer.

(Percy Hemus, in the Jamses, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Chester: Pa, why is Fido like an inclined plane?

Pa: I give up, son.

Chester: Because he's a slow pup.

(Percy Hemus and John Shea in the Jamses, weekly NBC program.)

Joe Fitzgerald, the Chicago Cyclone, a character in the "Smith Family," heard twice weekly over WENR, Chicago, challenges Primo Carnera, the Italian Colossus, to a fight to the finish.

"Who is dis Mountain of Muscle anyhow?" Fitzgerald demanded, when interviewed today. "What good fighters did he ever meet? He kayoed a Swede and a French-Canadian, but wait til he meets an Irishman.

"I'm a light-heavyweight, see? But I'm willing to step outa my class to meet dis Galloping Gorilla, because I think I can flatten him, see? If course, I'll hafta give him about a ton in weight, and a couple of yards in height and reach, but what of it? I'm absolutely positive I can chop him down to boy-size, and plant him so deep in de canvas dey'll have to excavate him wit a steam shovel. I'm not boasting any, you understand; I'm jest givin' you de facks.

"All I want is ten grand in cash, five per cent of de gate and a guarantee dat I won't hafta pay dis bird's funeral expenses. When I get thru wit dis Muscle-ini, you can paint WELCOME on his back, and use him for a door-mat."

* * *

First Phone Operator: Gee, that's a fresh mug.

Second Phone Operator: What'sa matter, kid?

First Phone Operator: Aw, the apple knocker asked for "double 2, double 2," and, when I repeated "2—2—2—2," he said, "All right, all right—just get my number and we'll play train afterward."

(Helene Handin and Marcella Shields in The Two Troupers, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Dumont: Mr. Shelley, can you tell me the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Shelley: Well, Paul, of course I know the difference; one is a chemical and the other is a disease.

Dumont: Maybe so, but that ain't the real difference.

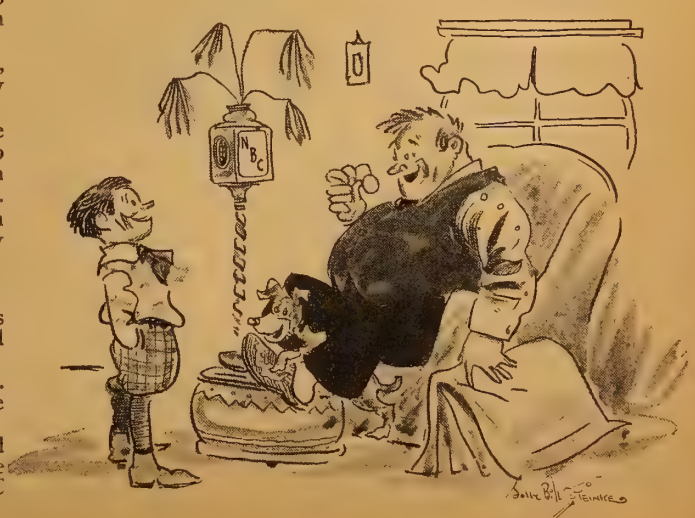
Shelley: Well, then, what is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Dumont: Why, ammonia comes in bottles.

Shelley: Well?

Dumont: And pneumonia comes in chests.

(Paul Dumont and William Shelley in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program.)



Indi-Gest Selections

HOW do you like Indi-Gest's return to the pages of Radio Digest? If you are favorable, he is going to have a steady job, and he is going to give you a few extra dollars each month.

The honor of having sent in the first selected humorous incident heard over the air this month goes to W. M. Johnson, who receives a check for $5.00. The second selected humorous incident, worth $3.00, was submitted by L. E. Heibeck.

The $1.00 paid for each humorous incident printed after the first two have been selected goes to L. M. Younkin, Miss Annie E. Littlefield, H. E. Foults, T. L. Wires, Florence Haist, Evelyn G. Drake and Ethel Sopher.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By JEAN CAMPBELL

SCINTILLATING luminaries of Radio broadcasting; are they distant creatures enveloped in a veil of mystery, unapproachable and in a world of their own? Not at all —they are just as human as you and I. They have their likes and dislikes, sometimes strong, they have their moments of sheer happiness and times of the deepest depression. Learn to know them as they really are, through Jean Campbell. Ask her to tell you of your favorite chain broadcast acquaintances.

JAMES MELTON, possessor of that sweet tenor voice which somehow does things to the heartstrings of the nation when his heart-melting sob-tones are heard in his solos with the Sieberling singers, was just a few years back, for he is now but twenty-six years old, just one of those widely educated college boys who upon graduation just did not know what it was that he really wanted to do next. That he would ever be a celebrated Radio singer very likely did not occur to him at that time, any more than it could have occurred to him then that within a few short years the two great recording phonograph companies of America would be competing with each other for his services as a leading record artist.

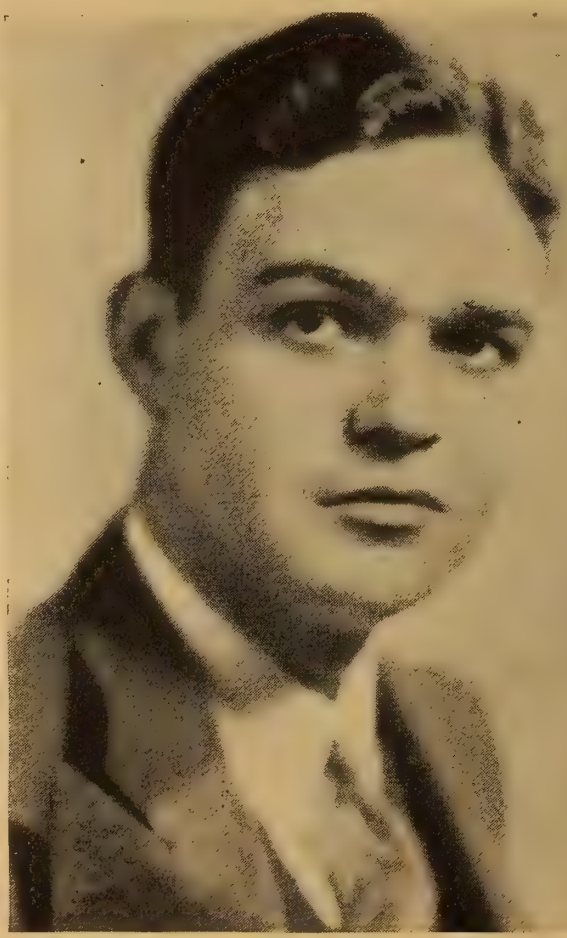
Fortunate in having a well-stationed and well-financed family, Jim Melton started his college career at the University of Florida, attended the University of Georgia, and finished up at Vanderbilt university. His travels about were occasioned more or less by family interests and moves, and somewhat also by his own changing interests in acquiring special knowledge toward an uncharted career.

He always had a leaning toward mechanical things and kindred sciences. He knows a deal or two about real estate values, about oil wells, mines, engineering of various kinds and especially airplanes, which latter are his favorite mode of travel. He is probably one of the most valuable patrons of coast to coast passenger plane companies. We left him, saying a breath-taking farewell after his program at Christmas time, and promising to get together for us the personal notes for this Radiograph. Then he was in such demand that we never did get these notes until just recently.

The wait, however, was well worth while, for Jim is a reticent fellow, and in the interim, many less reticent folk among his friends, professional buddies and admirers, have sung his personal character praises and told us also that there is a beautiful blonde, Mrs. Jim, to take into account when telling things on and about him.

JAMES began his musical education on a saxaphone, which instrument he picked up himself and mastered to a degree that was the delight of his college chums and holiday friends. Sometime later, just as a sort of avocation, he began a serious study of music, developing a keen interest in piano and, later, in singing.

Soon his voice, cultured with an awakening ambition toward the serious concert stage, which ambition has never lagged, became his paramount issue, and in line with this ambition he accepted his first professional engagement as a



James Melton

solo singer of ballads with the well-known impressario, Roxy. A course of study under J. S. De Luca, at the Ward Belmont conservatory, finished off his former vocal studies, and enhanced, no doubt, that naturally dramatic quality which stirs his audiences when he sings the simplest songs.

James Melton was born at Moultrie, Georgia, and somehow or other halted in the hey-day of his travels near the home town of his beautiful bride. For 'tis said that Jim waited for her to get through school, and married her last June while the ink was still new upon her diploma from an eastern college. Mrs. Melton has just past her twentieth birthday and looks even younger than that. She is a home-girl with no ambitions toward a professional career, but a great and naturally proud interest in the thoroughly successful career of her young husband.

The home of the Meltons is a rare retreat—a roof-bungalow, which occasions the remark that, all other things taken into account, this happy young pair of newly-weds are truly "sitting today on top of the world."

Mrs. Melton, formerly Miss Marjorie Louise McClure, hails from Detroit, but much of her childhood and school day activities were spent in Cleveland and Akron, Ohio. Like Jim, she is much addicted to airplane travel, and were it possible one might guess that a roof landing station would suit them admirably.

AMY GOLDSMITH is the type of a talented mite that just naturally would appeal to any type of audience today. Not yet out of her teens, this petite, chic, yet demure young lady, belies her nineteen years by an astonishingly thorough knowledge of music and a marvelously trained and beautiful coloratura soprano voice. She is one of those surprising and interesting examples of what young ambitious artists can accomplish in a short time in this country today.

First known as "the baby of the Capitol Theatre Family," vivacious Amy began branching out from the stage into broadcasting only two years after her graduation from high school in New York City. Interest in her voice and personality immediately became evident in fan letters addressed to National Broadcasting company studios, and this interest increased by leaps and bounds when her extreme youth became known.

Amy, it will be remembered, is the young vocalist of sleek dark hair and wistful brown-eyed countenance, who captured the Atwater Kent contest for greater New York state in 1928. As a result of this, she has received much of her quickly absorbed musical education as a prize scholarship pupil at the institute of Musical Art in New York City.

Now that she has become a thoroughly well-known Radio artist, and has also achieved acclaim for a successful debut on the concert stage, Amy's many admirers are entitled to know that she has been a most serious student of music since her earliest grade-school days. By her own efforts, she carved a career for herself which, in preparation as she outlined it and lived up to it, included in-

tensive study of piano, organ, voice, and also the theoretic subjects of harmony and counterpoint.

Add to this the acquisition of skill in speaking several languages before she had finished high-school, and you will not wonder that she is lauded again and again in the newspapers by critics, who are not usually given to singing loud praises for any artist.

Amy Goldsmith's repertoire is of an amazing size. She sings in Italian, German and French, on almost every program, and often acts as her own accompanist on the piano.

Amy is an only child, but no one, knowing what she has accomplished, could call her a spoiled child. She probably will never grow up to a greater height than her present diminutive five-foot two. But she has passed a diminutive's mental stature long ago.

As an avocation she is interested in thoroughbred horses, and a friend has recently informed her that one thoroughbred of the racetrack that Amy has not yet seen has been named "Amy Goldsmith" after her, and has proven in its opening season to be a most promising winner.

Her "pet" is, however, a valuable doggie, of the Edlar Von Haag, Great-Dane and bull-dog ancestry and pedigree.

Amy shares a great apartment hotel suite with her mother and her father. Marriage? It has never yet become a question with her—too busy with the well-known career.

About that namesake horse, if it really was named after her, and a friend who told her about its existence believes that it was, Amy hopes that one day the owner will be good enough to send her a tip as to when it is to run a winning race.

Like all good Radio artists, Amy has small chance for indulgence in diversified entertainments. But when she can find time for it she spends vacation days at the beaches near New York or in winter hies herself to the hotel pool to swim or to the frozen lake in Central park for ice-skating; swimming and skating being her favorite sports, supplemented by daily walking the dog for an hour of regular exercise.

The rest of her leisure she spends at concerts, during season, and for rainy days she has a sizeable library of ultra-modern fiction. She confesses that in her busy life she just has not the time to concentrate upon the serious works of the old literary masters.

Betimes, she plays her baby-grand piano, earnestly, for it is only by virtue of the fact that her voice was suddenly proclaimed as above the average that the world was just as suddenly robbed of a meritorious concert pianist.

Amy attributes much of her success to the encouragement of her parents, and especially, in these latter days of a busy career, to her mother's understanding and keen business sense. Without interfering in any way, as some over-anxious mothers of promising stage children are apt to do, Mrs. Goldsmith has taken complete, but unassuming charge of all business arrangements, engagements, and contracts for Amy, and thus relieved her young daughter of all anxiety over the rewards of her present and her future career.

The result is that, without ever having experienced a moment's grief or misunderstanding with her mother or any of her employers, Amy is one artist whose successful career goes sailing smoothly onward to what all who know her fully expect will be a great and glowing finish.

* * *

COUNTESS OLGA MEDOLAGO ALBANI is a lady of royal lineage, with a husband of royal lineage. But even before you learn, also, that she is the mother of a young son, aged 3 years, who will one day bear the inherited title of Marquise, you see in the Countess



Amy Goldsmith

a strikingly beautiful personality, cultured, artistic to her fingers tips, and you are apt to say to yourself, as I did, "Oh, why hasn't some artist painted her as a Madonna?"

That is just what she looks like, in a shy girlish sort of way. Then you learn of the romantic life of this young woman, scarcely past her twenty-sixth birthday, and you realize that she came by that look in her eyes by the honest route of experience.

Her husband deserves more than a word here, too. The sons of a royal line as high and as authentic as his is, seldom become and almost never are, as democratic as is Olga's fond husband in spirit and in practical life.

Most husbands of his calibre would say "Nay," to a singing career for their wives, however talented the latter might be. Not so the Count Albani. He is of that sort of independent blood that gives up two higher titles, that of Prince, and that of Marquise, taking unto himself the lesser title of Count. And that only as a concession to the feelings of some of his royal Roman family still living in their native Rome, but all younger than himself. That is why he is the bearer of all those titles, which some people would pay a great price to have the privilege of using.

Olga Medolago, as she was called befor her marriage, can also boast of royal blood. But she doesn't. Therein, perhaps, lies half of her charm. She and her husband are real lovers of life, real students of all that is artistic, and real believers in Expressionism.

Olga met her husband when she was on the road to Rome to study voice culture. He was visiting his old home to settle the family estates. He did not speak of that to Olga. And so, judging from his appearance, she mistook him for an Englishman. He is tall, blond and very distinguished looking.

Their romance was founded on mutual interests and admiration for each other's spiritual qualities, which developed slowly in the course of a warm friendship with mutual encouragement and help as its foundation.

They married five years ago and ever since both have been in the business of expressing themselves, according to their heart's desire.

Olga's desire is to sing. So sing she does, to the delight of both National Broadcasting studio audiences and concert audiences of New York, Washington and other eastern cities as well. She has seldom gone west of Washington because she does not wish to be away from her small son over night, and often travels to concert dates via airplane to avoid such an absence.

The Count Albani is an authority on antique furniture, paintings and art. His studios are the objective of all of those who can afford the real and the aged in such things for their Fifth avenue and suburban mansions.

Olga was born in Barcelona, Spain. She came to America with her parents at the age of five and was educated in a convent at Redwoods, Long Island. Her father was forced to travel extensively and his wife went along with him, so Olga was practically reared until out of grade school by the Sisters of this exclusive Catholic school. She enjoyed a bit of home life, however, through the insistence of her old Spanish nurse, who remained behind the family and set up a small home near the convent to which she brought Olga for week-end visits.

The Countess, with husband and son and the cherished old nurse, live in the West Eighties, just off Central park, the playground for little Eduardo. Their apartment is one of six large, high-ceiled rooms, replete with all that is real, and aged, and authentic, in the matter of antique furnishings. As she sits there, the stream of light playing on her long dark loosely held hair and a sanctified light in her dark luminous eyes, you think of that old painting of Saint Cecilia.

"Uniform" Styles Gone—New

VOGUE FLATTERS MEN

Fashion Director Revels in Beautiful Possibilities Envisioned in Present Feminine Mode Trend

By Marie Blizard

Fashion Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System

MARIE BLIZARD, the new fashion director of the Columbia Broadcasting system, comes to Radio with a wealth of experience in fashion fields. For the past eight years she has been writing about women's clothes in newspapers and magazines and her laboratory has extended from coast to coast of the United States. When Miss Blizard was offered the position of fashion director of Columbia she accepted immediately for, through the medium of Radio, she feels she can reach the largest possible audience and thus be of value to many more women of the country. Miss Blizard has a flair for women's fashions that is truly inspired. Her talks are both instructive and amusing, for besides splendid advance information on the newest fashions, she tells her listeners of the parties she attends during the week, the celebrities among the guests and the clothes they wear. Miss Blizard is heard over the nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting system every Monday and Friday at 3:30 (EST).



One of the strongest arguments in favor of the new styles is that one may be individual. The only danger lies in a woman's not studying herself to determine her best possibilities, avers Miss Blizard.

FASHIONS are really a great deal of fun this year and so dainty and beautiful that talking about them is great fun, too. For ten years we've been standardized, we've stifled femininity in the cause of a misplaced idea of chic. But 1930 has brought back to us individuality and the right to be feminine. Curves are no longer something to be ashamed of and if we haven't chorus girl legs no one need know it except ourselves.



Here is an awfully trick picture of Miss Blizard clad in a pair of pajamas of her own design.

However, despite some atrocities that have been thrust upon us in the autocratic name of fashion since the war, I do think they were ten wonderful years for women because during them we have achieved financial and intellectual recognization. Personally, I'm all for this female iron hand business—but I think we are wiser to conceal it in the velvet glove of femininity. Looking back over those ten years of chemise dresses and knee-length skirts, I recall that when a man said of a women, "She is charming!" the woman invariably was very feminine despite the clothes she wore. Of the masculine type the compliment usually was, "She has a marvelous sense of humor," or "She is very intellectual." And you must admit with me that there's not much thrill in that, coming from a man.

Yes, fashion is with us once more and I don't think we'll ever go back to the "uniform" style of the past decade. Longer skirts make our waists look smaller; waistlines bring out feminine curves; frills soften bosoms and throats. I am sure we will learn before this season is over that the marriage of our young independence with age-old femininity is a happy one and that it is going to give us an entirely new conception of our possibilities. After all, there *are* two sexes and our recent effort to make them one was not only biologically unsound, but it showed a frightful inferiority complex on the part of every one of us. We thought that perfection was synonymous with masculinity! Emancipation meant discarding womanhood for a synthetic mannishness. Shades of Salome who believed it was possible to do away with the male sex entirely!

I'M REALLY quite sick and tired of reading in fashion articles that women dress for each other and not for men. It's not only poor psychology, but it puts us in the awkward position of being all

(Continued on page 118)

GOOD FOOD HABITS OF CHILDREN BUILD GOOD HEALTH

HEALTH, happiness and success in later life are in great part due to the formation of good food and health habits in childhood. Many cases of children who are in poor health may be helped by such advice as Miss Gardiner gives.

THERE is no problem more vitally important than that of the proper feeding of children. In this article Evelyn Gardiner takes up the question from several angles, giving sound, practical advice that can be accepted as authentic. Miss Gardiner has had many years of experience in teaching home economics and has studied many problems of this nature. Your comments on this article, and others to follow in future issues of Radio Digest, will be appreciated.

By EVELYN GARDINER
Home Forum Director, KDKA.

THE slogan of the American Child Health association has always appealed to me as most significant, "The Health of the Child Is the Strength of the Nation." When I see that phrase I envision an army of healthy strong children marching by who are the protection and bulwark of a strong and powerful nation. Every one of us wants to live a long, happy useful life. How can we better do this than to begin with and strive to maintain good health?

What part does food play in this life's drama of health? Some think it plays the leading role, others an important one and some think that it plays but a minor part. If we would be star performers in this drama, with the keen competition we constantly encounter, we must be able to take our parts well or some other performers will play the leading roles and we will be forced to take the second-rate ones.

Life is largely determined for us in our early years. Habits of all kinds are learned in childhood and remain with us through life. Bad habits are not easily unmade. Good habits when learned in the formative years of life remain with us forever. They are learned gradually. The health, happiness and the success of later life are in great part due to the formation of good food and health habits.

All of us are familiar with those who



Evelyn Gardiner, director of the Home Forum at KDKA, is well qualified to give advice on child feeding problems.



A group of children enjoying their luncheon at the Soho day nursery.

are handicapped in their life's chosen profession because of ill health. A few are able to do great things in spite of poor health. Think how much easier it would have been for them to have gained success without the handicap. How many are lost by the wayside because they are not strong enough to stand the long and hard journey? Of course all of these lost ones might not have been saved by food alone, but who knows what good food, regular meals and good health habits of all kinds might have contributed to the building up of such a tower of strength that the physical disabilities might have been overcome?

At the KDKA Home Forum we often receive letters like this one. A worried conscientious mother writes: "My little girl is five and one-half years old. She weighs but thirty-eight pounds. She always seems rather cold and she scarcely eats anything. She eats by spells. For days at a time she does not eat a solid piece of food. Then she may eat about one full meal a day and then returns to the same routine. What can be done about it?"

ANOTHER letter will also illustrate the importance of good food habits. "I have to coax my boy of six to eat. When he comes home from school he is hungry. If I don't give him something to eat then, he won't eat anything much at supper. So I have decided to feed him when he is hungry. What do you think of this? Do you think I am doing right? He is underweight."

One encouraging thing about this whole problem of underweight, finicky appetites, malnutrition and other phases of child feeding problems is that mothers are alert to the situation. They realize more than ever the importance of a good start in life. They are seeking help. They are trying to do the right thing by their children. Many are asking for help from recognized authorities and are not content to follow the advice of just anyone who is willing to dispense this knowledge. They make every effort to supply their children what they need.

Most of the sad cases of children who are in poor health because of poor food habits which might have been remedied if taken in time are among those families whose parents are not able to provide their children the necessities of life. Some, of course, are the direct results of ignorance. But are these parents to blame? No one is more anxious to give the children everything they need than their parents. The response of many parents to the words of advice given when there is a felt need is most encouraging and oftentimes pathetic.

You wish they might have had the information long ago, and thus prevented some of the present and future tragedies. If given in the spirit of helpfulness, parents are most grateful for assistance and advice with their child-rearing problems. What parent is there who has not legion of these problems? Plenty of money does not mean that child raising is simple and easy. But it does mean that the parents may have more leisure time which they may devote to the welfare of their children.

The KDKA Home Forum receives numbers of letters regarding various phases of this whole problem. The response of the mothers is wonderful. They are encouraged to keep on asking

(Continued on page 120)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

IN THE busy studios of WENR there is no member of the staff busier than lovely Irma Glenn, organist. Miss Glenn's versatility has brought to her many positions on the programs of this station. In addition to her organ work, she is heard in the comedy sketch, "The Smith Family"; with Everett Mitchell, she presents the Air Juniors that daily half-hour program that the youngsters love; with Howard Heumiller, musical director of the station, she gives the piano-organ duets that have become one of the program features, and as if this weren't enough, she gives special musical readings.



Miss Glenn was born in Chicago and received her education at Senn High school in that city, but her life has been full of change and varied experience. Her career on the vaudeville and concert stage and in moving pictures, took her to Hollywood, where she lived a year and a half. At the age of sixteen she went to South America as musical director of the Teatro Empire, and she also toured Europe as leader of a girls' orchestra.

When she was a little girl, 8 years old, Miss Glenn started her study of music. She has specialized in composition, organ, piano, voice and dramatic art, and received her Bachelor of Music degree at the American Conservatory of Music. Now that the weather is getting warmer, this busy girl will be all the busier trying to slip in some of her favorite sports, golf, swimming and horse back riding. Those curly locks are brown and her eyes are hazel. She's 5 feet 5 inches tall, and to date she is not married.

* * *

The ERCELLE SISTERS. They're found. Mrs. Fred Lower, Jr., writes that she has just renewed her acquaintance with these charming sisters down in Miami, Florida, where they are appearing at The Frolics, one of the popular night clubs of the city. They are, however, intending to return to Chicago, where it is more than likely they will be heard again. Many thanks, Mrs. Lower, you've made at least one man much happier.

* * *

Charles Stookey, despite the fact that he's on the sunny side of 30 and looks such a youngster, is married and the father of three lusty boys. He is responsible for all the farm and agricultural programs at WLS, and came to that station from the Prairie Farmer, where he was farm news editor. He lives far away from the dust and noise of Chicago in the neighboring town of Elmhurst, where he has plenty of opportunity to indulge his pet hobby, gardening. It was out of this hobby that the idea of the Gardening Club developed and grew into the success that it now is. As you can see for yourself, he has a disarming smile, and he is of medium height and a decided blonde. He graduated from the University of Illinois not long ago.



* * *

For all the people who have been languishing for a picture of Everett Mitchell, here it is. Thought everybody knew that he was director of the WENR Air Junior program of children's activities, but Jean has called me to task for omitting to mention it.

The Air Juniors have a membership of 52,000 boys and girls, and this is, by the way, one of the few children's programs which devotes 75 per cent of its time to educational features. This organization has been commended by the Health Departments of various cities and by the principals of different schools on its health talks and educational features.



Everett Mitchell

Mr. Mitchell is the originator of the Smile Club program, being known as "the big laugh." This program is dedicated to an institution or hospital in which the club has members, and trips are made to these institutions on the imaginary Smile Club train.

* * *

SORRY, but this Marcella is NOT Marcella Shields. Judging from her pictures it would be very nice to be that talented member of the Two Troupers team. And now that that great wrong is righted I wonder if my friends Art and Captain Wyman will go away mad and never write me any more letters. Certainly hope not, for they were such nice letters, illustrated, 'n' everything. The Two Troupers can, by the way, be heard over the NBC on various programs and the latest word is that they are 'vur busy.

* * *

Curt Peterson, whose voice is heard in connection with a number of important programs originating from the NBC New York studios, is one of the most modest men on the air. It was about two years ago that Peterson became associated with broadcasting. Previously he had been a concert singer and teacher of voice, and almost immediately became an announcer. He was a member of the staff of WJZ when that station had its studios in the old Aeolian Hall, New York City. Since then Peterson has been much in demand for important programs.

He is known as one of the quietest men in the studios. He has very little to say of his successes before he entered broadcasting, and most of the things that are known about him he has admitted only after someone who "knew him when" supplied the information.

There's a little story and a picture on page 72 of the December issue of Radio Digest that might interest you, Robert.

* * *

Expect you've seen the picture of John and Ned that you wanted in the April issue. Hope you like it, Shirley.

* * *

Your favorites, Marion and Jim Jordan, of WENR are man and wife, Mrs. Steele. Their romance started long ago when they were youngsters in Peoria. You are right; they were stage artists before going into broadcasting. Jim has been an entertainer all his life.

* * *

George Southerland has only recently been announcing at WTAM, C. E. B., and he has a record of Radio experience that is enough to make you dizzy. Back in 1923 he was manager of WBZ in Springfield, Mass. Then in 1925, when the Florida boom was in progress, he took a jump down to Miami Beach, where he was announcer at WMBF. Leaving Florida he traveled northward, spending two years in Virginia and North Carolina. From there he went to WLBW at Oil City, Pa., and finally landed in Cleveland. But don't be alarmed, he's doubtless at WTAM to stay for a while.

* * *

Here is Al Carney's smiling countenance, which is just the sort of face one would expect, to hear him play. Al made his debut over the ether eight years ago over KYW when he was organist at McVicker's theatre. He has played over WHT and KMOX, where he was the featured organist for a year. But vaudeville and the theatre circuits called him. And in personal presentations Al was a great hit. He tired of the constant traveling necessary in personal appearances at these houses and, desiring to embark in business for himself, he opened studios of his own, and will broadcast from there as well as from the Brunswick Building studios. Talking about musicians and temperament, Al seems to be the exception that proves the rule.



* * *

What has happened to John Stamford, Olive, is nothing terrible, at all, at all. He is now chief announcer and program director at WCHI, the new station owned and operated by the Illinois Women's Athletic Club.

Harry Snodgrass is off the air. Whether or not he'll come back to the mike is still a question. Someone was saying the other day that he is down in a small town in Tennessee running a little music store that's all his own. Sorry there's not a bigger story, Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. Metz.



Dorothy Wei

Dorothy Wei is something of a mystery lady. This charming picture of her came from Seattle and we have made a frantic effort to ascertain what station she is from. KJR was good enough to inform us that Miss Wei was formerly connected with KOMO, and that station itself writes us that the last they had heard, she was at KVI. But now she's gone—lost—seems to have completely disappeared. Of course, we just can't let her stay lost. *Somebody* must tell us all about her so that she'll be a mystery no longer.

* * *

'Fraid you're not very observing, Margaret, Grace and Ruth, for there was a nice long story about Don Becker on page 44 and a paragraph about him on page 57 of the March issue. You'll find all your questions answered there and see a wonderful picture.

* * *

Write and tell us more about your Radio club, Happy of Ragan. We'd all like to hear about it. You wanted to know more about Milton Cross. Just look on page 9 of the February issue and you'll know all.

* * *

Don't you love this picture of darling little Yvonne Du Valle, the lass who brings joy to the many friends she has made through KFI way out in the far, far West? She's a vivid young thing with something of the gypsy about her, specially in this costume, although her eyes of deepest blue and her short brown hair belie it. You wouldn't guess to see those languid, dreamy eyes that she can be, at times, a small whirlwind of temperament. But she is. Then it is all over in a few minutes and everything is sunshine again. Yvonne is one of those people that make us long for television.



* * *

You can hear Al and Pete, Mrs. Moore, over WBBM at 8:30 on Thursday nights and over the Columbia chain on several features. They're both big tall fellows, Peggy, and Al's hair is curly and brown, while Pete's is straight and blonde. Pete Bontsema was born in the Netherlands, came to this country when he was 5 years old, and calls Kalamazoo his home town. He first broadcast over WCX and was one of the five original members of the old "Red Apple Club" of that station.

Al Cameron hails originally from Anderson, Indiana, and as a lad was something of an athlete, excelling in basketball and football. He traveled round the country in vaudeville acts and drifted to Detroit, where quite by chance he was teamed with Pete in "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

* * *

It seems that "Bea and Friends" really did mean Will Osborne. At least it looks that way by the amount of mail that has come in during the past month exclaiming about the similarity of these two. Of course, they both claim to have originated the crooning style of singing and announcing, but those who seem to know say that Will Osborne has been on the air longer than Rudy. But the girls all say "There is only one Rudy!" And to answer your question, A Real Radio Fan, Will Osborne broadcasts only under that one name, and that's that. See front of the book for a big story.

* * *

Ed and Mom McConnell, who used to be at WJAX, and have turned up missing, were recently heard at WHAS, Louisville. They may not be there permanently, but anyway, there's a clue.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy's salary contract for the year is said to be $100,000, Lucille. Think you could get along on it? Don't be discouraged because you haven't seen those pictures of your favorites down at KDKA. You'll be surprised one of these days. Keep up the good work, and write me more letters. Your last one was such a nice newsy one. And, by the way, what has happened to your brother?

* * *

For the information of Jean and Eleanor, Norman Brokenshire IS still on the air, and is not by any means considering giving up broadcasting. He can be heard at 7:30 C. S. T. any Monday night with the Ceco Couriers. The reason you haven't been hearing him as often is due to the fact that he has been handling programs independently and has become an independent announcer.

* * *

Big doings! A studio frolic staged by fourteen acts, an orchestra, brass band, and fiddle team preceded the Radio wedding held in the WLS studios at 11:30 p. m. March 15th. The microphone ceremonies united Miss May Oliver of Topeka, Kansas, with "Hiram" of the WLS comedy team, "Hiram and Henry," alias Trulan C. Wilder.

The wedding was the culmination of a romance begun in the studios of WIBW, Topeka, where Wilder was a staff entertainer and Miss Oliver a frequent visitor.

The Rev. R. L. Boulton of Maywood officiated at the mike. As the bride and bridegroom entered the main WLS studio the giant organ in the Chicago Stadium was picked up by remote control, providing the wedding march for the air line ceremonies. At the console of the organ was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was married to a former pupil, Elsie Mae Look, three years ago in the same manner as the Wilder-Oliver nuptials.

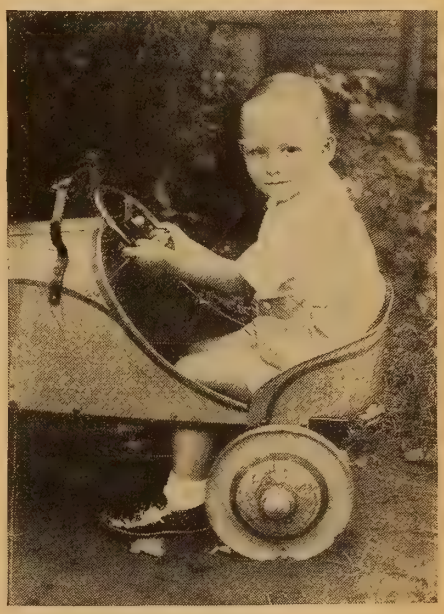
This good looking youth is Ezra McIntosh, chief announcer of WOW, Omaha. He is just a lad of 21 and after graduating from the Technical High School of Omaha he is now studying law at Creighton university. And, although he is still a school boy, he is one of the most widely known announcers in the West. He's pure American blend as to nationality, measures 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 148 pounds, which makes him just about right, wouldn't you say, Florabel and Ella Jean?



His twinkly eyes are bluish grey and his hair brown. But his good looks and popularity with the other sex have not kept him from being a serious minded fellow, for he is an active worker in the Christian Missionary alliance, and is much sought after by other Protestant denominations as vocal director and soloist.

* * *

A letter came in the other day from Guy Anderson, that singer of sentimental songs, who for some time was heard with his uke or guitar from New York and Hollywood stations. Andy has had a tough break and is suffering from tuberculosis, which necessitates his living in the mountains of New Mexico for a while. He says it is dreadfully lonesome down there and has asked me to tell his friends that he would like very much to hear from them. Mail will reach him addressed to him at Fort Stanton, New Mexico.



Little Bobby Nickola of WJAY. Although he hasn't much of a past, he does have a great future.

Alwyn E. W. Bach, NBC announcer, is an even 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. He is dark complected with brown eyes and very black hair. It's not because I thought you wouldn't like his picture, Robert, that you don't see it in these columns. It's just because there isn't one. Before becoming an announcer Mr. Bach was a baritone singer, that is professionally speaking, for, of course, he still is one. He is the athletic type, going in strong for tennis, hiking, skating, handball and volley ball. And he has a little six-year old daughter.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

Parade of the Stations from

Newsy Gossip of What Your Friends Reports of Broadcast Activity Who Devote Their Lives to

Who Is Your Friend?

WHO is that fellow you are always listening to? What station is he with? What kind of a chap is he, and what kind of a gang is there at that station? These questions and a host like them are always being asked. In this section of Radio Digest will be found short, gossipy little items of what is going on at the stations, large and small, all over the country. As many stations and artists as space will permit are represented each month. If you don't find your favorite here write to the Station Parade Editor and every effort will be made to fulfill your request.

KGU Boasts New Home

EIGHT years ago, May 11, 1922, to be exact, three faint "hellos" spoken by M. A. Mulrony, builder of the station, climaxed a thrilling race to make KGU the first station to broadcast in Hawaii. Today the new KGU operates on 1,000 watts, with a 5,000 capacity, from the third floor of the new Honolulu Advertiser building.

As he built the first KGU, so Mulrony built the new one. It was he who first persuaded the Advertiser to add this new service. It was planned at first to complete the work in two months, but then came word that another station was projected and it was decided to cut this time in half. As the weeks passed it became a bitter race between the two stations. Finally came word that KGU would be on the air at noon, followed almost simultaneously by the announcement that the competitor planned to start operations at eleven o'clock. There was a hurried conference which resulted in Mulrony opening his microphone at 10:57 that morning.

The story of the trials and tribulations of KGU is an old one, familiar to all Radio men and fans. As the years passed personnel changed, the competitor gave up the ghost, as did several of his successors. When it was decided to build the new station no effort was spared. L. P. Thurston, who had been the "father" of KGU throughout its early struggles, continued at the helm, with Mulrony at the technical end.



These young women dressed in the costumes of a bygone day are not old-fashioned or opposed to short skirts. They are the members of the Brahms quartette, specialists in the folk songs of all nations. They were thus attired in a recent Libby program over the NBC.



Joseph E. Maddy, director of the National High School orchestra, directed that well-known musical organization in a program originating at the Atlantic City High School and broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Fans Demand Symphony

AN INTERESTING commentary on the trend of American musical appreciation is found in the recent inclusion of only complete transcriptions of symphonic works on the Roxy Sunday programs. In the early days of the Roxy Symphony orchestra programs short works and parts of longer ones were offered.

Gradually programs were enlarged to include longer compositions until the repertory included a great part of musical literature. The second stage of this "course in musical appreciation" consisted chiefly of isolated movements of the better known compositions.

At this point the response from the Radio audience indicated a demand for complete symphonies. Following the broadcast of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Handel's Messiah, Roxy's programs attained heights equaled only by the principal orchestras of the world.

The significance of the latest move to present only complete works lies in the fact that ten million Radio listeners will receive the type of music that is being played in the country's leading opera houses and concert halls.

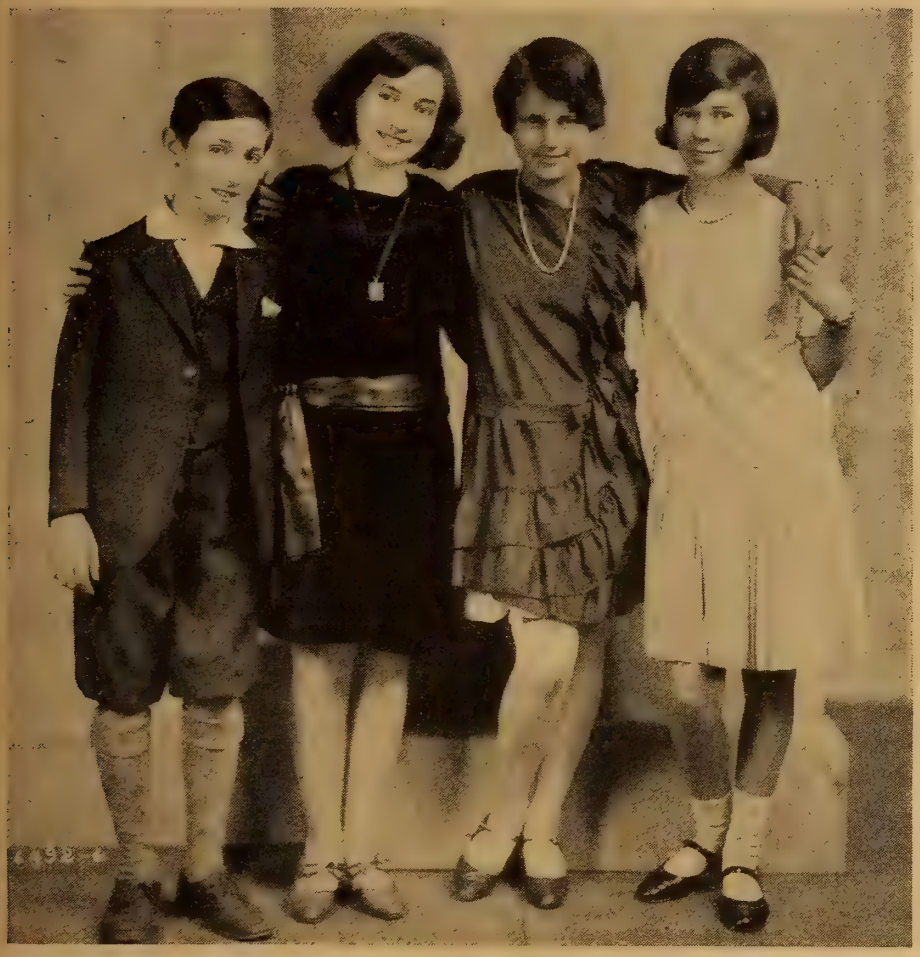
Is Popular, Big or Little

APPARENTLY John Herrick, baritone of the Fox Fur Trappers, is possessed of the art of selling himself, be it on the air, or in the reception room.

A short time ago a lady was seen watching the door into the Columbia studios much as a hungry child might watch a waitress cooking pancakes in the window of a restaurant. Inquiry proved that the lady in question was waiting to catch a glimpse of Herrick as he passed to the outside world. She had heard the singer often, and had pictured him as the six-foot-three type.

North to South, East to West

of the Air Are Doing, and the Latest of the Big and Little Fellows Giving Radio Entertainment



Here are four of the youngsters who make the NBC's Sunday morning children's hour as enjoyable to grownups as to younger listeners. Left to right: Julian Altman, violinist; Sylvia Altman, pianist; Edith DeBald, reader, and Mae Rich, trumpeter.

When Herrick at last left the studio he was introduced to his lady in waiting and talked with her for a few moments. As she said good-bye the visitor announced that John Herrick, although only five feet nine, glasses included, was just as wonderful as she had pictured him.

M'Gimsey Puzzles Medics

WHEN doctors begin hunting in a man's throat for a concealed canary, or suspect that he is mentally abnormal, it's time to sit up and wonder a bit, at least. The entire clinic of New York university did just that little thing when they tried to find out what makes Bob MacGimsey's whistling apparatus just what it is. And after the medics, the psychologists and psychoanalysts got through they knew just what they knew before they started, and that he could whistle in harmony, striking two and three notes at a time.

Bob, the harmony whistler in the Empire Builders programs, explains that he hears the harmony ahead of time but that the control then becomes automatic when he is really whistling, although he can consciously make a discord if he does it deliberately.

After being examined and probed and questioned by all the medical and "psyc" high hats Mac himself said that he had often wondered about his gift, and had hoped that they could shed some light on it—but all concerned gave it up, and Bob goes on whistling.

Even White House Falls

EVEN the White House doesn't seem to be proof against the lure of Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. When the Congressional club gave its annual breakfast to the wife of the President, Mrs. Hoover and the ladies of the political circle heard Rudy at his best. The affair was held in the Hall of the Americas of the Pan-American Building in Washington and was attended by several hundred prominent women. Mere outsiders who sent the hubbies of the grand dames to Washington were privileged to see the picture as their ears received it via an NBC hookup.

"College Yell" In French

GOING to Europe? Then tune in on Dr. Thatcher Clark's educational service this Spring and Summer and learn enough foreign language to take you into the Continental shops and out again safely.

Dr. Clark, one of Radio's earliest educators, has just completed his first year on the air as a teacher of French over the Columbia chain and plans this new course for embryo travelers via the same system.

The Doctor introduced a new form in Radio instruction in his French courses, his "college yell" greatly simplifying the art of teaching. During his fifteen-minute broadcasts over a period of a year Dr. Clark has accumulated 8,135 unsolicited fan letters.

Two Birds Double Time

TWO little birds—real ones—are working twice as hard as in the "old days." Blue Boy and Dicky, renowned bird virtuosos of the National Broadcasting company, have doubled their broadcasting, now appearing twice a day, with Cheerio and also the Parnassus Trio. Miss Elizabeth Freeman is the owner and trainer of this talented team.

* * *

Dot Harrington, the little comedienne formerly heard as the tough show girl in "Mrs. Murphy's Boarding House," and several current Columbia productions, has lived in New York all her life and never seen the Statue of Liberty. She's lived within a stone's throw of deep water since childhood and can't swim.



Here is a particularly charming portrait of Countess Olga Medolago Albani, a broadcast artist of royal lineage. Read what Jean Campbell has to say of her in Radiographs, page 57.

FORTUNE GALLO, Only Man to Make Grand Opera Pay Assumes Control of Station.

Opera Impresario TURNS TO RADIO



Ready?—Set! The Unique 'Cello Quintet of WCDA is ready to swing into action under the direction of Rosolino De Maria. Left to right you see J. Taglialavro, De Maria, Ruth Napier, Penza and Puglia.

***By* A. J. Palange**

THIRTY-TWO years ago an eighteen-year-old Italian boy, confident and alert, arrived in New York from his native Torremaggiore, in the Province of Foggia. He arrived with a capital of eleven cents, although when he left Italy his family supplied him with a purse of gold sufficient to give him his start in life in the new country. It was the youth's passion for cards that depleted his purse on the way across the Atlantic. Today this now grown man bears the reputation of being the only man who has ever made grand opera pay.



Not content to rest on his laurels, this highly efficient man who is the oracle of popular-priced opera, now turns his attention to broadcasting. He has taken over Station WCDA with a studio at 27 Cleveland Place, in the down-town district of New York. If he applies to Radio the astute business principles that have been his policy during his long career as general director of the San Carlo Grand Opera company, WCDA will become as popular as Gallo's famous opera company.

A close observer has said that it is Fortune Gallo's faculty of inspiring hard work and amazing loyalty that has been an important factor in his success; and no one works half as hard as does he. He is naive, amusing and very candid. He is never up-stage, never even sarcastic when he sees his "finds" scooped into the Metropolitan or Chicago Civic Opera company after a season or two with him. Rather, he regards these incidents as an indorsement of his judgment.

Youngsters Mob Ore to Make Air Program

***By* Louise Hartley**

WHEN Leigh Ore conceived the idea of broadcasting programs made up entirely of children up to twelve years of age he fondly hoped that twenty-five or thirty youngsters would appear for the first occasion. A few announcements were made from WLBW, outlining the founding of the children's club, and then "Uncle Leigh" sat back and waited for the morning of Saturday, October 19, to come around.



When Ore walked into the studios more than an hour before the new stunt was scheduled that Saturday morning he was nearly mobbed before he could reach the safety of his private office. Not twenty-five or thirty children awaited a chance to try their talents on the air, but 97 wide awake and eager embryo artists were milling about. As only thirty minutes had been alloted to the program, many children were unavoidably disappointed.

Leigh immediately set to work to reorganize the WLBW schedule for the following Saturday, only to find 100 children on hand for the second meeting of the club. Now an hour and a half is devoted to them each Saturday. Listeners are asked to vote on the children they deem best, and small prizes are offered to the winners.

Each child is helped in every possible way and encouraged to develop his talent, whatever it may be. Each member of the club is registered and given a membership card in the club. Five hundred and sixty youngsters in northwestern Pennsylvania are now wearing "Uncle Leigh's" club button, according to latest reports.

* * *

John de Jara Almonte of the NBC executive staff says he isn't superstitious, but he keeps a herd of toy elephants, which are lucky, on his desk.

Carney Once Key Pusher

FROM "key pusher" of a nickelodeon to vaudeville, thence to playing the sucker on a "farm" in Louisiana, then as a day laborer and finally to the high position of assistant superintendent of a ship yard in war times at $10,000,000 a year, is the background of Don Carney. When the war was over he landed as an extra for D. W. Griffith, got an audition which resulted in an announcing job at WMCA, transferred to WOR, and is now famous as Luke Higgins of Leonard E. L. Cox's Merlin Main Street Sketches.

One wonders if Don's hobby of trying to shoot bull frogs dates from childhood days amid the rusticity of a Michigan fruit farm. At any rate he says that early experience helped him to more readily acquire the drawl of the eastern countrymen.

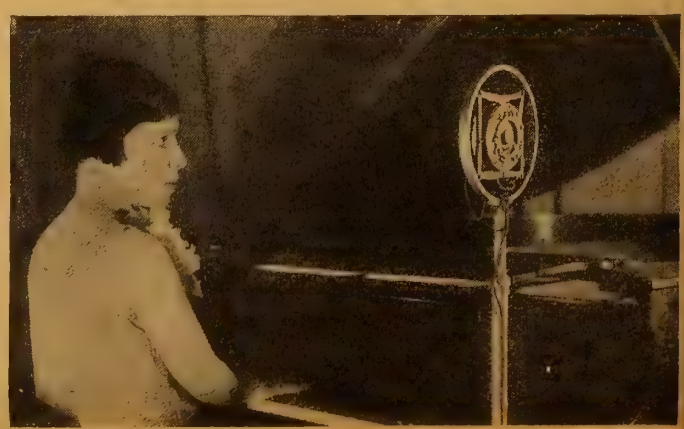
Carney is featured on a variety of other programs. In one series he entertains children six nights a week, singing etiquette songs and tongue twisters, as well as taking several parts, notably Uncle Otto and Simple Simon.

* * *

Ben Selvin, Columbia orchestra leader, whose recording of "Dardanella" was the first to reach over a million in sales, has "canned" more than five thousand songs.

Knows His Dictionaries

ONE for the book—a man who knows his dictionary. The other day one of the announcers at WAAM was discussing the meaning of a word, and started to look it up. Buster Rothman stepped forward and gave the complete definition, and also three synonyms. He also told what word appeared after it in the dictionary. Then Buster told his little secret. While forced to remain in the hospital for a year he memorized the entire contents of Webster's, but didn't say whether it was the unabridged. At any rate, give Buster a hand, he deserves it.



Eleanor Catherine Judd is happy and gives happiness to many with her singing and playing. Miss Judd is the blind pianist-singer of WHN.



"Well, boys, you see it's this way," says Paul Capp to his Magnet Electrons of WIP, and it must have been a good story, to judge from the happy smiles.



Presenting "Pee Wee," one of Brother Bob's Rascals at WEEI. "Pee Wee's" other name is Leonard Emerson, and he appears with the other Rascals on Tuesday evening broadcasts. Looks like he might be one of Tarkington's characters, doesn't he?

Sam Magill Joins WTIC

THAT unfamiliar announcing voice you are hearing from WTIC belongs to Sam Magill, who "learned his mike" at WOR. Sam was quite a boy during his undergraduate days at New York university. His activities there included cheer leading and directing the college glee club.

While still at the University he took vocal lessons from Manley Price Boone of the Metropolitan Opera house, acted as assistant manager of a New York theatre, and appeared in programs at WOR.

When school days were over he went to the Newark station as announcer, soloist and continuity writer. Sam has certainly packed a lot of experience into his twenty-four years, don't you think?

Stamps Tell Odd Stories

STORIES told by postage stamps form the topic of a new series of Saturday morning talks on WOR by Sigmund I. Rothschild, one of the world's best known philatelists. He tells of a king who refused to permit the cancellation of stamps because it would mar his photograph; of how Columbus grew a beard in one day—on a stamp; of a stamp that almost caused a war, and of others which did cause war; how the air mail was sent in 1870; of stamps that cost $50,000.

"Beyond knowing that the ordinary two-cent stamps carry a picture of George Washington, the average person lets it go at that," says Mr. Rothschild. "Yet there are thirteen facts shown. They do not know that Hudon, the French sculptor, used the photograph for the statue that now stands in Richmond, Virginia; that it affords a means of studying hirsute styles of bygone days; that it was done by one of the nation's best designers and engravers; that it is carmine in color, and many other interesting observations"

* * *

ONE of the most popular of the light features on the air from WHAM is the Friday evening Arpeako Minstrel Show. This is a real old-fashioned minstrel entertainment, replete with comedy, gags, jokes and songs, in the typical black-face manner.

In the past year WHAM has been increasing its daytime schedule so that it is now on the air most of the time from eight o'clock in the morning to midnight. In a short time it will be possible to tune in on WHAM at any time during the day or evening.



Here's the staff that keeps things running smoothly at WFBL. Top row: Samuel Woodworth, A. R. Marcy, Robert Wood, Robert Aller, Andrew Goettel. Second row: C. F. Phillips, Victoria Piazza, Robert Crosier and Floyd Revoir.

Future Luminaries on the Air from WNAT

AL JOLSON, Fanny Brice, Belle Baker—will we have anybody to succeed them in the hearts of the public? The answer is most assuredly, yes. In case you doubt the above statement, tune in on WNAT in Philadelphia any Sunday evening from nine o'clock to ten o'clock. The first thing that strikes you is a sweet voice announcing. You are then listening to Baby Gloria Alosi—a sweet little baby four years of age. Gloria is not the only talented member of the Alosi family. Her sister Clara is there also, singing the newest theme songs. If you are fond of Fanny Brice then be sure to listen to Mitzi Groff give her interpretation of Fanny's sketches and songs.



Elaine Byer—a nine-year lassie plays her own ukulele accompaniment to her songs.

Frank Capano, the announcer, earnestly believes that in his station he has the successor to Al Jolson. Little Sammy Shuman, although only thirteen, has been singing over the Radio for many years. His version of Little Pal is well worth hearing.

Bobbie Morris, Jr., although only twelve, is one of the greatest juvenile harmonica players in the country.

Dot Boyle, Johanna McKenzie and Baby Lee, all show promise of becoming future greats.

Beautiful Marie Miller, only ten years of age, is one of the biggest stars on Frank Capano's Children's Hour. In a recent contest she received the greatest number of requests for numbers.

Any child that has any talent, and is thirteen years of age or younger, is invited to come to the station and broadcast. Last week all records were broken, over 200 telegrams being received for request numbers from the little stars.



The "Lon Chaney of the Air." Who is he? Why, Colonel Lemuel G. Stoopnagle, of course. In other words, one of the Two Yovinians of Buffalo. The gentleman in the picture is Louis Dean

Legends of the Historic Rhineland Told by WBAL

THE historic Rhineland, teeming with legend, a hike through the famous Black Forest, the Passion Play at Oberammergau—a truly fascinating program, was offered last month from WBAL. Colonel Worthington Hollyway was the guide and lecturer.

Colonel Hollyway, who served with the American forces in France and Germany during the World War, is a thoroughly qualified lecture authority. He has traveled through Germany and central Europe from border to border by motor, by train, by boat and on foot. Following the signing of the armistice, he served as military attache of the American legations at Copenhagen, Helsingfors, and in various sections of the three Baltic states of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania.



Colonel Hollyway had his picture taken with King Christian of Denmark just after the Armistice. Left to right, the French attache, King Christian and Colonel Hollyway.

No river is more celebrated in song and story than the Rhine. Both the river itself and the valley through which it flows are redolent with beauty and romance.

Along its highlands the barons of old built great castles whose towers and turrets look down on the swift flowing stream now busy with modern traffic. Some of the tales of these old castles were included in the Colonel's talks.

Mt. Olympus Broadcasts

A BROADCASTING station on Mount Olympus! Shades of the Greeks of Old! May we then hear the voices of the Gods from our loudspeakers?

Hardly, for this Mount Olympus is above Syracuse university. It seems that the establishment of a station to use 1,000 watts broadcasting both the regular programs of WSYR and those of the University, WMAC, has been proposed to the Federal Radio commission by Clive B. Meredith, owner of both stations.

The plan involves construction of a new transmitter to replace those of both the existing stations, as well as broadcasting and studio facilities on the campus. Such an arrangement would give Syracuse university an opportunity to train students in both the technical and artistic phases of broadcasting.



When these boys warm up, the feet of listeners to WCOC just naturally begin to shuffle and dance. Bill Lancaster and his Great Southern hotel band have long been one of the headliners from Meridian, Mississippi.

Heavy Problems for a Little Girl

Want to Adopt a Baby, Train an Extravagant Wife or Trace a 'Phone Call? Ask Miss Tully, WCKY

By Mary Adamick

TREMLETTE TULLY, woman's director of WCKY, Covington Kentucky, is a little person, yet she carries the burdens of many listeners on her shoulders. She is young, but her answers to personal problems, a feature she conducts every Thursday morning in connection with her daily My New Kentucky Home Hour, give proof of mature and intelligent thought.

When someone wants to adopt a baby, aid an unfortunate, learn what to do with an extravagant wife, trace an anonymous telephone call or learn the proper diet, what does he or she do? Writes to Miss Tully, it seems, for each Thursday morning she gives kindly advice to her friends of the unseen audience.

Names are not announced when the information is of a delicate nature. It is just like calling a physician, attorney, librarian or old friend over the telephone for advice, and yet the questions and answers, confined only to a few persons, are heard by thousands who find help in solving many of their own problems.

But what are some of the questions she is called upon to answer?

A woman in an Ohio town wrote that her husband and baby had been killed. She did not want to live "in this house of sad memories." What should she do? Should she dispose of the home, just paid for out of her husband's and her earnings?

Miss Tully replied: "Sorrow makes us stronger to face life. Sorrow has its reward. A complete change of scene would be the best thing for you. Occupy yourself with work. That is the best cure for mental anguish."

A man of 30, married for three years,



A tiny little person, yet she carries the burdens of many WCKY listeners on her slender shoulders. Tremlette Tully is woman's director down at Covington, answering anything and everything that troubles women.

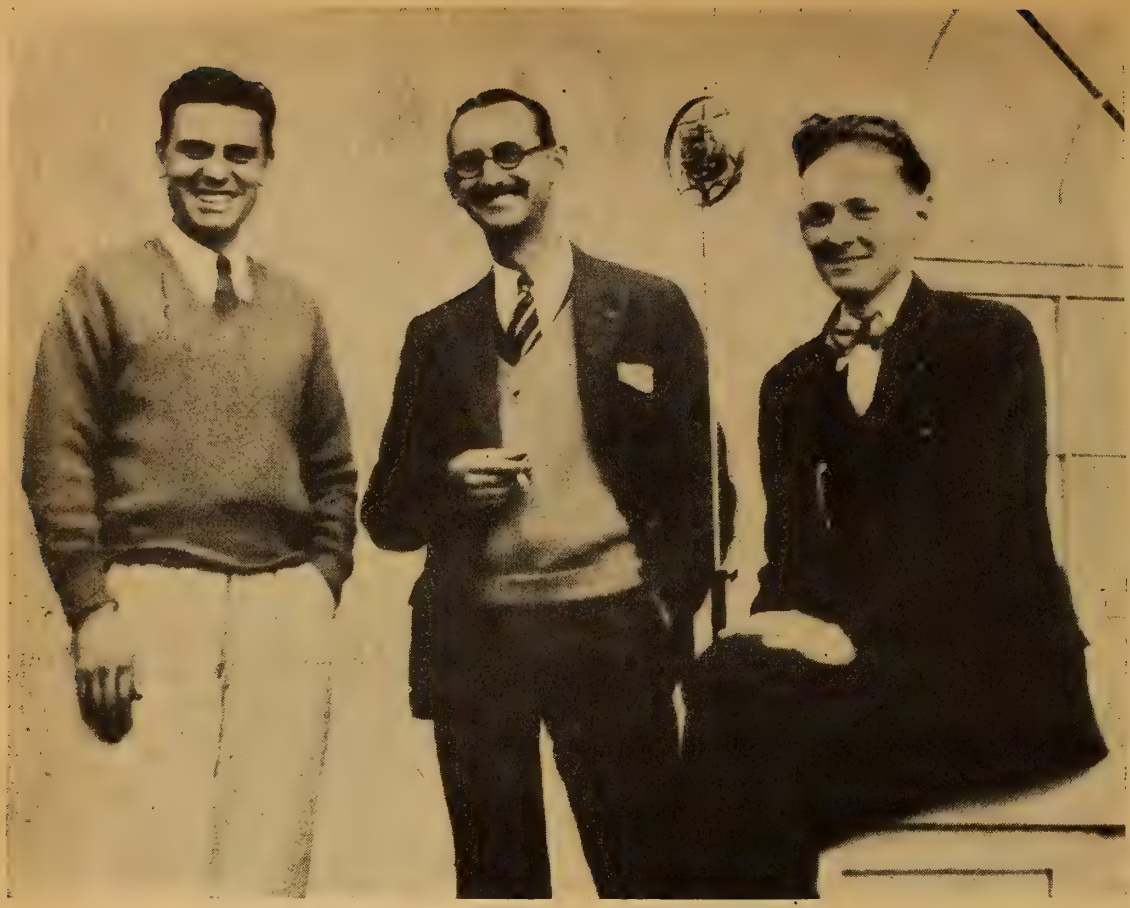
wrote that unless his wife had a new outfit every week there was a scene. She insisted on going out to restaurants and night clubs to display her finery. Their furniture isn't paid for. "What must I do?" he implored.

The answer was simple. "You need backbone," Miss Tully told him. "Unless you do something to curb your wife's extravagance you will find yourself with your nose to the grindstone the rest of your life. Talk the matter over with your wife. Ask her to help you plan a budget that will include savings."

And lo, the poor man who had his nose already to the grindstone wrote to thank Miss Tully. He had had it "out" with his wife, and she also wrote to thank Miss Tully.

Another man wrote that a woman had called him over the telephone to inform him that she had seen his wife with another man. It was an anonymous call. The description fitted one of his best friends. He said that he had faith in his wife, but "what should he do?"

Why, said Miss Tully, "we can conceive of no lower type of human being than the person who will stoop to write an anonymous letter or place an anonymous telephone call for the sole purpose of instilling a distrust that years sometimes cannot heal. People who do this sort of thing have, in our estimation, criminal instincts. No one should ever pay any attention to anonymous communications. Never repeat them. Try to erase it from your memory. Do not tell your wife. The fact that she has always been all a wife could be should make you know that the statement was

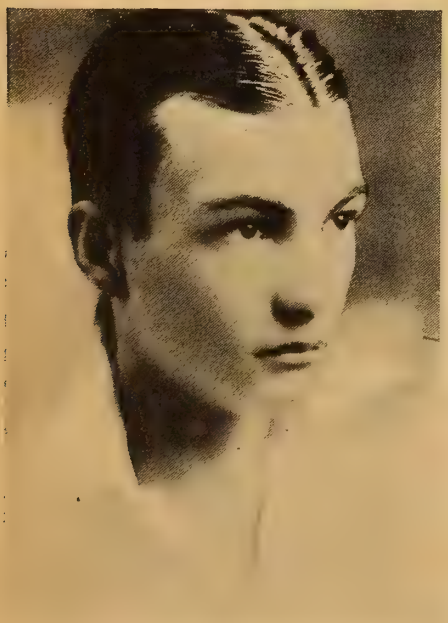


Down South to handle a big hookup broadcast from the Vincy hotel at St. Petersburg, Fla., William S. Lynch, feature announcer and assistant program director for the NBC, runs across two old friends, veterans of broadcasting. Left to right, Lynch, Eddie Squires, announcer-manager of WSUN, St. Petersburg, and Walter Tison, manager for WFLA at Clearwater.

false. Only the coward conceals his name."

It requires many hours of preparation for Miss Tully's fifteen minutes once a week for Personal Problems. Her answers must be authoritative. She must not offend. She must try her best to solve these problems, where often future destinies are at stake.

Her compensation comes in the form of letters of thanks from listeners who have found her advice helpful.



Well, girls, here's the picture you have been waiting for—Jimmee Osburn, WGBF's Barefoot Banjo Boy, with the smile in his heart and the tear in his voice. Kentucky's his home and, in spite of his thousands of admirers, he's still heart free.



Here they are—Clyde and Mac with their uke, genial grin and wise cracks. The Harmony Duo is heard regularly from WQAM at Miami.

Hawaii a la Svenska

YOU really ought to see them, with their Hawaiian wreaths and everything—they're quite a picture when all dressed up for broadcasting. There are six Gustafsons (seven when you count the instructor). It's a bit hard to imagine such a good Scandinavian name tied up to a program from Hawaii, but it's a fact. And listeners to WHBO swear by them (not at them). The family includes Mr. and Mrs. E. L. and four children, ranging from four to fourteen, or thereabouts. Professor H. G. Haili is the instructor mentioned a few lines above.

* * *

WIDE experience on the organ at WLW taught Owen O. Ogborn more than a trick or two about pleasing the Radio audience. Now Owen's down at Charlotte, North Carolina, sending a variety of tunes out over WBT, where he has been for more than a year.

MUSICIANS of the Cincinnati Musician's association have put it up to the public as to whether they prefer recorded music, as presented by the sound pictures, or orchestras made up of competent musicians. The opportunity to settle the issue over the air, at least as far as the Cincinnati and Kentucky district is concerned, was provided by L. B. Wilson, operator of station WCKY. A series of concert and dance orchestras, directed by widely known leaders, is being presented from the Covington station.



Ruth Eva is her name—like it? Hear her in classical piano recitals from Asheville, via WWNC.

Great Broadcast Programs of Today Are Run

Like FOOTBALL GAME

ANNOUNCER Is the "Quarterback" of Air Entertainment, Maneuvering His Men on Gridiron of Studio Floor Under "Coach" Production Manager

By Donald D. Burchard

LARGE Radio programs today are run just like a football team. The announcer corresponds to the quarterback who calls signals for the team. He in turn receives his orders from the production manager who corresponds to the coach.

In football it is the coach who has charge of the preliminary training and of getting his men into fighting trim, polishing up his team-work and perfecting their co-operation for offense and defense. In Radio it is the production manager who lines up the programs after musical directors, continuity writer and program planners have provided for the component parts.

Such a job is the one now held by Jean Paul King at WLW and WSAI. For a month before assuming these duties King was a member of the announcing staff at the Crosley station. In his new capacity it will be King's job to see that the programs go on and off the air with the proper style and flourish. And take it from anyone who knows, that is one real job, involving hours of rehearsing, cutting and fitting of musical numbers and continuity, and the unification of all entertainment bits into a coherent whole.

Lots of Jean Paul's friends will remember him from the old days out on the Pacific coast. He used to be one of the big guns at KHQ. Before that he was chief announcer for the NBC Pacific Division, serving also as dramatic director. For a while he was with KFRC, and then took a turn with the Henry Duffy Players in Portland, announced for KGW and finally landed with KHQ as chief announcer, and now to the big job down in Cincinnati.



Three Foxy Grandmas decided to show the younger generation a thing or two and organized their own group to broadcast from KSTP. This harmony trio sings both old time and popular melodies. The combined ages of Mrs. Blanche Schaller, Mrs. Martha Lund and Mrs. Josephine Nash total nearly 200 years.



Charlie Dameron is a vital part of the broadcast of Henry Thies and his orchestra from WLW. He's the boy with the blue voice who croons so seductively with the band. He was a lawyer in Huntington, W. Va., until the Radio bug bit him.

Meet "Old Man Moon"

WGHP is bringing to its audience a new and novel program, known as The Moonwinkers. The program is under the personal direction of Old Man Moon, himself, who brings before the microphone for the first time the entire Moon family. The Moonwinkers are all prominent Radio artists and entertainers who have had long and wide experience before the microphone.

The program is devoted exclusively to requests, and the popularity of the feature is established by the hundreds of requests that virtually pour into the station.

* * *

Sopranos and harmonica players lead the two fields of Radio audition material, vocal and instrumental, at WLS, according to Don Malin, musical director, who reviews the talents of from thirty to forty amateur broadcasters in the weekly tryout period.



One of the oldest continuous programs on the air was begun July 26, 1926, by Don R. Falkenberg, who has been presented from WAIU studios ever since. He is in charge of a regular morning program known as the Bible Lovers' Meditation Hour, as well at the Sunday evening vesper service.

The Smiths, a Typical Family, Welcomed by Listeners

THAT the Radio audience likes a certain thread of continuity in its air sketches is indicated by the widespread popularity achieved by the Smith Family, WENR comedy-drama broadcast every Monday night.

Smith Family presentations portray the activities, adventures and everyday life of an average middle class American family. Although this feature has been given practically no publicity and this is the first photograph published, WENR weekly receives hundreds of letters of comment and commendation on the program.

The Smith Family came into being February 20, 1929. Harry Lawrence is the "father," writing all of the continuity, while Lester Luther is director and coach. The Family includes approximately eight characters. Father and mother, Ed and Nora Smith, are played by Arthur Wellington and Marion Jordan. Betty, the flapper daughter, is Irma Glenn, and Irene, the older sister, is interpreted by Thora Martens. The role of Joe Fitzgerald, former prize fighter, who is the sweetheart of Irene, is taken by Jim Jordan, while Joe Warner is Morris Rosenberg, Betty's sweetheart. Occasionally Dick Morgan and Pansy Pinkham make their appearance, played by Mr. Luther and Sallie Menkes.

"The Smith Family has run the gamut of human emotions. Anyone who has ever run a gamut can appreciate this feat," says Harry Lawrence of his brain children. "In the initial episode Irene and Betty planned an elopement, but through a taxi cab mixup each got the other's boy friend and the plans fell through, both couples deciding to wait a while longer.

"Joe Fitzgerald loses a fight because of a quarrel with Irene over another suitor, the millionaire Dick Morgan. Pansy Pinkham, a chorus girl, enters the race for the Morgan millions and Joe quits the fight game to drive a truck, winning a hill climbing contest, thus saving Father Ed's investment in truck stock and becoming once more Irene's hero. Dick Morgan proposes a 'round the world trip on his yacht, during the course of which they are wrecked on a South Sea island, where they find Pansy, walking home from a yacht trip. After more adventures they finally reach home, where Pansy marries Dick, leaving the field clear for Joe.

"When Betty accidentally took an overdose of a sleeping potion she actually received flowers and candy from sympathetic listeners. Mrs. Smith has social ambitions, so they acquire a cook who once worked for Mrs. Van Gilder, society leader.

"The Family, in rapid succession, takes a vacation, joins a golf club, tries to run a cabaret and a high brow garage, finally buying a home in Glendale Park and becoming suburbanized. Joe goes back to the ring and becomes light-heavy champion, while Morris Rosenberg becomes engaged to Betty.

"This is the situation at the present time. When the Family celebrated its first birthday on the air a banquet was given them by the station. The Radio audience sent in, among other things, five birthday cakes, several boxes of candy, flowers, letters, telegrams and cards of congratulation."





Blue Steele, whose Victor recording orchestra broadcasts each night over KMOX from Coronado hotel, in three months' time received over 20,000 letters from every state and Canada.

Women Special Care on KSTP Programs

***By* E. D. Jencks**

APPRECIATING that women comprise a very large and important contingent of the army of KSTP listeners, the station has made provision for many special informative and educational programs and novel entertainment features for the fair sex.

The individual behind the guns who seeks out the wants of the women Radio listeners and sees that these are put on the air, is Miss Corinne Jordan, program director, and formerly with station WBBM of Chicago. Just before the housewife begins her work at home each morning, she tunes to KSTP for the beauty exercises, in which Miss Jordan is assisted by Harry K. Nye, physical director of the St. Paul Y. M. C. A. Again at three each week-day afternoon Miss Jordan acts as empressario of the women's hour.

The Household Clinic brings information on matters concerning the home, many of which have been received from listeners. The Fourth District of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, presents one of its 48 individual committees each week in a program of local talent and short talks on current subjects.

The Zonta Club, composed of prominent business women has a set hour each week, in which advice is given to young girls on the respective professions represented in this organization.

* * *

Four pink pig tails, boiled and scraped clean, were among the unique gifts to the Maple City 4 quartet at WLS. Two dozen dressed rabbits, some country sausage, popcorn balls, a bushel of unroasted peanuts, and fudge of many varieties served to add to the list of food sent in to the station by fans.



The Smith Family at home. Mother Smith, Father Smith, Irene, Joe Fitzgerald, Betty Smith and Morris Rosenberg.

Doc Pollard Has Great Plans for KFEQ

***By* Ada Lyon**

NO, IT'S not a fire, nor a circus parade. The crowd on the mezzanine floor of Hotel Robidoux, St. Joseph, Mo., all day long is there to watch the performers of KFEQ. There are a lot of new ones since W. C. Pollard took over the station on a three-year sublease. He has enrolled two bands and an orchestra, besides twenty-six regular performers. He has kept all the performers who preceded his regime and they are still going strong and are as popular as ever. There are fifteen members in one of Mr. Pollard's bands, nine in another and eleven in the orchestra.

Time was when the mezzanine floor, with its softly shaded lamps, its deep comfortable chairs and settees, was a favorite rendezvous for lovers who wanted to avoid the madding crowd. But no longer. The moment one steps out of the elevator, he is in the thick of a throng of spectators peering through the glass doors in the broadcast room.

While formerly two to three hundred letters a week were received, the number has jumped to three or four thousand.

Mr. Pollard says that blues singers and old-timers are the favorites, with fiddlers paramount. As for program selections in general, he thinks that old songs and songs of an intermediate period, neither too old or too new, but well known, are most appreciated.

* * *

THOUSANDS of Radio listeners throughout the Middle West celebrated with broadcasting station WMBD, on the "World's Most Beautiful Drive," the opening of its new Hotel Pere Marquette studios located in the heart of Peoria's (Illinois) downtown district, in a gala program combining all the station's brilliant and versatile talent, very recently.

The program began at 8:00 in the evening and continued until the early morning hours. All of the available talent in the city gathered to join in the jubilee and the ether was full of fun and frolic for hours.



Here is W. C. Pollard, who started the new year as director-manager of KFEQ. "Doc" has been a favorite on farm programs of several stations for several years, and plans great things for the St. Joseph station.

Little Boy Played Safe

THREE little boys were going home from school one afternoon. On the way they had to cross a street busy with automobile traffic. Two of the youngsters stepped off the curb directly in the path of an onrushing car and were seriously injured, one of them dying a few days later.

When the survivor was asked why he hadn't followed his companions on to the street he replied, "Why, I belong to Uncle Bob's Curb Is the Limit Club, and I've promised never to play in the street, and always to stop at the curb, count ten and look both ways before crossing the street."

Needless to say this little boy's mother wrote a heartfelt note of appreciation to Uncle Bob, who has more than 470,000 members in his club who hear his evening programs over KYW. Each one of these youngsters has also taken the club oath embodied in this poem:

In roadways I must never play—
I have no legs to give away;
I have no arms that I can spare,
To keep them both I must take care.

During his eight years as children's entertainer from KYW this jovial, rotund, patient chap has received over two millions of letters from his youthful admirers.

Barn Dance Fiddling Enthralls Big Critics

TRICK barn dance fiddling recently held a group of Chicago's musical celebrities spellbound during a banquet of the Bohemians' club. Dr. Frederick Stock of the Chicago Symphony, Karleton Hackett, critic; Jacques Gordon, Richard Czerwonky and Herbert Witherspoon had been among the attentive listeners to a classical violin recital by Leon Sametini.

Following the applause for the distinguished violinist, Marx Oberndorfer introduced Rube Tronson, WLS barn dance fiddler, who proceeded to show the "elite" of Chicago's musical circles that old time dance tunes could be produced in a number of ways.

The novelty of his act won an encore from his audience. But none of the crowd was more astonished at Rube's appearance than Don Malin, WLS musical director, who thought the Bohemians' meeting would be a certain retreat from old time fiddling.

* * *

Claude MacArthur, one of the newer music directors of the Columbia system, is said to be the only left-handed maestro in Radio today. It is interesting to note that MacArthur directed the music for the popular musical comedy, "Sally, Irene and Mary."

Foreign Fan Mail Nears Yankee

Mexican and Latin American Fans Applaud Special All-Spanish Programs Put On by KPRC



When KVOO broadcast an appeal for aid for families of miners killed in the McAlester, Oklahoma, disaster Gordon Hittenmark (above) with Tom Noel worked before the mike without relief for twenty hours.

DOWN Houston way there's a new broadcasting station, and it certainly is making the folks sit up and take notice. KTRH is its name, and it operates on 1120 kilos with 1,000 watts. Richard Thornhill, the director, has his working quarters right in the studio in the Rice hotel. Opening the middle of March, the station offers Columbia Broadcasting system programs. Time is shared with a small college station, KTRH having the lion's portion. Jesse H. Jones, the man who brought the last Democratic national convention to Houston, is backing this new voice of the Southwest.

By Milton G. Hall

"ESTACION Diffusora KPRC, Houston, Texas." American listeners who tune in KPRC at Houston, Texas, will hear this peculiar phrase many times during the course of the all-Mexican program presented by the Houston station each Tuesday night.

In at least one respect KPRC leads all stations in the United States. Its applause mail from foreign countries nearly equals the response from American listeners which is great.

Several hundred letters a week bearing the strange postage stamps of foreign countries arrive at the studios of the station. Because of its geographic location KPRC is heard regularly with good volume in Mexico, Central America, Cuba and many countries of South America.

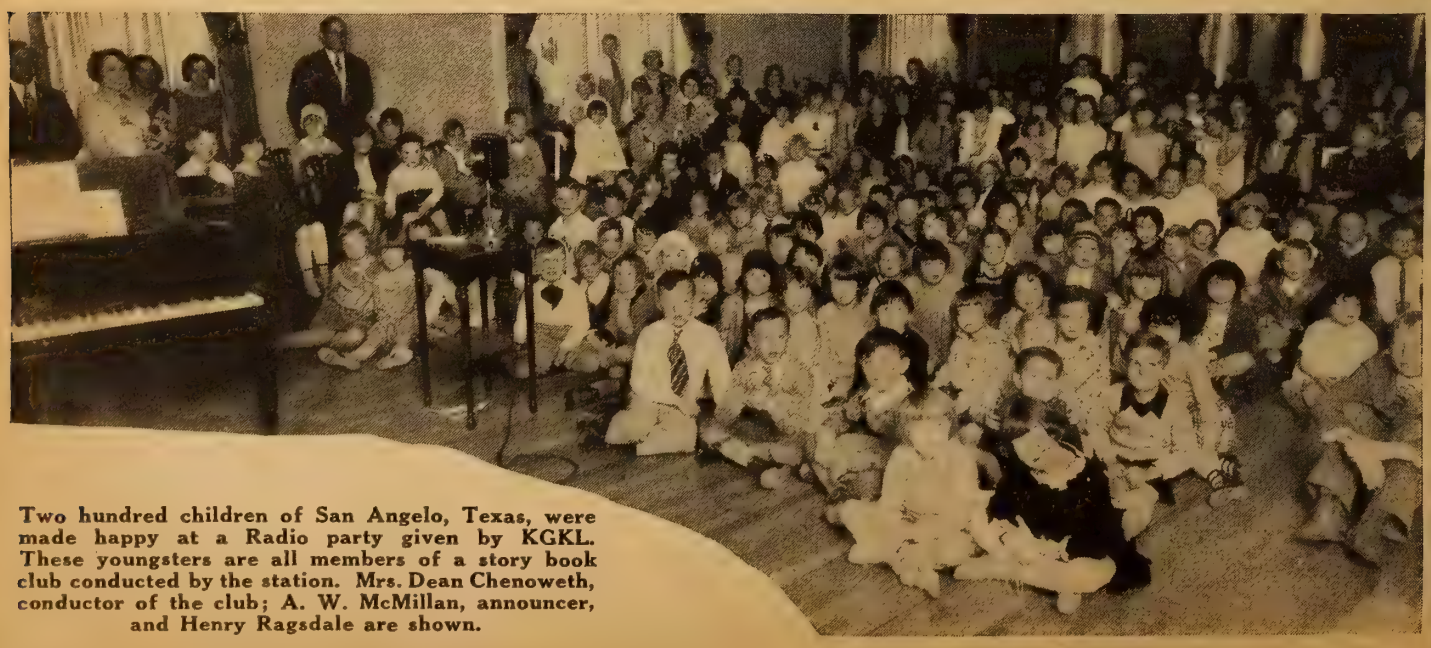
Realizing the number of listeners KPRC had in Latin America, the owners inaugurated last October an all-Mexican program dedicated to listeners in the southern countries. This is presented on Tuesday nights and announcements are given in both Spanish and English. On the eve of his inauguration, Ortiz Rubio, the new president of Mexico, was saluted by the Post-Dispatch station. Rubio wired congratulations to KPRC and expressed his appreciation, saying that the people of Mexico looked upon KPRC as a local station and favored it above all others.

The all-Mexican program is announced by Curtis Farrington, president of the Spanish club of Rice institute at Houston. During the first broadcast of the all-Mexican program long distance telephone calls were received from Mexico City, Tampico, Matamoras, Monterey and Nuevo-Leon. But no one in the KPRC studios could speak Spanish, so the situation rapidly became acute. Mr. Farrington was busy announcing and could not take the calls. The problem was solved by employing Ruth Chairez, a charming daughter of Old Mexico, to handle the switchboard when the all-Mexican programs are on the air.



This charming little lady is Mildred Kyffin, contralto soloist with the KOA Light Opera company and a descendant of one of the first families of Virginia. They say Mildred is a very democratic little aristocrat.

Music for the program is furnished by the Torres-Tipica String orchestra, directed by Albino Torres. Torres formerly was a student of music in Guadalajara, Mexico, and in Mexico City. He is recognized as a pianist of unusual ability.



Two hundred children of San Angelo, Texas, were made happy at a Radio party given by KGKL. These youngsters are all members of a story book club conducted by the station. Mrs. Dean Chenoweth, conductor of the club; A. W. McMillan, announcer, and Henry Ragsdale are shown.

Plan New Network Links for Mexican Listeners

THE first unit of what is designed to be a Mexican Radio network linking Mexico City, Monterey, Tampico and Reynosa, has been constructed at the last named city below the Rio Grande. With its main studios at Reynosa, opposite Hidalgo, Texas, Station XIBC will also broadcast by remote control from Weslaco, Donna, Pharr, San Juan, Mission and McAllen, in the Lone Star state.

Scheduled for the opening program festivities was the personal appearance of some of the luminaries of the Radio world, as well as important dignitaries of Mexico and Texas, including the governor of Tamaulipas.

A. G. Akeroyd is vice-president and general manager of the International Broadcast chain, operating the station, with William Corthay as studio manager and announcer in charge. Akeroyd at one time was director of the Mexican trade bureau of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, and connected as a partner with an import and export agency at Laredo and at New Orleans.

The new station, which will be used to develop the export trade, was built by W. E. Branch, Radio engineer who constructed WBAP, WBBM, WCCO and WREC. J. N. Kincaid, of San Antonio, is financing the new station project and is president of the company.

Arrangements have been made with a recording firm to operate studios in conjunction with XIBC. Regular auditions will be held for the tryouts of Mexicans in the making of phonograph records.



One of the most popular programs at KMMJ, the Gospel Singers, as their name implies, confine themselves to old hymns. Dent Holcomb, tenor, Mrs. H. H. Johnson, soprano, Mrs. Mildred Packard, contralto, and Fred N. Hodges, bass, are heard thirty minutes daily except Sunday, when they are on the air for an hour.

Stands on "Richest Hill"

ONE of the highest stations in the world, the transmitter of KGIR stands almost 6,000 feet above sea level on the "richest hill on earth," Butte, Montana. The only station between the Twin Cities and Spokane that is heard in Montana the year 'round, KGIR is truly in a class by itself.

Studios in both Butte and Anaconda, connected by 27 miles of direct wire, furnish programs daily from seven in the morning to midnight to not only the wealthy mining center of Butte, but to the great open spaces of farming and grazing territory for miles around.

Many of the most prominent business men and women in Montana are included on the advisory board of KGIR. Programs of the NBC are used regularly, and application has been made for an increase from 250 to 1,000 watts.

* * *

A new personality steps to the mike at KFH. It is the "Jingle Lady," and she is accompanied by the Dwarfie twine. This program comes from Council Bluffs on Wednesdays and Fridays.



Louis Bishop plays the piano and accordion at WJAG, and has attracted quite a following by his ability and personality.



Bill Hawkins, at the right, thinks he is the director of this KGIR studio orchestra, but Mrs. Bill, who tickles the ivories, is the real director, and no foolin'.

Introducing Dr. Brinkley

TO KNOW Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Brinkley, and "Johnnie Boy" of KFKB, is to love them. Indeed, you will find a happy devoted family—and little John Richard III is a regular boy and admired by everyone. He loves to go quietly into Dr. Brinkley's private office and give to Radioland some of his childish chatter, thus winning the hearts of thousands with the sound of his sweet voice.



He is a little heart breaker, too, and many a little miss would like to be his "sweetie;" letters and valentines are pouring in for him. Dr. and Mrs. Brinkley are devoting their time and money for the good of humanity, and all the patients at the hospital welcome the smile and ringing laugh of Mrs. Brinkley as she makes her daily trips to the hospital rooms.

Dr. Brinkley gives daily lectures over KFKB, which is owned and operated by him. These lectures deal with health, religion, and fraternalism. The medical question box is nation wide. Thousands love to listen to him, and the letters come to him by the scores.

* * *

At 11:00 P. M. every Saturday night, KFH presents their regular Saturday Night Revue. At this time you will hear all the entertainers as they do their bit for KFH.

TOM MURRAY of Stage and Screen Fame at KTM—Wildhack and Cugat Entertain in Own Respective Fashions

Painter and Performer

YIELD to Air Call



Wow! What a fiddle! Did you ever see anything quite as impressive looking as that great big instrument? It must be the bass of all basses used by the Seattle Tamburitza orchestra at KOL.

They Want It Different

***By* Dianne Dix**

"IF IT'S different we want it—to give to you," say the "big shots" at KFWI. And just for a sample they tell about their Radio Question Box, the giving of piano lessons over the air, which is designed to help the average listener get the best from his set; Trials and Tribulations of the Oakleys, the last being an intimate married life skit. There are others, but it's seldom interesting to read a list of features.

Among the other things boasted of (although it's supposed to be something of a secret) by this 'Frisco station is the youngest program director on the coast, Henry C. Blank by name. Rolf Dean Metcalf, the chief announcer, is a native son who received his mike training around southern California's stations. Metcalf is also an accomplished pianist and writer.

"Old Timer's" other name is Charles Glenn, and his big job is serving as day announcer. He brags that he knows some 2,800 old time songs. Every now and then he runs a contest, trying to find a fan who can stump him, but no one has yet had that honor.

* * *

JOAN and Ginger are two charming maids who present a program over KYA every afternoon. Their half hour is one of diversity, despite the fact that there are only two little girls responsible.

Once in a while Dud Williamson, master of ceremonies at the station, is called on to offer a solo, but otherwise Ginger and Joan are the "works."

Joan plays the 'cello, Ginger the piano. They both sing, together and singly, thus disproving any theories about its taking at least five artists to fill a half hour varied program.

***By* Ralph L. Power**

ANOTHER film fellow has gone Radio. Tom Murray is the fond male parent of the Murray Sisters, famed vaudeville duo. He has done character and straight parts in the films for years.

Perhaps you remember his work with Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush." It was Tom's cabin that fell over the bank and got buried in the snow avalanche. When the shot was taken it was 112 degrees, but that is another story.

Tom still does bits for the talkies . . . dialect mostly, especially negro character speaking. In natural role his kindly demeanor, scraggly sideburns and twinkling eyes have won him many friends.

Now he's on the KTM staff regularly —appearing on the KTM ranch hour (unsponsored) week days from 7 to 8 a. m. and Friday evening at eight o'clock.

He sings plaintive cowboy melodies, chants cute little ditties of the plains, yodels a mean tenor and strums valiantly away on his favorite overgrown uke—a guitar instrument.

Years ago Robert Wildhack used to illustrate covers for Leslies, Colliers, Judge and other eastern publications. Then health failed and he moved to Tujunga, California, to recuperate.

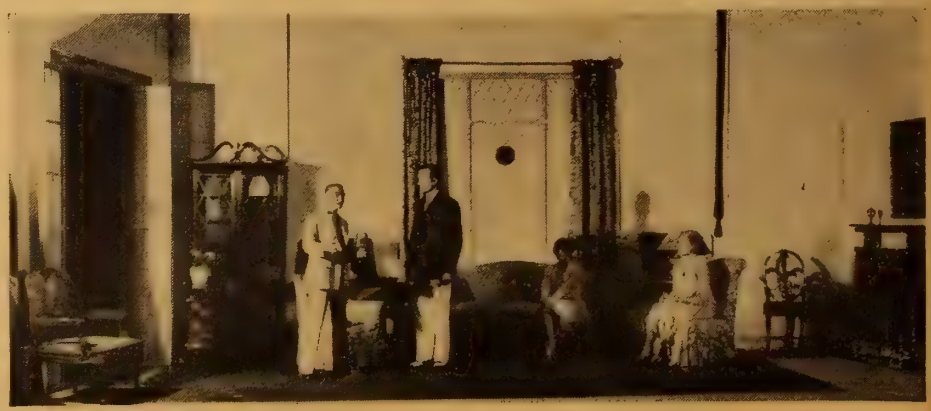
He gave a series of Thursday night broadcasts for KHJ until he had a relapse. Now, after a year's absence, he is back again to take part in the Merry Makers' frolic each Thursday at 8 p. m.

Bob, for the most part, carries out the theme of his old Victor records of snores and sneezes. Why, when a man can get the announcer snoring or sneezing with him, he must be good.

Wildhack hunts and traps snores and sneezes in the most out of the way places in the world. He creeps up on them in a Pullman car or in the dark recesses of mountain caverns. Some of his creations mimic the sparse, maidenly school teacher, the phlegmatic drummer, or the dignified old walrus who clips coupons.

Of course, besides the rare specimens from foreign lands, there is also the common or garden variety.

If gathered in one place, and all functioning at the same time, Wildhack's snores would make a more tremendous



A new use for Radio which proved its adaptability as entertainment was recently exemplified when the Portland, Oregon, Civic theatre, in putting on a play, used a receiving set in place of an orchestra. The music was broadcast from KXL especially for the theatre production.



The theatrical magazine, Variety, recently stated that Charlie Wellman was one of three or four authentic Radio personalities which have been developed on the Pacific Coast. Well, believe it or not, here is the latest picture of The Prince of Pep and his Peppers as they broadcast from KHJ.

roar than Niagara and his sneezes, if assembled under one roof, would make a miniature Kansas cyclone.

Look what Xavier Cugat has gone and done . . . brought a bandoneones to KFWB's prize studio. Sounds like a patent medicine, doesn't it? But it's only a type of piano-accordion brought back from gay Paree by a couple of musicians in his new Tango Orchestra, which he directs when not indulging in his gentle hobby of caricaturing the great and near great of the broadcasting world for Radio Digest readers.

* * *

SUNDAY nights are big nights for fans who listen to KFWB, for those are the times when Hollywood's headliners take the air. Famous stars of the screen are on when the First National's Studio hour is heard from eight to nine o'clock of a Sunday evening.



Hal G. Nichols is the jovial president-manager of the firm, Nichols and Warinner, Inc,, owners of KFOX in Long Beach. Mr. Nichols presides as Master of Ceremonies at many of the programs and takes the part of the Teacher in the famous Buttercream School. In a recent questionnaire answered by the listeners-in, he was judged the most popular announcer at the station, which is due to his inimitable manner of making his audiences "see as well as hear" his programs.

Perhaps you saw him as one of the doormen in "The Thirteenth Chair," and he did the technical directing for "The Green Goddess" production.

KFWB has been giving him another Radio break . . . giving some brief chats, to the accompaniment of a musical background played purposely by Ray Martinez and his Pacific Salon Orchestra.

* * *

Maybe you think that policemen haven't got a heart, or that they don't fall for that sentimental stuff! You're mistaken. Sentiment? Say, if you listen to them over KDYL at Salt Lake City on Friday afternoons at 4 o'clock, you would take back anything you would have liked to tell that cop that pinched you the other day! Twenty-five of the warblers of the Salt Lake police are making a real hit.



Look! That's Glen Eaton pointing at you, Glen of the silvery tenor voice, who is a daily feature from KJR and stations affiliated with the Northwest Broadcast system.

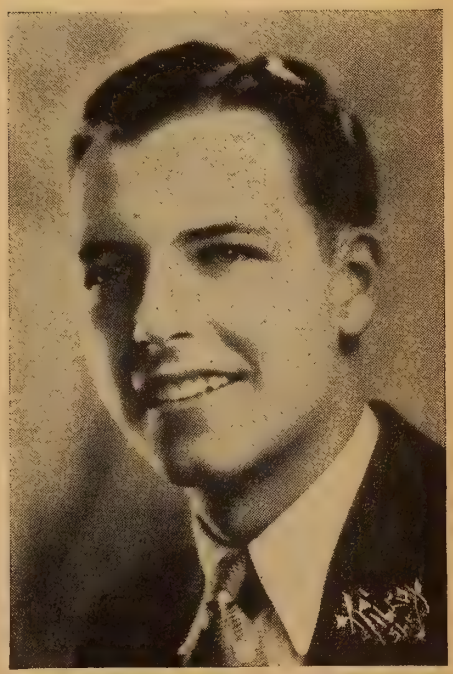
Broadcasts India's Lure

LAL CHAND MEHRA gets another break in Radio. Three years ago he gave some unique KHJ programs with a broadcast each month of the weird melodies of India, played on native instruments, with speaking parts interspersing the chants.

All the audience had to do was to turn the lights low, scatter a bit of incense around the parlor, sit cross legged on the floor and the Radio did the rest.

But the KHJ programs of that time were unsponsored and consequently unpaid.

So Lal Chand did some lecturing for the state university, talked at women's clubs, and worked in the talkies.



Would you ever, ever think that this jolly looking young fellow would have the title of uncle? But he has, he's Uncle Ben of the Kangaroos, and George Snell when acting as announcer at KDYL.



Here they are, the Four Pals of KFWM. William and Douglas Weaver, Dr. W. S. Holdaway and Earl Pugh entertain every Monday evening with Southern melodies and other selections.

Whole Nation Listens to KFWM Program

WHAT is said to be the largest national broadcast ever to originate in the Far West had KFWM of Oakland as the key station when it was put on the air April 27. At that time Judge J. F. Rutherford, known for his broadcasting in the past on Bible subjects, was the feature of this nation-wide hookup.

More than 100 stations took part in the broadcast, which was issued during two separate periods. Fifty-five stations in the eastern part of the United States carried the first half of the broadcast from 6 until 7 o'clock, Pacific time. The remaining stations handled the rest of the broadcast from 10 to 11 o'clock the same evening.

The program was scheduled for rebroadcast by several short-wave stations, including WGY of Schenectady, N. Y., KNX of Hollywood and W8XF of Cleveland.

With the huge chain of stations coupled with the short-wave transmitters, it was possible to hear the entire program over the entire earth. Gustave Hoffman's Orchestra Supreme in entertaining and tantalizing melodies was also a feature of the broadcast.

Destiny, Fate Join to Decree Radio for Jean

***By* Carl T. Nunan**

DESTINY decreed and fate provided that Jean Campbell Crowe, KPO's program director, should become one of the best known and loved woman program arrangers of the nation.



But little did Mrs. Harriett Gray dream of this truth as she sat one day and listened to her orphaned granddaughter, Jean Campbell, then, five years old, playing in an astonishing manner a number of piano compositions that usually require a much more matured artist to do them justice. Fortunately for Miss Jean her governess, a Miss Josephine Carr, was of noble English birth and an accomplished musician. Circumstances had forced her to take up her station in the Gray home on a New Orleans plantation and one of the things she had done was to secretly give the embryo program director piano lessons.

At the conclusion of the private musicale, Mrs. Gray decided that the child prodigy of the family should eventually become one of America's best pianists. Through the years that decision has borne fruit.

Nine years after that memorable audition given her grandmother, Jean Campbell was ready for her first concert tour. She was then 14 years old. For one year she toured throughout the country as accompanist and piano soloist of recitals given by the Russian violin virtuoso, Von Rola Machielinski. At the conclusion of the successful tour she returned to Chicago and became identified with the Studebaker Theatre, where she appeared as accompanist of many world famous artists.

Then came that eventful time in every girl's life. Marriage. And of course with it came the inevitable question—"a career or marriage?" Both won. The now Mrs. Frederick Crowe decided that she could with success divide her time between her home life and a career—and she succeeded. While not busy as a Director of the National Board of Federation of Music Clubs or pursuing the duties exacted of a State President of Federation of Music Clubs of Illinois or as President of Illinois Music Teachers' Association, positions in which she established an enviable reputation of progressive administrations—Mrs. Crowe raised her son Granville, who is now in Seattle as the advertising representative of the Shell Oil company, in charge of the Northwest territory—and a son any woman would be proud of.

Aside from music Mrs. Crowe's "hobby" is Indian study, she being a noted lecturer on the subject. For years, the silver haired director of programs for KPO has spent much of her time collecting Indian rugs and Indian relics. Many of the rare objects of Indian art she has collected are to be seen at the Affiliated Colleges in San Francisco.



Bob Gleason, former operator of KOMO, was the wireless man on the schooner Nanuk, frozen in north of Siberia for many months, center of the search for the lost flier, Carl Ben Eielson. Picture shows the Nanuk leaving Seattle, inset is of Gleason.



Rather a nice pose, don't you think? C. Robert Dickey is broadcast manager of CHML at Hamilton, Ontario.

Isabelle Burnada Nearly Weaned on Spirituals

EVEN before she could talk, Isabelle Burnada was humming Negro spirituals, learned from her colored mammy in the distant island of Mauritius. The romantic legend of Paul and Virgina and associated stories of the depredations of the great pirate Surcouf, who long terrorized the Indian ocean, have made famous this land of hidden treasure.

Miss Burnada's Canadian home has always been in British Columbia, and she started serious study in Vancouver. Her musical education was made possible through the interest of Patrick Burns of Calgary. After a year of study in Vancouver Miss Burnada continued her work for six years under European masters.

It was during her third year on the Continent that she was able to make good on an opportunity that sounds almost like a fairy tale. She was studying with Marcil Boudouresque of the Opera Comique in Paris. He was engaged to take part in a great charity concert at the Gallo-Roman theatre at Orange, France, which dates back to the days of Julius Caesar.

At the last moment Boudouresque was taken ill and Miss Burnada took his place. It was her first appearance on an important occasion, and she was naturally nervous. At the conclusion of her first solo there arose a spontaneous din of applause that hailed a new star, a previously unknown Canadian girl who had become famous over night.

Miss Burnada has toured the United States and Canada, as well as successfully appearing in England. She was presented on the CNR Radio network.

* * *

Wishart Campbell, well-known Canadian baritone and artist on CNR programs with the All-Canada Symphony hour, is of Scotch descent, only son of the Rev. Neil Campbell. Born in Oro, Ontario, Campbell took up the study of piano when but six years old. Graduating from the University of Toronto, he taught for a time and then began vocal studies. His repertoire embraces over twenty-five arias and 500 songs and ballads.

Barber Shop Songs Bring
FAME to SAMMY

One-Man Combination Characters Offered by "The Nova Scotian Lauder" Popular with CHNS Listeners—Singing Barber Shields Warbles 'Most Anything Put to Music

By Verner A. Bower

FOR years untold fame of the barber shop quartettes as music makers has rung throughout the world. Down in Halifax, Nova Scotia, there is a new barber one-man combination in Sammy Shields, "The Nova Scotian Lauder."

Star of the Simpson Radio hour, one of the premier features of CHNS, Sammy by his versatile performance has become one of the best known figures behind the mike in Halifax. Eminent as a soloist long before the coming of broadcasting Sammy stepped before the mike in an interpretation of Sir Harry Lauder and became famous in a night. Ever versatile, he did not stop there but carried his efforts further, appearing in English comedy characters. But it is striding up and down in swishing kilts that Sammy is best loved.

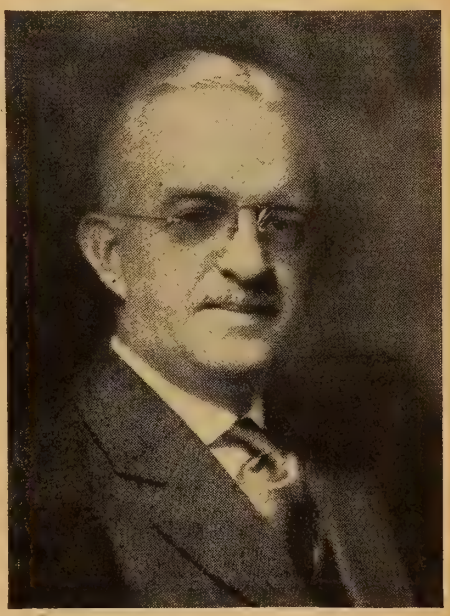
Prominent as a tenor soloist with the George MacDonald Opera company, Sammy early became popular as the "Singing Barber." The coming of Radio meant but an extending of his audience.

Like Sir Harry he has many droll stories. On one occasion a listener called up CHNS and asked the number of the Lauder record just played. It was Sammy Shields!

At the top of the Roy building, one of the new business blocks, on Barrington street, there is a red and white pillar announcing a barber shop. In neat black letters are the words "Sam Shields, Prop." Inside Sammy sits in a white coat just like any other ordinary barber. But—not quite like any other barber. Like any other Scotch barber. For no one could doubt Sammy was a Scotchman!

"What are you singing now, Sammy?" he was asked.

"Why, I sing anything! It doesn't matter. I sing a lot of the popular Feist Jazz songs. Feist sends them to me and the people like them. But, of course, I prefer the Scotch songs! But if I have to I can be an Englishman, too!"



The genial good nature and outstanding ability of Ralph W. Ashcroft has made him exceptionally popular as general manager of CKGW and done much to put the station at the front of Canadian broadcasting.



The string quartet of CFAC is the delight of Radio fans throughout Alberta and the Canadian West. Jascha Galperin plays the violin, Cecil Kappey the piano, Ted Harvey the 'cello, and W. Harris the bass violin.

Here's Answer to Daily Problem

What Shall We Have to Eat Today? Mary Hale Martin Plans and Prepares Tempting Meals Daily

SOME sage once remarked that everyone eats every day, inferring therefrom that anything which pertains to this eating would be of widespread interest, and that those engaged in the program of supplying this diurnal human occupation would prosper.

In setting up his hypothesis, however, he either overlooked or entirely disregarded the fact that the very truth of it makes for monotony. True it is that everyone eats or tries to eat every day—day after day and day after day—until the process, unless enlivened with new interest and zest, becomes little more than a necessary habit. And while housewives rack their brains, husbands grumble.

"What shall we have to eat today?"

It is an international question and the bugaboo of many a woman. Usually, she runs the gamut of steak, pork chops, lamb chops, veal, and ham and so on back again in desperation, fervently and heartily wishing at almost all times that there were some new dish or some new way of preparing an old dish which she could easily learn about. But generally she hesitates to try out the various recipes which she sees in cook-books, or she never gets time to look these recipes up, and while she rushes through her household tasks, the dread specter is ever before her:

"What shall we have to eat today?"

With a sympathetic knowledge of just how universal this question is, Mary Hale Martin, a young lady who does marvelous things with pots and pans and foods in her model kitchen at the plant of Libby, McNeill and Libby in Chicago, has taken it as the theme of her Wednesday morning broadcasts over Station KFKX and a National Broadcasting company coast-to-coast network. And in proof of how correct she was in her assumption that this is a vital problem to the average American housewife, come back every week thousands upon thousands of letters from women in every part of the country, letters calling her attention to some new way to serve this or that food, expressing pleasure in some dish which she has told about in her morning talk or asking some question about some particular recipe, about arrangements for some luncheon or dinner the writer is planning and about almost everything conceivable connected with food.

THE Mary Hale Martin Household Period, as the program is called officially, goes on the air every Wednesday at 9:45 (EST). The talks themselves are broadcast direct from the spotless model kitchen which, with the quaint early American dining room and offices adjoining, make up the Mary Hale Martin suite in the Libby plant. With a microphone on her work table, Miss Martin mixes up her tempting concoctions and tells her thousands of listeners what she is doing as she does it. No recipe is broadcast until it has been tried out in actual service in the kitchen and has been given the final "proof of the pudding" test in the adjoining dining room.

From all over the country, her women listeners send ideas for new and tempting dishes to supplement the ingenuity of Mary Hale and her assistants. Perhaps it will be a new way of roasting pork; perhaps only another method of serving such a plebian dish as corned beef hash. Any and all are welcome. All are tried out, tested, eaten. And when Wednesday morning comes around, Mary Hale Martin has a new series of dishes ready for the food-wearied housewife to try.



In her spotless kitchen Mary Hale Martin cooks tasty meals that are an answer to the housewife's daily problem, describing each step in the cooking for the benefit of her listening audience.

This week, perhaps, she will talk about salads and, after a general discussion of this particular part of the meal, she will give specific recipes which she and her assistants have tried out in their kitchen during the week.

"For a delicious asparagus and egg salad," she will tell her listeners, "take one No. 1 can of asparagus tips, lettuce, six hard-boiled eggs, three tablespoons of chopped stuffed olives, one-half tablespoon of mustard, parsley and one-half cup of French dressing. Arrange three asparagus tips on each serving of lettuce. Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Mash yolks and mix with chopped stuffed olives and mustard. Refill egg whites and garnish with parsley. Serve with French dressing. Recipe serves six."

DESSERTS may be featured in another talk and a recipe, such as the following, "from the kitchen of Mary Hale Martin," will be broadcast:

Butterscotch and Peach Tapioca

1 cup evaporated milk
2 cups water
⅜ cup granulated tapioca
¾ cup dark brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon butter
1 No. 2½ can peaches

Dilute and scald milk. Add tapioca and cook in double boiler until clear and slightly thickened. Add brown sugar and salt. Combine with beaten egg yolk and cook a few minutes longer. Remove from fire, add flavoring and butter and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fill peach halves, turned cut side up. Serve with plain or fruit sauce. Recipe serves seven.

Getting down to the more prosaic dishes, such recipes as the following for Sauerkraut Turban, are given:

Mashed potatoes (about 4 cups)
1 No. 2½ can sauerkraut
3 strips bacon
1 medium onion
¼ cup catchup
2 No. ½ cans Vienna sausage

Fill buttered ring mold with hot mashed potatoes. Set in oven to keep hot. Cut strips of bacon in small pieces and cook until crisp. Remove bacon from fat and add minced onion to fat. Brown and add bacon, catchup and sauerkraut. Simmer in covered pan for 20 minutes. In the meantime, heat sausage according to directions on can. Unmold potatoes on hot platter and fill center with hot sauerkraut. Garnish outside mold with sausage and serve at once. Recipe serves six.

Officially, Mary Hale Martin's title is director of the Libby, McNeill & Libby Home Economics department, and this girl, to whom the University of Wisconsin gave her theoretical knowledge about what is this and what is that in the way of food, vitamins and all the other things that anyone with such a title is supposed to know, has very definite ideas about what modern dining room practices should include.

CREATION of new dishes or new ways of serving old dishes is not in itself sufficient, she will tell you, as she gazes intently for a moment into the oven of her ultra modern electric range or mixes up some savory smelling compounds. "We aim to create dishes that will not only taste good but that will digest easily, as well," she says.

"It is one thing to desire a certain delicacy. It is another to be able to digest it, and in our work here, we, so to speak, keep one eye on the taste and the other on the digestive tract."

The suite in which Mary Hale Martin and her associates work is one which would send envy through almost any housewife. It is located in the midst of

(Continued on page 126)

Voice of the Listener

A Boon to Shut-Ins

HAVING been a shut-in for almost five years and a bedridden invalid, at that, never to walk again, according to physicians, I wish to say a few words of praise, and thanks to your most valuable and entertaining Radio magazine, especially in behalf of the many shut-ins throughout this great land.

I have only been a reader of the Digest for a short time, and I certainly enjoy and appreciate the pictures and news of the various artists and stations. I especially enjoy the pictures and stories of people who broadcast the sacred programs from the different stations and networks, as sermons and sacred music are my favorite programs.

I don't believe there is another publication which keeps the public so well posted on the activities of the artist and broadcaster as you do, and that is what the Radio-fan is interested in.

May I suggest that you give us the news and activities of the Federal Radio Commission, in regards to the changes which they make from time to time with the stations, and also when a station gets a permit for an increase in power, etc.? I'm sure this would be of much interest to your readers. May I also suggest that you print less fiction, and include more news of the field of Radio. Some fiction is all right, but it shouldn't take up too much space in a Radio magazine.

Will you please make me a member of the V. O. L. correspondence club.—A. F. Day, Sergent, Ky.

* * *

W. K. Henderson Forever!

W. K. Henderson and his station, "The Voice of the People," is doing more good for the American people than any other station on the air.

I believe that KWKH cannot be equaled by any station on the air today for service, education, amusement and dependability.

If we had more stations putting on good educational fights against the chain stores, instead of all this chain stuff on the air every night by 40 to 50 stations on all of the wave lengths, this country would not be going through this panic caused by the chain stores.

I am a boy, 19 years old, just out of high school, and there is no future as long as these Wall Street chains run this country. Here's to KWKH!

Every free born American citizen should vote, fight and help KWKH, which has more listeners than any other station in America—bar none.

I certainly enjoyed the October issue, for it told about Mr. Henderson. I hope the day will not come when we will be forced to listen to these rotten chain programs that fill the dial.—Thomas A. Troutman, Carl Junction, Mo.

* * *

Where Do We Go Now?

I was dumbfounded on reading the article, "Where Do We Go?" by Elsie Robinson in the March Radio Digest.

I had supposed Radio Digest confined itself to the news of the Radio World, a field indeed large and interesting. Dabbling in religious and irreligious theories in R. D. would be an unwise venture.

If Elsie Robinson feels she must "enlighten" (?) the world with her irreligious findings regarding the next world (and that is her privilege), let her burden some so-called religious periodical with the article.

I, for one, do not want to be insulted by such rot as Elsie Robinson dished out in her "Where Do We Go?" and cannot be counted as a subscriber to such stuff. There are thousands of other readers who think the same, but probably will not go to the trouble of telling you.

I would be pleased to have an explanation why such an article appeared in Radio Digest.—Jos. J. Dalhoff, Sacred Heart Rectory, Early, Iowa.

* * *

When Have We Not Used One?

As suggestions are in order most any time, I am writing to suggest something to you for your very interesting magazine. As you know, a book first gets its publicity and becomes known by its name and its contents. It arouses much interest in the literary world, at first, but after awhile it just falls into the routine of things. There must be something to make it stand out from the other monthly magazines. For instance, Liberty has one of the most popular covers on any magazine. People are interested in "Lil and Her Adventures," because they seem real and are human. The Photoplay has a cover that is quick to catch the eye. Why? Because it has a real live person on it and one to whom people look with interest.

Well, so much for the other magazines. Your magazine has a name that is field for ample material. People of the Radio world are vastly interested in the personalities they hear from time to time over the Radio. I am a Radio fan, and I certainly am interested in any artist I have heard. Well, why not make your magazine stand out from the rest by placing a picture of a Radio artist on the cover of your book? We certainly want to see and know them "In Person" as well as "In Spirit." Your field is so large and diversified that you could never make the rounds. It would certainly give your book a personality that would pay and would also help the Radio dealer. Things that are before our eyes you can't forget. Hoping you give my suggestion a consideration that is its due.—Miss Dorothy Myers, 1829 W. Craig Pl., San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

What Say, V. O. L. Club Members?

In reading your editorial comment, I notice you invite anyone to write regarding the current practice of Radio stations being reluctant to identify themselves to the listener.

I fully agree with you on this subject, and think there should be some plan worked out whereby the Radio stations would be informed of the listening public demands for more frequent station announcements. What is the matter with them? Are they ashamed of their station or program? Or do they want to take all the available time advertising some kind of "plow points," high pull gasoline or reading a lot of "high brow" gab about some near great composer or composition (which the announcer himself has no inkling of what it is all about). Of course, I am not in favor of a historical sketch of the station and its owners, but just a simple, "This is station KDKO," at the end of every selection.

I am a DX hound, and have spent as much as one hour and thirty minutes to be absolutely sure of the station to which I had been listening, and again sometimes to have them fade completely out, never to return again that night. Just recently I listened patiently for forty-eight minutes to a program consisting mostly of blue notes from an "applesauce" grand studio organ, before being informed that the program was coming from Los Angeles. Then, again, I listened for one hour to what I thought was a Colorado station, but was informed it was a station not 40 miles away. I hope there can be enough sentiment stirred up to demand the broadcasters to favor us with a station announcement at least every 15 minutes.

I enjoy reading your magazine, and believe you can improve it by adding a couple of pages devoted to the DX listener and short wave fan. Put it up to your readers and see if they will indorse it.—H. C. Graham, 827 Wayne Ave., Indiana, Pa.

* * *

Help for Dr. Tydings

Would this help C. O. Tydings, M. D., of Louisville, Ky.? San Juan, Porto Rico, is a distance of 1,380 miles from New York; Chicago, Ill., 2,000 miles; Denver, Colo., 2,600 miles. San Juan broadcasts each Wednesday 8 to 9:30 p. m.; Saturday, 10 to 11 p. m.; Monday, 8:30 to 10 p. m. One hour earlier than Eastern Standard time. Got this direct from WKAQ, San Juan, on February 13, 1930.—Mrs. J. H. Brown, 681 Highland Ave., Meadville, Pa.

* * *

Chains or Independents

Give the independent stations a break. Why not a contest to determine which is enjoyed most—chain or independent. Your magazine contains too much about the chains, which have nearly complete control of the air. We feel sorry for the future of Radio if this chain business gets any worse.—R. M. Trierweiler, Woodbine, Iowa.

* * *

Liked February Best of All

The February issue of Radio Digest is the best in many a moon. We enjoyed it especially because it told us interesting things about characters and people that appeal to us—Amos 'n' Andy, Weener Minstrels, Floyd Gibbons, Milton Cross, Vaughn de Leath. Wishing you continued success.—Mrs. I. B. Kite, 4212 Center St., Houston, Texas.

* * *

For Once—Praise the Chains

In your "Across the Desk" column, you suggest that announcers should give the call letters of the station more frequently than they do.

It seems to me that it is only those who do not belong to a chain that withhold their announcements for long intervals.

The stations associated with the Columbia and NBC networks announce with a certain regularity. Those smaller, independent stations seem to be the ones for whose announcements we wait. Haven't you found that so?

Another matter: Oftentimes we tune in on a musical number which sounds familiar, but the name of which we cannot speak. A few years ago the announcers gave the names of music, played both before and afterwards. Now, the practice seems to be to announce only once—before.

I wonder how much more time it would take to announce the number twice—both before and after it has been played?—Edward G. Gaylord, Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

Curious About Chain Programs

I am a Radio fan and interested in the programs the two networks present. Radio Digest has been my favorite magazine since I bought my first copy one year ago, and has up till now brought me a picture of each of my favorite artists. I would suggest that your magazine print an article on how a network program is put over. I know it would be appreciated by all interested Radio fans.—George Dorr, Jr., Bronx, New York City.

* * *

We Print Every Name Stations Send Us

Do not throw this in the waste basket until you realize I am voicing the sentiment of others as well as myself. Why—yes, why—do you continue to omit the names of anyone broadcasting at stations KFNF (Henry Field's Station at Shenandoah, Iowa) and KWKH (W. K. Henderson's station at Shreveport, Louisiana) in your "Who's Who in Broadcasting"?—Mrs. Gus McCarty, Draper, S. D.

* * *

As Necessary as Tubes

Wish to tell you how much we enjoy your magazine. It is as necessary to us as the tubes in our Radio and cannot suggest any way you could improve it. Would very much like to see an article on Al and Pete, as we think they are one of the best teams on the air.—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sanderson, Maywood, Ill.

* * *

Always Something New

I heard some one advertising Radio Digest and I bought one. The outstanding thing I found in it was that the listeners want something different, and more frequent announcement of call letters. Listening over the Radio reminds one of a boarding house—hash on Monday, light rolls on Tuesday, etc. My pleasure is finding something new.—F. A. Parsons, Beverly, W. Va.

* * *

Better Than That—This Issue

It wasn't until recently that I discovered how wonderful Radio Digest really is. I immediately subscribed for it. Now, I desire to become a member of your V. O. L. correspondence club. I am going to ask a couple of favors of you. I am more than interested in Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. I understand from the V. O. L. that you have had articles on him. Would you please send me the issue or issues which contain these articles? I will immediately send the money for the same. I also agree with another V. O. L. member: Let's have an article on Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.—Howard Hall, Dundee, N. Y.

* * *

How About It, DX'ers?

On Saturday, February 15, at 8:45 p. m., and again on the following Saturday at the same hour, I tuned in a station in Havana, Cuba, operating on 500 meters. I was unable to get the call letters because of their being announced in Spanish. This station had four call letters which sounded like CMOL or CMAL. I am in doubt as to what the third call letter is. Perhaps some reader may be able to tell me. Station WGBS in New York City operates on this wavelength, so I cannot tune in this Cuban station only at times. Also, on March 3rd, at 9 p. m., I tuned in a foreign station on about 504 meters, just below the station I mentioned above. It was rather faint, therefore I was unable to find out the location. I could find no stations such as these two listed in four or five up-to-date logs, and, therefore, I ask your assistance. I shall be waiting for the next issue of Radio Digest.—John A. Bucek, Oakdale, N. Y.

* * *

Found and Lost Because of Elsie

I have purchased my first copy of Radio Digest through the advertised feature article on "Amos 'n' Andy," and, incidentally, my last, through the

essay or what have you, entitled: "Where Do We Go," by Elsie Robinson. I fail to see how an article of such insolent nature fits into a magazine of this character, therefore my best means of protest is to refrain from further patronage.—James F. Casey, 6111 McMahon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

Like a "Talking Movie"

Let me say the Radio Digest is one fine book. Amos 'n' Andy story is great, also full of fine pictures of who is who in Radio land. I've seen nothing like it yet. Radio Digest is like a talkie-movie—if one looks at it while listening in one can both hear and see.—Alexander Day, Glidden, Sask., Canada.

* * *

These Fans Are Mad at WENR

In all the years that we have had a Radio, the programs from WLS have always suited us the best. We have the WLS Family Album, so we know what the announcers and stars look like, and can recognize their voices as soon as we hear them. When WENR crowded them off the air we were just mad.—Mrs. O. F. Fairbank, Waupun, Wis.

* * *

Listen, You Announcers!

In your March issue and Across the Desk you have expressed my sentiments exactly in regard to what should happen to some of these mush mouthed announcers. This is my first letter to anyone about Radio. But it seems to me you have it in your power more than any one else to relieve the long suffering "listeners in." I have sat up several nights to log a few of the hard to get stations. But always get disgusted by 2 o'clock, tune out and go to bed. I could write a good one act playlet on the way some of these announcers cut up. The wonder to me is why are they on the air—they never announce the station, and about all they ever play is dance tunes, and they seem to forget that there may be 10 to 50 other stations on or near enough their wave length to interfere if they don't make their station announcement right at the end of their music. KFI of Los Angeles has the right idea. As soon as the stunt, whatever it may be, is over you hear at once, "KFI, Los Angeles." If you have been tuned in on music and are getting it at all you can surely get that. It's up to you, Mr. Editor, to pound them on the back. I have been a reader of the Digest for some time, and have been tempted before to write about this. And, as you have started the question, give those would-be announcers something to think about. More power to your fist.—B. A. Dunn, Wichita, Kan.

* * *

Well Worth Waiting For

I'm only sorry I didn't know the Digest was in existence till I heard someone say the Amos 'n' Andy story in it was fine. So I decided to buy one. I bought March's and got an old one from my paper man. I had to wait three days for it, but it was worth waiting for. I was so glad to see WENR leading that I wanted to send mine, too. I think WENR is the best station, as it is nearly all home talent, that is, not many chain programs, and we surely enjoy it.—Mrs. W. J. Forbes, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Here's a Chance to Brag, DX'ers

Please inform the writer what person or persons have received the largest number of broadcasting stations on a one-tube set.—J. Allen Perry, 529 Russell St., Covington, Ky.

* * *

Stations Want Letters But Won't Answer

I would like to tell you how we like your magazine. Glad to see KWKH, or Doggonit Henderson, as we call him, had such good backing. Re stations not answering letters—lots of them will ask listeners to write, but we have never got an answer from any of them. I wish there was a contest started for the best and plainest announcing. The most of them are too long between times, and snap it out as if they were ashamed of their town. We have some good announcers on the coast, but there is one I wish was ten or twelve thousand miles from here, and I'll bet we would have no bother catching his station letters. He sings out loud and slow, "This is C—K—M—O, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada." Re foreign stations—I wish they would at least give their call letters in English, too. I have lots of times, about two or three in the morning, got several stations I could not understand a word of.—A. Knay, Abbottsford, B. C.

* * *

No Partiality Intended

We want to tell you that the Radio Digest is the most popular piece of reading matter that comes into our home, and that is saying something, for we have twelve periodicals coming to us every month, to say nothing of two daily papers. However, there is one thing we cannot understand, and that is why you say so little about the artists with the Columbia System? They have some wonderful talent, and their announcers are equal to any on the air, and surpassed by none.

Can we not hope to see the faces of these announcers on the pages of the Digest soon? And we certainly would not overlook Miss Yolande Langworthy. She is certainly worthy of a full page photo.

When reading the Digest, now, one gets the impression that the only real stars are shining for the NBC. Please do not think we are unappreciative of the NBC—we enjoy their better things immensely, and they certainly have a wonderful lineup, but we would also like to hear and see something from the Columbia System—or I should have said MORE of the CBS staff and artists.—C. M. Flynn, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Likes Recorded Programs

The editorial on page six of current issue of Radio Digest will appeal to many as meriting a word of commendation. I have long wondered at the prevalent disparagement of the broadcasting of phonograph records and the disfavor with which the use of such program material is said to be regarded by the Federal Radio Commission. To my mind a good record, having regard to technical quality and regardless of subject matter, put on the air in the best manner, is to be preferred to much of the output of the so-called "studio artists."

Organ music seems to present technical difficulties. Most we hear is certainly bad. It is reported WBAL has recently developed a new type of microphone giving better low-note pick-up. However, the primary cause of the poor organ programs appears to be the dearth of capable organists, or, at least, failure to develop a technique adapted to Radio reproduction.

Your paragraph dealing with station announcements is very timely. Apart from chain programs no valid reason appears why stations should not announce call letters after each number. This very thing is done by some of our best stations—at times. Perhaps a persistent agitation of the matter would induce them to make it routine procedure in all cases. I hope you will continue the good work.—J. L. Edmiston, Riverside, Calif.

* * *

Glad to Oblige, Mrs. Kroupa

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. I like it the best of all Radio magazines that I have seen. The only trouble is the long wait between issues. The October number was the first I had seen. Hope you will soon have a picture of Everett Mitchell in a coming number, as you have had pictures of Gene Arnold and Paul McCluer, and we are interested in all WENR artists and announcers.—Mrs. Frank V. Kroupa, Racine, Wis.

* * *

Right to the Point

I was first introduced to Radio Digest over WLS and find it to be just what a Radio magazine should be. It is brief and to the point, and not technical.

The pictures and stories about the different stations are very interesting and acquaint us with the many folks whom we hear but never see.—Louise Bihl, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

One for You This Month

As I am a reader of the Radio Digest, I would like to know how I can get the pictures of Ted Husing and Frank Knight and Don Ball, announcers of the Columbia Broadcasting Company. Also the picture of Marley R. Sherris of the National Broadcasting Company. I have a Radio scrap book, and I keep all the worthwhile persons in it.—Mrs. R. A. Bowen, 76 First St., Eastport, Md.

* * *

You're Welcome, Miss Rawlings

I have been receiving the Radio Digest since December, and I certainly enjoy it, especially the history of Amos 'n' Andy, the popular comedians; also photographs of the announcers and artists. Wish you could have pictures of John S. Young and Alwyn Bach. Was pleased to find the photograph of Milton J. Cross, whom we all enjoy.—Louise Rawlings, Slater, Mo.

* * *

Reads Three Issues in Two Weeks

I have just finished reading the last three numbers of the Radio Digest, and I certainly enjoyed every page, and that is what I mean when I said, "finished reading the last three numbers." I did all the reading in two weeks, besides going to school, and that means some tall reading. I came across an item which said that the listeners should write in and ask for their favorite station pictures, and that is the reason for this letter. Try and get the Dixie Girls and the Hawaiians from station KMA. That does not necessarily say that that is my favorite station, for the owner is against chain broadcasts, while I think that he is wasting his time trying to do away with the good that the chain broadcasts bring to the many listeners. I listen to more chain programs than to programs featured by small stations.—Rockford H. Borman, Freeman College, Freeman, S. D.

* * *

In Defense of "Little Fellow"

May I join the V. O. L.? I just wish to offer my support in defense of the small independent broadcasting station. Situated about thirty miles from my section of the good old Empire State, is an independent station, and, if anywhere you can find any better programs than that little 250-watt station projects on the air, you have got to show me. My Radio set brings in a great many different stations, including WLS and WLW during daylight hours, but I consistently turn to the small station as my favorite entertainer.—Fulton Radio Fanette.

* * *

Thinks Lombardo Beats Coon-Sander

I am and have, for a long period, been a staunch friend of your wonderful magazine, and am always looking forward to the next number. This morning I am in my fighting togs (pardon the slang). In my March issue is an article by Virginia Peters, Cincinnati, Ohio, claiming Coon-Sander's orchestra as the most wonderful and only perfect orchestra in the world. Coon-Sanders have a hot dance orchestra, I will allow, but for exquisite beauty and palpitating rhythm Guy Lombardo's music (the sweetest music this side of heaven) is a thing far beyond comparison with any. Please open your heart and give us a little news of the Incomparable and his flourishing conquest of New York. We have not had a good picture of Guy since March issue, 1929. The picture of the Royal Canadians in the November issue is blurred. I agree with Mrs. L. R. Williams, New Providence, Iowa. It would be very interesting to have pictures of all the announcers. I have a Radio album for my Radio favorites (not Paul Whiteman). After all this talk I may not qualify for membership in the "Voice of the Listeners' " club, but you should watch me listen when Guy Lombardo is playing. Thanking you for the many pleasant hours derived from your magazine.—Mrs. J. P. Hvass, 7320 25th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

* * *

They Like Amos 'n' Andy

I am so glad you are running the series of stories about Amos and Andy in Radio Digest. They certainly are one of the best features on the air today. I enjoy the Digest so much, and wouldn't know how to get along without it. I am so glad it comes every month now, and wish it was oftener.—Mrs. J. F. Seiler, Elkhart, Indiana.

* * *

Whole Family Listens

I read in the Milwaukee Journal that Radio Digest was carrying a story telling all about Amos and Andy. Our family is one of the millions that listen to this popular black face team every night, and look forward to hearing Bill Hay's voice announcing them from WMAQ and the NBC. We certainly enjoy reading all about them in your wonderful magazine.—William F. Kroeger, Shocton, Wis.

* * *

Likes "A. and A.," but Oh, Elsie!

I am one of the great multitude of Amos 'n' Andy enthusiasts, and because of your article about them bought my first copy of Radio Digest in March. In my opinion, and I expect to make this the theme of an article on the subject, there are several reasons for the popularity of this team. There have been other similar programs, but usually the actors were not Southerners who understood the Negro, so their impersonations were not convincing. I am a Southerner and I know what I'm writing about. It is Amos who is **the** artist, and to a large extent makes the programs famous. Andy, it seems, didn't know how to drawl properly until he got the toothache.

Then the boys never resort to vulgarity or insinuations, and, moreover, do not offend anyone's religion, politics or policies. The boys are not original, and are different only because they are real Southerners and thus can understand the Negro and give a convincing impersonation. . . .

But my first was my **last** copy of your magazine. . . . Can you reasonably explain what business Elsie Robinson's article of "Life After Death" has in a Radio magazine? Is your magazine published for all classes, or just one or two, as one would think after reading that article.

Evidently Miss Robinson has not made a thorough study of the Bible or she wouldn't make some of the statements she does. I was thoroughly disgusted—I don't even want to read the next Amos 'n' Andy article. . . .—Grace Johnson Hall, Freeport, Ohio.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features

Sunday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 a.m.	8	7	6

The Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
454.3	660	WEAF			

Morning Musicale.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WFBM
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WBRC
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WREC
230.8	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
234.4	1280	WDOD	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN

1 p. m.	12 n.	11 a. m.	10 a. m.

National Light Opera.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	312.5	960	CKGW
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW

2	1	12 n.	11

Troika Bells
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
344.6	870	WLS			

Roxy Symphony Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KFAB
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA

3 p.m.	2	1	12 n.

Columbia Male Chorus.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
202.6	1480	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW
212.6	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	370.2	810	WCCO
220.4	1360	WFBL	395	760	KVI
223.7	1340	KFPY	447.5	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WSPD	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	483.6	620	WLBZ
230.6	1300	KFH	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WMT
232.6	1290	KDYL	500	600	WREC
234.4	1280	WDOD	516.9	580	WIBW
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	536	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

National Youth Conference.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
245.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KPRC
252.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	KFAB
265.5	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	429	700	WLW
277.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WPTF
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA			

4 p.m.	3	2	1

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFJC	361	830	KOA
225.6	1330	WSAI	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WFAA
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEEI
333	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

5 p.m.	4	3	2

Davey Hour
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFJC	380	790	WGY
225.6	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.9	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
280.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
337	890	WJAR	545	550	WGR
345	870	WENR			

Recommended

AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for May:

Sunday

Colliers Radio Hour
La Palina Rhapsodizers

Monday

Ceco Couriers
A. and P. Gypsies

Tuesday

Old Gold Paul Whiteman Hour
Radio Keith Orpheum Hour

Wednesday

Hank Simmons Show Boat
Halsey Stuart Program

Thursday

Fleischmann Hour
Seiberling Singers

Friday

Clicquot Club Eskimos
Armstrong Quakers

Saturday

Launderland Lyrics
Around the Samovar

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5 p.m.	4	3	2

McKesson News Reel of the Air.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KFJF	275.1	1090	KMOX
208.2	440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.6	950	KMBC	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
230.6	1300	KFH	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
239.9	1250	WDSU	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC			

7 p.m.	6	5	4

Durant Heroes of the World.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	344.6	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	440.9	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30

Major Bowes' Family.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WEAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	535.4	560	WIBO
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			

8	7	6	5

Enna Jettek Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	265.3	1130	KSL
205.4	1460	KSTP	288.3	1040	KTHS
221.2	1350	KWK	288.3	1020	WFAA
227.1	1320	WSMB	293.9	1020	KYW
234.2	1280	WEBC	302.8	990	WBZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
252	1190	WOAI	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	325.9	920	KPRC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8	7	6	5

Enna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
325.9	920	KOMO	428.3	700	WLW
333.1	900	WKY	440.9	680	KPO
361.2	830	KOA	461.3	650	WSM
365.6	820	WHAS	468.5	640	KFI
384.4	780	WMC	483.6	620	WTMJ
394.5	760	WJZ	484	620	KGW
399.8	750	WJR	509	590	KHQ
405.2	740	WSB	535.4	560	WIOD

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

In a Russian Village
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	WHK	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	390	770	WBBM
223.7	1340	WGHP	395	760	KVI
227.3	1320	WADC	476	630	WMAL
232.6	1290	WJAS	492	610	KFRC
234.4	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WMT
238.1	1260	KOIL	500	600	WCAO
238.1	1260	WLBW	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WSPD	536	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WFBM	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WKRC

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD

9	8	7	6

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WFAA
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
227.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
232.4	1290	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267	1120	WDEL
49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
49.5	6060	W3XAU	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KFJF	309.1	970	KJR
204	1470	KGA	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	KTSA	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	410.7	730	CKAC
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15

Atwater Kent Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	380	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	385	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WGN
265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	KPO
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	469	640	KFI
300	1000	WOC	484	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WFI
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI			

Monday



So much has been said about Vaughn De Leath and Franklyn Baur, stars of the Voice of Firestone, Hugo Mariani has been almost forgotten at times. He is one of Radio's foremost musicians and conducts several other musicals over the NBC.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10	9	8	7

Royal's Poet of the Organ. Jesse Crawford.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	258.5	1160	WOWO
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	390	770	WBBM
232.6	1290	KDYL	399.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	KXA
243.8	1230	WNAC	535.4	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WFBM	545.1	500	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15

Studebaker Champions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
206.9	1450	WFJC	416.4	720	WGN
225.6	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
234.2	1280	WEBC	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
337	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Arabesque.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

49.6	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.3	1490	WLAC	267.9	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.8	1300	KFH	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	WNAC	536	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WHO	380	790	KGO
315.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longines Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			

11.45	10.45	9.45	8:45

Armchair Quartet.
Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WWJ
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KLZ

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.3	1320	WSMB	345	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:30	6.30	5:30	4:30

Roxy and His Gang.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.2	740	WSB
245.9	1220	WREN	440.9	680	WPTF
260.7	1150	WHAM	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIBO
302.9	990	WBZA			

8	7	6	5

The Voice of Firestone.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
283.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Alternate Weeks
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	260.7	1150	WHAM
227.1	1320	WSMB	270.1	1110	WRVA
234.2	1280	WEBC	277.6	1080	WBT
245.8	1220	WREN	288.3	1040	KTHS
252	1190	WOAI	293.9	1020	KYW

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Alternate Weeks
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
302.8	990	WBZ	389.4	770	KFAB
302.8	990	WBZA	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA	399.8	750	WJR
325.5	920	KPRC	405.2	740	WSB
333.1	900	WJAX	428.3	700	WLW
333.1	900	WKY	461.3	650	WSM
361	830	KOA	483.6	620	WTMJ
365.6	820	WHAS	535.4	560	WIOD
384.4	780	WMC			

Ceco Couriers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

A and P Gypsies.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

Ted Fiorito and His Maytag Orchestra.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA
209.7	1430	KECA	306	980	KDKA
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	361	830	KOA
245.9	1220	WREN	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
226.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	554.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WGL			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

General Motors Family Party.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOC
333.1	900	WJAX	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			



Don't you think this is an attractive picture of Belle Forbes Cutter? She was recently heard in the lead role of New Moon over the CBS.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Chesebrough Real Folks.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

"An Evening in Paris."
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

10	9	8	7

Robert Burns Panatela Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	610	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Empire Builders.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
249.9	1200	KPRC	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

Cold Strand Crusaders.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	250	1200	WMAQ
201.3	1490	WLAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	258.6	1160	WOWO
204.1	1470	KFJF	267.9	1120	WISN
208.3	1440	WHEC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHP	288.5	1040	KRLD
215.8	1390	WHK	316	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WBRC
227.3	1320	WADC	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	WJAS	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	391	940	KOIN
232.6	1290	KTSA	476	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236.2	1270	KOL	500	600	WREC
236.2	1270	WDSU	500	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238.1	1260	WLBW	536	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WFBM			

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studio.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

10	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WJIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR



A rather clever caricature by Ricca of Cesare Sodero, operatic maestro and one of the air's most distinguished musicians. Ricca caught the maestro as he led the Westinghouse Salute Orchestra one night.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5—760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

2:30	1:30	12:30	11:30

American School of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	333	900	KHJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	KFPY	384.4	780	WFAN
223.7	1340	KVI	447.5	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WSPD	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	491.5	610	KFRC
230.6	1300	KFH	499.7	600	WCAO
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WMT
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	516.9	580	WIBW
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	WFBL	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

4:30	3:30	2:30	1:30

Auction Bridge Game—Milton C. Work.
Key Station—WJZ (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	282.8	1060	WTIC
245.8	1220	WCAE	288.3	1040	KTHS
252	1190	WOAI	299.8	1000	WOC
263	1140	WAPI	315.6	950	WRC
263	1140	KVOO	319	940	WCSH
270.1	1110	WRVA	325.9	920	KPRC
277.6	1080	WBT	325.9	920	WWJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	333.1	900	WJAX

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:30	3:30	2:30	1:30

Auction Bridge Game—Milton C. Work.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
333.1	900	WKY	461.3	650	WSM
336.9	890	WJAR	491.5	610	WDAF
365.6	820	WHAS	508.2	590	WOW
374.8	800	WFAA	508.8	590	WEEI
379.5	790	WGY	516.9	580	WTAG
384.4	780	WMC	535.4	560	WLIT
405.2	740	WSB	545.1	550	KSD
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	WGR

5 p.m.	4	3	2

Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
209.8	1430	WHP	492	610	WFAN
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WKBN
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.9	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ

7:00	6	5	4

Voters Service.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

8:00	7	6	5

Pure Oil Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Romany Patteran.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WLAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1070	KMOX
204.1	1470	WKBW	316	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	WHK	476	630	WMAL
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	KFPY	500	600	WREC
227.3	1320	WADC	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	WJAS	526	570	WKBN
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238.1	1260	WLBW	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	KOIL	545	550	WKRC
241.8	1240	WSPD			

"Around the World With Libby."
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
299.8	1000	KECA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			

9	8	7	6

Eveready Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.9	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
236.1	1270	WJDX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	KFJF	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KGA	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	309.1	970	KJR
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	323	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	KFH	337	890	WGST
232.4	1290	KTSA	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KDYL	385	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	WJAS	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	391	940	KOIN
236.1	1270	WDSU	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	KXA
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	KYA	536	560	KLZ
254.1	1180	KEX	545	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:00	9	8	7

Harbor Lights.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
337	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
491.5	610	WDAF	545.1	550	WGR



When Chevrolet was looking about for a headliner to grace its big celebration over the Columbia system it hit upon Grace Hayes, star of stars.

Eastern 10:30 p.m.		Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30
Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD
11		**10**	**9**		**8**
Longine's Correct Time.					
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:30		**10:30**	**9:30**		**8:30**
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station Chicago Studio					
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Wednesday

8:30 a.m.		7:30	6:30		5:30
Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)					
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	KPRC
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	WGR
10 a.m.		**9**	**8**		**7**
National Home Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
Ida Bailey Allen. Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)					
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBBM
245.6	1220	WCAD	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern 10:45 a.m.		Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45		Pacific 7:45
Mary Hale Martin's Household Period. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:15		**10:15**	**9:15**		**8:15**
Radio Household Institute. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
12 n.		**11**	**10**		**9**
Columbia Review. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)					
49.02	6120	W2XE	333	900	KHJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WCHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
323	930	WBRC			
12:45		**11:45**	**10:45**		**9:45**
National Farm and Home Hour. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			
7		**6**	**5**		**4**
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
8		**7**	**6**		**5**
The Yeast Foamers. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	293.9	1020	KYW
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
234.2	1280	WEBC	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
8:30		**7:30**	**6:30**		**5:30**
Mobiloil Concert. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
252.0	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
Sylvania Foresters. Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)					
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			
Forty Fathom Trawlers. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			
9:00		**8:00**	**7:00**		**6:00**
Halsey, Stuart Program. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

Eastern 9:30		Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30		Pacific 6:30
Palmolive Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR
La Palina Smoker. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)					
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WREC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			
10:00		**9:00**	**8:00**		**7:00**
Philco Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)					
49.02	6120	W2XE	288.5	1040	KRLD
201.3	1490	WLAC	312.5	960	CFRB
204.1	1470	KFJF	315.6	950	KMBC
208.3	1440	WHEC	322.4	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	WHK	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WGHP	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.6	1290	KDYL	411	729.9	CKAC
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	WDSU	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	KXA
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ
275.1	1090	KMOX	545	550	WKRC
10:30 p.m.		**9:30**	**8:30**		**7:30**
Coca Cola Topnotchers. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)					
205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCSH
209.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOMO
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WWJ
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	KGW
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
283	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHQ
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	517	580	WTAG
300	1000	WOC	536	560	WLIT
312.5	960	CKGW	545	550	WGR
316	950	WRC	545	550	KSD



A featured soloist with the grand opera broadcast of the CBS one evening last March, Julia Mahoney added much to the enjoyment of the program.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Grand Opera Concert.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	WFAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	492	610	KFRC
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WCAO
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550	WKRC

11	10	9	8

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
267.7	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR



Joe Rines is vocal soloist and director of an unusual orchestral unit, the Triadors, who are heard in an NBC program Friday evenings at 8 o'clock (EST).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—WABC (348 6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Busy Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	WLBW
201.2	1490	WLAC	238	1260	KOIL
204.0	1470	WKBW	245.6	1220	WCAO
209.7	1430	WHP	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	KLRA	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6	950	KMBC
		WBBM	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	526	570	WWNC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ
225.6	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY
227.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WJAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.1	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.5	1040	KTHS	492	610	WDAF
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WAIU
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	900	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

11:45	10:45	9:45	8:45

Columbia Review—Tropical Tramps.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

204	1470	WKBW	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	500	600	WREC
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	535.4	560	KLZ
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.3	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
228.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252	1190	WOAI	340	770	KFAB
260	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
263	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
270.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW

2:30	1:30	12:30	11:30

American School of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.3	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	315.6	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WFAN
223.7	1340	KVI	447.5	670	WMAQ
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
230.6	1300	KFH	491.5	610	KFRC
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WMT
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	516.9	580	WLBW
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBL	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD



Here's Dennis King, who sings in The Vagabond King, both in the talkies and once at least on the Paramount-Publix Hour via CBS.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8	7	6	5

Fleischmann Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Champion Sparkers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	344.6	870	WLS
260.7	1150	WHAM	389.4	770	KFAB
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW

9	8	7	6

True Detective Mysteries.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
208.3	1440	WHEC	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

Seiberling Singers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	454.3	660	WEAF
225.4	1330	WSAI	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	960	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	KHQ
379.5	790	KGO			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
223.7	1430	KECA	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KOMO			

10	9	8	7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			



The inimitable and always enjoyable and entertaining Fanny Brice is always called upon for "My Man" whenever and wherever she is. Her appearance on one of the Fleischmann Hour programs over the NBC was no exception.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

RCA Victor Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
292.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

260.7	1150	WHAM	303.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	526.0	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Friday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen, National Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.8	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
234.4	1280	WDOD	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.9	1450	WFJC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Music Appreciation Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-66kc)
WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KPRC
206.8	1450	WFJC	325.9	920	WWJ
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	389.4	770	KFAB
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	416.4	720	WGN
280.2	1070	WTAM	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1020	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	WOW
302.8	990	WBZA	516.9	580	WTAG
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WLIT
312.6	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WFI
312.6	960	CKGW	545.1	550	KSD
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
319	940	WCSH			

12:00 n.	11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00

Columbia Revue.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333	900	KHJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	476	630	WMAL
223.7	1340	WGHP	492	610	WFAN
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
243.9	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
316	950	KMBC	536	560	KLZ
319	940	WFIW	545	550	WEAN

12:45	11:45	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WBAP
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB
294.1	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

8	7	6	5

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.5	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KHQ
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

True Story Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGHP
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.8	1230	WNAC
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	WIBW	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.4	1290	WJAS	395	760	KVI
232.4	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.2	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236	1260	KOIL	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	WLBW	545	550	WKRO
239.9	1250	WDSU			

Interwoven Pair. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	KGO
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	630	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Cliquot Club Eskimos.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
225.4	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Armour Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
263.2	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

10	9	8	7

Armstrong Quakers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.8	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Mystery House. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ			

11 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Will Osborne and His Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
219	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	KDYL	526	570	WMNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			



Judith Poska, the noted concert violinist, was heard in several selections on one of the Friday evening Curtis Institute of Music programs.

Saturday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

Tower Health Exercises.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15

Morning Devotions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTF
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
230.6	1300	WIOD	345	870	WLS
232.4	1290	WEBC	361	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	390	770	KFAB
263.2	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM
303	990	WBZ	469	640	KFI
303	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590	KHQ



This distinguished looking gentleman has a right to his likes and dislikes for he is no other than the great violinist, Toscha Seidel. He was recently heard on a Friday evening Brown-Bilt Footlites program presented by Columbia.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00	3:00	2:00	1:00

The Aztecs.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	323	930	WBRC
201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WDBJ
201.3	1490	WLAC	333	900	KHJ
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.8	1430	WHP	390	770	WBBM
212.8	1410	WBCM	395	760	KVI
215.8	1390	KLRA	476	630	WMAL
215.8	1390	WHK	484	620	WLBZ
223.7	1340	KFPY	492	610	KFRC
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
227.3	1340	WADC	500	600	WMT
232.6	1290	KDYL	500	600	WREC
234.4	1280	WDOD	516.9	580	WIBW
238.1	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WWNC
244	1230	WNAC	536	560	KLZ
256.4	1170	WCAU	545	550	WEAN
316	950	KMBC			

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15

RCA Theremin Ether Wave Music.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.5	1460	KSTP	288.5	1040	KTHS
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA
230.8	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	385	780	WMC
246	1220	WREN	390	770	KFAB
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	KVOO	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Launderland Lyrics.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	344.6	870	WLS
230.6	1300	WIOD	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WBAP
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	WAPI	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Nit-Wit Hour
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFIW
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	KHJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ
230.8	1300	KFH	492	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	WIBW
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Around the Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	WMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
212.8	1210	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.3	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
230.8	1300	KFH	399.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	500	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WGHP	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WNAC	535.4	560	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	277.6	1080	WBT
206.8	1450	WFIC	282.8	1060	WTIC
225.4	1330	WSAI	288.3	1040	KTHS
227.1	1320	WSMB	299.8	1000	WHO
245.6	1220	WCAE	315.6	950	WRC
252	1190	WOAI	319	940	WCSH
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	KOMO
265.3	1130	KSL	325.9	920	KPRC



Formerly with Roxy and his Gang and also with Major Bowes' Capitol Theatre Family, "Cookie" Cohen recently joined the staff of the Pacific Division of the NBC, and is heard on the Trocaderans' weekly dance programs, and the Saturday night "Big Show."

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
325.9	920	WWJ	454.3	660	WEAF
333.1	900	WJAX	468.5	640	KFI
333.1	900	WKY	483.6	620	KGW
336.9	890	WJAR	483.6	620	WTMJ
361.2	830	KOA	491.5	610	WDAF
365.6	820	WHAS	508.2	590	KHQ
374.8	800	WBAP	508.2	590	WEEI
379.5	790	KGO	508.2	590	WOW
379.5	790	WGY	516.9	580	WTAG
384.4	780	WMC	535.4	560	WFI
405.2	740	WSB	535.4	560	WIOD
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
440.9	680	KPO	545.1	550	WGR
440.9	680	WPTF			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	285.7	1050	KNX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	KOL	475.9	630	WMAL
236.2	1270	WDSU	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longines Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	KFRC
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WTDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1026	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Who's Who In Broadcasting

TULLY, Marie, Popular Pianist and Singer. When Mike and Herman are cutting up before WENR's microphone, they often meet a lady friend. Sometimes it is Geraldine and sometimes it is someone else, but that sweet feminine character is little Marie. You might call her the Girl Friend in this case. She also takes part in Here and There on the Air. In fact, she is in demand for all popular programs.



Turner, Elaine, Pianist, WFLA.
Turner, George, Tenor, Director and Conductor Birmingham Male Quartet, WAPI.
Turney, Alta, Dramatic Soprano, WSUN.
Turrill, Celia, Mezzo - Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.
Twamley, Edgar, Announcer, WOC.
Tyler, Maurice, Tenor, NBC, New York.
Tyson, E. L., "Ty," Station Manager, Chief Announcer, six years, WWJ.
Tyson, John Reed, Morning Announcer. His "entertainment for shut-ins" and readings have made him the popular announcer with thousands of unfortunate listeners, WDBO.

UKULELE Larry, Popular Songster with Ukulele, WHB.
Uncle Wip, WIP.
Underwood, Cecil P., Chief Announcer, KHQ. One of the popular announcers of Spokane is this versatile young man. Not only is he nice to hear over the air, but he is good to look at, and it is rumored that when he announces he has a large visible audience as well as invisible. However, he has done his bit to make Spokane famous.



Underwood, Daisy Maude, Soprano, KVOO.
Underwood, Loyal, Feature Announcer, KNX.
University of Minnesota Band, Michael Jalma, Conductor, WCCO.
Upton, Mrs. G. Director of Plays, WCAU.
Upton, Monroe, "Simpy Fitts," Book Reviewer, Programs, Publicity, KFRC. Has been clowning, wise-cracking and talking seriously over KFRC for three years. Born in Bandon, Oregon. After high school he followed the sea for six years as a Radio operator in merchant ships, during which time he stopped off in Shanghai, where he installed and operated a Radio station. The station had to be built from separate parts, most of which were hard to obtain, due to Chinese embargo on Radio apparatus.



Utica Jubilee Singers, National Broadcasting Company.

VAGABOND Kings, Bernard and Claude Cooney, Harmony Team, KWK.
Vagabond Male Quartet, Harold Singleton, Baritone, Leader; Albert Newcomb, 1st Tenor; Philip Reep, 2nd Tenor; Benjamin Weaver, Bass; WHAM.
Vaille, Clara Hinman, Soprano, WSUN.
Valencians, Hawaiian Quartet, KYW.
Vallee, Rudy, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.
Van and Fisher, "Johnny and Freddie" of the Chicago Herald and Examiner Funnies, and comedy songsters, KYW-KFKX. They are heard Sundays at noon reading the funnies for the youngsters, to which they add original songs to fit the comics. Both boys were, for a number of years, successful vaudeville entertainers, forsaking the stage for the growing field of Radio recently. Freddie is adept with dialect, especially Scotch, Negro and Dutch. Johnny is the foil for Freddie's comedy and sings a tuneful tenor to harmonize with Freddie's booming baritone. They are often heard as the somber-skinned singers Horatio and Woodrow by listeners to the Chicago Herald and Examiner programs through KYW-KFKX.
Van, Mrs. Sara Hunt, Pianist, Organist, Hostess of WAPI.
Vanatta, Mrs. L. L., Iowa Farm Housewife, KMA.
Vance, Margaret, Pianist, WSM.
Vandersloot, John, Bass, Announcer, WFI.
Van Horne, Harold, Concert Pianist of note, with many achievements in classical work. Harold announces for the Chicago Daily News station and often brings his pianistic talent to the microphone.
Vannini, Augusto, Director of La Touraine Coffee Concert Orchestra, WEEI.
Van Praag, Henry, Cellist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Van Praag, Maurice, Manager, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Van Steeden, Peter, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.
Van Vaulkenburg, Lucie, Violinist, WSM.
Van Vechten, Fred E., General Manager, WHEC.
Varnum, Girard, Careful Children's Club, KMOX (known on air as "Safety Sam").
Varzos, Eddie, Directs the Uptown Village Cafe orchestra heard over the Chicago Daily News station each night.
Vasilieff, Nicholas, NBC, New York.
Vaughan, G. Kieffer, Tenor, WOAN.
Vaughan, James D., Owner, WOAN.
Vaughan Trio, L. E. Gilbert, 1st Tenor; Eiland Scarbrough, 2nd Tenor; Z. H. Lester, Baritone, WOAN.
Vaughn, Kate Brew, Economics Department, KNX.
Vaughn Radio Quartet, Hilman Barbard, Tenor; Otis L. McCoy, Tenor; W. B. Walbert, Baritone; A. M. Pace, Bass; WOAN.
Velaski, Vilma, Russian soprano, KMTR.
Venetian Gondoliers and William Scottie, NBC, New York.
Ventre, G. W., Leader of Weymouth Post No. 79 American Legion Band, WEEI.
Vernet, Louise, Soprano, WENR.
Vettle, Victor, Operator, Announcer, KDYL.
Vickland, William, "Parson" or "The Deacon's Son," as he is often called, arranges and directs productions. Is an old stage veteran, having been in the Chautauqua circuit for years. Especially likes "old chestnuts" of poems. Has had a long experience before microphones of Chicago stations in many roles. Is married.
Vienna Concert Orchestra, KNX.
Vincent, Edith, Household Programs, KDYL.
Vincent, Margaret, Director of Women's Activities, KGW.
Vinegar, Frank, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.
Vita and Zita, Harmony Sisters, WFAA.
Voorhees, Don, Conductor, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Voorsanger, Harrold, English Pianist, KTHS.
Voris, Mrs. Clifton, Contralto, KVOO.
Voss Vagabonds, Herb Heuer, Director, WOC.
Vossburg, Lenore, Studio Accompanist, WSUN.
Vouville, Harold, Pianist, WSM.

WAALKES, Flora, a soprano who often sings over WMAQ.
Wabg, Theodore, Control Operator, WJJD.
Wade, Fredericka, Violinist, WSUN.
Wade, Mrs. William, Soprano, WSM.
Wadell, Gertrude, Contralto, Winner Local 1927 Atwater Kent Contest, WADC.
Waggoner, Aleda, Soprano, WLAC.
Wagner, Edna, Soprano, KMOX.
Wagoner Hawaiian Trio, WBAP.
Wahlstedt, John, Tenor, WDAF.
Wakefield, Ethel, NBC Soprano at San Francisco.
Wald, John, youthful "red head" student of drama at the University of Minnesota, is the latest addition to the announcing staff of KSTP. He has just observed his twenty-first birthday and hopes some day to attain a position on the legitimate stage. He serves as master of ceremonies of the Early Risers Club at 7 a. m. each week day and also is at the microphone during the daytime programs.
Waldner, Fred, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.
Waldorf - Astoria Dinner Music, National Broadcasting Company.
Wales, William S., Announcer, WWAE.
Wallace, E. P., Assistant Announcer, WWJ.
Wallace, Forrest P., Announcer, WWJ.
Wallace, Mrs. Mildred White, Soprano, Pianist and Composer of note, WAPI.
Wallace, Susan, Xylophonist, WLAC.
Waller, Judith C. The amiable and busy Director of The Daily News station WMAQ. She it is that sees that WMAQ fans hear all the big events, such as Presidential campaigns, Army-Navy football games, the Eucharistic Congress, the Chicago Civic Opera, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the visit of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks to Chicago. Incidentally, she recently received the military title of Colonel from the Governor of the State of Kentucky. She holds the positon of Radio Chairman, of the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs, and is responsible for all the broadcasts which the Federation presents.



Walling, Mrs. L. Terrill, Pianist, WFLA.
Walmsley, Margaret, Cellist, WSUN.
Walsh, Ann, Personal Contact Director, KMOX.
Walte, Fred, First Violin, Jules Herbuveaux KYW orchestra. Born in Berne, Switzerland. Came to America with parents when seven years old. Started study of violin and when fourteen years old played first professional engagement. Since has directed own orchestra for four years at Samovar Cafe, and with Arnold Johnson's orchestra. Now working Radio exclusively on Herald and Examiner programs through KYW-KFKX.
Walter, Elsie, Pianist, WHAM.
Walter, Floyd, Organist, WGY.
Walter, Julius, Jazz Pianist and Orchestra Manager, KGW.
Walter, Mrs. Clyde, Pianist, Program Director, WLAC.
Walter, Raymond B., KSTP, Member Quartet, National Male Four.
Walters, Harry, Basso, WLAC.
Walther, Oscar, 2nd Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Walton, Hugh, Tenor, Announcer, KGW.
Wambe, Sam, Pianist, WMAK.
Wands, Mrs. J. Arthur, Violinist and Viola, WLAC.
Ward, Cecil and Esther, Hawaiian guitars, WLS. Married. One baby. Look young, act young, play good, are good and, naturally, are young!
Ward, Maude, Librarian, KFRC.
Ward, Virgil, NBC "Fiddler" at San Francisco Studios.
Wardle, John, Presentation Director, WNAC.
Warmack, Paul, Old Time Band Leader and Mandolinist, WLAC.
Warner, Ann, Domestic Economist, KPO.
Warner, Don, Popular Musical Director, KFWB.
Warner, Frederick Violin, Cello, KVOO.
Warner, "Little Joe," Dialect and Character Impersonator, WENR. Is also heard over the NBC on the National Farm and Home program.
Warner, Thomas, Tenor, Assistant Dramatic Production Manager, WCKY. Born in Dayton, Ohio. Studied piano and composition and voice in Detroit and New York. Soloist with symphony orchestras and grand opera companies, and appeared in concerts.
Warner Trio, KVOO.
Warren, F. H., Announcer, WHAM.
Warren, Harry, Saxophone, KVOO.
Warren, Katherine, Soprano, WLAC.
Warrington, John, Saxophonist, WPG.
Washburn, Ruby, Soprano Soloist, KFJF.
Wasmer, Louis, Manager, KHQ.
Wasmer, Mrs. Louis, Program Director, KHQ.
Wathall, Alfred G., Composer, Arranger, Conductor, WGN.
Watt, Charlee, Southern Crooner (Miss), KYW.
Watt, Lillian, Soprano and Accompanist, WLAC.
Watts, Harold, Engineer, KFEQ.
Way, James, Ace Tenor, WPG.
Weaver, Frederick D., Organist, WBAL.
Webb, Paul, Baritone, WLAC.
Webb, M., Organist, KOIL.
Webb, Theodore, Baritone, NBC, New York.
Webber, Blanche, Hostess, WOW.
Webber, Julian, Operator, Announcer, WSUN.
Webster, J. Oscar, Tenor, WBAP.
Weed, Myrtle, KSTP, Accompanist.
Weedin Brothers, Guitars, KVOO.
Weeks, Charlotte Pratt, Organist and Pianiste, WSUN.
Weems, Ted, and His Orchestra, WBBM.
Weil, Mrs. Simon, Soprano, WLAC.
Weimbergers, Rose, Colonial Belle Trio, KEX.
Weiner, Michael, Orchestral Supervisor and Conductor, WBAL, was born in Vilna, Poland, and came to this country with his parents and several brothers and sisters when about three years old. His musical talent soon attracted attention and gained the interest of a wealthy patron of the arts who educated him musically. He took naturally to the violin and it wasn't long before he became known as one of the best violinists in this city. He was formerly concert master for the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, and he is frequently heard on the air as soloist and in special broadcasts. Mr. Weiner devotes most of his time, however, to conducting and arranging the various programs for the many orchestras which are under his direct supervision. He is conductor of "The Calvertons," the "WBAL Ensemble," the "Pattersons," "The Masqueraders," and he is also a member of the WBAL String Quartet. Mr. Weiner is married and has two children, one of which is a four-year-old violin prodigy.
Weir, Marion, Dramatic Tenor, KWK.
Weiss, Adolph, Bassoon, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Welch, Fred, Tenor, KVOO.
Wellington, Arthur, Baritone. Has won fame the last year for his presentation of Mike in the Mike and Herman Team, WENR.
Welty, Glenn, under whose energetic baton WTMJ's new 18-piece symphonic orchestra goes into action, once set out to be a business man. His wide blue eyes twinkle as he tells about his career in business school. It lasted exactly one week. That constitutes the only interlude in a life devoted to music. From the time he was six, he has studied the piano extensively, in Nebraska, Oklahoma and Los Angeles, and on this Mr. Welty is insistent—always under private tutors. He made his debut as a musical director in khaki when he was a band leader in the army during the world war. From Mr. Welty, who arranges all



orchestrations for WTMJ, composing is all in a day's work. His ingenuity in arranging unique adaptations of everything from red hot jazz to the most classical of symphonies has gained for him the title of the chief steward who serves a menu of varied musical tidbits to meet every taste.

Wendt, Bud, KSTP, Member Beachcombers, Hawaiian Singing and Playing Quartet.

Wenige, Arthur, Pianist, WWNC.

Wentworth, Ralph, Announcer. Studied music at Sorbonne and the Conservatory of Music in Paris after seeing action in France. When he returned to the United States he appeared in concerts and traveled with a well-known musical comedy. National Broadcasting Company.

Werrenrath, Reinald, Vocal Supervisor, Baritone, NBC, New York. Made operatic debut with Metropolitan as Sylvio in Pagliacci in 1919. Has been outstanding concert and oratorio singer since 1907.

Wessel, Bill, KSTP, Baritone Soloist, "Morrison's Syncopators."

Wesson, Marguerite, Soprano, WFAA.

West, Fred, Hawaiian Music, WHB.

West, Grace, Blues Singer, WFAA.

West, Olive, NBC Actress at San Francisco.

West, Walter, KSTP, Viola, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

West, William, Chief Engineer, KMOX.

Westlund, David, KSTP, Saxophone Soloist, winner University of Minnesota talent contest.

Westphal, Frank, Pianist and Conductor of WENR Studio Orchestra.



Who does not remember Frank? His versatile playing and his well trained orchestra have been famous for five years. This is true because he takes his Radio work very seriously and puts all of himself into the broadcasting. There have been times in his Radio work when he has had to give almost the entire evening's performance from announcing to playing the individual numbers. Now, however, he has time to concentrate on his own work.

Wetzel, Maurice, Manager Program Department KYW-KFKX. Mr. Wetzel is one of the pioneers in the Radio field, having been identified with KYW since 1922. He broadcast the first commercial program in Chicago. For two years he directed WOOD, Grand Rapids, where he became known for his continuity programs in the good old days. Wetzel recorded Radio programs on phonograph discs as early as 1925, carrying on with this work at the Brunswick Recording Laboratories while he was chief announcer for WCFL. In January, 1927, he joined the National Broadcasting Company, Chicago staff, until coming "back home" to KYW, where he has been successively, World Book Man, chief announcer and program manager. Wetzel has a unique background of training for the business of broadcasting—recording Q R S player rolls in 1913, a literary schooling, Radio work in the Air Service during the war, public speaking, copy writing and selling advertising—all of which enables him to speak in their own language, to advertisers, artists, announcers, musicians and operators—and that's "Maurie's" job; making things run smoothly and thinking up new programs for KYW-KFKX.



Weyand, Fayette Bogert, KSTP, Soprano Soloist.

Wheatley, Parker, Chief Continuity Writer, Assistant Program Director and Announcer, KYW-KFKX. Graduated from an Indianapolis high school at seventeen, and at once became a member of the Stuart Walker Company, famous dramatic stock organization. He followed his professional debut by entering Butler University, with summer vacations still occupied by the Walker Company, and the Carlton Guy Players. One day the Indiana Little Theatre called upon its leading talent for Radio drama—then Parker first addressed the microphone. More Radio plays, a Santa Claus impersonation on the air for three seasons, play reading — then WFBM, the Indianapolis Power & Light Station asked Parker to be an announcer. This happened in May, 1928, just before Wheatly completed college, where he distinguished himself in acting and writing. Later his "King's English" earned him the position of chief announcer at WFBM. On March 1st, Chicago beckoned, and he left WFBM for the Herald and Examiner Station KYW-KFKX.



Wheatley, Walter, Tenor, Director of Opera Hour, KFAB.

Wheeler, Alton E., Popular Pianist and Soloist, WLAC.

Wheeler, Marsha. Not many people less important than kings and presidents have dishes named after them. Marsha Wheeler, director of Women's Activities at WLW, does have a dish especially concocted for her by Pierre Berrard, chef of the Hotel Gibson. It's called Breast of Chicken a la Marsha Wheeler.

Whelan, James, Baritone, Bonnie Laddies, NBC, New York.

Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. J. P., Staff Entertainers, Baritone, Contralto and Instrumental, KFJF.

Whilt, Jim, Poet of the Rockies, KMA.

Whitcomb, Lewis S., Assistant Superintendent, WEEI.

White and MacDonough, Banjoists, WCCO.

White, Arthur, KSTP, Tenor Soloist and Manager, Minneapolis Sales Division, KSTP. Popular northwest Radio entertainer since 1923. Received his first training in St. Paul while attending St. Thomas College. Former member vaudeville team "White Brothers & Stendal," Orpheum circuit. Has appeared as soloist in St. Paul municipal parks for past nine years and at Minnesota State Fair for past eight years.

White, Howard, Pianist, NBC, New York.

White, Jimmie and Howard Fordham, Singing Serenaders, KFH.

White, Josephine Storey, Contralto, KVOO.

White, Juanita. This little lady is 11 years old and is one of a few Birmingham Juvenile singers who has really gone over big. She sings because she loves music. Juanita is a "Good Fellow." If you don't believe it just go on an outing or to a ball game with her. Heard at WBRC.

White, Karl, Operator, KVOO.

White, Major J. Andrew, President, Columbia Broadcasting System.

White, Onalese, Contralto, KYW.

Whitney Trio. Popular chamber music group of the Chicago Daily News station. Its members are Robert Whitney, pianist; Noreen Whitney, violinist, and Grace Whitney, cellist.

Whitten, Charles, Popular Tenor, WDL.

Whittington, George, Baritone with Utica Jubilee Singers, NBC, New York.

Whitworth, Dorothy, Staff Organist, Pianist and Hostess, WADU.

Wick, Bert, Operator, Announcer, KDLR. Old time Radio man, operator and experimenter. Former U. S. Navy operator.

Wiegand, Fred, Violinist, Director Hotel Tutwiler Ensemble, WAPI.

Wienand, C. Marcus, Dramatic Director, Publicity, KOMO.

Wiener, Jean, Organist, WPG.

Wightman, Florence, Harpist, Roxy's Gang, National Broadcasting Company.

Wiig, G. O., Program Director and Announcer, WHEC.

Wilbourn, John, Studio Supervisor, Tenor and Announcer, WBAL. Began singing at the age of six, when he was a member of the Boy Choir of Old St. Paul's P. E. Church, Baltimore. Prior to the war he had made singing his avocation rather than his vocation, but following his return to this country from overseas where he was severely wounded during the Battle of Argonne Forest, he decided to devote his career to music and began the serious study of this art at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Well known in concert work and frequently appears as guest artist for various organizations and musical events. Has been a member of WBAL's staff for over three years, and holds down three jobs, being studio supervisor, announcer and staff tenor. He is a Baltimorean.

Wilbur, Ray, Tenor, WSUN.

Wilcox, Wesley W., Musical Director, Announcer, Entertainer, for the KFLV studios at Rockford, Ill. His exceptionally clear diction and individual mannerisms have won for him a large following among the Radio announcers, and his finely schooled baritone voice is often heard in many delightful song compositions. Mr. Wilcox is also a contributor to musical magazine publications and has served on news staffs as music critic and writer. Among his long list of recital engagements is found his appearance with the United States Army band, under direction of Capt. William Standard, when he appeared as guest soloist on the Rockford program.

Wiley, Mary Sue, Soprano, Pianist, KVOO.

Wilfahrt's Concertina Orchestra, Old Time Dance Music, WCCO.

Wilhelm, Rev. Carl, WIBW's Sky Pilot. Life goes on at a great rate in this day and age. We all are extremely busy handling the jobs that feed and clothe us; seeking pleasure and coping with the work-a-day world. It's fine to swing into those things with all our energy, and keep them going in the right direction. Rev. Carl Wilhelm is our Radio pastor, conducting the devotional hour each morning and singing in the choir. This period is absolutely undenominational, although Rev. Wilhelm is pastor of Topeka's First Christian Church.

Willard and Jerry, the Pumpkin Center Sheiks of WIBW, are exponents of close harmony and do popular concert type songs. They are very popular with their Radio audience, have entertained frequently in public theaters, hotels and clubs. Willard possesses a splendid tenor voice which blends well with Jerry's fine quality baritone. Their full names are Jerry White and Willard Lafferty.

Willett, Gertrude, Hostess, WMAK.

Williams, Ann, "Smilin' Ann" of the Sears, Roebuck morning and afternoon programs of WLS. Knows her styles and buttons. Likes variety for her entertainments.

Williams, B. Y. The Rhyme Reaper of WLW is the author of "The House of Happiness" and many other published poems. Every week she brings WLW audiences a review of current poetry and introduces another poet from among her wide circle of literary friends. Her guest readers have included Padriac Colum, Roselle Mercier Montgomery, Eddie Guest, Edward Markham, Edmund Vance Cooke, and many others.

Williams, Chuck, Dan Bannister, Harmony Team, KVOO.

Williams, Earl. Earl's melodious voice and facility of expression enable him to describe an overture or an overshoe with almost equal listener interest. His announcing is effective at WNAX.

Williams, Fess, and His Orchestra.

Williams, Frank, Old Time Fiddler, WOC.

Williams, Herbert, Violinist, WLAC.

Williams, Jess, Popular Pianist, Entertainer, KFAB.

Williams Lillie Mae, Novelty Uke, WFLA.

Williams, Mary, Blues and Ballad Singer, WGES.

Williams, Pinkie, Banjo, WFLA.

Williams, Ray, Dance Orchestra, WSUN.

Williman, Mrs. Clieland, Soprano, WFLA.

Willis, John, and Edward Meisenbach, Violin Duo, KWK.

Willson, R. Meredith, Flutist and Piccolo soloist. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra.

Wilson, Allan, Tenor, KPO.

Wilson, Cliff, Tenor.

Wilson, Dr. Walter L., Morning Bible Lesson, WDAF.

Wilson, Ethel, Pianist.

Wilson, Grace, the "Bringin' Home the Bacon Girl" at WLS. Deep, rich contralto voice sings old favorites with lots of feeling on the Barndance each Saturday night. Chautauqua and vodvil for long time.

Wilson, Jimmie, and His Catfish String Band, KVOO.

Wilson, Lillian, English Soprano, KNX.

Wilson, Lois, Pianist, WFLA.

Wilson, Muriel, Soprano, NBC, New York.

Wilson Serenaders, Old Time Band, WLAC.

Wilson, Stewart, Reader, NBC, San Francisco.

Wilson, Thelma, Accompanist, WCCO.

Wilson, Walter, "Uncle Bob," at KYW, Chicago, for the past seven years. He is the originator of the now famous radio safety movement, "The Curb Is the Limit Club," and on July 3, 1929, the club reached the 400,000 mark; that means that 400,000 girls and boys have promised Uncle Bob that they will not play on the streets, and also that before crossing the street they will stop at the curbstone and look both ways. You can hear his program each evening, except Sunday, from 5:30 to 6 p. m., Chicago time.



Wilton Carman, Baritone-Announcer, WBAL.

Wing, H. C., Program Director of WCSH. Directs Publicity Department and writes Continuities.

Winnie, Russell, Chief Announcer, WTMJ.

Winslow, Charles, Noted Historian, who brings the Chicago Daily News fans interesting facts of the city's past dug from the dusty archives of the past. A member of the Chicago Historical society, Mr. Winslow is particularly fitted to impart to WMAQ's audience authentic facts presented in an entertaining manner.

Winston, Joseph B., Manager, Program Director, KEX.

Winters, Rudolph, Character Impersonator, Baritone, KYW.

Wintker, Franklin, Manager, KUOA. From KUOA, Fayetteville, to WLS and back again. Has deep voice with Southern twang. Plays saxophone. Six foot plus. Studied engineering. Now back at the head of his home station in Arkansas and proud of it.

Wise, Frank, Reader, KOIN.

Wise, Olive, Popular Pianist, WBAP.

Wiseman, Roland R., Pianist, Accompanist, KVOO.

Wishnow, Emmanuel, Violinist, KFAB.

Wisniewska, Soprano, KNX.

Witherspoon, Foy, Chief Announcer. Foy is a very likely chap that has just graduated from the Majestic Theatre circuit into the loftier realms of radio announcing. He is a good announcer, chock full of pep and originality. He thinks more of his studio than he does of his own home and without a doubt is a logical contender for Graham McNamee's throne.

Witte, Parvin, Tenor, KFAB.

Witten, Louis A., Senior WOR Announcer.

Wittich, Doris, Concert Pianist, Accompanist, came to America on a concert tour from Germany and joined staff of WLS. She has served on the Board of Directors of the Chicago Women's Symphony and Accompanist for the Chicago Little Symphony.

WJR String Quartet, Eric Van Myhr, Director, WJR.
WLS Singers, mixed quartet, WLS. Berenice Ozum, contralto; Eugene Leonardson, baritone; Osgood Westley, tenor, and Olive Arthur, soprano. On Sunday programs with hymns and old madrigals.
Woempner, Henry C., KSTP, Musical Director, Conductor National Battery Symphony Orchestra. First flutist Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra 23 years. Played under Damrosch, Oberhoffer, Walter, Walbrilowitch, Verbrugghen and coached with master musicians. Has appeared at WGN, KDKA and other stations.
Wolf, Irene, Soprano, WMAK.
Wolfe, John, of John and Ned, NBC, San Francisco.
Wolfe, Rosalie, Soprano, NBC, New York.
Wolfinson, Wolfe, First Violin, Lenox String Quartet, NBC, New York.
Wolter, Edward, Baritone, NBC, New York.
Wommack, Lucille, Popular Songs, KVOO.
Womrath, Frederick G., Jr, KSTP, President, University of Minnesota Masquers, Member KSTP Players.
Wons, Anthony, Popular Reader, Dramatic Personage, WLW. Formerly with WLS.
Wood, Blanche, the Original Girl Baritone. Blanche plays her own accompaniment at the piano and sings all popular songs. Under the name of Amy Lou she conducts the morning classified hour called Amy Lou's shopping hour. Miss Wood has been with KFSD two years and has made many friends.
Wood, Elsie Miller, Pianist, WLAC.
Wood, Gayle, KSTP, the "Harmony Hurricane" feature piano artist. Played piano from boyhood, uses no music. Several tours of radio stations. Entertains on popular programs.
Wood, Mrs. H. D., pianist and contralto, WAPI.
Woodhall, Dr. C. W., Health Talks, WGY.
Woodyard, Darrell, Basso, NBC, New York.
Woolwine, Sam, WSM.
Worrell, Staff Artist, WTAR.
Worthians, Dance Orchestra, WBAP.
Wright, Beatrice Tate, Pianist, WAPI.
Wright, Floyd, Organist, KPO.
Wright, Harold, Jazz Genius, WGN.
Wrigley, Frank, Organist, WWJ.
WSUN Quintet, Lura Fullerton Yoke, Pianist; Marguerite Saltsman, Soprano; Ruth Thompson, Contralto; Freeman Futch, Tenor, and Everett Revere, Bass.
WSUN Players, Dorothy Collins and Norman Rockwell, WSUN.
Wyborny, Nancy A., Plays Cello in the Eyborny Trio, WNAX, and Violin solos while studying at Yankton Conservatory of Music. Joined regular staff at WNAX July 5, 1928. Plays violin in studio orchestra, Sunshine Furniture Favorites, Meridian Trio, also in duets and solos, plays cello in Little Symphony Orchestra, sings in mixed quartet and with Esther Smith for sacred services.



Wylie, Allister, Orchestra Leader of Pal Lido, KMOX.
Wylie, Mary E., Conductor of the Musical Appreciation Period, KTHS.
Wyllie, Walcott, Associate Announcer, WFLA.

YARUSSHKA, Charles, Russian Arte Troupe, KSTP.
Yates, Danny, Director of Orchestra heard over CKAC.
Yates, Fred L., Tenor, KVOO.
Yettro, Ollie, Pianist, WGY.
Yoder, Lloyd E., Press Representative and Special Announcer, Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.
Yoke, Lura Fullerton, Pianiste, WSUN Quintet, WSUN.
Young and Perry, Piano Duo, NBC, San Francisco.
Young, Floyd, Soloist, KMA.
Young, John, Announcer, Dramatic Reader, NBC, New York.
Young, Roy, Pianist, WDBO.
Young, Ruth, Novelty Pianist, WHB.
Young, W. A., Manager, WBRC.

ZAHN, Herbert, Staff Pianist, WHEC.
Zeb, Ukulele and Novelty songs, KWK.
Zedelar, Franz, KSTP, Second Violin, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
Zeller, Enza Alton, KSTP, Playwright, Director Junior Reportoire Theatre, Minneapolis; Member Cast "Story of Furs"; Associate Director, KSTP Players.
Zelner, Otto, Bass, WCCO.
Zender, Charles L., Tenor, WSM.
Zerbst Pharmacal String Quartet, KFEQ.
Zielinska, Genia, Coloratura Soprano, Prima Donna, National Broadcasting Company.
Zinzer, Pauline, Violinist, WAPI.
Zohn, Chet, Tenor Soloist and Stein Quartet, WADC.
Zupfer, Otto, Leader, Otto's Little German Band, KSTP.

Who's Who in Radio addendum will appear in the June issue of Radio Digest.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman Leads With Church

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN, the first pastor to put religion on the air, thus created in America the first Universal Church for the discussion of religion in its relationship to the everyday problems of home life and business life. He inaugurated, at the same time, the now popular question and answer interpretations of the Bible. Dr. Cadman has always been a pioneer in creating methods of popularizing the church. (See Dr. Cadman's editorial, written especially for Radio Digest, on page 7.)

His sermons, as pastor of the Metropolitan Temple of New York City, from 1895 to 1901, always delivered in that delightful Oxford voice and with his pleasant manner of talking as though he were taking his congregation into his confidence, as he would have talked in his study to just one individual, with true fatherly feeling, no high flown language, no damnation dynamite, made that church during his pastorate the most popular church in New York.

This church drew to its every service the Broadwayites, who seldom went to church, the men and women of the stage, the man in the street, the sort of people who did not go in for religion chiefly because most religionists of that day preached AT them.

Dr. Cadman talked to them, taught them with lectures of scholarly information on many topics besides religion that religion had a place and a purpose in their lives that they should take advantage of if they really wanted to live, in the here and now, fuller and better lives.

When, in 1901, Dr. Cadman, the most fatherly pastor who ever filled a pulpit, in looks, disposition and manner toward his flock, left the Temple to become pastor of the Central Congregational church of Brooklyn, which pulpit he holds to this day, his New York congregation followed across the great Brooklyn bridge down to the sleepiest actor who did not like to get up early Sunday morn to make the trip but did it to hear Cadman in the pulpit and to talk to him, after services, in his study, if there was anything on that actor's mind troubling him.

You hear Dr. Cadman every Sunday now in the Cathedral hour over NBC.

Archie Coates, A. B., A. M., has joined the continuity staff of the Columbia Broadcasting system. Coates was on the editorial staff of Vanity Fair, Literary Digest, and Life. He is the author of "City Tides." He worked as assistant to Deems Taylor on the World. He has traveled extensively and was personal representative for Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer.

* * *

And here is something else that includes the Scandinavian. Margaret Olson, who sings in the Davy program heard regularly through NBC networks, is a native of that country. At the moment she is planning a long vacation at home for next summer. The vacation will include several song recitals, arrangements for which already have been completed.

Remember the Old Days?

EIGHT years ago Radio broadcasting and receiving was in a comparatively primitive state. On March 25, 1922, some 50,000 loyal listeners gathered around their sets to hear a program from a new station—KGW was to go on the air with its new transmitter. Not only was it an event from that point of view, but the featured artist was none other than Edith Mason, prima donna of the Chicago Civic Opera company. Up to that time only local talent had been heard from Portland.

For her first selection Miss Mason chose the entrance song from Madame Butterfly. She stood in front of the mike nervously, in spite of all her grand opera experience, trembling at thought of her unseen audience. Then came the signal, and her voice went out, loud and clear to crystal sets and "big ones" alike.

Now broadcasting is an institution and opera stars, trans-Atlantic programs, in short, every variety of entertainment goes out over the air from KGW and other stations throughout the nation, with hardly a quiver of extra interest or a thought of there being anything unusual—only appreciation.

* * *

This Band Doubles Work

TWENTY-FIVE pieces, working under two directors, make up the symphony orchestra of the Don Lee station, KHJ, in Los Angeles. Raymond Paige, musical director of the station, conducts the musicians a la Paul Whiteman as "The Sierra Symphonists," playing special arrangements by staff musicians.

Charles Sheppard conducts this same orchestra as the "Don Lee Symphony," playing all standard concert music. Hank Howe assembles fourteen of the best dance men for the dance programs.

The singers at KHJ are also called on for a wide variety of entertainment. The eight classical singers also sing in ensemble, mixed quartet, male quartet, ladies' quartet, etc., offering everything from "Singin' in the Rain" to grand opera, and featuring fifty of the popular light operas with orchestra.

The popular staff of this Los Angeles station is made of the finest of individual blues singers and popular song artists. In all, an organization of eighty-three artists produce every day diversified programs between the hours of six and ten o'clock, KHJ is the key station of the Pacific coast division of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

* * *

Artells Dickson, baritone, former WABC announcer, has become an exclusive vocal artist for CBS and now wears a mustache.

Story of Frank Knight

(Continued from page 9)

museum, he wandered into a small gallery that was having a very fine modern show at the time, and soon became intensely appreciative of all modernistic works; architecture, interior decoration, and fine arts.

On odd afternoons Frank often takes himself to the Bronx zoo and wanders about making friends with the animals, particularly the lion cubs. He also holds long conversations with talking parrots, enjoying the incongruousness of the picture—human words and sounds coming from the throat of a barbarous little feathered creature.

He loves the country and the outdoor life suggested by these jaunts. Probably a throw-back to the days of his youth when he spent entire summer vacations with a small group of eight or ten boys camping along the wooded lakes of New-

foundland. Now he spends entire summers camping on the golf courses of Long Island and Westchester. And, by the way, he's an excellent golfer, always landing at the clubhouse with a score of eighty or less.

He is now awaiting his opportunity to return to the Orient and Egypt. He loves the sinuousness and mystery of the East. He was sent there during the war, and hopes to be sent again, this time on a peaceful errand. For he believes that Radio announcing will some day become akin to news reporting, and, like it, will encircle the globe—bringing with it a new type of announcer, or foreign Radio correspondent.

MR. KNIGHT is a very definite man. His statements are positive ones. His likes and dislikes are very distinct. All this is mirrored in his dress and his finely clipped speech. His clothes are always beautifully blended, usually in tones of brown. He always wears matching hose, ties, and handkerchiefs, and these are ever in harmony with the suit he happens to be wearing at the moment. His cigarets are made from a secretly blended tobacco and are made especially for him. When he offers you one you may be sure that you occupy a firm place in his affections.

Oddly enough, for a man who dresses as well and meticulously as Mr. Knight, he wears no rings. He explained this absence by saying that he had no aversion to them, but he didn't seem able to find one different and interesting enough to wear. One day, in a shop window, he saw a magnificent ring of Chinese jade carved with a cryptic inscription, but unthinkingly passed it by. Haunted by it all that day and evening, he returned the following day to purchase it, but found it had been sold in the interim. When he finds one somewhat like it and equally as beautiful he will affect it.

In his work, also, he has definite preferences. He likes particularly to carry through a program like "Dream Boat," in which it is necessary for him to create an illusion for his audience. He is always carried away himself in this work, and he has found that the success of it is largely due to that very fact. He knows that if he can greate the illusion in his own mind he can get it across to his listeners.

Frank feels very kindly toward the people who, as he says, take the trouble to write to him. Some of his fan mail is extremely shocking, some frankly admiring, and some of it in a vein critical, but friendly. He looks for this constructive criticism, as he knows himself to be at the dead end of a microphone, and at a disadvantage as far as any mistakes he may have made are concerned.

He showed me with great pride a large box of pussy-willows he had received that day from one of his listeners, and said, "You may be sure that when I leave here this evening that box will go with me, safely tucked under my arm. I don't know yet where I shall put them. I think it would be rather fitting and nice to put them on top of the Radio. Don't you?'

Letters poured into Station WABC when it was decided to cut the announcement of New York City by leaving out the word "City." All these letters contained complaints against the curtailment, saying that they especially liked the way Frank pronounced the latter word. It is natural to be able to work well with a public like that behind you.

And now, once again, the curtain must be raised for the opening of a new show. Everything is in readiness. The master of ceremonies takes his place. "This is Station WABC . . . Frank Knight announcing . . . we are now. . . ."

Weems Loves Music

(Continued from page 47)

lar Piccolo Pete over the air through the able rendition of Ted Weems and his famous recording orchestra, and Chicago began to listen. There are blue notes and gay notes, hot notes and cold notes, syncopation and rhythm. It is a danceable orchestra and a good one.

Ted Weems himself is most interesting. His tall, blond youthfulness is authentically collegiate without in the least meaning to be. His big smile warms you and then gives place to profound seriousness almost immediately. He has an overwhelming desire to please everybody and, much to his disgust, he admits that it is impossible.

AS AN example, he was playing at Vernon hall, Yale, not long ago. John Coolidge was present at the dance and arranged an introduction to Ted. It appears that Mr. Coolidge plays the saxaphone and Ted asked if he should like to have a try at it in the orchestra. "I should rather direct the orchestra," was the reply. As a result, Ted danced throughout the evening with all of the girls, thereby pleasing John Coolidge and greatly disappointing the feminine assemblage. This is Ted's version of the story.

I asked Mr. Weems if he enjoyed playing jazz. "I hardly know," he said. "You see, jazz in the real sense is syncopated music whose notes are improvised at the time of playing. As most of the music the orchestra plays is arranged completely for each instrument, there is no chance for jazz playing." He went on to explain that jazz is more or less a thing of the past save in a few cases, as, for instance, when a song is requested and the orchestra has either discarded or never had the arrangement.

Mr. Weems likes playing in cafes and dance places slightly better than playing from the stage. He likes the personal contact with his audience that a night place gives him. The stage and movies have no appeal to him and, indeed, I doubt very much whether we will find him directing his orchestra much longer. A growing interest in the theatrical booking business and an ambition to follow television will undoubtedly take him away from the musical field to some extent, sooner or later.

I asked Mr. Weems if he had considered writing songs. "No money in it," he said shortly and then explained that he thought the field already overcrowded. Assuredly there is more money in an orchestra than there is in writing songs spasmodically. And if Ted Weems wrote songs the orchestra would probably be left to shift for itself. I would not say that Ted Weems has a one-track mind, but rather that he is so vitally fair and sincere that only one thing can claim his attention at one time.

Peterson Is Modest on Accomplishments

A RETIRING disposition is the last thing many persons would expect to find in a Radio announcer, yet Curt Peterson, whose voice is heard in connection with a number of important programs originating from the NBC New York Studios, is one of the most modest men on the air.

It was about two years ago that Peterson became associated with Broadcasting. Previously he had been a concert singer and teacher of voice, and almost immediately became an announcer. He was a member of the staff of WJZ when that station had its studios in the old Aeolian Hall, New York City.

Since then Peterson has been much in demand for important programs. His musical background, his personality and the quality of his baritone voice have made him especially successful in announcing broadcasts of classical music, although his adaptability and his sense of humor have made him widely popular for his guidance of the destinies of lighter broadcasts.

Peterson is known as one of the quietest men in the studios. He has very little to say of his successes before he entered broadcasting, and most of the things that are known about him he has admitted only after someone who "knew him when" supplied the information.

He was born in Albert Lea, Minn., February 12, 1898, but calls Eugene, Oregon, the site of the University of Oregon, his home city. His career at the University was interrupted by the World War, in which he served as a Lieutenant in the Infantry.

Following his graduation from the University in 1920, Peterson, whose baritone voice had aroused a great deal of favorable comment, took up singing as a profession. Later he became a teacher of voice at Miss Mason's Castle School for Girls.

Since becoming an NBC announcer Peterson has kept up his singing. He has made a number of concert appearances and has appeared as soloist in a number of broadcast programs. He is married, and has two children. His wife formerly was Patty French of San Diego, Cal., and his two children, Stephanie French and Janeth French Peterson, six and four years old, respectively, show signs of following in their father's footsteps.

Peterson is one of the NBC's "Skyscraper" announcers. He is more than six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has light hair and fair complexion. His golf score is a secret. He plays regularly, however, and his friends say the score is one to be treated with respect.

Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy

(Continued from page 12)

two girls—and they are scarcely more than that—really are sort of afraid of interviewers, as a clan, and sincerely bashful about talking about themselves. So, harken to the result of [illegible]rnest bit of gossip gathering, w[illegible]thenticated, however, by a regula[illegible]nos and Andy "Check and Double C[illegible]ck!"

IN MOMENTS of temporary loneliness, when their husbands are busy writing skits or broadcasting them to you, twice nightly, while in Chicago, New York, or abroad elsewhere on frequent personal appearance tours, Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy refer to themselves, as "the Radio-widows."

These Radio-blues are encountered very seldom, however, because it's a fact that the whole family foursome more often goes along when the act is entour. The wives are only left alone during the actual broadcasting hours. When entour, relay wires and a microphone are set up back-stage, in whatever theatre Amos and Andy are gracing, at the moment, with their personal presence. In the former case, the wives are listening-in, at home. While entour they have receivers in their hotel suites. Most of the rest of the time, Hubby Amos and Hubby Andy are with the ladies of their heart's desire. No foolin' about their romances being unique for utter sincerity.

At the time of this writing, that convenient propinquity of apartments is undergoing an even more promising change. Mr. and Mrs. Amos and Mr. and Mrs. Andy have been spending past weeks picking out furniture, drapes and

interior decorations for a brand new home of their own to be located in the same apartment building and they will soon overlook Lake Michigan from adjacent front windows as across-the-hall neighbors.

No particular kind of period note is to be carried out within this new six-room apartment overlooking lake Michigan. Just a melange of selected pieces, is the idea. Mostly antiques, gathered from near and far by various importers of furniture and rugs. Artistic background for the general effect is in the hands of specialists in interior decoration, who are engaged in the task right now, while Mr. and Mrs. Andy, together with Amos, for the moment a "Radio widower," are entour to Pittsburgh and points East.

THIS happy quartet get along so famously together that they are truly the wonder of their neighbors and all who know them intimately. The two boys are true partners in private life, and the two girls are inseparable, although they did not meet, these wise and winning wives, until Mrs. Andy acted as bridesmaid for Mrs. Amos.

These two young women are of an unusual sort, both beautiful, brainy, and, at times, quite as witty and wise as their famous husbands, all of which is saying a lot for the wives of professional partners.

Leave it to Mrs. Andy to give you the low down on that grouchy disposition. There's nothing to it. Andy is a perfect dear all the time. He's always sunny, even on a rainy day! As for Amos—no inferiority complex in his young life. It was no accident that Amos and Andy have climbed to the pinnacle of success that they enjoy today. They had the stuff, and they knew it. That's why they broke away from the restrictions of the Sam and Henry connections.

Up and coming, cheery, nifty, happy-go-lucky, they go blithely through the day, adoring husbands and adored by their wives like young newly-weds. And the cheerful young wives enter fully into the spirit of the mode of life into which they have found themselves. Every broadcast is an event. And do you suppose that Mrs. Andy or Mrs. Amos would ever be found asleep through an Amos 'n' Andy episode? Never. It is very much of a family affair, even if millions are listening in. In fact, it would break the boys' hearts if the girls didn't catch every line and intonation and know each skit off by heart. And this, despite the fact that they write the skits in the secret confines of the home study, or in their office in the Palmolive building, and perform them in the secret confines of a hushed studio room at the broadcasting station.

AMOS has never attempted a female vocalization. That's why you never hear Madam Queen or Ruby Taylor, but only all about them. He tried it once and Andy laughed so much at the falsetto that he (Andy) had to throw a glass of cold water into his own fac before he could pick up his own lines That happened, happily, at a rehearsal

Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy really should have a part in that act. They admit that themselves to intimates. Mrs. Amos would make a splendid aunt Lillian, she whom Ruby Taylor was supposed to be visiting while in New York.

Truth is, there is a real Aunt Lillian, and she all but creeps right into the Amos home Radio when the boys are broadcasting. She is the colored mammy, at home, to Li'l' Amos, Jr. And a dear she is, by all accounts, and how proud to be included or characterized in those skits. Li'l' Amos, Jr., almost crawls into the Radio with Lillian, for he loves music and gurgles with glee every time he hears the Perfect Song from the Birth of a Nation theme music that his father and Andy have made so popular once again.

Mrs. Amos is tall, brunette, has beaming brown eyes and makes a striking, even queenly, appearance as she steps forth in the latest long skirted fashions. Her neck-length black hair curls naturally and is brushed back behind her ears, in which she wears large stud ear-rings to match her attire and to accentuate the deep ivory of her skin or bring out the lights in her dancing mirthful eyes.

Mrs. Andy is a petite blue-eyed blonde. Her voice has a lively soprano lilt to it, and she is in rollicking humor most of the time, laughing at her husband's antics, as is Mrs. Amos. Yes, they surely enjoy life, that foursome, and it's not the huge salaries or even the popularity of the two Radio aces who provide for them that makes for their happiness, although they are appreciative of the public's approval. Sometimes they wonder how it all happened, this wondrous acclaim, and the money that makes it real and earnest. Their glad attitude is, we think, of that brand that would keep love within their doors even if poverty came in the window. They remain unspoiled.

You find no extravagant display in the homes of these wives. Both of the attractive wives were in business before their marriage, and to this day they truly represent that alert type of clever, cultivated business woman met with in metropolitan offices.

Mrs. Amos was private secretary to S. E. Thomason, former business manager of the Chicago Tribune, when she met Amos, and their meeting was a bit unusual. Here's how it happened. Some friends invited her to a party of Tribune employes, the escort that she was supposed to have for dinner and games did not show up and Amos gallantly took his place, being at the moment an end man—one who had come at a moment's notice, and who had not been exactly expected. She liked him from the start, she has since told her friends. His curly blond hair and the way he spoke and acted simply thrilled her. Anyway, she forgot that other fellow, didn't even bother to chide him for not coming to the party, as she might have done had Amos not come to completely take his place. Leta and Amos were married not so very long after that meeting. It was June, and Mrs. Andy was her bridesmaid. Andy was best man. The latter couple were a bit superior and sophisticated at the quiet church wedding, just because they had been married the previous January. All that was back in 1927.

Mrs. Andy's experience was somewhat like that of Mrs. Amos. First, she had met Andy at a friend's house in Chicago, then she went away for four years, almost losing track of him. Later, returning to work as secretary to an insurance company executive at a local theatre, she met Andy again.

He was playing his Sam 'n' Henry act at a Chicago theatre. She saw the show, recognized him as an old acquaintance, and sent her card back stage. He asked her to go to a banquet with him that night, she did, and after that . . . well, a slight acquaintance lengthened into friendship, love and marriage, and all of that before very long.

When Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy are at home they keep house, mostly. They both like a homey, hand-made sort of place, and they are both good cooks.

Mrs. Amos (Leta) does most of her own cooking although she has, of course, a hired cook, but she likes to take a hand at favorite family dishes herself. And we have it on good authority that Mrs. Andy (Marie) is the only one who can satisfy her husband's epicurean tastes and cater to his delicate indigestion besides.

As it's told, Andy would honestly rather have a piece of Marie's home-made bread and jam than to be forced to eat a banquet at the Drake hotel. Both boys love their home, and dash right back there after broadcasts. You can find either of them at home when not engaged in their honest and honorable, if humorous, work, which, to them, is work, as it would be to anyone else who had to write a different, human interest skit for every day in the week and then put it over twice a day or night as well.

The change of broadcasting time recently requiring them to be on the air at 7 p. m. and again at 11 p. m., did not interfere either with their diets or their appetites for them, though the change did interfere with Mrs. Andy's home cooking. She joked with some friends about the change to 7 p. m., saying that she bet some wives would now burn the dinner turning the radio dial to listen in the earlier rendition of Amos 'n' Andy. Well, some wives did . . . the joke was on herself, 'tis told. The very first night that the boys went on the air at 7 p. m., she forgot that she had a chicken in the oven for Andy and candied sweets besides were burned to a crisp.

She didn't get a scolding, though, for Andy realized, or said he did, that it really was all his fault, as he had admonished her to listen prompt on the dot of the new hour, and that was just when the chicken and sweets were done to a turn.

Another thing nice to learn is that Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy have no foolish fears about feminine fans. Few mash notes bother the boys, men being in the majority of their admirers.

They are capable of a sense of humor, however, and even of appreciation when a "mash" note does occasionally come from some one who does not know, perhaps, that the boys are married.

Everyone calls these two happy wives Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy. It's a custom now and they like it. Besides it's a necessity. When the boys are entour stage-doormen do not call the boys by anything except character names, and the girls can't get back-stage to see these hubbies of theirs unless they introduce themselves as Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy. They'd seldom get by with announcing, individually, "I'm Mrs. Freeman F. Gosden," and "I'm Mrs. Charles J. Correll."

At home it's different. They never think of their husbands as Amos and Andy, when they are at home, only during the act. Then, like all the rest of the public listening-in, they almost convince themselves, although they know better, that those two pets of their own and of the air world are surely a couple of darkie boys, and begin to believe someone has just fooled them, telling them that that's their own husbands talking that way.

A New York hotel clerk recently, it is reported, felt the same way about them: When the National Broadcasting company wanted to engage rooms for them and asked this clerk for a reservation for Amos 'n' Andy, he replied:

"Sorry, sir, I admire those boys myself, but, of course, you know I'm not allowed to register colored folks in this hotel, no matter how prominent or fine they are."

So, you see, that a clever talent for dark-town-talk may get one into a bit of difficulty at times.

Amos and Andy Guided by Destiny

(Continued from page 13)

of Fate. The Gosden thread crossed that of the Correll thread doing the same kind of thing at Durham, N. C.

Now, Charles J. Correll had been doing this sort of thing for years before he met Gosden. In fact, it had become a sort of a rut with him. He accepted it as a matter of course, just like the most of us who get to doing the same thing year in and year out. He was nine years older than Gosden, but Gosden seemed to be getting fun out of the game.

There grew up an affinity of spirit between them. They became pals, each interested in the idea of getting somewhere and doing something, even if they had to sacrifice a few pleasurable evenings in the way of preparation.

Everybody in Richmond had the idea that if Curly Gosden ever did amount to anything it would be as a top-notch hoofer on a vaudeville circuit. As a singer, it was to laugh.

Chuck Correll was also an accomplished tap dancer. The pair thought seriously of developing this asset into an act. But Curly had learned a few things about the ukulele during the war. He had teamed up with a buddy in the naval training school and they had become headliners in the Boston cantonment. And Correll had played the piano for the picture shows at Peoria. He found his voice harmonized splendidly with Gosden's.

By this time they had come to Chicago and were rooming together. They were getting $100 a week in the amateur shows, but they feared that would be the limit along this line. The thought for bigger and better things turned toward Radio possibilities in 1925. They doped it out that their campaign for vaudeville booking should include a period of broadcasting. This would give them an opportunity to make their names well known to the public through the Radio publicity. They did not seriously consider the monetary possibilities of broadcasting.

They regarded it a great stroke of luck when, through mutual friends, they were afforded an opportunity to try out over WEBH, of the Edgewater Beach hotel, Chicago. The first broadcast went over very satisfactory. Besides their singing they exchanged snappy collegiate chaff. This was something of a novelty and helped the act better than they realized. They were happy to work seven months straight at WEBH without pay. By that time they had discovered many of the little microphone tricks so useful to them today.

SOME of our faithful readers of those days may recall pictures shown in Radio Digest at that time of Correll and Gosden—Correll at the piano and Gosden leaning over him with his ukulele. The object of their Radio debut began to be realized. They were making good with the listeners even if they were not making much money at the job.

Surely, with a lot of fan mail to show booking agents, they would stand a good chance to get signed up. And then, once on the road, they would find their opportunity to raise their rating by doing their stuff so well audiences would stand in line for them at the door. The next step would be for headliners' position and real money. They began negotiations. Paul Ash had heard them, and he was struck with the possibilities. They brought to bear their skit writing ability and submitted to him a sketch called Red Hot.

The great Paul smiled gleefully and said it was a darb. Of course the boys had a part in it. They knew about production, too. The front of McVicker's Theatre was blazoned with gorgeous display posters and light. When the curtain went up on this event they credited it as the next stepping stone to their success. The show went over with a bang in Chicago and on the road.

The young thespians followed this with another skit featuring Paul Ash as the central figure, and were working on a third sketch when they were interrupted by a request to see the manager of WGN of the Chicago Tribune. Then they discovered that they were already headliners—in Radio; because they were offered real money to appear regularly on the WGN programs.

A contract was submitted which they both promptly signed, and it began to look as though Curly Gosden from Richmond and Chuck Correll of Peoria had come to the Big City and actually were making good.

ALL the tap dancing now slipped by the board and a couple of hoofers had gone vocal! But Destiny would be served in her own way. Still, as a singing team, the boys were not entirely satisfied with their efforts. Their gags and asides began to show signs of some growing phase that held much in store for them. And, while this angle of the situation was still a matter of study, their association with a great newspaper that employs many trained minds to study and scientifically analyze public tastes and desires, also produced an effect.

Sidney Smith's Andy Gump strip had become a national institution through the Chicago Tribune syndicate service. In fact, Andy was buying Rolls Royces for Smith and coining big money for the syndicate. Why not a Radio strip? Why not put Andy Gump, Min and Little Chester on the air?

The big problem would be to find an Andy Gump. They ran a pencil down the talent list on the WGN staff. The point rested on Correll and Gosden. Neither of the boys were married at the time, but they were broached with the idea. They were appalled at trying to do Andy Gump—but—but—what was the matter with the old minstrel stuff they used to do for the amateur shows?

They worked hard and desperately on a skit. They called it Sam and Henry. It was given a trial. The Radio audience was delighted. Sam and Henry became a regular feature. But it was very, very tedious trying to work out a new skit that would be suitable every day during those first few months. They presented Sam and Henry nightly for a year, and it was getting better all the time. Since the syndicate business had proven so well for Andy Gump the boys reasoned there should be some way to syndicate Sam and Henry. They conceived the idea of putting their skits on wax and syndicating the records. But the WGN management would not listen to that. So they dropped the idea until it should come time for the contract to expire. Then they resigned.

THEY immediately signed up with WMAQ where Walter Strong, publisher of the Chicago Daily News, wished them God speed and told them to make all the records they desired. Records were made and distributed through the Daily News syndicate to many of the leading stations, practically all of which, except WGN, have facilities for broadcasting records by special electrical transmitting apparatus. These records, of course, have now been entirely withdrawn from circulation. It was the records, however, that built the foundation for their national popularity.

In going to the Daily News, Correll and Gosden were compelled to originate new names for their inimitable characters. They chose the names Amos and Andy after a study of names most common among the colored people of the South.

While at the Tribune during the year 1927 both of the boys found their life mates. Miss Leta Marie Schreiber, a Missourian, became Mrs. Gosden, and Miss Marie Janes, native of Iowa, became Mrs. Correll. They all have ever since been a very happy foursome. The wives listen to every broadcast, but never are permitted to enter the studio during the period their husbands are on the air,

"Of course, that is a rule that applies to everyone," explained Mr. Gosden. "We let ourselves go in putting on our parts with no other thought than for the listener out there in the distant home. If there should happen to be any person in the studio we would find ourselves playing up to the individual we could see. It seems impossible for us to do otherwise. We do not realize that we are influenced this way until it is too late."

Bill Hay, who has been announcer for the team from the time they were Sam and Henry, is everywhere recognized as an integral part of the act. Without his voice Amos and Andy seem incomplete. Every consideration was given the boys to make the most of their opportunities after they went to the Daily News.

When the National Broadcasting company came forward with a "proposition" to pay them $100,000 for a year's contract to carry the Pepsodent program Mr. Strong personally told the boys he would not let the Daily News exclusive contract for five years stand in their way—and he didn't, although WMAQ of the Daily News is a Columbia Broadcasting System station.

Success strikes suddenly and glamorously. For Correll and Gosden, who have been doing their Negro dialect for five years, it has come most of the way to its present altitude during the past six months.

MORE about this famous team of Amos and Andy in the June issue of RADIO DIGEST. Be sure of your copy—Subscribe Today!

Here's One in a Million

FOUND, a Chicago taxi driver who refuses a tip! Pat Flanagan, early morning announcer at WBBM claims the find.

Early one morning Pat called a cab and urged the driver to press right heavily on the gas as the minutes were few before Al Melgard was scheduled to go on the air at 8 o'clock. Arriving in good time, Pat paid the fare and tendered a generous tip.

"Never mind the tip, Mister, I know you. Just let me go in with you and wait for the 'Morning on Broadway' CBS program. I get a great kick out of Sam Bernstein, the Singing Taxi Driver, and I can't get home in time to pick him up myself."

Pat consented and now the same taxi awaits him every morning.

* * *

Elmer Crowhurst, NBC organist, is a native of Oakland, Calif. He studied piano with the famous I. P. Plummer and was graduated afterward from the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Friends of Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 11)

the United States, taking in every stratum of society. It is a peculiar thing, the manner in which this enthusiasm has taken hold of the people of the nation. It was only a few months ago, on August 19, 1928, to be exact, that the personality of Amos 'n' Andy first traveled over the air waves into New York. The people of the East, to be sure, had heard much of these two dusky characters who had so apparently established a never-ceasing pull on the heart strings of their brethren in the great Mississippi valley, but they awaited their coming with a sort of superior and cynical smile. In fact, upon their first appearances they didn't get to first base in the East in the newspaper reviews. The professional listeners mercilessly "panned" the new feature.

Here is a sample of the eastern reaction:

"Are the people of Chicago and the Middle West, who have gone into guffaws over this duo, just stupid or have they been getting better stuff throughout the last two years than the Amos 'n' Andy reserved for a semi-national consumption?"

Another leading New York paper billed them as "Radio's greatest flop," but today that same paper is devoting a full page layout of pictures and stories on the first page of their second section to Amos 'n' Andy. Their newspaper trucks are blazing with banners telling of the story and full page ads call attention to it in the paper. This same paper sent their best staff writer from New York to Chicago to spend days interviewing the boys and gathering material for the series.

That is just one example, and a typical one, of the reverse in the tide of public opinion since that initial eastern broadcast and indicates something of the hold that the boys have in New York itself. The same thing is true throughout the country—people can't seem to read enough about Amos 'n' Andy. The boys themselves, and the National Broadcasting company, are constantly swamped with requests for interviews, pictures and special articles of the two entertainers.

FROM all evidence the general public is more interested in what these two characters look like, what they eat and drink, where they sleep and what their hobbies are than anyone else in the United States. And in the midst of it all the two most bewildered people are Correll and Gosden themselves.

"We're just two boys trying to get along," Gosden will tell you. "We are crazy about our job and honestly appreciate all of the support that we get.

"We try to keep our episodes faithful and make a point of never saying anything derogatory or anything that anyone could take offense at."

Just how well they are succeeding in this may be indicated by the recent statement of a famous New York divine, who declared that "Amos 'n' Andy reached the hearts of more people than all the preachers in America." But it isn't the easiest thing in the world to keep "gags" and wise-cracks out of their copy. They give the utmost care to the composition of their episodes and while in their ordinary conversation they are quick-witted and kid constantly with each other, it never gets out on the air.

But to get back to how they "get over" their act; what have they got and what is it that they're creating that has nationalized their fifteen minutes and made them the two most popular and best-known men in the country. The psychological angle the boys dismiss with a wave of their hand but they, as practically anyone who has gone into the question, believe that the little human happenings and situations in which Amos 'n' Andy are caught have much to do with it. Their love affairs, ups and downs in business, and high and low minutes are for the most part just things that happen to all of us.

"We always try to introduce something that is common and happens to everybody," Gosden says. "For example, most of us are gullible, especially about our financial interests. You probably remember the Kingfish's Great Home bank—financiers all over the country found this of special interest.

"No matter what we say, we always try to leave the right impression so the lesson in those episodes was that you'd be better off if you put your money in a good sound bank rather than in any wild-cat or fly-by-night scheme in order to get rich quick.

"Much to our surprise after we had finished these episodes we got letters from bankers all over the country praising our good work in showing the people the value of solid banking institutions. I guess the effect wasn't lost on the public either, because we got lots of letters from people who said they had sure learned a lesson from the Kingfish's bank and would know enough to consult their own bankers before they made any investment. Of course, the funny part of it was we never expected anything of this sort in the way of a reaction."

AND so it goes with the continued trend of their episodes. You'll remember a short time ago that the Madame Queen got an idea that she should redecorate her beauty shop while Andy decided that it would be a good thing to also paper the taxicab headquarters. What the public didn't know was that the flesh and blood creators of Amos 'n' Andy were really involved in interior decorating schemes and moving plans themselves. They were both moving to new apartments and what with interior decorators, movers and the general bustle the idea just naturally found its way into their episodes.

That same thing occurred when the Pepsodent company took out a million dollar insurance policy on the pair. Doctors were following them around, taking their pulses, registering their heart beats and taking their blood pressures. It was, in short, a big parade of doctors and, of course, excellent material for the episodes. You will recall how Amos was examined, thus the little incidents of real life live again in the characters of Amos 'n' Andy on the air.

That is one reason that Amos 'n' Andy may hold your interest. Here's another that the boys themselves propound upon if pressed hard enough: Do you have any idea of just how Amos or Andy looks, or what the appearance of the Kingfish, Madame Queen, Lightnin' or any of the other characters that circle in the background of the daily drama in Harlem appear? Of course you do. When you sit back in the evening and the voices of the well-known characters come floating from your loud speaker, you conjure in your minds a very definite picture of each character—is that not so? And there you are. Subconsciously, you have been working with the boys; you supply your mental image of each character and they supply the conversation, consequently, you actually become a very vital part of that nightly drama and since you are a part of it, it naturally "gets under your skin" and it becomes more real to you each time you hear it. And that may aid you in deciding that you really do like this feature.

The fact that the boys now broadcast in person each night gives them an opportunity to work into their episodes more topics of the day than they could otherwise. A "current event" is elastically defined by the boys. They take this as meaning any incident that may happen in their daily lives that may give them an idea for their episodes. For example, they relate that one night they ran into an old colored fellow on their way home from the studio, who, in Gosden's words, if he had been as wise as he was witty, could have been a millionaire.

"We talked to him about three hours," Correll said, "and got a lot of stuff from him. It came out that he hadn't been able to pay his room rent for more than three weeks and that every time he tried to sneak out of his room his landlady was on his trail. Doggone, he said, she kept sweepin' 'round the do' all de time." So we of the Radio audience saw Andy affected similarly a few nights later.

But once in a while the boys do have a real worry. It was just a short time ago when that now famous March blizzard held Chicago in its icy arms that they almost failed to reach the studio in time to go on the air. Failure would have meant disappointing the nation.

"Charley (Correll) ran a mile and a half part way to our office where we had Tuesday night's episodes while I went on to the studio," Gosden recalls. "Trolleys had stopped; taxicabs, even the fresh air variety, were unable to proceed.

"A coal truck gave him a lift for a few blocks, then a one-lung automobile somehow able to navigate, picked him up. After a few more struggles like this he finally got the script and was able to join me in the studio just four minutes before we went on the air. This is the closest shave we've ever had."

READ NEXT MONTH more details of the actual experiences of Correll and Gosden in Harlem as they met real characters of the vicinity and studied their traits.

See Phil Lord in Role of Explorers' Rival

PHIL LORD, author of rural Radio sketches, seems to be trying to rival Balboa, DeSoto and Champlain in the business of putting places on the map. He was instrumental in focussing the nation's attention on Jonesport, Maine—home of Seth Parker.

When he was commissioned by "The Professionals" to write a continuity for a new program to be broadcast exclusively from Station WTIC, he decided to invent a fictitious scene of action. He and "The Professionals" conceived the name "Pleasant Valley" as the locale for the new series. Imagine their surprise when, after the first chapter of "The Mystery of Pleasant Valley" had been broadcast, they received letters lauding the programs as a splendid asset to the village of Pleasant Valley, Connecticut. . . . And so Phil Lord, who writes the sketches, and the actors who enact the principal roles—all of whom live in New York City—are telling the world about a town they have never seen and previously thought never existed.

Bennett Kilpack and Ed. Dunham, famous NBC staff players, play the leading roles in this feature, dashing up to Hartford each Monday night to spend 30 minutes before the WTIC microphones.



Harold Van Duzee, widely known Radio tenor has been the featured star with Roxy's Gang of a Monday evening program

Listeners Like News as Dramatized at WHBY

DRAMATIZATION of news events brings very close to 100 per cent of all listeners in the locality of WHBY to the Town Crier program, writes Harold Shannon from Green Bay, Wisconsin. The studio orchestra is used for background and interpretation, together with occasional recorded sound effects.

One night, for instance, the weather forecast was for snow. That was announced to the accompaniment of the easily identified Jingle Bells. Button Up Your Overcoat brought on the prediction of colder weather another night. Then comes the Gem Thought for the Day, and Song at Twilight puts that over. Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater made a lad of three years happy on his birthday, while Vacant Chair backed announcement of the death of a prominent Green Bay citizen, and Abide With Me carried out another obituary.

Wedding marches always accompany notices of marriages, and Silver Threads Among the Gold helped celebrate a golden wedding anniversary. A costly fire was described while bells rang and sirens whistled in the background, and a prominent family left for Florida to the noises of a train pulling out.

There is comedy, the day's biggest news breaks and the oddest story—the talking is continuous and the cued music as well. "Your newspaper is on the air" opens the Town Crier program, whose slogan is, "It's easy to read with your ears.

Each item presented is carefully checked for confirmation before being put on the air at 6:10 P. M. (CST).

* * *

The popularity of Rudy Vallee extends even into the canine world, according to a letter received at the NBC. "Rad," a police dog, cannot be coaxed away from the family speaker when the crooner is broadcasting, the dog's owner, Carl P. Lothrop, attorney, reports.

* * *

Phoebe Mackay, who plays the role of Mrs. Watts in Real Folks, weekly NBC program, studied for years to be a dancer. Part of the training included a course in music appreciation, and Miss Mackay claims to have attended more operas and dance recitals than any other woman in Radio.

Blinded Since Birth She Makes Singing Career

A STRONG, sweet voice on the air—the singer is Eleanor Catharine Judd, blinded at the age of two. The piano accompaniment is also hers. Despite no piano training she plays the instrument very acceptably by ear. Miss Judd is a most remarkable personality.

A graduate of George Washington university, she holds two degrees, Bachelor of Arts, and Master of Arts, is fluent in French and German. She is a member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. When seen at the Hotel Wolcott, where she resides, she stressed the fact that she has never attended any schools for the blind. She is an expert typist and all her scholastic papers were presented in typed form. Miss Judd is the protege of Senator Thomas D. Schall, blind senator from Minnesota, and scarcely a day passes that she doesn't write to her close friends. Senator and Mrs. Schall, both of whom are most interested in her, particularly since Miss Judd has lost both parents, and is without any close kin.

She has traveled extensively throughout the Middle West, doing a "single" in vaudeville. Miss Judd hopes to make her permanent home in New York, engagements permitting. Every Friday afternoon she may be heard over Station WHN, gaily singing ballads and popular songs.

Despite her handicap, Miss Judd is a cheerful, optimistic person, effervescing with good humor and amiability.

Guitar Class Is Reward

RADIO has its reward for the Storey Brothers, members of the Beachcombers, popular Hawaiian quartet heard from KSTP each Sunday afternoon. While playing at a luncheon for employees of a large business house in St. Paul, they asked to teach the Hawaiian guitar to a group of the girls who heard the quartet.

That marked the beginning of a class of grils on the guitar which has grown many fold and which keeps them busy during most of the time that they are not on the air.

The Beachcombers include two sets of brothers, Royal and his brother Dave, and the Wendt brothers, Bud and Harley. They play any requests which their listeners send in and write their own arrangements for many of their selections.

Dad Gets Fan Letters Written by Son's Pals

BECAUSE his voice resembles that of his son, Harry De Lasaux of the NBC's San Francisco staff of continuity writers and production assistants is receiving scores of "fan" letters from his son's friends.

De Lasaux Jr. was graduated from the University of California three years ago. During his college days he participated in dramatic and musical activities on the campus, but since his graduation he has engaged in commerce.

Since DeLasaux Sr. has been appearing before the microphone in dramatic presentations his son's college classmates have been sending him innumerable letters, mistaking his voice for that of the younger Harry.

* * *

Dust off the antique gag about a prophet being without honor in his own country and hand it to Gene Byrnes, staff composer and announcer at KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Brynes comes from New York and its major Radio station. He wrote 300 songs in the East, sold many of them, but never had one published. Since coming to KHJ he had turned out another hundred and "Lolita," one of them, is now on the press and others are being recorded. KHJ has introduced dozens of Byrnes' songs, and arrangements of them for orchestra and chorus occupy quite a niche in the station's library.

* * *

An old friend of the Radio audience, John Willis, has joined the staff of WIL, St. Louis. His violin recitals are always popular with the fans.



"Shave" and "Smile" are the names of the Twinplex Twins, heard on Sunday night over the Columbia system. Recognize their pictures? If you do, don't tell a soul, for it's supposed to be a secret.

Spoken Opera Stories

(Continued from page 14)

plays only character parts before the microphone (and those under an assumed name), Helen Rose has moments in which she is as theatrical as a Dusé. She always "plays up to her clothes," she says, and spends great thought on little items of dress that will make her feel glamorous. She does not need to be at the WLW studios until late in the morning. Often she spends the early hours shopping, arriving in a great flurry of excitement and clutching a box tightly to her with a fine gesture of enthusiasm.

Straightaway she dashes into the dressing room and stays for quite some time. When she comes out, her old dress is in the box. She wears the new one she bought that morning. All day long she is full of fire, she dashes off her work, inspires her casts with her fervor —all "playing up to the clothes," she says.

Underneath the dreams of Helen Rose that brought her to Radio and that keeps her there with many more dreams whirling in the back of her mind before they eventually are produced for the enjoyment of the Radio audience—underneath these dreams is an idea that the discerning can point out as a moral for all women who inspire to "get into broadcasting."

Helen Rose dreamed about working at a broadcasting station. But she didn't stop with dreaming. She waited her time, preparing all the time for the work she knew would eventually be needed in Radio. Then when she thought that time had come, she brought her idea, carefully outlined, to the Radio station instead of asking the station to bring an outline to her. Once hired, she has not settled back with her dreams to do only the work that is part of a routine. She makes her dreams open new vistas of promise, build for her new hopes and desires that she can use to create more programs, to widen the scope of her activities.

Dreams, as Montaigne said, may be the "True Interpreters of our Inclinations." Helen Rose has the "Art required to sort and understand them."

Station WJJD, "The Voice of the Child"

WHEN listening to the large number of students who broadcast from Station WJJD, Mooseheart, Illinois, few realize the extensive amount of preparation necessary to prepare these Radio Stars for their daily broadcasts.

The Loyal Order of Moose owns Station WJJD, and has two studios, one at Palmer House, Chicago, and the other at Mooseheart, Illinois. This Station is known as "Voice of the Child."

The new director and announcer at Mooseheart, Miss Lucile Snoor, who comes from South Bend, Indiana, is busy planning interesting and varied programs.

They now have an educational program once a week, for which the recently organized "Mooseheart Trio" plays. The concert band, Philharmonic orchestra, and glee clubs are also heard over the air each week.

Tom Breen to Front

(Continued from page 46)

to him in his present profession. Perhaps the thought that through Radio he could hear the works of the masters, the voices of great artists, and the tuneful melodies of more modern times was one reason for his early interest in the subject. Possessing a fine bass voice of his own, he spent several years in musical training and study, and if, at some time the need for Radio announcers should pass, he might still rely upon his singing voice to supply him with a living.

SOME finger of Fate guided his interests along another line which possibly has done him more good today than all the rest of the other. All his life, Tom Breen has been interested in dramatics and voice culture, and the training he received in public speaking and elocution, and the understanding of drama and dramatic principles, has stood him in good stead as his steps gradually led him to the broadcasting studio and the announcer's mike.

And as for the matter of experiences—about as many experiences as could be crowded into twenty-four years have come to Breen, and left their impress on his character. If the story of his intellectual pursuits leads to the belief that he was some objectionable type of bookworm, the impression is erroneous in the extreme. Tom has wandered over a good part of the United States, Canada, and even Mexico in his travels. A summer spent on a hunting trip in Mexico was probably one of the most exciting episodes of his career. There he spent weeks under the open skies in the Mexican deserts, and once even took part in a thrilling man-hunt, when a band of cattle rustlers were captured, after what might have developed into an open gun fight between the ranchers and the thieves.

But the most exciting of Tom's adventures have taken place in the air. Tom is a licensed amateur airplane pilot, and has a good many hours of flying time to his credit. On one occasion he flew from Chicago to Canada to take part in a broadcast in which Sir Harry Lauder, famous Scotch humorist, was featured—although Breen was not himself at the controls. Occasionally he keeps his hand in at flying by taking a hurried airplane trip from Chicago to his home in Minneapolis, piloting the plane himself during the trip.

This is, next to Radio, Breen's chief hobby. Many of his spare hours are spent in the vicinity of one of Chicago's airports, and his eyes flash with real interest whenever the subject of aviation is mentioned. It must have been a close race between Radio and aviation when Tom finally made his choice of professions, but Tom has never forgotten his love for the air even in his devotion to the studio. For nowhere is there more promise of adventure than in flying, and adventure, both intellectual and physical, seems to be one of the corner-stones of Breen's existence.

There is one thrill, however, that Breen has never experienced—the thrill of marriage. Although Tom himself claims he has never been in love, except for periodic spasms of romantic insanity in his youth, the fairer sex nevertheless seems to have a definite appeal for him, and he is often seen in the company of some more than presentable damsel. But perhaps there are so many girls attracted by his good looks and the glamour of his position that Tom has never had a chance to pick out one from the rest.

But in speaking of the subject of thrills, Tom insists that there has never been a thrill in his life comparable to the one he experienced at WAMD, when he first sent his voice out over the air. "Compared to that," he confides, "everything else seemed tame. I don't know how to describe the emotion—whether it was stage-fright, exultation, or what, but, in looking back I can never imagine where I got the courage to go through with it."

The Battle of The Blues

(Continued from page 27)

pared to leave. The strains of *I Love You Truly* were filling the softly lighted room; I was saying goodbye to my most charming host, when almost unconsciously, as though from force of habit, I blurted out the old shop-worn stock question, "To what do you owe your success?"

"To the greatest advertising medium in the world—the air," he answered.

Somehow, I felt his personality must have had a great deal to do with it.

SPEAKING of personalities, there is nothing wrong with Will Osborne's. I called his hotel at ten in the morning. He had already left—was away rehearsing. During the afternoon and evening he was filling his vaudeville engagements at the R. K. O. house in Yonkers. I planted myself in the grill room of the Park Central Hotel and was waiting for him when he came with his orchestra at ten-thirty. He was still playing, still smiling and still joshing with his boys when I left at two in the morning. How does he do it? I doubt if I could be the sparkling companion that Will Osborne was after sixteen hours of work.

The following quoted from the Rockford, Ill., *Argus* had started me off in search of Osborne and Vallee.

CROONING STARS OF RADIO IN ARGUMENT

Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee Charge Imitations.

A Radio controversy has involved New York's two crooning orchestra leaders, Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

The argument started before the microphone of WEAF, an NBC key station, and WABC, key of CBS, deals with who holds the priority to a particular type of popular music presentation.

The orchestra of each is conducted so that the rhythm is similar. Each also has the type of voice that has led many listeners to mistake one for the other.

The debate started with these words from Rudy: "I and my orchestra intend to go on, and for that reason, to any particular imitator or imitators who may have, in their adoption of our style of Radio broadcasting, taken our place during our absence, I want to express my sincere thanks, in that we will find at the receiving end of our broadcasts all our old friends and many new ones."

Osborne Has Comeback

The next afternoon, Osborne came back with: "I happened to be listening to Rudy Vallee's orchestra on my Radio last night. It now gives me great pleasure to state that our first broadcast was from a cafe in New York three years ago, before the gentleman in question was heard of by me. At that time my orchestra was made up of the same personnel and instrumentation and my voice, which is a part of me and unchangeable, also was functioning in the same manner. I am by no means trying to insinuate that anyone has appropriated an original idea of mine."

Aside from that the available data records Rudy as playing his first programs on the Radio in London in 1926. He began his presentations from a New York station about January, 1928, after completing his schooling at Yale.

Osborne fixes his first broadcast

from WMCA, New York, some time in December, 1926, or January, 1927.

HERE were these two fighting over the question of imitating one another. Leaving out the voice angle, it looked to me as though they were each claiming to be the originator of the slow tempo, which is the *forte* of both orchestras.

When questioned on this point Osborne said that as to Lombardo he was not sure, but as far as Vallee was concerned he (Osborne) had been playing slow time music long before Rudy had ever been heard of.

In 1925 Osborne and his boys, seven at that time, played for five or six weeks at the Club Kentucky, New York. They were mixing their numbers, playing about half "hot stuff" and half slow time, and Will was crooning his choruses. The management kicked on the sluggish music and insisted on it being cut out of the program. Refusal to give up his ideas of rhythm cost Will Osborne many contracts during the next few years. But he was entirely convinced his ideas were right and confident of the outcome.

"The couple of ideas that I wanted to put over at that time," he said, "were to eliminate heavy arrangements, which the public were forced to listen to on every side, and to simplify the presentation of the dance music so that it could be appreciated without any great effort on the part of the listeners.

"To this end, I played only choruses of the popular numbers, and instead of playing one number to a dance, I grouped nine and ten together, and, to make our music more appealing, I did away with the brass section, substituting violins and a string bass in place of the tuba, finally toning down the whole as much as possible without loss of rhythm or melody.

"Every other band in the country was playing wild fox trots, in the most frantic fashion, so, to blend in with what I was trying to present, I slowed down my tempo wherever a number lent itself to such treatment. I will admit it sounded draggy at first since the boys were not used to playing such rhythm, and furthermore the members of my orchestra were not in accord with the idea, and naturally did not give me their full co-operation.

"This new tempo I employed was a great contrast to the style all other bands were using at the time, and consequently many people could not dance to our music, but I stuck to my ideas and refused to 'jazz it up.'

"I had confidence in my work and the way in which I was determined to present it, despite the poor reception it first got, for I felt the need of a change toward something less frantic; more soothing, yet retaining all the essentials of a modern dance orchestra.

"IT WAS hard going for a long time, but I happened on a pianist, Mr. Frank Comiskey, with kindred ideas, whom I immediately engaged, and from then on I was not entirely alone in the battle. Later I was fortunate enough to secure the services of one Paul Dennicker, another pianist, who, since he came with me, has written some of the biggest song hits of the past two years, among them, *S'posin', Perhaps, The World's Greatest Sweetheart* and others.

"It remained for someone else to succeed first with the idea I was working on which, incidentally, was purely coincidence, but showed me that I was not entirely wrong."

It was quite plain that Will Osborne meant Rudy Vallee. Bad blood had existed between them since Rudy had fired Will and his band.

I sensed a good story and plied Osborne with questions.

"It came about this way," said Will. "In the fall I was hired to broadcast 27 programs over WMAC. This was for Morris Lipman, and was my first commercial broadcast.

"After the fourth program I found myself on the street without a job. I had played slow rhythm, and adverse fan mail killed me.

"I then took my band on a tour and finally, after an engagement in Houston, Texas, and another at the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal, I returned to New York in February, 1929, where I was engaged to play dinner dance music at one of the Alice Foote McDougall tearooms.

"RUDY was then playing at the Villa Vallee and filling numerous outside engagements. He was looking for another orchestra to fill the gaps at the club, at the time he came to the tearoom and heard me. He engaged me on the spot.

"I took over the work at the club, but was not allowed to broadcast. On this point Vallee was very insistent. Our voices are almost identical when strained through a mike.

"Rudy was away, and in June, the owner of Villa Vallee arranged for me to broadcast my slow tempo music and crooning choruses.

"It was after the sixth or seventh broadcast that Rudy returned, and his first job was to rip the wires out of the club and cut our salaries."

This sounded serious, so I got in touch with Mr. Appell, who is in charge of all remote control bands for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

He is the man who first put Vallee on the air. He corroborated what Osborne had told me, and added some interesting notes of his own.

"When the Columbia Broadcasting System absorbed WABC," he said, "an investigation was made as to which was the better orchestra. We signed Will Osborne as an exclusive artist and canceled Vallee's contract. His diction is perfect, but the voice is only mediocre."

Back to where we left off; still sitting at the table in the Park Central Grill. Will is reading fan mail between numbers, while I transpose my notes so that there will be no misstatements in my reporting on this red hot controversy.

Will's face lights up in a smile as he reads a letter. He chuckles and puts it in the pocket of his tuxedo.

What's this! I am curious, for all the others have been put aside for the secretary to answer.

"Another proposal?" I ask.

He is reading a pink, scented square of engraved stationery and chooses not to answer me. I am piqued. Boldly I ask him what was in the one he had put in his pocket.

"Well, if you really want to know, read it." He tossed it across the table to me.

It was a letter from Carl Webster, manager of the Yale Dance Orchestras, asking him if he could arrange to play for a big house party on May the second and third.

I did not get the full portent of this request until Will told me that Yale is Rudy's Alma Mater. By the way, Will is an alumnus of St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

NOW for Rudy. I telephone for an appointment and explain my mission. His manager is not sure whether he cares to give that kind of an interview, however, they will let me know. I wait two days and there is no call. Once more I try, with the same result. As time grows short and my assignment is due I turn to his newly published book. Here I can talk to Rudy as if in person, for he swears to have written every word of it himself.

I find many things to contradict Osborne, with due credit for slow tempo to Lombardo. I interview the book, and in answer to my question: "Did you originate the slow rhythm music and crooning choruses, Mr. Vallee?" I find his rather frank answer on page 252:

"Our sudden rise was the cue for other small and comparatively unknown broadcasting orchestra leaders *who had been broadcasting for years, possibly even before we had gone on the air, to drop their own style* and to study our presentation over the air in the hopes of discovering *just what that something was* which had won over our Radio audiences. In fact, several of these leaders were frank enough to write or visit me and ask me to show them just how we broadcast and thereby aid them in achieving success. They were honest enough to admit that they too hoped that their adoption of our style would result in as great a popularity for them.

"But July and August, just preceding our trip to the Coast, this adoption of our particular style had become a fact according to the thousands of letters which reached me from listeners-in, in which they all asked me if I was aware of this adoption. Many asked me if I was going to do something about it. Some showed me copies of letters, very denunciatory in tone, which they had sent to the Radio stations asking them why they permitted such an obvious imitation.

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answers to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who is the brains of the famous Lavender Network?

2. What artistic gift other than singing does Olive Palmer possess?

3. Numerology and astrology are of particular interest to a well known orchestra leader. Who is he?

4. What is Caroline Andrews' artistic and theatrical inheritance?

5. Who first hit upon the idea of syncopated classical music?

6. In what sport has "Dobbsie," sometimes known as Hugh Barret Dobbs, won at least one trophy?

7. Who is regarded as the leading banjo virtuoso of the world?

8. Wilfred Glenn came very, very near to becoming something quite different from a singer. What was it?

9. Who is the creator of "The Gossipers"?

10. What station is known as the "Italian Station?"

* * *

Answers to questions in April issue: 1. Vaughn De Leath. 2. Milton J. Cross. 3. Marjorie Oelrichs. 4. Don Becker. 5. Johanna Grosse. 6. George D. Hay. 7. Paul McCluer. 8. William Brenton. 9. Cooking. 10. Motion picture. 11. Maj. J. Andrew White. 12. Elsa Gray.

"BUT realizing that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and realizing that there was room enough for all of us, I said nothing, and in fact was pleased at the vogue we had apparently created. Then as these unhappy letters from those who missed us reached me, I felt consoled in the thought that in a way those orchestras back East that had admittedly attempted to present a program over the air in the simple style that had brought us such a wonderful reward, these orchestras helped make our absence less keenly felt.

"Therefore, on my return from the Coast I made the following statement:

"'And . . . to any particular imitator or imitators who may have, *in their adoption of our style of Radio broadcasting,* taken our place during our absence, I want to express my sincere thanks and I hope we will find at the receiving end of our broadcast all our old friends and many new ones.' The next day I was accused of all sorts of statements.

"But in the first place I was extremely sincere in what I said and made no references to singing or to any particular act of mine but referred to a *particular style of Radio broadcast.* I had never claimed to be the originator of the crooning style of singing; people have been crooning songs for years, possibly long before I was born. At least, ten years ago I used to listen with delight to the crooning records of Charles Kaley, Al Bernard, and Marion Harris, and I am very frank to say that I have patterned my style of singing after them. Nor was I the first to play certain fox trots very slowly, as Guy Lombardo and his orchestra were playing numbers in a very slow tempo several years before we organized our group of eight. He was forced to do it by the size of the small cafe in which he played, which made fast dancing impossible. I had never heard his band when we organized, but the first tune we played very slowly was the first tune I sang at the Heigh-Ho, namely *Rain.*"

SO MUCH for that. Now to find out about Will Osborne. "Will you please tell me, Rudy, about your association with the Osborne band?" Quoting from pages 134, 5, 6 and 7 and pages 140 and 141:

"I had tea dances at the Lombardy Hotel from four until six-thirty daily, including Sunday, and the dinner session at the Villa Vallee from 7:30 until 9:30. Obviously, our vaudeville made it impossible for my boys and me to play the *full* tea dance or the dinner session at the Villa Vallee, so at the Lombardy I formed an orchestra composed of six boys, which I called the Gondoliers, and which I had trained to play in practically the same style in which the Connecticut Yankees played. Over the air they sounded practically the same, as I had very excellent men who had substituted for some of my boys at one time or another and who knew our style.

"Although I could not be present for the entire tea dance at the Lombardy or the dinner session at the Villa, yet by driving fast in an automobile from one engagement to the other, it was possible for me to put in an appearance varying from a half-hour to an hour at both; but I was forced to engage another band for the dinner session at the Villa Vallee.

"While we were playing Keith's Palace, a young man named Will Osborne met me at the stage door and asked me if I would listen to a little orchestra in which he was the drummer and leader, and which was playing at an Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee House. He had been using only one violin, but had recently added a second violinist who, incidentally, had at one time played for me in a band which I presented at Lake Placid. I realized that this new addition to his band would give it the same violin quality of tone that has made our orchestra distinctive on the air, and so I made it a point to listen to his orchestra and then suggested their engagement to the owner of the Villa Vallee, whose word was final in such matters. He was satisfied with their work and agreed to engage them to play during the dinner session.

Later on we even permitted this orchestra to broadcast during the dinner session, for the same jewelry concern for which my boys and I had previously broadcast for more than a year. . . .

"It was necessary for me to show this orchestra how to play after my own style, because I have a peculiar style of singing *against the beat* which is very natural to me, but which would throw the average band off if they were not instructed to hold the tempo, regardless of what liberties I took with the melody. Of course I also had to initiate the band into the way I played choruses in sections, how we changed from one chorus to another, the tempos themselves, and the signals that I flashed out to them with my right hand when I was not using it to play the saxophone. . . .

"THE VILLA VALLEE remained open all summer, as it was air-cooled just like the interior of the theatre, and was extremely comfortable to play in. Osborne had played the dinner session over a period of four months, but when I left to go to the Coast, the owner of the Villa Vallee made other arrangements and engaged Emil Coleman and his orchestra, which is very popular with New York society."

Seems to be some difference of opinion there.

"You are spoken of as a very high-priced leader, Mr. Vallee."

On page 111 we find this statement:

"I hope I have now shown that we were not an overnight sensation, but that our popularity was the result of a steady hammering through the microphone, comparable to the steady attack made by Grant at Richmond. And now our Radio career has reached a new peak with our wonderful contract to play for the Fleischmann Yeast Company one hour a week for fifty-two weeks at several thousand dollars per hour."

And on 133 this:

"The National Broadcasting Company secured my Paramount contract at double the figure that I had hoped for. Four thousand dollars a week for eight men even for a few weeks was unheard of, but when we did twenty weeks and Paramount announced its intention of exercising its year's option, the 'I-told-you-sos' in the theatrical world who had predicted only ten weeks for us with Publix theatres were completely flabbergasted." ("Several" in speaking of thousands of dollars, sounds rather vague.)

"Did you enjoy the making of a big movie feature film, Rudy?" And page 155:

"It was not intended to be elaborate, but a simple and logical entrance for me into the movies. In my second picture I hope to show that I am capable of the things that have come to be expected of motion picture stars."

AND now for the old stock question again: "To what do you attribute your success?" Rudy is not the shrinking violet in his answer. On page 85:

"Of course I am not forgetting that our success is due in a great measure to the efforts of the seven boys who began with me and who are still with me. They have contributed greatly in the beauty of their tone and rhythm to the attractiveness of our programs and presentations. And we were later on extremely fortunate in having as my manager Edwin Scheuing, a young man whose coolness and level-headed business ability has secured for me all these present wonderful engagements at almost unheard of salaries. I am sure that no one could have 'sold' us better than he. It is an undeniable fact, however, that a general is credited with the victory, and perhaps rightly so, in the case where the factors and strategies which were first born in his mind, and later carried out on the field by the men, brought the desired victory . . .

"I believe I can honestly and rightly feel a personal pride and satisfaction in our success since I also, like Whiteman, had carried in my head for several years an idea for the presentation of dance music with song which first found expression through my little group of eight men in January, 1928."

And so endeth the Battle of the Blues and I'm afraid I know no more than I did before. Do you?

The Spice of Life

(Continued from page 51)

make the sort of thrill that constitutes camera food. Then they put five or six cameras on duty, bearing on the place where the car was to jump, so that no movement it might make would be lost.

Much speculation was voiced among the picture makers as to what the car would do, whether it would dip its nose at the edge of the bluff, carried downward at once by the weight of its engine; whether it would jump out from the edge, carried far by momentum; whether it would turn over and over, or fly, as it were, on a flat keel and in a graceful curve to its destination. Nobody knew what it would do. Breck himself was wont to calculate on as many of the factors in any of his undertakings as he could foresee, but more often than not, he foresaw only part of them. He had learned a trick of looking wise and saying nothing, however. And he got away with so many things that he was credited with a sort of clairvoyance in the matter of contingencies.

ON THIS occasion he drove the car at some forty miles an hour, from a start of a thousand yards back on the bluff. His earlier companion in crime had been replaced in the car by a dummy. In the earlier scenes it had been represented that Breck and his pal had come to a quarrel about the money in the car and each had tried to wrest the suit case from the other. When the dummy was put into the scenes, it was arranged so that dummy and Breck each had a hand on the bag, each trying to drag it away from the other—which was the cause of the drive's forgetting to turn the curve in the road at the head of the bluff and of his running through the fence and over the edge.

The bluff selected was some sixty feet high. The water below was more than forty feet deep. Breck himself anticipated the jump with just that nice balance between uncertainty and confidence of comfortable outcome that made up his juiciest experiences. There was a thrill in it for spectators. For what the car did was to run along that prepared road, at a pace that would have made it impossible for her driver to turn, burst through the fence, flinging a sparkle of yellow and white pickets like a sunburst into the air, and jump out over the water, a full seventy feet, on an even balance, and then drop through

the long arc of a tremendous curve down to strike on all four wheels on the water. She went under, carrying her man with her.

It had been Breck's intention to jump from the car while it was in the air after leaving the bluff's edge. But when he stood up and tried, he found that it could not be done. His momentum being the same as the car's he found himself tied to the machine by natural forces over which he had no control. And so he stuck to his wheel, hanging on with both hands and thinking that maybe his time had come.

When the car struck the water, however, he suddenly found himself released. And he came to the surface, without an injury on his body, except a skinned knee where he had struck it against a projecting bolt. His reputation was much enhanced, and his confidence in himself and his star of luck enlarged. And his appetite for thrills was whetted more keen than ever.

Indeed, the things he had been getting thrills out of began to pall a little. He began to look askance now at anything that had a mere motor car accident in it. Twenty and thirty-foot falls from balconies to hardwood floors were insignificant trifles. Climbs up the sides of buildings with no nets below him occupied his attention for a time. But he was surehanded and surefooted and undizzied. So that ceased to be fun.

MEANWHILE Louise took care of mother. That meant a good deal more than it sounded like when Louise told about it. It seemed mother had something the matter with her that the doctors said might cause her to die before long. Breck was not enough interested to ask the name of it. He was not much interested when Louise said she would have to be with mother a good deal, and began to be as good as her word. Instead of repining, Breck went off up to Frisco and got a job jumping from a railway engine into a motorcar, while both were running somewhere near the sixty-mile mark. There was a mild recreation in that. It made him feel better for a week. And Louise took up her abode with mother.

Somebody had to take care of mother. And Louise had given up any expectation that it would be anybody else than Louise. Her appeals to her husband rarely roused him even to reply. She did not in the least understand him; but she began to be so afraid of that strange, lack-luster look that he would turn upon her when she spoke of mere everyday life affairs like food and clothes and money and hospitals for mothers, that she had stopped talking of them. Money he would sometimes give her. He would shove it over the table at her after he had enjoyed a dinner at home. And she had so far made it do. She hoarded it.

Then one day Breck just disappeared from her horizon entirely. She had been with mother during his Frisco trip, and had seen him once since he came home. But one night she went to the apartment where they had been living and found a "For Rent" sign on the door. Inquiry of the landlord, who lived downstairs, elicited the information that Breck had paid the rent and given up the place, and that he had gone away without leaving an address.

Of course, Louise was angry, and outraged, and despairing. She was human. But she thought about mother. She went back to the older woman without the faintest notion of what she was going to do, whether stand by the sick mother of her recreant husband or leave her to charity and look out for herself. She herself needed looking out for, because she had nothing much that a husband should have given her, in the way of clothes and things that even a wife needs. But mother was worse off. She needed all the same things Louise did, and many besides. She needed extra things to eat and extra care and medicines and doctors and fresh bed linen and things like that. And she was so helpless! So Louise asked around if anybody knew where she could get something to do. And she took what she could get, which was just what that sort of work always is. And Louise began to do it. She was a young and pretty brown eyed girl, but she was a nice girl. And nice girls don't find it simple to live, particularly when they don't find it simple to run away from sickly old women who haven't anybody else to take care of them.

OF COURSE, Louise knew that it wasn't her duty to take care of Mrs. Breck. And she knew that probably she wouldn't be able to keep this up. And she knew she was a fool to do it at all, but she got down on her knees over a wet floor rag and scrubbed another woman's bathroom floor with it. And she wielded a hot flatiron in another woman's hot kitchen. And she waited on a counter in a cafeteria noons. And she painted fish bait at home for a man who manufactured it. And she did sewing and mending for some workmen who lived in Mrs. Breck's block. And she finally began to take what small washings she could get for these same men and do it nights when her regular work was done. And she began to become a woman before she had ceased being a girl. And her hands grew rough and sodden with water. And her brown eyes were not so bright. But she didn't feel like running away from mother.

Breck, she heard at last, was in New York, where he had finally got into first page publicity by dropping nonchalantly from one airplane to another somewhere up in the sky above Manhattan, but within reach of cameras, as usual. The account was in Los Angeles papers, and it said that Breck was one of the most daring individuals known to modern times. Brave, it said. And Louise laid the paper away and went back to her scrubbing. She wrote a letter and sent it in care of the company the papers said had hired Breck in New York. But no answer came. So she went on taking in the little washings and mendings. A man wanted to marry her. She told him she was married. And went on taking care of mother.

Mother didn't get any better—nor any worse. She just remained helpless, and peevish. She found fault with Louise, and blamed Louise for everything she could blame her for, and for everything else. She demanded more things. Sometimes it seemed to Louise that she couldn't endure it; but when she thought of rebelling, she wondered who was going to endure it in her place. Perhaps Mrs. Breck didn't deserve such devotion, but she would be a pitiable figure without it. Louise could see that altogether too plainly to run away from her.

Time went by—and then more time. The thing became a habit no more comfortable for that, only a little less noticeable. Of course, Louise wrote more letters to New York—and then she read a rumor that Breck had gone to Italy with a picture company. She stopped writing. But she kept on working for mother, early and late, morning after morning, night after night, while the dry season melted into the rainy one, and the rains dried out dry again; when she had to tack mosquito netting into the windows in order to let the invalid get a little sleep, and when she had to lug coal by the basket from the yards in order to get the invalid warm enough to sleep.

AND then suddenly, one day, mother was worse. She was far worse. Louise had to stop the work she was doing and stay at the bedside. There was no money coming in for several days while mother seemed to be dying. And then, all at once, in the paper appeared a statement with a picture of him, that Breck was back in Los Angeles and working for the Megatherium Film company, who were about to make a thrilling spectacle involving a runaway train down a mountainside, in which Breck was to be on board the train. The story had to do with a man on a mountain top who wanted to take a message to the town in the valley below before some crooks, who were plotting against it, could get there; so he chose to run down the slope in a string of gravel cars. They were going to use a string—not because he needed more than one to ride on, but because it would look better in the picture, though the paper did not say so.

Louise wrote him a letter in care of the new company. Then she continued to stay beside his mother. She was dying, Breck's mother was—Louise said so in her letter. And that was nearly all she said. But Breck did not come the next day nor the next. Nor the next. Nor the next. And money was out, in the little house where Louise waited.

So one night she went out and stood on the corner of the avenue nearest the street they lived in, and begged. She put her apron over her head and covered her face as well as she could, as if she was afraid somebody might recognize her. But nobody did. She got thirty-two cents, in about an hour and a half; and then a policeman asked her sharply who and what she was and she ran away fast enough to escape him.

The money was no use, so far as mother was concerned, however, about 4 o'clock the next morning she died. After the doctor had taken charge, and Louise had been out and sold everything she owned, in one way or another, except the clothes she had on, to pay what was necessary for any sort of burial at all, she happened to see the paper. Breck had done something that was first page stuff this time, obviously. It was all over the first page—because the string of cars on which he had come down the mountainside the day before had run away in earnest, and had hit a curve where the track couldn't hold it and had jumped into a chasm where even steel gondolas couldn't be expected to jump unscathed. And Breck had been holding on to some cleats bolted into the bottom of a steel gondola. He had calculated that he would be safe so, calculating on as many factors as he could foresee. Only he hadn't foreseen the chasm.

And the paper said that a letter had been found in his room at the hotel, which said that his mother was very ill—dying, that money was needed very much and that Breck had faced the last great risk of his life with the necessity of earning money for his mother before him, and the necessity of doing it while she was dying, with a smile on his face and a glint of high courage in his eyes—all for the entertainment of the fans of ten thousand theatres, who would see and never know the heartbreak and sor-

(Continued on page 104)

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 102 and 103 of this Issue

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
KDB...Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW..... Burbank, Calif.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK.... Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO..... Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI..... Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR..... Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
KFKB..... Milford, Kans.
KFKU..... Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX..... Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.
KFLX..... Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF..... Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
KFPW.Wiloan Springs, Ark.
KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD....Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW..... Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC..San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU..... Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM.Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI..San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM..... Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF..... Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY..... Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO..... Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
KGAR..... Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ..... York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCN.....Concordia, Kan.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wolf Point Mont.
KGDA....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE...Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ..... Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF..... Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC..San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF..... Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF..... Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL..... Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR..... Butte, Mont.
KGIW..... Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB..... Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX....Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.
KGU..... Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW..... Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ..... Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO..... Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR..... Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX..... Oakland, Calif.
KLZ..... Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR..... Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA..... Denver, Colo.
KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.
KOB....State College, N. M.
KOCW..... Chickasha, Okla.
KOH..... Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
KOL..... Seattle, Wash.
KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.
KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.
KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ..... Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC..... Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF.. Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.
KREG....Santa Anna, Calif.
KRGV..... Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD..... Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI..... Pocatello, Idaho
KSL....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR..... Portland, Ore.
KTBS..... Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT..... Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL..... Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA..... Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT..... Austin, Tex.
KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.
KVL..... Seattle, Wash.
KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS.... Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG..... Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ..... Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH..... Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC..... Pullman, Wash.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA..... Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO..... Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW..... Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF..... Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW..... Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI..... Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WADC..... Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU..... Columbus, Ohio.
WAPI..... Birmingham, Ala.
WASH..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA.West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL..... Richmond, Va.
WBBM..... Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY.....Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS....Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC.... Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO..... Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA..... Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC..... Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH..... Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ..... Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL..... Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO..... Baltimore, Md.
WCAP...Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX..... Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA..... Allentown, Pa.
WCBD..... Zion, Ill.
WCBM..... Baltimore, Md.
WCBS..... Springfield, Ill.
WCCO... Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL..... Chicago, Ill.
WCGU..Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY..... Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO..... Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS..... Joliet, Ill.
WCMA..... Culver, Ind.
WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC..... Meridan, Miss.
WCOD..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.
WCSH..... Portland, Me.
WCSO..... Springfield, Ohio
WDAE..... Tampa, Fla.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG..... Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ..... Roanoke, Va.
WDBO..... Orlando, Fla.
WDEL.... Wilmington, Del.
WDGY... Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD.. Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ..... Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
WEAO..... Columbus, O.
WEAR.. ....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC..... Duluth, Minn.
WEBE..... Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW..... Beloit, Wis.
WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI..... Boston, Mass.
WEHS..... Evanston, Ill.
WELK.... Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR..... Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA..... Dallas, Tex.
WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE..... Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ.... Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM.... Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR..... Baltimore, Md.
WFDF..... Flint, Mich.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB..... Altoona, Pa.
WFI..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW.... Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC..... Akron, O.
WFKD.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA..... Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF..... Evansville, Ind.
WGBI..... Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM..... Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES..... Chicago, Ill.
WGH....Newport News, Va.
WGHP..... Detroit, Mich.
WGL..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
WGN..... Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST..... Atlanta, Ga.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA..... Madison, Wis.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.... Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ..... Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU..... Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY...West DePere, Wis.
WHDF..... Calumet, Mich.
WHDH.....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI... Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC..... Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK..... Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP.Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS..... Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA..... Madison, Wis.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM..... Jackson, Mich.
WIBO..... Chicago, Ill.
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU..... Poynette, Wis.
WIBW..... Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL..... Urbana, Ill.
WILM..... Wilmington, Del.
WINR.....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC..... Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG..... Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
WJAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX..... Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY..... Cleveland, O.
WJAZ..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL..... Decatur, Ill.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
WJBT..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBU..... Lewisburgh, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD..... Chicago, Ill.
WJKS..... Gary, Ind.
WJR..... Detroit, Mich.
WJSV.....Washington, D. C.
WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio.
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ.San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB..... Joliet, Ill.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.....Webster, Mass.
WKBF..... Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN..... Youngstown, O.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP..Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV.... Connersville, Ind.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC..... Cincinnati, O.
WKY..Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC..... Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF...Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL...Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ..... Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX..... Lexington, Mass.
WLEY..... Lexington, Mass.
WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE..... Boston, Mass.
WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF.S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ..... Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC..... Detroit, Mich.
WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.
WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ..... Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH..New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR..... Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN.Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI..... Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT..... Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR..... Newark, N. J.
WORC.... Worcester, Mass.
WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV..... New York City
WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
WPSW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.

WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
WRBJ....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY..... New York City
WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....So. Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
WSPA....Spartonburg, S. C.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN..St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.... Worcester, Mass.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
WTAW.College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.

WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 349.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.

CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.

CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Official Wave Lengths

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Anna, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.8	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-KTSM	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Grfeat Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska.
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatche, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernadino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJRU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
253	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		20,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
255.5	1,170	5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
		10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Tex.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
		5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		1,000	WKAR	East Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WKEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
293.9	1,020	50,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WRAX	Philadelphia
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.

For JUNE

Trail the Two Gunmen *in* —

WILL PAYNE'S

The ***Hunters***

SCARFACE himself gave them their orders out at Grogan's in Cicero. Detective Bodet had been sent to Florida to wait in hiding until the trial. He was the star witness, so the Big Shots decreed his doom.

"Now youse two go on down to Florida where I tell yez, and bump this guy off. Blot him out clean before he can open his trap — yunnerstand?"

"Yeah. What's the kick-in?"

"Four grand for the job, kid, and that's a plenty."

And so the two of them went straight to the Bockaganza Hotel, where Bodet imagined himself secure.

Will Payne gives you a thrilling tale of a pair of hunters being hunted in the Florida swamps. It is a thrilling short story.

Read it in the June Radio Digest

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS,	Chicago, Ill.
348.8	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		5,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Cleaawater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

The Spice of Life

(Continued from page 99)

row and final tragedy that were back of the picture. The paper said it was one of the bravest things that had ever been done in the cause of pictures, and even a braver thing in the cause of human affection. A brave son going to his death to earn money to bring succor to a dying mother!

LOUISE wondered at first why nobody from the studio or the newspapers had been here to the home of Breck's mother. Then she read that there was no address on the letter and that no inquiry during the evening and night had served to discover the mother's whereabouts. So she went in and watched while the undertaker carried the body of Breck's mother away to his place. Then she went and telephoned to the newspaper, telling them that address, then went back to the house where she had stayed with mother and got the newspaper. It was about the only thing she owned in the place.

As she went out on the steps, thinking she would better go now, somewhere, she paused to look again at the first page. She found the place where it spoke about Breck's mother. Under this was a statement to this effect:

> "It is not known whether Breck had a wife living. He was married some years ago, but his wife is believed to have left him. He never spoke of her, and it is supposed to have been one of the griefs he carried silently with him while he was dazzling the world with his marvelous feats of courage. How little the gaping world knows of the griefs, or the struggles, or the high qualities of those who feed its insatiable appetite for sensation!"

That last phrase paused before Louise Breck's inner gaze. Appetite for sensation! Abruptly she seemed to understand something she hadn't understood before.

Suddenly she laughed. She laughed aloud and harshly. And laughed again —and choked. And a neighbor, who had been with her half an hour before by mother's bedside, came up the steps and confronted her amazed. She didn't notice the choke.

"Well!" she said. "You don't act like you cared much! I sort o' thought you had more feelin's!"

But Louise paid no attention to her. She just walked down the steps and went away—somewhere.

Reporters of the Air

(Continued from page 21)

to the key station of the chain for a certain number of hours on a specified date. If the event is local then the local telephone company handles the work. Otherwise the long distance facilities, as well as local, come into play.

The air reporters are given the assignment as far in advance as possible. This permits them to do research work and make copious mental and penciled notes of data that has a direct bearing on the broadcast. This data may be historical or personal in character. If you think all those boys have to do is hop a Pullman, play bridge or indulge in some other form of innocent amusement until their destination is reached, jump in a taxi and ride to where their mike is set up, describe the event and then go home ——, well, let me disillusion you now.

The research work for any reportorial broadcast demands a great deal of time and thought on the part of the men getting such assignments. Delays are always cropping up and these gaps must be filled with interesting chatter. No reporter can find enough descriptive material on location with which to hold his unseen audience for thirty, forty, fifty minutes—yes, and sometimes delays carry over the hour mark. For this reason he fortifies himself with all sorts of information pertinent to the broadcast.

His pockets are filled with memorandums of this information dug out of old newspaper files, gleaned from associates, from books and from all sorts of possible sources. To speak on any subject intelligently a speaker must know his subject. The audience before a platform is selective while the air reporter's is not.

This means that he must be a veritable mine of information decidedly general in its appeal. You can take it from one who has watched these men work that, when they face the mike, their cup of knowledge on the subject at hand is filled to overflowing. They are fortified, yes, indeedy!

IF THE broadcast is in any way unusual, as in the case of an inaugural, a rehearsal is held the day before the actual happening. No principals are present, as they are for the rehearsal of a church wedding—only the air reporter and the Radio engineers. The lines are tested. Intercommunication plans are worked out.

"Hello, Phil," says Bill Lynch, speaking from his plane, to Phillips Carlin, stationed in the Washington Monument. "How's the weather down there?"

"Not so good, Bill," replies Phil. "If the wind blows like this tomorrow it'll blow my voice right out over the Potomac. It never will reach the mike. I can hear you fine. Say, how's the view from up there?"

"Great! Say, this bird is some pilot. Well, so long, Phil. We're headed toward the White House. I'll try getting in touch with Mac, now."

"You lucky stiff!" is Carlin's personal comment into the microphone as he watches the plane carry his flying associate in the direction of the house from which the Coolidges are moving on the morrow. It's just a part of the rehearsal, held on March 3, 1929.

After the rehearsal there's nothing to do but get together and talk things over. Which means that each reporter must know the method of attack of his staff companions in order that he may make his description as varied in word coloring as possible.

And when you hear the boys delivering their line of chatter it all sounds so easy and simple, doesn't it? Yet very few announcers make good at reportorial broadcasting. The man on the air has no copy-desk writer to re-edit his story. It must be edited as spoken. It's only a matter of seconds between an actual happening and the "going to press" of air news.

MOST Radio reporting is paid for by the broadcaster. There are, however, a few advertisers who realize the value of this medium as an attention getter. These men use sports events as the background for bringing the public a word or two about their wares, so if you enjoy the blow-by-blow descriptions of local boxing contests don't begrudge the advertiser the short minute between rounds which he uses for his commercial announcements.

Oh, yes, there's another little detail which doesn't help make the air reporter's life any bed of roses. It's the matter of showing partiality—taking sides. The Federal Radio commission is pretty strict about eliminating this from all descriptions of sports events. In the old days an announcer could root for his favorite to his heart's content. But now, after perhaps betting a sawbuck on his choice to win, the announcer must stick to his knitting and keep his personal feelings to himself! It's not so easy to refrain from expressing exhilaration or dejection under circumstances like that.

Ted Husing, the star reporter for CBS, has a pet story of a certain announcer's description of a football game played several years ago between Pittsburgh and Penn State. It's worth telling.

With just a minute and a half to go Pittsburgh was on the short end of a 13-6 score. The announcer at the mike was pulling for Pittsburgh to come through with a touchdown and the extra point in order to tie. His one hope seemed to rest on the shoulders of a Pitt backfield player.

"They're lining up on the twenty-two yard line. It's Pitt's ball. Third down and eight to go. Here's the play. The ball is snapped to Dud—he's coming around right end—he's away! No, they've nailed him but he made nine yards for a first down. Good old Dud! I knew you could do it! No, it's ten yards! Come on, Dud! There's the huddle—now they're lining up again—the time is short and they're working fast. There goes the ball. It's Dud's ball! Come on, Dud! Right through tackle! He's still going. Come on—come on, Dud! Ten—no, eight yards. Only four yards from a touchdown! Good old Dud. He'll make it this time if they'll only give him the ball to carry. Good old Dud'll take it over. The huddle again. They're lining up. The play—it's a cross-buck—no—a forward pass—no—the ball is snapped. Oh, it's going to Dud again—good old Dud! Oh, hell, the damn fool dropped the ball!"

THOSE days are over. Never again will we hear an announcer yelling encouragement to any more "good old Duds."

While speaking of Husing it might interest you to know what particular sport interests him the most. Oddly enough, it is a sport which he has never broadcast—professional bicycle sprint races! During the summer Ted is usually found hanging around the Velodrome tracks on his nights off.

McNamee's favorite sport? That's another laugh, too. For several years Mac played hockey, yet he has never broadcast the description of a hockey contest. And he says he really would enjoy doing it. Won't some kind hearted promoter fix it so that Mac can give us a blow-by-blow description of the puck in action—just once?

A while ago a local station in upper New York state wanted to hire McNamee to give a local air report of a basket ball game. Now, it so happened that here was one game Mac knew nothing about.

"Where I came from it was always considered a girls' game more than a real sport," Graham told the agent who brought him the offer. "Wire them I can't do it for less than twice the sum they say they can pay. That'll stall them off. There's no use telling them I don't know anything about the game."

The agent wired Mac's price. And Mac's terms were accepted! He was forced to accept the assignment so he bought a book of rules and another book describing the game. These he studied while on the train. Arriving in the upstate city he confessed to his hosts that he was up against an unfamiliar sport. They agreed to give him the assistance of two advisers, one each from the opposing factions, and fortified with these

helpers Mac went to it. His job was so well done that he was hired to broadcast several more games! And I might add that Mac has discovered that basket ball is no ring-around-the rosy. It's a sure enough sport.

AT ONE time Husing accepted an invitation to be the guest of an announcer, who was to report a parade for a local station, during the broadcast. The announcer in question is considered one of the best reportorial workers in his section of the country and Ted was curious to watch him work. Everything went along swimmingly until some decorated floats went past the reviewing stand. Then the announcer turned from the mike and whispered, "What color would you call that float, Ted?" In a low tone Husing described the float and the man at the mike relayed the description to the Radio listeners. A moment or so later the same thing happened again. Before the broadcast was over Husing discovered that the man at the mike was color blind!

During the past world series Husing caught a very bad cold. But, as you remember, he stuck it out and finished the assignment in his always reliable way. Many of you may recall that on one day in particular his voice was almost unrecognizable. One of the heads of the Columbia Broadcasting system, who is so partial to that chain that he never listens to a rival broadcast, happened to tune in on the game. So positive was he that the voice he heard was not Husing's that he asked another official how it happened that Graham McNamee was on the Columbia chain!

With all the rivalry that exists between the two big chain systems there is, between the reporters of the air, a certain sympathetic bond which makes for comradeship. Rivals these men may be but enemies, never. When Husing inaugurated his series of weekly sports talks he invited McNamee to participate as guest speaker on the first of these thirty-minute periods. And, had it been within his power to do so Mac's voice would have been heard over the CBS hookup. But Mac was scheduled to make a public appearance in a distant city that same night and had to send a letter of regret, which Husing read to his air audience.

THERE is another type of reporter who is coming into much favor—the man who gives a resumé of market conditions and the daily stock reports at the microphone. I have heard many of these reporters in action and the man whose work stands head and shoulders above all others is Vincent O'Shea. Mr. O'Shea takes the air for two half-hour periods daily over station WMCA. He is employed by the New York Evening World as special writer for the financial page and broadcasts from the office of that paper.

At 12:15 he writes a short description of the morning trading, takes the galley proofs of the 12 o'clock prices and, at 12:30, is on the air. It takes him about two minutes to read his written resumé. Then, for twenty-eight minutes, he races, with every word clean-cut and distinct, through the list of stocks on the big board, the Curb and the Produce exchange. At 4 o'clock he gives the closing prices and a short talk on the trading activities of the day.

When Mr. O'Shea tackled the job he found, in the face of many requests for Produce exchange quotations, that he did not have time to include them. The produce list is short, but even so it meant the stretching of his time at least three minutes to include it. So he hunted around until he found a way to make his thirty minutes three minutes longer without running over the half hour! Sounds rather impossible, but he accomplished the feat by eliminating the word "and" between the whole numbers and the fractions. Instead of saying "Standard Brands, thirty and a quarter," he now says, "Standard Brands, thirty a quarter." When the word "and" was dropped something like seven to nine hundred times in a half hour it gave him the desired three minutes in which to read the Produce exchange list.

DURING the month of February a new type of air reporter was introduced to the Radio audience of this country — the foreign correspondent. With the disarmament conference in London the chain systems called on the services of two trained newspaper men, William Hard for NBC, and William Frederic Wile for CBS, brought us for several days their reports of progress. They also introduced as guest speakers the leading political and diplomatic lights of the five powers represented at the conference. The results were astounding from two angles—the exceptionally clear transmission and the awakening of a news consciousness in the minds of the broadcaster.

Slowly but surely Radio is going, no, not native, but newspaper. By that I mean the elements which go into the makeup of our daily and weekly press are cropping out as the real backbone of broadcasting. And a sturdy backbone it is.

In a brief survey of regular scheduled programs, similar in character to special newspaper articles, we have the children's, farm and home, household, fashions, bridge, national, psychological, lecture, editorial, forum, political, language and columnist features. Yes, and some of the smaller stations have a poets' corner.

The bedtime story hour has sort of grown up. Not that the appeal is now to children of a different age, but it has become, and everyone is grateful for it, a bit more sincere in its educational aspect.

The Sunday Morning Children's hour, conducted by Milton J. Cross for NBC, is a joyous occasion. Milt has surrounded himself with children who are musically inclined and who are happy to find an outlet for their talents at the mike. This program is, indeed, a "children's hour."

HERE is a little yarn Milt tells on himself. He hadn't been in Radio very long at the time this happened but the set phrase used by announcers in identifying themselves when signing off had impressed itself firmly in his mind. One night he was very tired and after hurrying through his prayers before turning in he caught himself finishing up with, "Dear Lord, this is Milton J. Cross announcing. Amen,"

Another novel program for children is put on daily, except Sunday, over WOR. This half hour will be heard soon on the Radio Quality group, a chain hookup, taking in WLW and WMAQ with WOR as key station. It is called "Uncle Don's Club" and is conducted by Don Carney with just enough parliamentary routine to give the feature a delightfully dignified tone. The act has been running for about a year and a half and, while everyone knew Uncle Don had a heavy following, this was not fully appreciated until the program went commercial for a day a few weeks ago. The advertiser, using Uncle Don as spokesman, promised to send samples of his product to all who wrote in for them. The first day's mail brought fifteen thousand requests. This from one half hour, over a local station on a children's hour! Oh, well, people said Henry Ford was crazy, too.

Governmental departments, other than the weather bureau, are discovering an outlet for instructive information. Dr. Julius Klein, secretary of commerce, speaks for fifteen minutes each week over CBS on world's business. The National Farm and Home hour over NBC brings the department of agriculture into close tri-weekly touch with the public via the mike. Heads of various bureaus give five-minute talks on the crop markets, with suggestions and discussions pertinent to the subject of farm relief. This program stresses the functioning prowess of the department in its relation to the farmer. It brings home to the farmer the fact that the department can and will be of service to him if he will let it.

The mail bags which come into the department of agriculture frequently bring requests for advice which, to say the least, present a varied assortment of problems. And each writer expects Uncle Sam to take a personal interest in his troubles. Let it be said to his credit that, whenever possible, the kindly old gentleman does take a personal interest.

THERE is a story about a listening farmer who lived on the banks of the Mississippi river who owned quite a tract of swamp land. He wrote the department asking its advice as to what might be a good use for this unproductive soil, mentioning the fact that the only things which lived and grew naturally on his land were muskrats. The clerk who answered the inquiry suggested that the farmer send a sample of the soil, from what he rather facetiously referred to as "your present muskrat farm," to his state agricultural department for analysis. The farmer never took that advice. The letter gave him an idea, however. He started catering to the wants of the little animals and now the gentleman has a prosperous muskrat farm in reality!

While in the throes of writing this article I have just taken time out to catch Bill Lynch, of NBC and C. R. Randall, of station WSMB, give a red-hot word picture of one of the Mardi Gras parades at New Orleans. Those of you who were fortunate enough to tune in on the "Radiocast," to use the WSMB announcer's especially favored word, now realize what a microphone reporter is up against when he makes his set-up in a crowd.

A photographer started taking flashlight pictures of the passing floats just a few feet away. Bill was forced to interrupt his description of the parade and enlist the services of nearby onlookers to get the cameraman to take his activities elsewhere before the explosions of flash-powder ruined the sensitive microphone.

As Bill had no way of closing the circuit, the mike remained open throughout the action of the little dramatic incident. The unexpected fracas recorded beautifully over several thousand loudspeakers. Bill's excited lapse into the vernacular was a natural, "Wow! Those things are no good for any man's mike! Liable to put the whole works out of commission."

It is the unusual which makes Radio a living breathing reality. We take off our hats to the mystery of its operation, but the responsive chord is struck when the human element rides the air waves. The highspot of the last World Series broadcasts had nothing to do with the games. It happened when the two chain announcers made an error at the same time.

When President Hoover, a guest at one of the games, made his appearance, Ted Husing, over one network, reported as follows: "Here comes President Wilson!" And Graham McNamee, over the other network, informed his listeners, "President Coolidge has just entered the ballpark!" The two slips were quickly corrected. How, you ask, did these two capable announcers happen to make such glaring mistakes? There is but one answer—because these men are only human; which is ninety per cent of the reason for their success. When robots and automatons are substituted for humans at the mike there won't be any listeners.

NOW that we have digressed for a moment let's return to our survey. Turning to the women's page of Radio activities we find plenty of material which smells of the printer's ink. Fashions, care of babies and children, beauty hints, cooking classes, suggestions on interior decorating, in fact every type of program similar to the special articles on the women's pages of our daily papers is etherized regularly now.

Women's organizations are represented —the D. A. R. Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the New York State Federation of Women's clubs being among those prominently identified with cultural chain broadcasts.

Every Radio wife is familiar with Ida Baily Allen's Radio Homemakers' club with its hundred thousand members. The listeners are not all housewives, either. Miss Allen received a letter of thanks from a man in one of our western states. He stated that he was grateful for getting new recipes over the air as they gave him the chance to relieve his stomach of tackling canned beans every day! The gentleman in question was a forest ranger, so don't be too hasty about giving him the raspberry, men. If we were stationed in one of civilization's outposts perhaps we'd be grateful for a change of diet, too.

Twice a week over the CBS network Marie Blizard talks on fashions of the day. It so happens that Miss Blizard not only knows her percales, she is also the possessor of a charming Radio personality. Her fan mail is both amazing and amusing. The mash notes received by this little lady are enough to turn any screen beauty green with envy.

ONE man writes to ask if she is more than thirty-one, which, he explains is just his age. If she can truthfully claim to be within the draft limit he proposes that they get together and have the usual understanding! Now, I ask you, Marie—pu—lease be careful!

Miss Blizard receives many requests from gentlemen (?), all "war heroes, to let them tell it, who ask her to put them in touch with rich widows matrimonially inclined. Just why she should be suspected of running a bureau of this sort is beyond understanding. But I suppose boys will be boys. Having won the war they want to win the widows!

And the youth of our grand and glorious country is not immune. Witness this personal appeal, penciled on the outside of an envelope addressed to Miss Blizard: "While mother was writing this to you I listened to your voice on the Radio. I like it and wish you would write to me, too. But don't let mother know!"

There's a lady by the name of Elizabeth Fellows who gives a weekly talk on psychology. She is a keen student of the subject and you might be curious to know what prompted her interest in it. Miss Fellows was the first woman to introduce and manage a cafeteria in the city of New York. Is it any wonder this lady knows the psychology of her fellowmen? You can't come in contact with General and Mrs. Public, especially when they are exposed to cafeteria vitamins and calories, without feeling sorry for them. At least, Miss Fellows couldn't.

There are many programs which might come under the heading of the magazine section of Radio with its featured speakers paralleling the work of the special writers of the press.

OF PARTICULAR interest on the NBC chain is the work of Floyd Gibbons, whose adventure tales and timely talks on current news of the day, the latter program sponsored by Literary Digest, has brought a vivid personality to the mike. Mr. Gibbons, world famous war correspondent, is an exceptionally fast worker, both in preparing his data and in talking to his unseen audience.

United Press news flashes are brought to his hotel room about an hour before he is scheduled to take the air. When he arrives at the studio he has his microphone campaign mapped out. For fifteen minutes Mr. Gibbons chatters away without a letup as though racing the hands of the clock.

He always has so many interesting sidelights to add to the news that he never really seems to finish. He can say more that is genuinely worthwhile in less time than any ten average speakers. And when he signs off he leaves the listener fairly breathless—but with a sense of having read every word in his daily paper without looking at it!

On the rival network Alexander Powell, known in newspaper and magazine circles as the "ace of war correspondents," is holding forth with a weekly talk. Mr. Powell remarked that, with so much discussion of peace in the air, it is up to him to start specializing in something other than wars.

CBS is featuring a weekly chat by Dr. Arthur Torrence, who has been connected with several expeditions for the British government in such out-of-the-way places as Siam, New Borneo and Africa. His first broadcast was responsible for renewing the acquaintance of a man, now living in New York, who treked across Africa with the doctor many years ago.

But it was one of his later broadcasts which was responsible for the big thrill. For twenty years he had been completely out of touch with his sister. She, now married, was living in Virgina. A report that her brother had been killed in the Honduras earthquake some years ago was suddenly shattered, when, as she dialed about on her Radio set, she heard and recognized the voice of Dr. Torrence coming from the loud speaker.

Still not quite sure she waited until the conclusion of the program. The announcer gave the lecturer's name. Then she wired the key station, WABC. Needless to say a decidedly happy family reunion resulted.

THE chains have their own book reviewers in the persons of Mary Weston Seaman and Thoman L. Masson.

Bill Schudt, a member of the press relations department of CBS, is putting on a weekly highspot with his "Going to Press." He features various well known newspaper and magazine men—editors, special writers, columnists and cartoonists. Harold P. Brown, the editor of Radio Digest, was a guest speaker on this program last winter. (Check and double check!) Not long ago Mr. Schudt got Milt Gross to appear on his program. Much to Bill's surprise, Gross brought eight comic strip artists with him! After individual introductions at the mike these several laugh-makers put on a skit. In the middle of the performance one of the members of this amateur cast lost his place in the script and there was a distinct pause. However, the pause was covered by Gross who ejaculated in a whisper that traveled thousands of miles on the air, "What the hell!"

To the credit of CBS must go the thanks of the entire world for arranging and producing one of the finest series of educational broadcasts ever attempted, "The Conclave of Nations." This feature goes on the air every Tuesday night at 10:30, E.S.T., and brings to the microphone, as guest speaker, a different foreign ambassador each week. Learning about our neighbors first hand will do more to make world peace an actuality than any number of diplomatic conferences. The most fertile soil in which to plant seeds of contentment and understanding is in the hearts of laymen. And to the listener who is finding the "Conclave of Nations" a sincere effort to promote harmonic relationships between all countries I can only quote Abou Ben Adhem and say, "May his tribe increase."

Bridge! Ah, now we're talking about a game so popular that it has its own space in newspaper and magazine columns. I have never had the pleasure of meeting any of the authorities now writing and speaking over the air on the art of playing the game but I once saw a hand played the like of which, I think, will never be duplicated. I dedicate the description to Milton C. Work.

THE scene was in the cardroom of a well known theatrical club. It was nearly daybreak and the players were, perhaps, a bit groggy for lack of sleep. The game had been in progress for hours and as I passed the table on my way out a no trump hand was in progress. The declarer found five diamonds headed with the Ace, King and Queen in dummy. In his own hand were four diamonds, Jack high. Finding himself in dummy after the opening lead the declarer proceeded to play out the five diamonds and sluff three losing hearts and two losing spades from his own hand! Getting into his own hand with the Ace of clubs he lead the Jack of diamonds, whereupon one of the opponents, blissfully unconscious that anything was wrong, remarked in disgust, "Here come those damned diamonds again!" The declarer scored a grand slam, having made nine of the thirteen tricks with diamonds. The five renegs went unnoticed by any of the players.

Occasionally I catch a reader of poems on the air from some local station but with Radio going newspaper it will not be surprising to find the chains putting aside a few minutes of their many hours a week as a corner where the poets may gather. The two best microphone readers of verse I have heard are Effie Lawrence Palmer and N. T. Grantlan. The latter is more familiarly known to the Radio listeners as "N. T. G." Miss Palmer is a splendid interpreter of emotional and down east characters, as fans of Soconyland Sketches know, while N. T. G. is primarily a night club master of ceremonies!

The editorial speakers who are coming into Radio are becoming more and more numerous. The fan mail which follows the arrival of a new voice "with a message" makes the powers of mikedom open their eyes in surprise. The letters are not only numerous, they are extremely well written. It's a bit difficult for many oldtimers in Radio to believe that the public can find enjoyment in any educational program. Who was it said, "The average intelligence

Germs of decay are glued to teeth

This special way removes them



Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Will you accept a free supply of a tooth paste that brings results like none other known? It will reduce dental troubles and make teeth far more lovely.

WHAT causes decay? *Germs.* Germs with tartar, under favorable conditions, are also the cause of pyorrhea. At least 80% of all dental troubles are directly caused by bacterial infection.

Germs on teeth and gums—and there are millions of them—are difficult to reach. A dingy, glue-like film envelops them and holds them in contact with the teeth and tissues. Ordinary antiseptics cannot penetrate this film to reach bacteria and destroy them.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings so stubbornly that even "overbrushing," which your dentist knows is harmful, cannot dislodge film effectively.

So Pepsodent was developed through scientific research to act in an entirely different manner. You will notice that difference by the way it feels.

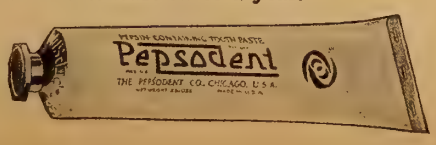
How Pepsodent destroys germs

First Pepsodent curdles film, then removes it with complete safety to enamel. No pumice, no harmful grit, no crude abrasive. But a creamy paste so gentle that it is recommended for sensitive children's teeth and for tender gums.

You will want to try it

No other ways can give the protection to teeth and gums Pepsodent affords. No other way can bring such brilliant whiteness. Simply send the coupon to the nearest address, and receive your free supply to try. Act at once.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

AMOS 'n' ANDY



You will enjoy these inimitable blackfaceartists —the children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night exceptSunday over N.B.C.network.



7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9.30 p.m., Mountain time—8:30 p.m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 995, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., **London**, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney**, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3420

of the Radio listener is that of a child of twelve."

A FEW years ago speakers themselves gave little thought to Radio as a possible medium of expression. Then, too, they were mike-shy. For that reason the type of lecturer or speaker who was dragged into the broadcasting studios was nothing to write home about. He was usually thought of as just a time killer—something with which to fill in with between entertainment programs. It was little wonder that we dialed over to a station broadcasting music whenever our loud speakers started to orate, or replaced the earphones with earmuffs.

How different now! Not that we don't want our musical programs. We do. But we do not want them in such quantities as we have had them. In a previous article I shouted long and loud for variety on the air. We're really beginning to get it at last. Just as books of fiction are no longer the best sellers in the literary market so is the voice "with a message" topping the entertainment program in popularity. I base this statement on a check-up of unsolicited fan mail received at the studios.

Perhaps the talking picture producers have strengthened, without knowing it, the position of the editorial lecturer at the microphone. With practically every picture plugging a theme song it is quite a relief to go home from the theatre and get on speaking terms with the human voice at the Radio!

With the desire of the public so clearly defined by the books they read it is no longer difficult to interest real brains in becoming identified with broadcasting.

Let me tell you briefly how "Columbia's Commentator" came into Radio. Dr. Charles Fleischer is an individualist. An exponent of free thinking, his great aim has been for some years "to teach the people to think"—not necessarily as he thinks, but to reason for themselves. He wants them to get the habit of using the brains God gave them. A few years ago he started a class of free thinkers in Boston.

WHEN William Randolph Hearst heard Doctor Fleischer speak the newspaper man brought him to New York and for a year he wrote editorials for the New York American, which were illustrated by Windsor McKay. Following this work the doctor went on the lecture platform but soon became discouraged because of the limited number of people he could reach in this way. One day this past winter he visited the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting system. He was intent on giving Radio a trial. As his presence in the studio was unsolicited he didn't know who he wanted to see. He only knew he wanted to speak with someone in authority. His impressive personality finally brought him to the head of the program department, who, when he learned the nature of the visit, gave him an audition.

A week later Doctor Fleischer went on for his initial broadcast. The response to his short ten-minute discourse was an instantaneous welcome by thousands of listeners who voiced their appreciation by mail. He is now one of the Sabbath highspots of CBS. Not all his listeners agree with everything the doctor says. And this seems to make the gentleman very happy. "I knew there were plenty of thinkers about and at last I am able to bring them within the reach of my voice," is his smiling comment.

My prophecy as to the future of Radio is as good as the next man's, so here it is: I believe that the parade of intelligent personalities has just started and that the future writers, reporters and speakers for air programs will play as big a part in our daily life as do the gentlemen of the press.

Let me repeat a phrase from an earlier paragraph: "Slowly but surely Radio is going newspaper."

The Turning Wheel

(Continued from page 19)

"If I discharge you," the magistrate asked, "will you promise not to repeat the attempt?"

The young man hesitated.

"Really," he said, "I have no wish to become a burden to the state, and I do not exactly see—"

The magistrate stopped him.

"There has come into my hands," he said, gravely, "a sum of one hundred dollars. That sum is yours if you will promise to leave the country at once and not repeat the offense with which you are at present charged."

"May I inquire the price of a third-class ticket to New York, and the sum of money I should be required to have to be allowed to land?" the prisoner asked.

"The police-court missionary," the magistrate answered, "will take you from here to an emigrant office, where you can learn all particulars."

"In that case," the young man declared, "I am willing to give my promise."

WHEELS of destiny moved slowly for this young man, but accompanied by fate played strange tricks, and he finds success and happiness in a way you would never suspect. You won't want to miss the sequel to this gripping story in the June Radio Digest. At all news stands May 25.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 25)

stood Paul Savoy, as white as a sheet, haggard eyed, hair sticking up in all directions.

"Still groping among your thousand and one nice little clues, Captain?" he chuckled. "Finding that clues either mean what they appear to mean or mean just the opposite?"

"I've made a certain bet here," he told them, producing a sealed envelope. "We'll see later if it's right or wrong. Right, I hold it to be, and you may be sure I'd take any man's counter bet on it, and for any amount he cared to mention! But I'm not going to disclose my discovery just now. If there were only a safe I could put it in; then no man could say later I'd changed my bet! But safes are unsafe and—go get me a hammer, some little pieces of wood, such as you can knock out of a box end and some nails," he commanded the Filipino boys.

They went out together, and returned with all that Savoy requested. He had stood while waiting, looking all about the room. Now he stood on a table, set his envelope against a heavy ceiling beam, covered it with a bit of box end, and drove three big nails through the whole.

"There," he cried triumphantly, stepping down, "is a big step taken toward the solution of this no longer mysterious happening of ours."

Paul Savoy had tasted no food since an early breakfast and had even denied himself the luxury of smoking. Now he relaxed utterly and pandered freely to the physical man. Gradually the pallor and pinched look were banished from his face.

For a space the two house boys were kept busy ministering to his appetite. Then, when they made a first step toward withdrawal he stopped them with a smile and a pleasant word.

"Pretty quiet for you boys here, eh? Houses not all jammed together as in the city."

One of them mentioned the other house. Savoy did not appear in any way concerned with it, yet made his light remarks, and in the end was told all they knew of it. More, in fact, than had been told in the living room.

"IT'S a fine thing to have a house right on the lake shore, like this. Fine especially in the summer time. The thing to do is to have a launch, or a yacht or both; and to spend the glorious days and nights out on the water."

The Filipinos, fond of the water, knew all about boats and Savoy learned how the various types of small craft were housed for the winter, with these homes shut up. The boats were drawn up and stowed away upon a platform under the roof.

"I don't think, though, that it's done that way in the house nearby, is it?" querried Savoy. "There's another system there, eh?"

"Yes, it was different there. For, first of all, that other house was seldom occupied; it had been shut up all the time, so far as they knew. And it had no boat house at all. Instead, the big boat was kept at the main house itself, in a sort of shed at the north side. They had once peered through a knot hole and seen it. A big boat, too; a beauty it had been, but was old now, like the house.

"Too big for men to carry back and forth?" suggested Savoy.

Oh, sure, too big for that. That was why there was a steel cable running from the shed of which they had told him, down to a big pier set in the water. It would be easy that way, even with a heavier boat; you had but to sling it to the cable and run it along on pulleys.

"I fancied there would be something like that," nodded Savoy, and for the few words remaining wandered off to trout and ended with the Philippine Islands.

Lamps were lighted in the living room when he strolled back to join the others. Entering, he cocked an eye upward at the envelope which he had nailed to the beam across the ceiling.

"Still there, my boy," said Laufer-Hirth, and proffered his cigarette case.

"Still there," returned Savoy searching for an inviting seat and deciding on a great, cushiony davenport where he extended himself at full length in indolent ease. He conveyed the impression of a man who had worked hard all day and now meant to revel in a well-earned rest. He lighted the cigarette which Laufer-Hirth had handed him and directed an enormous cloud of smoke toward his envelope.

"I have thought much during the day, Mr. Savoy," spoke up Mr. Nemo, "of your attitude toward the problem of criminal investigation. May I compliment you upon its bold originality? And, would it be indecorous of me to inquire if your labor has been prolific of results?"

Savoy beamed at him, accepting his tribute, and making his light reply:

"Thank you. I am the more grateful since I feel that there are others in the room who are sincerely convinced that, as an amateur detective, I'm a howling jackass." His twinkling eyes roved to



...*in* America's Adventureland

Do you know the thrill of luncheon on some high mountainside, with miles and miles of pine forests spread out at your feet, and the keen breeze of six thousand feet ruffling your hair?
Come and hike with us . . . up a winding trail through the clouds, to a meadow gay with wild flowers, where the air is always bracing, and the sunshine always bright!

Glacier Park—on the main line of the Great Northern—or perhaps you prefer the Puget Sound country, where Mount Baker, wreathed in eternal snow, gazes at old Rainier. Then there's the Columbia River region, with Mount Hood brooding over the fat valleys; or Alaska, maybe . . . .

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a meeting with Captain Temple's scornful ones, then returned unaltered in their expression to Mr. Nemo. "Yes, I have made strides, I think. Almost am I tempted to say that at a bound, hurdling the clutter of misleading sign-posts, thus avoiding many a twist and quirk in a devious path, I have sped straight from question to answer."

"IS THERE any reason, then," asked Temple bluntly, "for withholding the answer? Unless, of course, your original surmise that Mr. Paul Savoy himself may be the murderer, remains your final decision! In which case, naturally, we should not think of pressing you!"

"Oh, I think I've cleared Mr. Paul Savoy," was the good-humored retort. "But I do seem to see a reason for refraining from making any charge at this time."

"Its interesting to discover," put in Temple with a gravity so deep that it hinted at an undercurrent of ridicule, "how Savoy can cast into the future this way. No doubt, Mr. Savoy, you can really predict coming events?"

"Some events," said Savoy evenly. "All men can, you know. Thus, I'll stake my life on sunrise tomorrow, even though that glorious birth be hidden from us by clouds and snow."

"I failed to be sufficiently definite," admitted Temple, bound on running him to cover. "I should have specified human events."

"Even there one may look into the future," grinned Savoy. "I mean that we're due before long to have a caller from the outside world."

"In all this storm?" demanded Temple.

"You expect someone, Paul?" asked Laufer-Hirth. "A messenger with letters and wires?"

"No one whom I know; no one who knows me," said Savoy.

"Mr. Savoy," observed Temple, "revels in mystification."

"Why, as to that, I don't know. Unfortunately, I can't, like the fortune teller who peek's into a deck of cards, say that it is to be a tall dark stranger. But, let's see just what I can tell you."

"Look here, Paul," remonstrated Laufer-Hirth. "We're a bit on edge, you know, and this isn't any time for your confounded fooling. If you know, and have known along along, that some other man was coming, I think you might be plain about it."

"I know, but I haven't known all along. I know that he'll come because it's now inevitable that he should. And I know it from no previous knowledge, but simply as a logical result of a day in my laboratory."

"Simple, oh, no doubt," laughed Temple.

"It would be a pretty test," said Mr. Nemo. "If you do not care at this stage to have us follow you step by step —or in your single bound, Mr. Savoy, will you still allow us to look forward with you as clearly as you see to the coming of this man?"

"I'm not sure of all my ground," admitted Savoy. "But, if you will bear with me, I think I may be able to add a little, a very little— Let's see; first, the exact hour of arrival? No, we can't be sure of that; a little more examining of evidence, with this in mind, and we'd hit pretty close upon the hour. Never mind; we'll be here when he comes. Why will he come? Well, suppose we say, at once, telling the truth and irritating our good friend the captain, that he will come upon secret and important business. I could go further there, but would prefer not to. Whence, now, does he come? Why, from San Francisco, to be sure!"

He spoke with such assurance that he perplexed them.

"This is no hoax?" demanded Laufer-Hirth. "Swear it, Paul."

"NO HOAX at all, Amos. And, by the way, I'm pretty sure that my man will not come alone. There will be two. One, let us say, the urban type; a pretty keen specimen, too. The other? More rugged, a muscular chap; let's call him a mountaineer. Yes, that's all right; I'm pretty sure of that. And now, what will these two men say? What will they want here? What will they do?

"I think I could tell you what they want, but that's my secret a while yet! I know what they'll do; they'll stick here, or at any rate one of them will, plaster-tight. As to what they'll tell us, that's difficult. For pure guess work, let's fancy our chief stranger ready with a mouthful of varying explanations. Lost in the storm, maybe; a cheap sort of excuse, but one at least that would ring true. If he should name any names, it would be to ask for Mr. Parks. If he were told that Mr. Parks was dead— why, then, he'd ask, and pretty quickly, for Detective Dicks. Informed that Dicks, too, was dead, he'd look us over and hang up his hat."

"These two men of yours—they're the murderers!" burst out Laufer-Hirth. For, by now, he believed that Savoy was in earnest; and, what was more likely than that Savoy had come to the decision that some two men, not of their own company, had committed the double crime and for some reason were impelled to return to the house.

Some four hours later they had fallen silent. First Andregg, then Will Little, bearing candles, had gone off to bed. Laufer-Hirth was in the midst of a tremendous yawn. And every man of them, Savoy himself included, started electrically and then grew rigid in the tensest expectation as the sound which they had fancied so many a time actually burst upon them. There was a furious pounding at the front door, to be heard even above the storm. And, with the knocking, a loud voice, shouting. Savoy sprang to his feet, eyes dancing.

"Shall we let it be Captain Temple who goes to the door?" he cried out cheerily. For here already, my dear captain, come our expected guests."

WHO are the mysterious strangers at the door, whose coming has confirmed Paul Savoy's forecasts? What are the results of the latter's laboratory deductions about the murderer of Mainwaring Parks and Detective Dicks? Does the envelope nailed against the ceiling beam hold the true answer to the mystery? Don't miss the next installment of Jackson Gregory's gripping story in the great June issue of Radio Digest, on sale May 25.

The Maid From Martinique

(Continued from page 35)

man but old MacGreggor, who grew more furious within every minute. He glowered, a-hemed, stomped about, shifted his quid from one side of his jaw to the other, snorted out of the cabin to expectorate over the side, rolled back in again and finally exploded:

"'Begone with ya! I'll not have you bewitchin' my partners with yar cunnin' ways. 'Tis serious business we have ahead of us—an' a woman—a woman—ye have na' place here—'

"'Me? What I do to make ze great Messieur MacGreggoire—'

"'Go lang wi' ye, now, we're aboot to sail!'

"'Oooh! W'have I do? Celeste is so sad zat ze gre—'

"'Stop! Stop! I tell ye, do na' call me that again! I—I—'

"'Ah, maybe tomorrow, Capitaine MacGreggoire, he feel so different. I will to be veree good all ze time—'

"'What? Ye mean to sail wi' us?' MacGreggor squinted one eye almost shut while the other bulged and bored the girl through. Still she purred and seemed quite self possessed.

"'Oui! Certainly! Messieur Joe he does not told you I come too?'

"'Joe said what?'

"'Calm down, Mac—Joe will straighten it out when he comes—'

"'Joe! Hoot! Tha' mon must ha' lost his wits! Wait 'till I find him!' He heaved himself out of the cabin and the man and the girl could hear his boots clump down the length of the deck.

"CELESTE rested her dainty pointed elbows on the fresh cloth she had placed on the table. Her soft, slender fingers entwined the oval of her chin. The triangle at the throat of her blouse left mysterious little shadows playing against the ivory satin of her skin. Bob slid himself down in a chair and a yearning, leaping woman hunger flamed into his face and his eyes.

"This, to Celeste, was the zest of living; kindling the hearts of lonely men into flame. She had forgotten about Joe in the process of stirring the emotions of this new victim. Her eyes reflected the warm glow from the smouldering flame reflected in her own heart.

"'Why you look at me like that?' she purred. 'You think Celeste pretty?'

"'You—you're beautiful, Celeste—gorgeous—'

"'What you like, my eyes?—my lips?'

"'Yes, your eyes *and* your lips—you beautiful devil—' he clenched his fingers and propelled by some cosmic force he swept toward her—and would have encircled her in his arms—but she laughed and dodged free—her great eyes, half curtained by long sweeping lashes, and her lips, pouting with the utmost provocation. She taunted him from the far end of that table, shaking a finger and dimpling as she smiled again.

"'No, no, no, no, you go kinda crazy, what? Messieur Joe, he be very angry with you. La! La! You like to hear me sing?'

"'Mac was right,' said Bob, with a sudden bitter smile 'I'm a fool. You'll never catch me again like that. You stay here until Joe comes. I'm going out.'

"Of course she did stay aboard. Joe came and would listen to nothing else, although MacGreggor swore and protested to the last minute. When they had loaded their cargo and put to sea he gladly would have returned to put her ashore. He looked upon her as an ill omen. He would not even give her the consideration he had for the cat Bob had brought aboard for a mascot—the cat only caught rats and mice—but the woman played for bigger game.

"Bob kept at a distance, although he knew there was an imp and an urge beneath his skin that needed but half a chance to sink him beyond all hope. He saw Celeste and Jacques, the French bo'sun, sitting on a coil of rope in the moonlight the second night out. His first sensation was of intense rage, and

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then fear; for he knew that Joe was insanely jealous of the jade. He had a horror of impending tragedy. Something would have to happen with so much inflammable material around where sparks were flying loose and uncontrolled. He was satisfied that the bo'sun knew full well the danger he faced in talking to the girl. For that reason he refrained from offering advice and therewith being misunderstood for his motives.

"CELESTE was insatiable. She was not a one-man woman—never could be. She craved to ignite the love fire and see it boom into a conflagration. And the bo'sun yielded to her enchantment. Her velvety voice humming and crooning—

"'When you sing like that I would give my life for you,' he said on that same night when Bob had noted them sitting on the great coil. Celeste touched his cheek with a mischievous finger, and a blue ray from the moon glistened for an instant against her perfect teeth.

"'Yes, I think so. If Messieur Joe see you sitting here with me I think mos' like as not he would keel you—but you die happy—huh?'

"'Do you think he suspects?'

"'Mebbe yes, mebbe no. He ees no fool. Comes how I nevaire let you kiss me. Ah, Mon Dieu, if he ever saw, you would go quick to the diable.'

"Suddenly he looked up as her eye lids flew wide and her lips parted in a startling little scream. Joe had come around from the other side and towered over them; his face, half in the shadow twisted into grimmance like that of an animal tortured to desperate madness.

"'Yes, yes,' the words growled up from his hairy throat, 'you greasy rat of a rat—you would, you would—'

"'No, no, no, Joe,' Celeste flung herself to him, her arms about his neck and pressed his cheek to her. Then she caught his face in her magic hands and looked into his eyes until one flame had been quenched by another. He folded her tightly in his arms. Looking over her shoulder he saw Jacques, the French bo'sun, cowering against the hatch. He put Celeste down on her feet again.

"'Do you love only me?' he asked.

"'My big, brave Joe—ah, who else could there be—not him!' Why Jacques, he just speaks French and sometime I like to speak the mother tongue wis him. We talk of Martinique—people he know, people I know—zat ees all, you make me ashamed—'

"'Celeste, you are mine forever. No more talks but with me.' He thrust his clenched fist out toward the bo'sun. 'Get out. You're lucky to be alive this minute. I meant to beat you into a pulp for the louse I think you are. Don't speak one word with her again. If you do, not even Celeste can stop me.'

"Then, like a broken little bird, Celeste crumpled to the deck and sobbed, her face in her hands.

"'Oh, bine aime Joe, why must you be so cruel?' she wept, 'you do not love Celeste. I cannot speak to anyone. I leave my home, my friends, everyone I know for you—and you are not satisfied. All because I love you. I am so desolate.'

"'It is because I love you, Celeste, I am so jealous. I would kill anyone who tried to take you away from me.'

"'But such silly love you have for me. I cannot sing—you say it is just for Messieur Bob or Jacque! Must I sit here all the time in the dark? Must I make myself ugly? You don't trust me."

"'I'M SORRY, dear little Celeste.' Joe pulled her up into his arms again. 'It's because I am so wild about you. I can't help it. Now stop crying and I'll try never to lose my temper again.'

"'We shall see. Maybe I better go ashore at Port Au Prince and say good bye to you forever. This is too much unhappiness.'

"'No. It's too late, Celeste. No parting now. We stick for life.'

"Hardly an hour had passed before Celeste was below, mousing again for Jacques. He heard her calling, and though his heart thumped at the sound of her voice he tried not to listen. Instinctively he felt it was the call of doom. But she came nearer. He trembled. His brain ordered him to retreat but his heart countermanded the order. So he stood, irresolute, until she crept up to his shadow and looked into his eyes.

"'Jacques,' she whispered. 'Are you going to run away?'

"'I would but I can't. You are too wonderful.'

"'You are afraid of poor little Celeste,' she mocked with a tantalizing glimmer in her shadowy eyes.

"'Aye, right you are, little devil,' answered Jacques in French. 'I am afraid —not of Celeste—but of Meisseur Joe. If he should some upon us now he would kill me.'

"'Poof! And you expect me to love a coward! Messieur Joe has gone to sleep—and he sleeps like the dead.'

"'He maybe sleeps with his eyes shut but his ears open . . . What's that—' A giant silhouette beside them against the sky.

"'O-ooh! Messieur Mac—you wear no boots—you scare me coming up so quietly in the dark—' exclaimed Celeste as MacGreggor revealed himself.

"'So! I dinna ken sic' a wench could be afeared. An' Jock, ya low lyin' sneak o' a half breed, get ye below afore I kick tha' eternal daylights out o' ye.'

"'Oui, Messieur Mac,' came the now fleeting voice of Jacques from the darkness. Celeste arose with injured dignity exclaiming heatedly in French until she caught her breath. Then she said:

"'But Messieur, you insult; you make a lie—"

"'Shut up ya Jezabel o' sin,' Mac snapped angrily. 'I'll have a wee word wi' ye now m'self. I put all my life savings in this ship. Ye would be incitin' to murder aboard an I'll ha'e no' o' it. What is more Joe is my friend an' I will no' ha'e ye impose on him wi' sic' mischief—'

"'CELESTE is no dog. Maybe you lak her make love to you—so—I sing to ze Great Messieur MacGreggoire!' She fumed with wrath but could think of nothing more infuriating to MacGreggor than to invoke her wiles upon him. She hummed softly. Only a few notes—then came a stealthy tread, and a muffled curse.

"'Couldn't take a fair warnin' could you—you mongrel gutter rat—I'll not dirty my hands with you. Take that—' A crack and a stab of flame cut through the night. The half crouching silhouette of old MacGreggor jerked around crazily and collapsed on the deck.

"'Joe! Joe! Ye've killed me,' groaned the stricken man!

"In a moment lanterns were brought out and helping hands carried the wounded man below. But the single bullet had done its work and in a little while old Mr. MacGreggor was no more. Joe was frantic with grief over his fatal mistake. In fact, the shock of it practically cured him of his unreasonable jealousy over the little French girl.

"To Celeste it was scarcely more than an incident, allowing her a little more freedom in the exercise of her wiles. Of course, Jacques was scared clear out of the picture. He valued his own skin too highly to risk it again—and Celeste became for him, 'the Flower with the Poison Breath,' which is said to grow in the jungles of the tropics, a thing of beauty but deadly to one who would scent its perfume.

"The one toward whom Celeste now turned her lovely face was Bob. She often maneuvered prettily to come upon him unexpectedly—in a doorway, at a table, along the rail, down a stair. Sometimes there seemed no escape for Bob than that he must touch her hand, her hair, her arm or shoulder. The tiny wires of her magnetism began to twist through the fibre of his being—they twisted and spun until they became cables of a passionate longing desire to hold her to his breast and smother her with his kisses. He tried to shut her from his eyes. But vision of her persisted beyond the curtain of his lids. She flitted about with constantly increasing familiarity—until—yes, Bob realized he was almost hopelessly ensnared.

"Joe, bending the other way in self discipline, had sternly repressed every indication of jealousy toward his surviving partner. Perhaps he had not even observed what had been going on until, well, it was just before the great hurricane which roared up from the Caribean, across the West Indies, into Florida—you remember that terrible man-killing storm. For Celeste the foreboding of the falling barometer meant only excitement.

"Unobserved behind a rag of sail she watched Bob as he studied the glass. Should she run out to him now? No, he was too nervous. She would wait. Perhaps soon he would pass near her and she would run through the cabin and meet him on the other side. What sport! What a thrill she would have to see his eyes dance, his face flush and the throbbing pulses beat through his temples and his throat—and then he would throw his arms madly about her—ah—but Joe—Oh, well—

"'How's the glass?' that was Joe now.

"'Still falling, Joe. It looks rotten. We're ship owners now, too, Joe.'

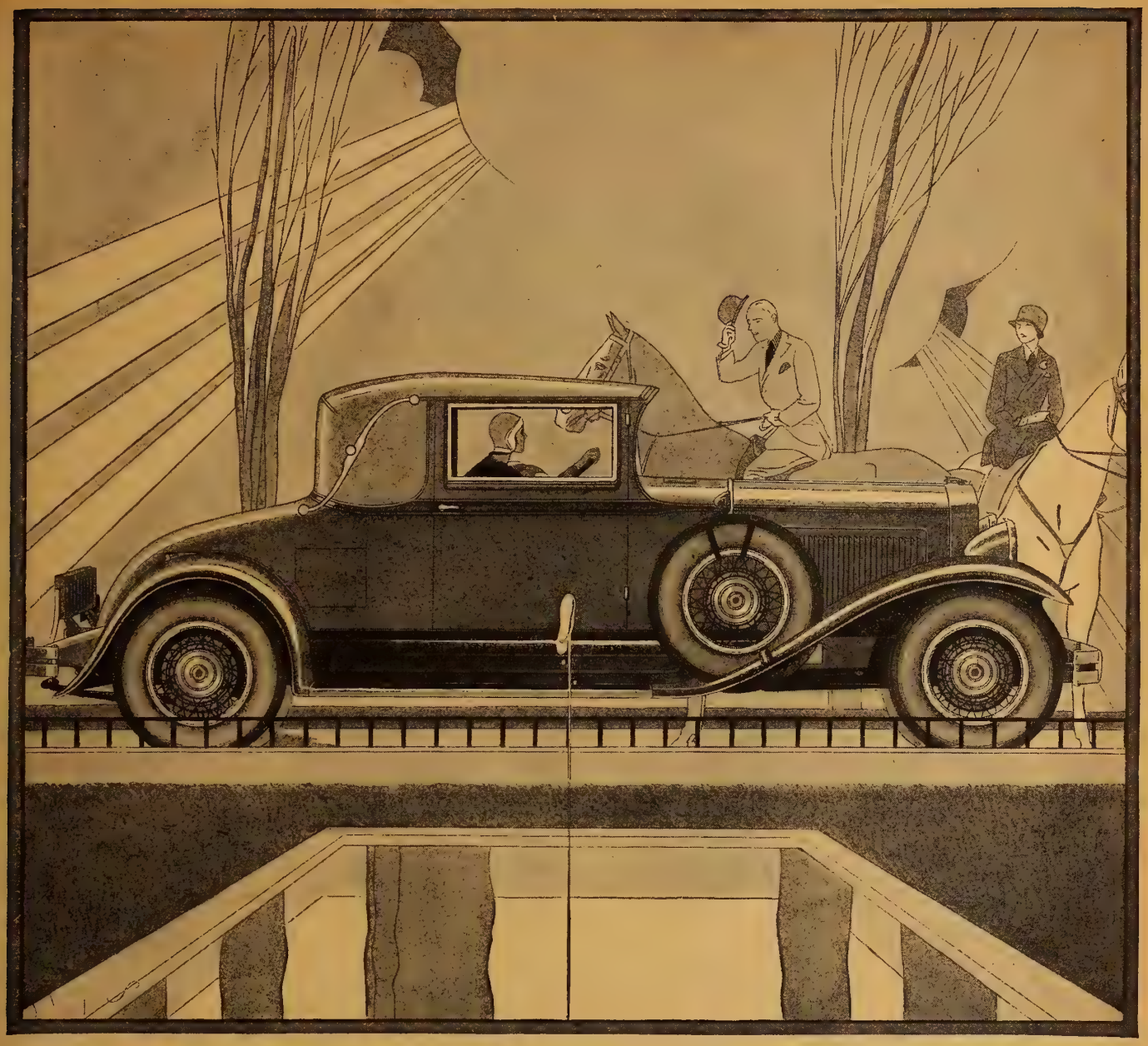
"'Well, what do you mean by that?'

"'I mean we're heading to lose our boat—and—and—'

"'Oh, stop your croaking. What's getting into you, Bob?'

For June Brides

JUNE is the month of brides—thousands of happy girls in Radio Digest Families are going to be married in that month of flowers and happiness. Evelyn Gardiner, women's director at KDKA, has promised an article giving some real, practical hints about those feverish days of preparation for the big event. Be sure to watch for "Hints for June Brides" in the June issue of Radio Digest, on sale at all newsstands May 25.



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"'A lot of things, old man. I think we should talk things over a bit—'

"'Never mind that now. Just forget it until we get through this blow. Better go down and sleep a while so as to have your ginger up when the storm breaks. And don't be so jerky. You look all shot to pieces.'

"'I—I don't want to sleep—rather stay right here where you are—let's keep sight of each other—'

"'You need sleep, Bob. It's nerves. Better go below.'

"'Well, you may be right at that. I'll go down.'

"A filmy shadow detached itself from the folds of the flapping bit of canvas, and floated noiselessly through a back passageway, down through the hold and breathlessly around to the foot of a narrow hatch. Then the hatch darkened above. Bob came clambering down. Near the foot he paused. The way was blocked. He knew. A delicious quiver trickled through his body. His hand strayed about in the dark—for his eyes were still blinded from the clear outside light. His fingers touched a resilient shoulder. He gasped and started to draw his hand away but another hand seized and held it close to a beating heart.

"'Don't do that, my lass,' he said, resolutely. 'Go away from me, please.'

"But he was weak all through. He didn't much care what happened. What was life for anyway? What chance had he ever had to really know about girls—and now?

"'You tell Celeste to go away, Messieur Bob. But your eyes tell me to stay, I know, I know—Celeste will obey the eyes for the lips do not mean what they say.'

"'My eyes! My eyes! Why, they are shut. I must not—I must not—'

"'What you mean, Messieur Bob, you must not?'

"'Celeste, we are facing a great storm. We may all die. Let us be—'

"'I shall not. I am not afraid. You think of Joe, well, Joe he loves Celeste no more. He say so to me, I tell you. If we die let us die in one big kees—yes?'

"'This must not be. No. No—I must not—'

"'You are afraid—'

"'Afraid, yes—but not afraid to die—only that I will wrong and hurt my good friend, Joe—'

"'Love iss ze most important. I love you. You give me one sweet kees—' In the semi-darkness she drew close to him, put her delicately rounded arms about his neck, drew his lips down to her and for ten precious seconds they stood in silent raptured bliss. Then Bob, suddenly conscious of his resolution, thrust her away. The ship rocked violently. A mighty wind shrieked viciously over their heads. The place became suddenly dark save for a faint yellow glow of a dingy light in the ceiling. Then came a crash of splintering wood and rendering steel. A ghastly shudder shook the whole ship.

"'A reef! We're stove in!' A hoarse cry bellowed down to them from above.

"'Come!' Bob took her hand. 'We must get up there. The water is in here now.'

"'Do you love me, Messieur Bob?'

"'Go! Climb the stairs quickly, Celeste.'

"'Kees me, dear Bob!' Her arms were circling his neck again. The ship lurched with a staggering slip. Bob seized the hatch rail and thrust her forward and upward to the deck. Joe was standing at the top, braced against the wall of the cabin, pistol in hand, as their heads came to the swirling wind and darkening half-light.

They could scarcely stand against the slanting and tottering deck. Even so Celeste did not loosen her arms from Bob's neck.

Joe thrust his left arm through a stanchion for a better support and hefted his pistol with his right.

"'Guess you had to come for air?' he sneered questioningly.

"'Let's have it, Joe. I kissed her. I—I have no excuses. Just for that one kiss everything's been worth while, and I'm ready to call it a day. Be good to her, Joe. She needs lots and lots of loving. Now shoot, and—and accept my blessing—from—from—wherever I seem to be going—'

"'You're going in that boat to stern. Now beat it an' leave Celeste an' me to take our honeymoon together. She can't stand havin' too many men around. . . . Can you honey?' He gave her one look and she scrambled from Bob's support to a strip of rope that dangled from the stanchion where Joe held himself. 'I didn't think you'd fail me, sweetheart, in the big showdown.' He threw the pistol overboard. Celeste gripped him around the waist, then over one arm to his neck. There she clung to him. Bob gaped in a daze.

"'Joe — Joe — Celeste — what — what? the hulk swung sideways and threatened to roll over. The small boat cast away.

"'Can't you give us this last chance together?' Joe now found a better adjustment and drew Celeste tightly in his arms as he turned one reproachful look to Bob.

"'Jump, Bob, and swim for the boat,' ordered Celeste. 'It is better so. We go for a long journey on our honeymoon. He knows me best and I love him—Joe—one more kees—'

"Bob jumped and was hauled into the small boat which came to shore on a small island not far distant."

. . . . .

For a full minute not a word was spoken after Old Forty Fathom had finished his tale. Then Peter said:

"It didn't end happily, did it?" To which the captain replied:

"As I said before, that depends on the point of view."

Romeo and Juliet, 1930

(Continued from page 45)

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: Oh, Juliet, my young bride—I had the derndest time getting here.

Juliet: Well, I'm sore at you. Why didn't you give me a ring, on the 'phone, I mean. Here I've been sitting alone every night for the past two weeks.

Romeo: Ah, but, darling, the hour has drawn nigh, when I must needs leave thee—leave thee, my sweet, my baby, my dumplin'—leave thee—understand? I must leave thee—do you understand?

Juliet: Sure, I get you, Romie! You're trying to tell me that you gotta be going!

Romeo: Good-bye, my sweet.

Juliet: Good-bye, dumplin'.

Romeo: Good-bye, dearest.

Juliet: Good-bye, sugar.

Romeo: There you go again, crabbin' the act—can't you get it into your head that I've got to say the last good-bye.

Herald: Romeo leaves by the alley. Enters Friar Laurence and Poppa Catapult—dernit — coppatakalut — ah, enters Friar Laurance and the Old Man, center, very upstage.

Capulet: Ah, Juliet, my darling, I have glad tidings to bring thee!

Juliet: Wherewithal hast thou brung them from, and forsooth thyself to spill same in a jiffy.

Capulet: Just before your brother Tea-Ball took the count, he made a dying wish that you marry Paris!

Juliet: Paris?— But, father, what could I do with a whole city for a husband—ask me?

Capulet: But, daughter—that is Tea-Ball's dying wish. Willst thou not respect it.

Friar Laurence: Yes, comma, willst thou not respect it?

Juliet: I will not! I'd much rather have my cute little Romeo than the whole city of Paris, and besides, if I marry Paris, I might get guillotined, and I don't like guillotines—they cramp my neck!

Friar Laurence (sotto): Here, Juliet—take this flask—two drinks of this potion and you will pass out—it is quite like death—but you'll wake up later—perhaps in the arms of your husband, Romeo—perhaps with the big-head.

Juliet: Oh, Dankeschoen, Friar Laurence.

Herald: Capulet and Friar Laurence leave by front door right. Juliet is all alone and decides to do a little soliloqweein'—

Juliet: Now I will take a drink from this flask—(becomes very dramatic) another, another and another. And then the chamber starts whirling—my knees are getting weak—I am getting drowsy—

Herald: Enters the old man and Paris!

Capulet: Ye Gods, Juliet!

Paris: She's passed out!

Capulet: Quick, the tomato juice!

Alarge Gorilla

Act five of Romeo and Juliet, finds Juliet still sleeping. Not having heard from anyone for over two weeks, Romeo becomes tired of waiting, and decides to see his bride. As the scene opens we find Romeo entering his bride's chamber with his shoes off. She is still sleeping. Fearing that waking her by shooting off a gun or dropping a set of dishes might scare her, he bursts forth and sings the famous aria—this is perhaps the best known aria in the whole opera of Romeo and Juliet, and it is from this aria that the favorite expression came, "How are ya?"

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: "PICCOLO PETE" (sung to Tchaikowski's "Pietro Piccolo" in Three Flats or its equivalent).

Did you ever see Romie on the old Balconey with Juliet, NO?
Well, you've missed a lot, for he certainly has got,
A style that is hotter than hot.
Did you ever see Romie on the old Balconey with Juliet, NO?
Well, you've missed a treat, for his lovin' is sweet,
The kind that can't be beat. . . .

Herald: Romeo sneaks over to Juliet, who still snoozes in a gorgeous manner.

Romeo: Why, she still sleeps—Julie—kootchy—kootchy—You-hoo—Julie—uh—why—uh, what's this—a flask. (Whiffs.) Hmmmmm. By the Gods of the Three Stars, this is GOOD. Julie (starts sobbing)—Julie—hast it comest to this. Hast thou fooled me all this whilest? Oh, cruel woild—(sobs).

Orchestra
"DRINKING SONG" (Sauer)

Herald: Romeo decides to take a drink.

Effect: Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle.

Herald: Correction — Romeo took three drinks. Romeo passes Out. Juliet wakes up and, finding Romeo passed out, gets very sore and goes back to sleep.

Orchestra
Chord, segue to "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER"

Alarge Gorilla

You have heard the first in a series of New Spring Line Broadcasts presented by the Irrational Broadcasting Company over its Lavender Network.

An ORANGE was just an ORANGE until...

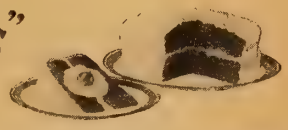


FOR years we ate oranges because we *liked* them. Then came the scientific discovery that orange juice supplies vitamins and minerals which everybody needs. *Now* we prize the orange as a health-builder as well as a delicious fruit ** For years good housewives have used Carnation Milk because it does such good cooking, takes the place of cream so acceptably and economically, and is such a convenience to have on hand ** *And now comes the scientific discovery that this selfsame milk is a wonderful milk for babies—that it is easier to digest than milk in any other form* ** Some of the most eminent baby feeding specialists in America are now using Carnation Milk in preference to the finest bottled milk. They find that its heat-treated casein and finely divided or "homogenized" butter-fat are easily assimilated by the most delicate baby stomach ** Ordinary milk forms tough, solid curd-lumps in the stomach. Its coarse fat globules resist digestion. But clinical experience with thousands of babies has shown that Carnation Milk almost magically conquers these digestive handicaps of bottle-fed babyhood ** Besides, Carnation Milk has *all the nutritiousness* of pure whole milk.

For that is just what it is—not a "patent baby food"; just fine *natural* milk from "Contented Cows". Nothing is added—and concentration to double richness takes nothing out but part of the natural water ** *All the vitamins* that any milk is depended upon to supply are in Carnation. Only the usual supplements are needed—such as orange juice and cod-liver oil. The minerals that build sturdy bones and strong, even teeth are all present just as in raw milk ** Carnation is *safe* milk, because it is sterilized and sealed air-tight. And wherever you get it, at whatever season, it is *always the same* in purity and richness, thus preventing the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality. It is *the ideal milk* for use, under your physician's direction, in any formula calling for whole milk ** To learn more about this super-digestible milk for babies, write for the Carnation Baby Book. To learn more about this better milk *for cooking*, write for the Carnation Cook Book by Mary Blake. Address your communication to Carnation Company, 459 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; or 559 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington; or Aylmer, Ontario.



"from Contented Cows"



Cornstarch Puddings

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with ½ cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded with rest of water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.
BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.
CHERRY PUDDING ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ cup sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ½ tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. cherry juice, ½ cup sliced maraschino cherries, ½ cup cocoanut, 2 egg whites.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, cocoanut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.



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Simply perfect for all cooking Try one of the recipes at the left. You will discover that Carnation does better cooking for the same reason that it is better for babies—because it is "homogenized." The butter-fat, instead of being in coarse fat globules as in ordinary milk, is ground up into tiniest particles and mixed evenly all through the milk. Hence the *cream-smoothness and butter-richness* of Carnation dishes.

Another thing—Carnation takes the place of cream in thousands of homes. Use it for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and cut your cream bill nearly two-thirds!

Eighty-two Nominated for Diamond Award

HUNDREDS of nomination and ballot coupons have poured in to the Contest Editor in the past few weeks. At the end of the first few days forty-one nominations had been received. Today this has swelled to eighty-two, with the total number of votes growing with every mail. Have you nominated your favorite? Clip the coupons on page 3 of this issue today!

EAST

Program	Station
Lucky Strike Orchestra	NBC
R. K. O. Hour	NBC
Rudy Vallee	NBC
Cheerio	WFAN
Seth Parker	NBC
Enchanted Hour Ensemble	WTIC
Two Troupers	NBC
Nit Wits	CBS
Around the Melodeon	WBAL
The Wanderers	WIP
Jessica Dragonette	CBS
Gypsy Nomads	CBS
Roxy and His Gang	NBC
Louis Kaufman	KDKA
Floyd Gibbons	NBC
Glen Riggs	KDKA
Guy Lombardo	CBS
Interwoven Pair	NBC

SOUTH

Program	Station
Old Dominion Orchestra	WRVA
Sacred Quartet	WSM
W. K. Henderson	KWKH
Caroline Lee	WFLA
Bille Nye, Jr.	WWNC
Ed Poplin's Band	WSM
Fiddlin' John Carson	WSB

MIDDLE WEST

Program	Station
Joe O'Toole	WJAY
Emil Cords	WTMJ
Corinne Jordan	KSTP
Ramblers Orchestra	KMOX
Whitney Trio	WMAQ
Paul McCluer	WENR
Mellotone Quartet	KFLV

MIDWEST

Program	Station
Pat Barnes	WGN
Ben Bernie's Orchestra	KYW
National Barn Dance	WLS
Weener Minstrels	WENR
Amos 'n' Andy	WMAQ-NBC
Pied Pipers	WTMJ
Gene and Glenn	WTAM
Bobby Brown	WBBM
Pat Flanagan	WBBN
Tillie the Toiler	KFEQ
Henry Field	KFNF
Edith Smith	KFNF
Larry Larsen	WGN
Famous Operas	WGN
Studio Party	KMOX
Willy and Lilly	KMOX
Little Jack Little	WLW
Dixie Girls	KMA
Farm Hour Program	WAIU
Smith Family	WENR
Edison Symphony Orchestra	WENR
Everett Mitchell	WENR
Mike and Herman	WENR
Marian and Jim	WENR
Ray Bahr's Orchestra	WHAS
Hiram and Henry	WLS
Bradley Kincaid	WLS
Merry-Go-Round	WLS
Steve Cisler	WLS

WEST

Program	Station
Master Singers	KFAB
Sleepy Time Gals	KSAT
Battery Boys	WNAX
Old Timers	KFKB
The Cowboy Singer	KGBZ
Henry and Jerome	KGBZ
National Farm Hour	WOW
R. R. Brown's Radio Chapel	WOW
Dr. Walter Wilson	WDAF
Happy Jack's Orchestra	WNAX
Dr. J. R. Brinkley	KFKB
Matinee Program	KFKB
Steve Love's Band	KFKB
McCree Sisters	KFKB
Bob Larkin	KFKB

FAR WEST

Program	Station
Rhythm Makers	KGER
Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie"	KPO
Tom Breneman	KNX
"Simpy Fitts"	KFRC
Art and Billy Spreading	KOIN
Tom Mitchell	KFI
Empire Builder	KGO

The Sucker's Revenge

(Continued from page 43)

know where them corners are," he said. They's brush growed up all over 'em, but I could find 'em, easy."

"I'm goin' down past the station," said Lynch. "And if I see that fat feller I'll tell him. It'll be an easy way to make fifty dollars, Jap—and I reckon he's got it. They say he's a banker."

LYNCH rode on down Grasshopper creek, leaving Jap Gideon greatly excited. His year of tribulation had at last taught him the value of money and now fifty dollars loomed higher upon his mental horizon than had the fifteen thousand that he had flaunted with such childish recklessness before the eyes of the world which, too late, he had found was not worthy of his trust.

About two o'clock Cowan arrived. He was a soft-looking fat man and wore eyeglasses on a string. Ordinarily this latter defect would have aroused violent prejudice in Jap Gideon's mind; but when Cowan smiled, the man's big, round face creased into friendly lines and old Jap warmed to him. The banker was eager to start upon their quest and would not dismount, so they left the cabin immediately.

Old Jap had not overstated his abilities. He located the missing corners successfully and the two men got back to the cabin as it was growing dark. Manifestly it would have been foolish to attempt the Grasshopper trail at that late hour, so Cowan accepted the old prospector's cordial invitation to stay all night at the cabin.

"Ain't got much to offer," apologized the prospector, "but such as she is, you're welcome."

While his host started frying out-of-season deer steaks upon coals raked from the fireplace, Cowan sat and smoked, his eyes straying curiously about the walls of the cabin, noting the remarkable collection that hung there—old clothing, mud-stained and ragged beyond further use, but treasured nevertheless; deer horns, rusty coils of bailing wire, an obsolete powder flask and above the fireplace a glaring insurance poster depicting Nero fiddling gayly while Rome burned. Beside this graphic illustration of Rome's catastrophe—

Cowan's eyes stopped and fixed themselves upon a fat sheaf of engraved papers that were tacked against the logs. The face of the outer page was smoke-blackened, crumpled, covered with heel marks and flyspecked; but out of its dinginess appeared the word HANAKOPIAI.

The banker could not believe his eyes. He crossed the hearth, took the glasses from his pocket and affixed them carefully upon his nose, peering up at the astonishing exhibit. "Hey!" he said, "Where did you get this?"

OLD JAP looked up from his frying and his yellowed whiskers parted in a sheepish grin. "Honolulu," he said, shamed and reluctant. "And I paid nearly fifteen thousand dollars for it! When I got home I took the hellish stuff and tacked it on the wall to remind me what a fool I had been!"

Cowan carefully removed the tacks and leafed the package over with deft, experienced fingers, each succeeding page adding to the amazed look in his round face. "When did you buy it?" he demanded.

"Year ago last January," said old Jap. "But I was drunk or I never would have done it," he defended himself. "A feller gave me a bottle of *okolehau* and after the first drink I wasn't responsible none at all. No, sir, *okolehau* looks like a kitten but it cuts up like a wildcat. Still, I reckon I ain't to be blamed a lot, at that. I heard later that the world's full of fellers that make a good livin', sellin' fake stock to old jackass tramps like me."

"Fake stock?" Cowan glanced down astonished.

"Sure!" said Jap, scraping more hot coals out upon the hearth.

"How do you know it's fake stock? Did you take it anywhere to have it looked over?"

The old man shook his head. "Too much ashamed of myself!" he mumbled. "Besides, the swindler that sold it to me had my money—"

"How do you know a swindler sold it to you?" demanded Cowan. "Couldn't you have bought it at some reputable place—while you were drunk?"

"Yes," admitted old Jap slowly. "Yes, sir," he went on, "I could have bought anything anywhere after the very first drink of that *okolehau*." He thought a few moments, his whiskered face twisted with the effort of remembering, the fork poised above the smoking bacon. "I do rickollect goin' into a big buildin'," he said. "There was a lot of slick counters and money behind a wire screen. . . . I rickollect that I wanted to buy the place and they wouldn't . . . Then—yes, I rickollect that I left that place and went across the street to a place that looked like a bank and I tried to buy the bank and they wouldn't sell it to me and I cried. . . . And that's all I can remember. Next thing I knew I woke up in Gum Poon's cabbage patch and this wad

Full Details of Gold Cup Race in June

THE RADIO audience and readers of *Radio Digest* have selected the World's Most Popular Station. This, an honor which will live long in the memory of man, carries with it immeasurably valuable recognition. To the winner of first place is awarded a Gold Cup, and to the Most Popular Stations in each of six districts is presented a Silver Cup. In the June issue *Radio Digest* will present these stations to you in a special section of the magazine—*Watch for it.!*



Automobile Radio is Here

...and here's the RAY-O-VAC *Autoradio Battery!*

RADIO sets for automobiles are an accomplished fact, now; and with their advent comes the problem of choosing a "B" battery that will stand up under the bouncing, pounding, and exposure to weather conditions that come to such a battery.

With this end in view, Ray-O-Vac engineers have pioneered a new type of radio "B" battery. The Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" battery is the result.

Built with a case like a storage battery, tested under every conceivable condition of atmosphere and temperature, subjected to terrific tumbling and dropping tests, the Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" will give long, continuous, satisfactory service under the most exacting conditions.

There is literature that describes this new member of the Ray-O-Vac family in detail. Write for it today.



FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY

Factory: **Madison, Wis.** ***Sales Office:*** **20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago**

Makers also of Ray-O-Vac Radio "A", "B", and "C" Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Telephone, Ignition, and Flashlight Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Standard and Rotomatic Flashlights, and Ray-O-Vac Guaranteed and Licensed Radio Tubes.

of Hanakopiai was in my pocket."

For some moments there was silence. Cowan stood looking down upon the shriveled, ragged, half-starved little old man squatting upon the hearth. In the banker's round, good-natured face was a mixture of amusement, amazement and a sort of incredulous awe.

"It must have happened," he said at last, more to himself than to old Jap Gideon. "Though it couldn't possibly happen again, not in a million years! Somehow, somewhere, you wandered into some reputable establishment and bought nearly fifteen thousand dollars' worth of real Hanakopiai Sugar stock!" His voice fell to a reverent note. "And you so full of *okolehau* you didn't know you were doing it—and couldn't even remember it! Boy, boy! How I wish you had brought me a bottle of that *okolehau*!"

* * * * *

TWO days later, Cowan and old Jap Gideon rode into Peppertree and stopped at the livery stable where the banker had left his car. Old Jap was attired in the flannel suit that he had worn when on board the ship, going to Honolulu. The jaunty cap was now a wilted rag; the trousers had lost every vestige of their first immaculate beauty and many sincere efforts to restore them to their pristine whiteness had but shrunken them yet more. They now reached barely below the knees, and clung skin-tight to the old man's bony legs. But Jap had to wear them, for they were the best he owned. Tom Morris appeared at the door of his store on the other side of the street.

"Well if it ain't Jap Gideon!" he cackled, for he was a man of no tact. "Lost your fifteen thousand, did you? Just like me and Judge Hopper said you would! Yes, sir, anybody could tell you'd lost it, just by lookin' at you! Jap, you shorely do look like hell!"

Jap Gideon ignored the speaker, though his trigger finger twitched spasmodically. At this moment a great car roared out of the livery stable with a smart chauffeur at the wheel. It rolled up and stopped. Cowan climbed in and old Jap Gideon followed suit. Both men lighted expensive cigars and Jap leaned back with a lordly air, blowing a smoke ring into the clear mountain atmosphere. Cowan turned a cold eye upon the cackling storekeeper.

"I see nothing to laugh about," he observed bitingly. "While in Honolulu Mr. Gideon bought nearly fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Hanakopiai Sugar stock at about fifty. Just before I left San Francisco, a week ago, it was being quoted at 91½. I consider Mr. Gideon one of the shrewdest investors I ever met. His investment in Hanakopiai Sugar will net him something like ten or twelve thousand dollars' profit! Home, William!"

There was a soft meshing of gears and the luxurious car slipped away like a great low-flying bird. Jap Gideon leaned farther back in the soft cushions, for again he was feeling rich and wonderful. The fact that his stock had turned out to be the real thing—and not fake—he now attributed to his own cleverness. He had quite forgotten that he had acquired it mysteriously during his session with that bottle of *okolehau*.

As the car slid away from Peppertree he turned and looked back at poor Tom Morris, standing goggle-eyed and stunned upon the edge of the porch. Old Jap Gideon's whiskered face split apart in a grin that showed his two remaining teeth and most everything else in their immediate vicinity. He placed one end of his thumb to his nose and waggled his gnarled fingers in an age-old gesture of derision.

New Vogue Flatters Men

(Continued from page 58)

the things every woman-hater ever has accused us of:—envious, catty, suspicious, jealous, etc., etc. But, thank heavens, it is not true. Any honest woman will admit she dresses primarily to please a man, or men in general. After all is said and done, every woman hopes to marry some day and, once having married, to remain the most attractive woman in her husband's eyes. I do not mean to imply that we still retain the old-fashioned idea that it is disgraceful to remain single or that we still worry about support in old age. Nowadays, the smart bachelor girl has taken the place of the prissy old maid and old maid jokes have been thrown into the discard. She is attractive and clever and quite able to support herself, thank you. But we do want companionship and love if we're normal human beings, and for such things we naturally turn to the men, as they turn to us.

The new feminine fashions should be very flattering to the male of the species. They prove we are once more thinking of him. Take dark stockings, for instance. There is more lure for him in a pair of slim ankles covered with sheer dark chiffon than in all the bare-legged bathing beauties on Mack Sennett's beach.

The new colors are appealing to men—violet blue, greens, and black. Men are undoubtedly attracted by red, but they don't really like it—not on their wives, sisters, or sweethearts. They prefer the more subdued shades, and they all love black. A sure-fire success is a trim-fitting black dress with crisp white ruffled cuffs and a white frill around the throat—

Lingerie touches, by the way, are very important. There are few dresses today without a bit of lace added somewhere, or a frill or jabot of some contrasting material. Even the most strictly tailored walking dress is relieved of its severity by dainty white piquet collar and cuffs. Blunt severity is out! Just like that—OUT! We are now tailored subtly, with just the right touch of relieving softness to make all the difference in the world between masculinity and smartness. Suits, for instance, are the last word in street wear for the Spring; well-tailored, pinched in at the waistline, of mannish materials. But with such a suit we will wear a frilly jaboted blouse of bright satin, the skirt will be four inches below our knees—in other words, we have adopted a masculine fashion and shaped it to our own feminine needs.

LOW, square heels have also gone the way of all flesh. Today, even when out on a shopping tour, shaped heels are demanded by Dame Fashion; Cuban leather heels for sensible walking, Spanish and French for dress wear. Personally, I don't care much for colored kid but I do think matching suede shoes are stunning, especially dark green and blue. As far as hats go you can do pretty well as you please, so long as you keep them rather small. Brims are tentatively feeling their way into our spring modes and off-the-face-low-down-on-the-neck skull hats continue to hold their own. For the young girl the forehead-revealing style is most attractive but as we women grow a bit older I think a tiny brim, throwing a soft, intriguing shadow about the eyes, is more flattering.

But it is the new evening clothes which give us the biggest opportunity to be captivating. Let me tell you a little story apropos evening gowns. I went to a ball the other night at New York's swankiest hotel with a newspaper man who had just arrived that day from Denmark—his first visit to America. We sat for a while watching the dancers and after a few moments of silence my Danish boy friend turned to me and said: "I'm going to send a cable back home to my paper advising the women to lengthen their skirts right down to the ground. This is the first dance I've attended in years where *every* woman was beautiful and appealing."

It is true that practically every woman was in a long-skirted gown and, in fact, the two or three who had dared to appear in last year's evening dresses stuck out like sore thumbs. The materials, the colors, the waistlines were all different, but the skirts were almost unanimous in their length. Light colors predominated, blue being the favorite in every possible tone of the lighter shades. Prints were also popular—as they are very, very new; particularly tiny prints on flat crepe. Great splurgy prints weren't in evidence at all.

Quite the smartest thing in the world for evening wear are just-below-the-elbow length suede gloves of the same shade as your gown, wrinkled and folded in at the wrist, leaving the hands bare. Very young girls are also wearing narrow bands of velvet around their heads, tied with a tiny bow at the nape of the neck. Flowers, real or artificial, are not worn at all except at most formal affairs, such as weddings, coming-out parties, and the like. Chiffon and flat crepe are the most important evening materials and, of course, lace. But let me give you a word of advice about lace and tulle. Don't buy cheap dresses of these materials because they *look* cheap. Unless you can afford a real "creation," stick to crepe or chiffon. If you are one of us who just can't live through a season with a *robe de style*, have your new one made of taffeta rather than velvet, it's much smarter. Evening slippers are fancy this year. I don't remember seeing one pair of the old gold or silver kid and brocade standbys of yesteryear. Jewelry is rather lavish and evening wraps are long behind, short in front, primarily of velvet trimmed with white fur.

In other words, *everything* is feminine. But, for goodness sake, don't confuse femininity with simpering girlishness. A well-dressed woman today can be more dignified, more stunning, more sophisticated than ever before. So many people mix up mannishness with sophistication, and blushing demurity with femininity. Both are obviously incorrect as incorrect can be. But, on the other hand, if you've been harboring a secret desire to be known as a sophisticated woman—as who of us hasn't—clever handling of the new mode will help you nearer attainment than any of the styles of the past.

Here we are in the midst of an era when you can carefully study your good points and bad, and then use your ingenuity to emphasize the one and hide the other. You can be suave and sylph-like of form, daring in your decolletege, ultra-smart at any hour of the day or night. Above all, you can be individual. But 1930 fashions have their bad side also. For the woman who will not take the time to study herself carefully, who has no sense for color combinations, who has no feeling for the nicities of the toilette, the new clothes are going to prove a burden, and an unbecoming one. This is a meticulous fashion period; it exacts many, many things of us women. But if we are willing to give just a little thoughtful time to ourselves, I am sure we will be repaid as never before in an attractiveness that will give us poise, satisfaction and even happiness.



SPRING

and smart new

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IF YOU'RE a man who cares about looking your best from tip to toe, choose new Florsheims now for Spring! They're distinguished shoes . . . as fresh-looking, as enjoyable as the new season. And, being Florsheims, the wear's there! A single try-on will prove conclusively that these are not ordinary shoes

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, CHICAGO

Feeding Children

(Continued from page 59)

questions. Oftentimes other mothers hear the questions and answers and are anxious to help, also. They write in and tell us what solutions they have found for similar problems. A sort of round table discussion is held. These letters are read, advice is given, parents are cautioned to apply only what seems to best fit their situation, and oftentimes we are glad to know that we have been the instruments of helping to overcome many of these serious matters. This is but one type of service rendered the KDKA Home Forum listeners.

Many of these cases are such that they call for the advice, diagnosis and treatment of a physician. We recommend that a physician be called in for examination. Oftentimes parents do not realize that their nervous, overactive, underweight child is a sick child and that he should be under the care of a child specialist. Childhood is too precious for parents to run risks by working in the dark. Seek the best advice obtainable where your child is concerned.

WE HAVE mentioned the importance of good food habits formed in early childhood. What are some of these food habits? One of the most essential things is that children's food should be simple and wholesome. It should not be highly seasoned or elaborately prepared. Remember that a child is born without habits. He will learn to like plain, simple food as easily as the other kind if his taste has not been spoiled by being given highly seasoned food, or allowed to taste adults' food.

Children thrive under routine management. They get used to having their meals at a certain time. They come to expect it. It becomes a habit to come in from play at a certain time, to wash and have a meal as a matter of course. It is the child who has not firmly fixed regular habits who wishes to play a little longer when mother calls him to supper. A child will be hungry for his meals if they are served him regularly and he has not been allowed to piece between meals to spoil his appetite.

A little child is very easily upset by any change in the meal hour. His digestion suffers. He has no appetite if the meals are too close together. He gets cross and fussy and irritates his mother. Once a habit is broken it is very hard to establish it again. Good habits are fixed slowly. The process is scarcely perceptible at times and oftentimes mother becomes negligent at the seeming uselessness of such a stern discipline. A child doesn't mind things once they become a habit. He accepts it. It is when you try to break a habit or to train him to accept a new one that you come across the greatest difficulty.

If you parents are having trouble getting your children to eat what they should, I wonder if you have ever tried having them eat by themselves and at another time than the time the adults eat their meals? It is much better for children to eat by themselves. Why? They will not see the food their parents eat. They will not become dissatisfied with their plain, simply cooked food. As their food habits are established and they are able to eat more of the adults' food, they may eat with the rest of the family and the transition is easily made. Often children need their food at different hours from the adults.

Many parents say that this is the only time they have to be together as one family, to talk over the day's happenings, to really get acquainted with their children. This is a good reason, to be sure, but not so good that the parents can afford to sacrifice their children's health to their own personal enjoyment. Health should come first. In the long run the parents will profit by being the proud possessors of healthy happy children.

Cannot father plan to get away from the office a little earlier in the evening, perhaps, and have some time with his boy before supper or before the boy goes to bed? Many parents are selfish in their love for their children. They keep them up late to enjoy them, to play with them or read to them when the children should be getting some of those precious health-giving hours of sleep.

EVEN when conditions are ideal, we often find that certain children do not wish to eat the food set before them. They rebel once and get over it. It may be just a notion. But if it becomes a habit and the rebellion is frequent, what is to be done? One of mother's hardest problems is the handling of the cases where the children refuse to eat. Shall we insist upon their eating what is set before them? A stern disciplinarian may do that and say she is doing it for the good of the child.

But before we use these tactics we want to be sure whether or not the food given will benefit or upset the child. He may not be feeling well and the food may disagree with him. If you ask him, he may tell you he is not feeling well. Are we to believe him or are we to think that perhaps he just doesn't want to eat?

The reasons may be limitless why he doesn't wish to eat. This depends upon the age of the child, his general health, the regularity of habits already established and other factors. Many children desire attention. They get it by staging a tantrum. Mother gets scared and excited, the child doesn't eat his food and he wins out. Next time he tries the same tactics and he has made the beginning of a very firmly fixed and bad habit. As was mentioned before, habits are easier to make than to break.

Many children refuse to eat because they have played so hard up to the time they are called in to a meal that they are too tired and excited to eat. They much prefer playing to eating, no matter how good the food is. Is the child to be coaxed or bullied into eating because the parent does not call him in early enough to have a short rest before he eats? I remember one poor, little, thin girl who was a very active child. She loved to play out of doors.

She played all day long and yet she never seemed to work up enough appetite to be hungry at meal time. When she was called into her meals, she always said, "Yes, I'm coming. Just a minute." It required several trips on the mother's part to finally get the child to the table. Usually the food was on the table before Mary arrived. This meant that she washed quickly and went directly to the table. She was tired from playing so much. She was too excited about the games she had just left to be interested in sitting still long enough to eat. It wasn't that she really minded the food. It was that she wasn't in the right frame of mind or rested enough physically to eat.

What should the mother have done? Instead of forcing her to eat, Mary might have been called early enough to come in and washed, combed her hair and played quietly with her dolls, books or toys, or even rested a few minutes before eating. This can be done if the child is trained to expect it. There are many ways to bring this to pass. Ask her to come in to help mother set the table. A little child feels that she is very grown-up and has a big responsibility if she is allowed to help mother. This will help to quiet her before eating. It is a good time to read a story or to play quietly. Don't let the child think that he needn't come in until the very minute the meal is on the table.

This kind of a habit started in early years is one of the most dangerous ones we have. Such a habit is nearly always accompanied by underweight, lack of appetite and irritability. Have you seen a child who was up to normal weight, of cheerful happy disposition, with a good appetite, who had to be coaxed to eat at meal time? These characteristics are built upon a foundation of regular habits. None of us receive the most benefit from our meals if we eat them when we are tired, excited or irritable. Children are not the only ones who react in that manner.

THE atmosphere of the room should be cheerful at meal time. Children are great imitators and, if mother is fussy, they may react against their food. If mother comes to the table and says, "I'm just too tired to eat," the child may take his cue from her. Mother may insist upon the child eating, even if she herself doesn't wish to eat. Is this consistent? Should we expect our children to do what we will not do? Some adults figure that children are too young to understand, but we do not give them credit for understanding as much as they do. This is another reason why children are better off at a table of their own during meal time. Otherwise mother may have to eat prunes to be a good example to Mary, who has her watchful eye upon her every move.

Children sense it when the atmosphere is cheerful and cosy. They respond to it much more quickly than to scolding or scheming. See that only cheerful topics of conversation are discussed at meal time. It is better for adults as well as for children. If a child is particularly fussy about his food, he may eat without thinking much about it if the conversation is interesting and it is directed away from food. Talking about how good the food is and coaxing him to taste some of it will make a finicky child more determined not to eat it. Take it for granted that he is going to eat his food and like it.

Children are one of the best subjects on which to apply all the psychology we possess. They guess things intuitively. They know when they are being managed, coaxed or wheedled, and like any self-respecting person they resent it.

FAVORITES

YOU HAVE a favorite program, one that brings you more enjoyment than any other one thing on the air. Would you like to help bring national honor and recognition to this program, which has given you so much pleasure? Turn to page 3 of this issue of Radio Digest—read the details of the Diamond Meritum Award Contest and send in your nomination and votes for your FAVORITE PROGRAM.

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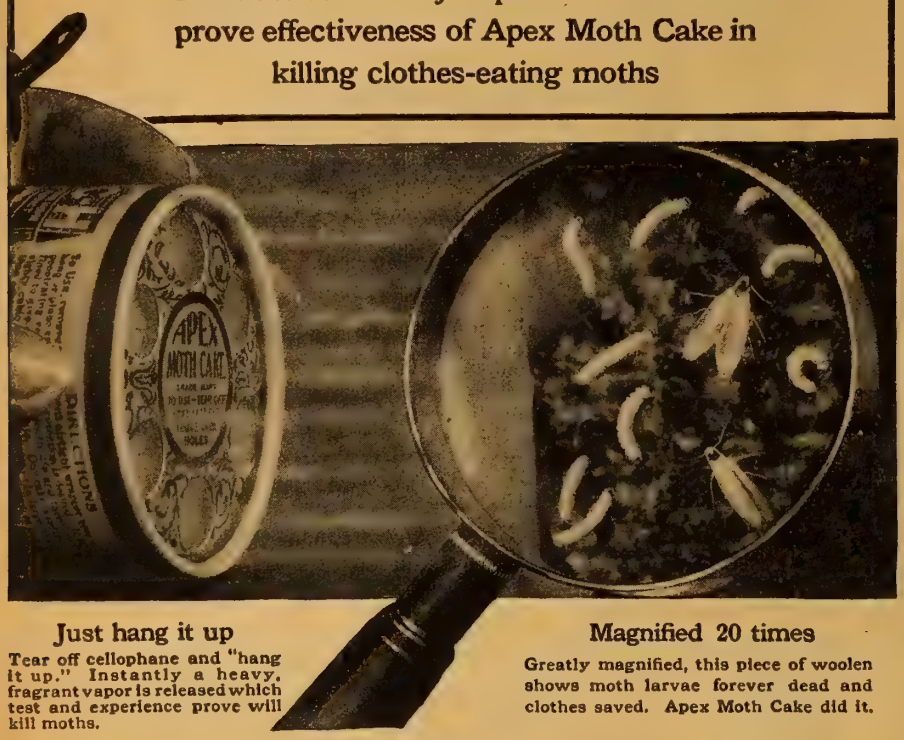
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Let us treat children more as adults and they will strive hard to live up to what we expect of them. Appeal to their pride and to their manhood. Do not belittle or baby them. Children respect our honesty and dislike our dodging issues. Deal with them straightforwardly.

If the child is very easily upset and has many food notions, he may have to be treated more as a sick child than a normal, healthy one. But that does not mean that he should have tricks played on him or be bribed into doing what he should. As soon as a child finds it out —and he always does—we have lost more ground than we have gained and the love and respect of our children besides.

Do everything in your power to make each meal placed before a child attractive, and nicely served on bright dishes which add to the cheerful atmosphere of the room. Many a carrot or serving of spinach has been willingly eaten when served on pretty dishes in an attractive room. Make the surroundings appealing to a child. A vase of flowers on the table, a colored tablecloth and other bright colors will put all of us in a good frame of mind for a meal. How many times have you sat down to a meal when you were tired and thought that you didn't want a bite to eat, to end by eating a good meal and relishing it because it looked so good?

IS MEAL time a pleasant one in your home or is the dinner bell the signal for the war to commence? Many mothers have such a hard time to get their children to eat. They wish to play and dawdle with their food. Mothers resort to many schemes to get young Bob or Edith to eat. If she is tired before she begins this battle, think how much benefit and enjoyment she will get from her meal after she has had a tussle to get her child to eat.

What shall we do with the child who will not eat? We have asked mothers to tell us what they did when they were confronted with this problem. This is what one mother replied to the question. "Is it wrong to play with my baby in order to get her to eat? I think it is wrong to play with a baby while she is eating to get her to eat. It may embarrass the mother at some time in her home when there is company or when she is invited out.

"I think children should be taught to feed themselves as soon as they are able to hold a spoon in their hand. There are high chairs and bibs for this very purpose. Of course they will make a mess and spill the milk at first, but they will soon learn and they should be taught to respect their meals and learn that meal time is the time for eating and not for playing. When there are many children in the home, and a mother has a great many things to do, children have to be taught to do things for themselves. I am the mother of six children, all under twelve years of age and they are all fine, healthy children."

I think that this mother has touched upon the vital spot. Isn't it true that mothers of large families generally have less trouble with the management of their children than mothers of only one child? Less attention is paid to them. They are not apt to be spoiled and catered to and as a consequence they are much healthier and happier.

ISN'T it annoying to a family and guests when a child won't eat and he displays his temper at meal time? It tries one's patience and takes away the appetite. Many mothers are handling this problem very capably. Each prob-

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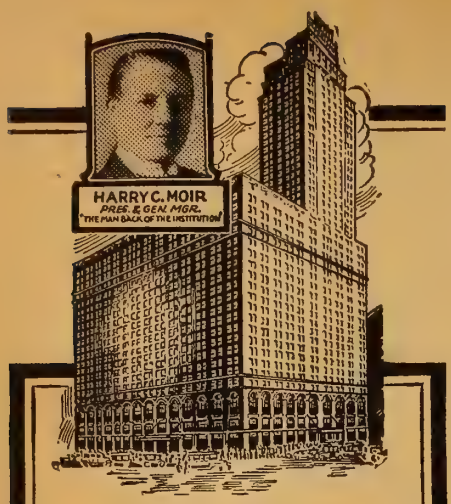


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lem is an individual one and needs individual handling. Remember that a show of temper may be more deeply rooted than a mere behavior problem. He may be ill or just plain naughty or the parent may be at fault. How can that be? A parent may pamper, threaten, or bribe or otherwise scheme to get her stubborn child to eat his food. She may play with him.

Each time this occurs and the child does not eat, it shows that the child has the upper hand and is in control of the situation. Does that mean to use force? No, not at all. But it does mean that we must discover first of all the cause. Consult a physician and see if there is anything wrong with the child. If he is in good health, then resort to other means. One method which has been found to work very satisfactorily is to cut off all the food supply.

THESE methods used in nursery schools are not some teacher's ideas that are not based upon actual experience. These mothers are the teachers under the careful guidance of a child training expert. The mothers try the methods with their own children at home and find them to work most successfully. Part of the success of these methods is due to constant vigilance, patience, perseverance, will power, good temper and poise of the director and all the student teachers.

Each problem is taken up, and solved, in a friendly understanding way, with the child concerned. They are never erratic in their handling of the children. They do not tease, bribe or scold to get the results they desire, and as a consequence the children never go into tantrums or display fits of temper. Little attention is paid to the child in a personal way to make him conscious of himself. Friends, teachers and parents make no personal remarks about how pretty a child is or how smart or anything of the sort. No attention is paid to a child when he does not eat. The other children even ignore him. He is never coaxed to eat.

The other children leave the room when all of them finish eating and if one child refuses to eat his spinach or carrots, he remains. Nothing is said, but he knows why he is there. He usually gets lonely and eats the food the minute the rest are gone. Often he is very proud to show one of the teachers a clean plate when she returns. The children are not required to eat all of the food but they must taste it at least so that next time it is easier to get the child to eat more of it. One refusal makes it doubly hard the next time.

Let us think of some of the "Do's" to remember in dealing with these child feeding problems.

1. Serve the food attractively.
2. Serve small portions.
3. Create a cheerful atmosphere.
4. Discuss interesting subjects at meal time.
5. Be patient, calm, firm, good-natured and in command of the situation.
6. Serve meals regularly. Discourage piecing between meals.
7. Be a good example yourself.
8. Develop a child's independence by encouraging him to feed himself at an early age.
9. Praise, do not scold or threaten.
10. Parents should agree on the method of handling the situation—have no divided authority.
11. Remember that good habits are formed slowly and in early childhood.

Begin now!

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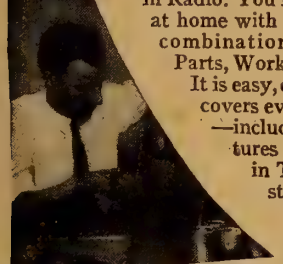
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Answer to Daily Problem

(Continued from page 78)

the Libby general offices so that one steps from clicking typewriters and jangling phone bells into the compact kitchen—only a step or two in distance, but steps which take the visitor almost into another world.

If it happens that no one is working there at the moment, the first thing with which the visitor is impressed is the silence—a silence one can almost hear—for the kitchen is carefully soundproofed to accommodate the Radio broadcasts. The next thing that forces its attention upon the mind is the cleanliness—almost a surgical cleanliness if a man's reaction is to be believed, this impression being heightened by the (to a mere male) mysterious looking scintillating white devices which line the room until one almost expects the head anesthetist and the surgeon with his scalpel to step from the adjoining room.

To the initiate into such realms, however, the scene brings only joy and admiration. Virtually every modern device for reducing the drudgery of housework has been incorporated into this kitchen. A huge electric ice box, an electric dishwasher, a kitchen cabinet, which does everything but say "good morning," and an electric range, equipped with all manner of thermostatic and electrical devices for shutting off the heat under the roast beef in case mother should be down in the laundry when this should be done.

ALTHOUGH she is enthusiastic about her workshop, Miss Martin takes occasion to point out that all the modernism which it represents is by no means necessary for the duplication of any of the recipes which she gives over the air.

"Naturally, when Libby, McNeill & Libby decided upon this type of service, they equipped the kitchen with the most modern devices attainable, just as any large firm would do if they were equipping any kind of a workroom. And it all is a decided help, especially when you realize that we spend most of our day in here cooking. But don't get the idea that it is at all necessary. There is no reason why the woman 100 miles from a railroad station, cooking over an old-fashioned coal range, can't prepare any food we talk about just as well as we prepare it here. It is not at all important for the housewife to have all these things in her own kitchen."

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on extra money you can make while learning



J. E. Smith, Pres., National Radio Institute

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So many opportunities many make $5 to $30 a week extra while learning

Many of the ten million sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. The day you enroll I will show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood, that you can do in your spare time for extra money. I will show you the plans and ideas that are making as high as $200 to $1,000 for others while taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made $935 in my spare time while taking your course."

Many $50, $60 and $75 a week jobs opening in Radio every year

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay $1,800 to $5,000 a year. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, and buyers for jobs paying up to $15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators, give them world-wide travel at practically no expense and pay $85 to $200 a month. Radio dealers and jobbers are continually on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $30 to $100 a week. Talking Movies pay as much as $75 to $200 a week to the right men with Radio training. My book tells you of other opportunities in Radio.

I will train you at home in your spare time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Hundreds have won bigger success. J. A. Vaughn jumped from $35 to $100 a week. E. E. Winborne seldom makes under $100 a week now. The National Radio Institute is the Pioneer and World's Largest organization devoted exclusively to training men and young men, by correspondence for good jobs in the Radio industry.

You Must Be Satisfied

I will give you an agreement to refund every penny of your money if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you complete my course. And I'll not only give you thorough training in Radio principles, practical experience in building and servicing sets, but also train you in Talking Movies, give you home experiments in Television, cover thoroughly the latest features in sets such as A. C. and Screen Grid.

My 64-Page Book Gives the Facts

Clip and mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out the money-making opportunities the growth of Radio has made for you. It tells of the opportunities for a spare time or full time Radio business of your own, the special training I give you that has made hundreds of other men successful; and also explains the many fine jobs for which my course trains you. Send the coupon to me today. You won't be obligated in the least.

Get my new book It points out what Radio Offers You



Here are a few examples of the kind of money I train "my boys" to make

Started with $5. Now has Own Business



"Can't tell you the feeling of independence N.R.I. has given me. I started in Radio with $5, purchased a few necessary tools, circulated the business cards you gave me and business picked up to the point where my spare time earnings were my largest income. Now I am in business for myself. I have made a very profitable living in work that is play."

HOWARD HOUSTON,
512 So. Sixth St., Laramie, Wyo.

$700 in 5 Months Spare Time



"Although I have had little time to devote to Radio my spare time earnings for five months after graduation were approximately $700 on Radio sales, service and repairs. I owe this extra money to your help and interest. Thanks for the interest shown me during the time I studied and since graduation."

CHARLES W. LINSEY,
537 Elati St., Denver, Colo.

$7396 Business in two and one-half Months



"I have opened an exclusive Radio sales and repair shop. My receipts for September were $2332.16—for October, $2887.77 and for the first half of November, $2176.32. My gross receipts for the two and one-half months I have been in business have been $7396.25. If I can net about 20% this will mean a profit of about $1500 to me."

JOHN F. KIRK,
1514 No. Main St., Spencer, Iowa.

My Free book gives you many more letters of N. R. I. men who are making good in spare time or full time businesses of their own



Rear view of 5-tube Screen Grid Tuned Radio frequency set — only one of the many circuits you can build with my parts.

You'll get practical Radio Experience with my new 8 Outfits of Parts that I'll give you for a *Home Experimental Laboratory!*

My course is not all theory. You use the 8 Outfits I'll give you, in working out the principles, diagrams and circuits used in modern sets and taught in my lesson books. This 50-50 method of home training makes learning easy, fascinating, interesting. You get as much practical experience in a few months as the average fellow who hasn't had this training gets in two to four years in the field. You can build over 100 circuits with these parts. You experiment with and build the fundamental circuits used in such sets as Crosley, Atwater-Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and many others sold today. You learn how these circuits work, why they work, how they should work, how to make them work when they are out of order.



J. E. SMITH, *President*
Dept. OEQ
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR ONE *FREE* COPY OF MY NEW BOOK — mail it TODAY

J. E. SMITH, *President*,
National Radio Institute, Dept. OEQ
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. SMITH:—Send me your book. I want to see what Radio offers. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name.....

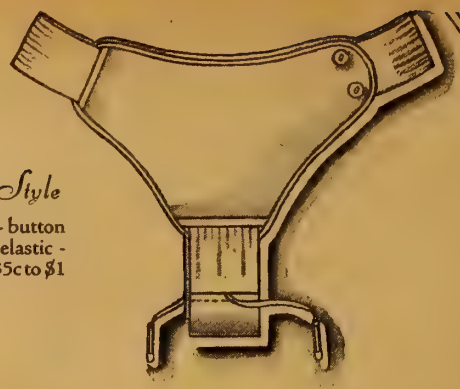
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City.....*State*.....

Get the facts on my Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

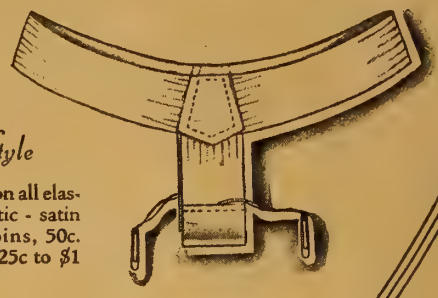
HICKORY

Sanitary Belts are approved and recommended by leading medical authorities



Shield Style

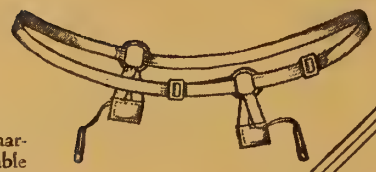
Shield style - button belt - wide elastic - taped pins. 35c to $1



Curved Style

"Shaped-to-fit" slip-on all elastic style - wide elastic - satin trimmed - taped pins, 50c. Other elastic styles 25c to $1

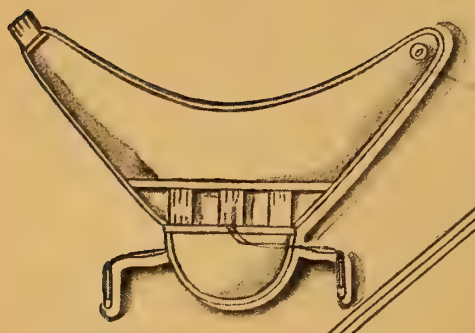
All Hickory Belts are ideal for use with any pad or protection you prefer



Petite Style

The Belt Petite - of ⅜ inch narrow rayon elastic - adjustable - with taped pins or patented clasps. 25c to 50c

Leading specialists approve and recommend Hickory Belts because they do not bind or in any manner constrain. They are correctly shaped to fit and are scientifically correct—hygienically perfect. They permit absolute freedom of movement—always dependable, yet gently secure. Ask your doctor. Of further importance—Hickory Belts are not limited to just one model. Hickory provides you with just the style and size which suits *you* best. All Hickory Belts—in all styles and at all prices—are perfectly shaped to fit.



Shaped Shield Style

Sateen cloth style - button belt. Waist measure sizes - taped pins, 50c. Others to $1

An interesting and inexpensive test — which will mean much in health and comfort to you later—is to try several Hickory styles. No one but yourself knows so well which is the best belt for *you*. You can easily find out for yourself—once having done so, just remember *your* Hickory number. In superfine creations at $1—others as low as 25c.

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Shadow Skirts & Bloomers
Dress Shields & Girdles

Sanitary Belts *by*

HICKORY

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO



French Lick calls

By the curative properties of its waters, French Lick Springs—once an obscure trading post—has been transformed into America's foremost spa. ¶ The hotel of 1840, pictured above, was built to serve those who, at that early date, came to drink the natural, sparkling, health-giving waters and take the rejuvenating baths. ¶ To her supreme gift of healing waters nature added a climate of year-round delightfulness and a countryside of surpassing charm here in the gorgeous Cumberland foothills. ¶First the Indians and then early pioneers made pilgrimages to French Lick to drink the waters and carry away as much as they could. Now Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the springs, is available the world over.

¶The magnificent hotel, shown above, is a concrete tribute to the curative powers of Pluto Mineral Water. It was built in response to the insistent demand of increasing thousands for comforts, conveniences and cuisine equaling the foremost metropolitan hotels. ¶In the hotel, under its own medical supervision, are the finest baths available on this continent.

¶Now is a wonderful, rejuvenating time to visit French Lick—to tone up the system—put the sparkle back in your eyes, snap in your step and vigor in your veins. Two world-famed, 18-hole golf courses offer exceptional opportunities to the devotee. ¶Tennis courts, hiking, horseback riding, plunges in the pool and other diversions make a golden circle of waking hours, while perfect rest on downy beds makes morning a benediction. ¶French Lick is quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Wire or write for reservations.



PLUTO WATER

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL
Thomas D. Taggart, *President*

FRENCH LICK, INDIANA
H. J. Fawcett, *Manager*

"Home of Pluto Water"

When Nature Wont, Pluto Will



Now, even a flexible point in Balance Lifetime° pens



If you write flowingly, with shaded lines, or boldly, with lines all of equal weight, obliquely, or any one of fifteen different ways, Sheaffer has the pen for you. By recent research, even the action and shading of any steel pen is duplicated by Sheaffer. And Sheaffer's is the only Lifetime° guarantee. At your Sheaffer dealer's, choose the pen that interprets your handwriting style, feel the easy naturalness of the suave, clean-lined Balance design in your hand, and you'll know you've met your lifetime writing companion!

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Radio Digest



June

Thirty-Five Cents

ROSALINE GREENE
NBC, N. Y.

Will Payne

E. Phillips Oppenheim

P. G. Wodehouse

CUPID on the AIR—True Radio Romance



French Lick calls

By the curative properties of its waters, French Lick Springs—once an obscure trading post—has been transformed into America's foremost spa. ¶ The hotel of 1840, pictured above, was built to serve those who, at that early date, came to drink the natural, sparkling, health-giving waters and take the rejuvenating baths. ¶ To her supreme gift of healing waters nature added a climate of year-round delightfulness and a countryside of surpassing charm here in the gorgeous Cumberland foothills. ¶First the Indians and then early pioneers made pilgrimages to French Lick to drink the waters and carry away as much as they could. Now Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the springs, is available the world over.

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PLUTO WATER

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL
Thomas D. Taggart, *President*

FRENCH LICK, INDIANA
H. J. Fawcett, *Manager*

"Home of Pluto Water"

When Nature Wont, Pluto Will

Germs Incite Tooth Decay

Millions are imprisoned on your teeth by film



Free... *special film-removing tooth paste for you to try*

This special method that removes film and bacteria will be mailed you free to try. It may bring a great change also in your teeth's appearance.

THIS advertisement is published to ask you to accept and try a tooth paste entirely different from all others on the market.

By the time your free supply is gone these things will have happened to your teeth: *stains and discolorations will be gone—decay combated at the source—the incidence of many other troubles controlled.*

The new principle of combating germs of dental ills

The great destroyers of teeth are highly active germs. Germs cause decay. Under favorable conditions they, with tartar, are a contributory cause of other troubles. Many ways are known to kill bacteria. *But on the teeth bacteria cannot be removed by ordinary methods.*

A sticky, stubborn film envelops them. It glues germs against the enamel and in the tiny cracks and crevices. There they multiply by millions. *To remove these germs you must remove germ-laden film.*

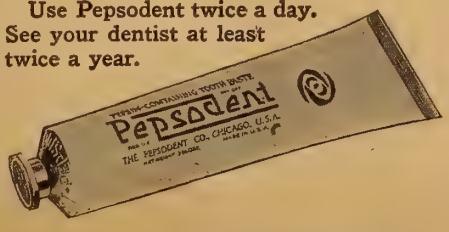
Pepsodent was developed after years of laboratory study and experiment. Pepsodent removes film gently, safely.

Pepsodent does not contain pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive.

Please accept a supply to try

Pepsodent is not a "cure" for decay and pyorrhea. It is a preventive. The diseases, themselves, must be treated by your dentist. Tear out the coupon and send it to the nearest address... today.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



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You will find yourself awaiting eagerly these incomparable blackface artists. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. Network.



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Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

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JUN -2 1930
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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown, Editor

June, 1930



LOUISE LYNCH comes out of her deep fur this June day perhaps just to let you know she has more than mere voice to make her interesting. She can sing classics if she must, but prefers popular selections. (KFWB.)

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CHARLOTTE WOODRUFF, WABC star, made her fame in musical comedy and on the concert stage before coming to Radio. You may remember her in the Gold Seal Hour of a Thursday night on the CBS hookup.



NINA LAWRENCE is a great favorite with WLS listeners for her various parts in Radio plays. She is a graduate of Northwestern University, Sargent School of Dramatics, and has had two seasons in vaudeville.



YVONNE DuVALLE is really one of the most beautiful Radio singers in the country, although this picture would not prove it. She is in Los Angeles, of course, and she has a delightful lyric voice. (KFI.)

Editorial Office: Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Phone Superior 7323.
Radio Digest will not be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts received through the mail. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage.

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Fans Nominate 185 Favorites for Diamond MERITUM AWARD

Unprecedented Enthusiasm in Race to Pick America's Most Popular Program

EXHIBITING unprecedented enthusiasm in the Radio Digest contest to select America's Most Popular Program, listeners and readers have already nominated 185 favorite programs, organizations or artists. Expressing fervent admiration for and loyalty to the program of their choice, letters have poured in to the Contest Editor nominating programs originating at small stations, medium size stations, large stations and heard on the great chain systems.

Although the number of nominations has been unexpectedly large in this contest, in some cases individual programs receiving several scores of coupons, the voting has been comparatively light. Listeners are saving their vote ballots so that they may send them in at the end of the contest and thus receive the bonus allowed, as outlined in the rules and conditions on page 101.

It is, of course, impossible at this early date to even hazard a guess as to the ultimate leaders in the Diamond Meritum Award race. Complete tables, showing the standing of the contestants, are printed on page 112. Remember, that anyone has a chance, it all depends on the loyal support of the listening public. If your favorite has already been nominated it is not necessary to send in the nomination coupon. Merely fill out the vote ballot at the bottom of this page.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

It is by no means the program from the most powerful station that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the program, organization or artist that has the stanchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite entertainer.

TO THE program, organization or artist in the United States which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold mounted Diamond Meritum Award. This trophy, as illustrated on this page, will be in the shape of a gold medallion emblazoned with a diamond and will be engraved with the name of the winning program, organization or artist.

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite program, organization or artist in each section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, five Gold Awards will be presented in the sectional races. These trophies will be similar in every way to the Diamond Award, except that the diamond will be omitted from the design. They will be presented to the most popular program, organization or artist in the following divisions of the country: The East, South, Middle West, West and Far West.

To the individual program, organization or artist winning the Diamond Meritum Award will come recognition of inestimable value. No one thing is worth more to a broadcast program than the expressed admiration and preference of the listening public.

No individual can tell with any degree of accuracy how any given program rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each program heard on the air.

Read the rules and regulations, then clip the ballots at the bottom of this page. Act today. Help to bring recognition and reward to the program that gives you so much happiness and entertainment. Hundreds are writing in every day in eager support of their favorites.

"I am very much surprised to see that Floyd Gibbons is not on your nomination list of America's Most Popular Program Diamond Meritum Award. We do not feel that we can go to bed at night until we have heard his wonderful fifteen-minute broadcast, and we have numerous friends who feel as we do. He is the most intelligent, most instructive and most interesting person in the Radio field, and the best speaker on the air, announcers included."—Emeline Williams, Hughes, Ark.

"I nominate Little Jack Little. I think his programs are the best on the air, and my dial is always set for him. I am saving my votes so that they will count for more. Here's hoping he wins the Diamond Award."—Mildred Bradley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"PLEASE accept my nomination for the Smith Family of station WENR. We sincerely hope that the Smith Family, which we believe to be the best program on the air

(Continued on page 110)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate _____

Station _____ (Call Letters)

in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Number 4

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

_____ (Name of Program) _____ (Call Letters)

_____ (City) _____ (State)

Signed _____

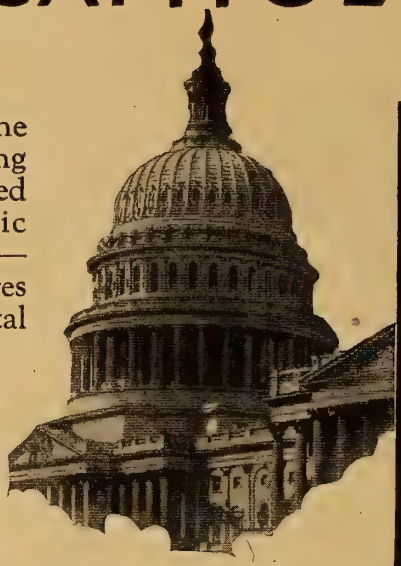
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City _____ *State* _____

Now... *one* new electric refrigerator brings you *all* advantages

WILLIAMS ICE-O-MATIC

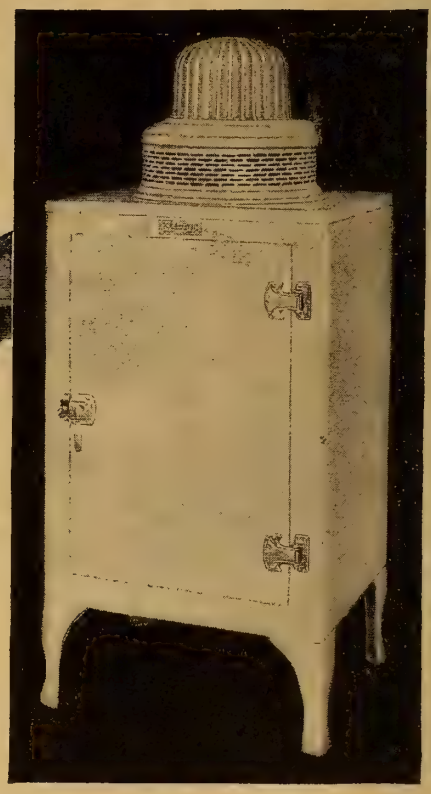
NEW CAPITOL *MODEL*



You are rightly entitled to *all* the best features when investing your money. This advanced new Williams Ice-O-Matic combines—for the first time—the 15 most important features of American and Continental electric refrigerators.

Williams Ice-O-Matic is designed for the busy person who can't be bothered with mechanical details. This new Capitol model—especially compact for modern small homes and apartments—is simple and quiet. It offers you unusual cooling capacity—makes ice cubes quickly.

Mail the coupon now for further interesting facts about this new low cost Williams electric refrigerator—and a new Ice-O-Matic recipe book.



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For apartments and small homes—thirteen other Ice-O-Matic cabinets with larger capacities. Really convenient payments.

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2. Hermetically sealed, accessible mechanism
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11. Constant, healthful low temperature
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◆ RADIO ◆

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, 7:30 to 8:00 (Eastern Time) KDKA.

THURSDAY EVENING, 7:30 to 8:00 (Central Time) WGN.

SATURDAY EVENING, 8:00 to 8:30 (Pacific Time) KFRC, KMJ and KHJ.

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LOST STARS
E. E. Plummer is hunting up some of the Stars of yesteryear and will tell you what they are doing now.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Famous author brings another incomparable romance in his story of The Experiment of Stephen Glask.

DANA GATLIN
One of America's best known fiction writers will have a story called Incompatible, that should be read by every married person or one who hopes to be married. It may help to smooth many lives.

RADIO STORIES AND HUMOR
From the studios of the larger broadcasting companies will be found in our July number.

* * *

And of course a great many other supremely interesting subjects will be found in the

JULY RADIO DIGEST
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Advance Tips

WHERE, oh where are the Stars of yesteryear? The fixed stars of Radio are few and far between. Probably we can all look back a year, two years, three years or more and remember names we so eagerly hunted night after night on the old battery set. Now, we hear them no more. They have vanished from the sky. Evans E. Plummer, who airly tells you in this issue about Pay Day in Radio Town, has old WU and PO on the wire trail, combing the country for this information to be placed at your service in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

Practically every magazine you pick up has something in it about Amos 'n' Andy these days. The newspapers are syndicating biographical material. And still Radio Digest continues to supply you with new stories as it has done beginning with the January issue six months ago. Then their wide Radio popularity was practically unrecognized by any other publication. You will find another interesting Amos 'n' Andy story in July Radio Digest.

* * *

Radio is becoming more and more a national factor as it originates on the Pacific Coast. Dr Ralph L. Power, our correspondent for that region, will have a brightly illustrated and informative article on the subject, The Talkies Take the Air.

* * *

Taking Radio for a Ride, an article by Colonel O. N. Taylor, Radio editor of the Chicago Times, will surprise you on the prevalence of this latest fad. Just because Mr. Taylor is a Chicagoan, draw no hasty conclusions about the "ride." He is very literal. Now that Mrs. Hoover and other Washington notables are equipping their motor cars with Radio the practice must be recognized as having some social standing. And there is opposition to the movement, too! Radio in cars is being prohibited in some states by laws! Well, well, but we'll read all about it—a non-technical discussion, of course—in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

Next month you are going to get a delightful bit of country romance in The Experiment of Stephen Glask, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It's brisk in action, a little humorous, and the dearest kind of a sweet little love story all intertwined in a garden of roses. Stephen's aplomb will make you gasp—an ironmonger, a baronet and a lady! You will find it in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

WHAT a heart stirring word is that legal term "Incompatible!" Dana Gatlin has chosen that word for a title to a new story of American domestic life which will appear in the July Radio Digest. Dana Gatlin knows us all intimately. He knows the ingredients of blind, irresistible love; the storms of jealous frenzy, the sweet recompense of trust, and all those passions that make us live from day to day in a world of expectancy. If you are married or ever expect to be married, read this remarkable analysis of love and marriage in the July Radio Digest.

Across the Desk

THE Gads and the Goits are going again. Just as the solemn historians were about to put pen to paper that this was the era of the "back to the home movement," accrediting Radio as the factor to be thanked or cursed, according to the point of view, the unexpected, as might be expected, happened. It was only the other day, you know, that the Gads and the Goits and you and I all put our hats on immediately after dinner and went out. But a new comer crowded itself into the orderly array of parlor furniture and we suddenly remembered that the Rainbow Revue from Broadway, New York, would be on the air at 8 o'clock. So the hats went back up on the pegs. We turned to the dial and spent the evening home. Incidentally we discovered we had a family and got acquainted with each other; the Gads, the Goits, you and I, and our respective families. In the midst of this beatific situation we began straining our necks for a glimpse of this here now television which we have been assured over and over again was right there—"just around the corner." And zoopie! While we are in this expectant posture up come the Gads and the Goits from behind in their new Sic-em Twin Twelve with a band concert going full tilt direct from Washington, D. C. Is the back to the home movement at an end now that the Gads, the Goits (and presently you and I) are going to take our Radio as we go?

* * *

Greetings to little Virginia Marie Gosden, who is 24 hours old as these lines are written. She was born at 8:15 p. m. She was very obliging to come between the 6 o'clock and 10:30 broadcasts of Amos 'n' Andy, but you can imagine somewhat the real anxiety Amos felt the evening of April 23rd with the knowledge of such an event so close at hand. Freeman F. Gosden, Jr., two years old, is reported very happy. Virginia is chosen for the home state of her father and Marie for the middle name of Mrs. Gosden and her maternal forbears.

* * *

Patriotic Kentuckians have sent us a state magazine with an interesting account of the scarcely recognized work of Nathan B. Stubblefield, who, it is claimed, is the real father of broadcasting. Stubblefield died a lonely hermit in a desolate hut near Murray, Ky., two years ago. A memorial was recently dedicated to him there with this inscription, "the first man in history to transmit and receive the human voice without the use of intervening wires." Professor L. J. Horton, of Kentucky State Teachers College, personally remembers a demonstration by Stubblefield before a thousand local citizens on January 1, 1902. Another demonstration before a group of scientists took place on March 20, 1902, from the steamer Bartholdi on the Potomac river. R. P. Clarkson, in the New York Sun, does not take this claim seriously. He says there had been a number of occasions previous when the voice was transmitted through space and cites one as that of A. F. Collins, now living a little way up the Hudson, who successfully transmitted the voice before 1900. A Chicago newspaper recently reprinted an article it had published in the sixties wherein it was stated that the time was not far distant when people on the mountains of the Pacific coast would be able to talk through space to the people on the mountains of the Atlantic coast. All of this is of interest because it shows that Radio of today was born not by accident nor by the thought of one mind, but by independent thought of many minds in all the civilized world. Every little improvement has come as the result of distilled thought from many minds. Probably the greatest improvement of all will be the perfected Radiovision, the focus point of the greatest amount of scientific research along Radio lines today.

* * *

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Triumph Over Adversity

By Frederick Palmer

BRAIN ana muscle grow strong in overcoming obstacles. The best triumph is over environment or adversity. A good job with poor tools is more credit than with good tools.

The youngster who buys a discarded car for a few dollars from the junk heap and makes it run knows more about cars than the youngster whose smart new roadster runs silkily. He is a better friend in need if he happens along when your car is broken down on a lonely country road.

Where does this moralizing lead? To Rochester, Minnesota, and Vienna, Austria. They are linked in a triumph that attests the moralizing.

We go back to the days when most of our great medical schools were in the East, most of our eminent surgeons and specialists in the big cities, A strange thing happened. Telegrams more beseeching than those asking favor of the White House, or of the greatest banker, were going to that little town of Rochester, Minn.

If the answer were "Yes," rich relatives speeded westward in private cars and poor relatives speeded the best way they could with desperate cases whose lives might be saved by a critical operation. In Rochester were two marvelous surgeons, the Mayo Brothers. They did not have to go to the world. It went to them. They were great in themselves, not in choice of residence. Surgeons came from all over America and Europe to study their methods.

And we go back to the days when Vienna was Europe's great medical center. Doctors travelled far to sit at the feet of its group of medical professors.

Of all cities Vienna was the hardest hit by the world war. The empire of which it was the capital was lopped off to make new nations. It was a city without a grainary, a city of misery on the breadline.

The professors returned to their antiquated buildings and equipment. In ragged coats, lean phantoms from hunger, they kept on doing what they were trained to do. Unable to pay skilled mechanics, they robbed junk heaps to make research apparatus with their own hands.

Eight years after the war a delegation of eminent American doctors went to Europe on a tour of expert observation. They came to Vienna. They listened to apologies for antiquated buildings and poverty of entertainment. Then they were absorbed in wonder.

They found that some of the makeshift apparatus might well be copied in new buildings in other lands which had rich endowments and they recommended that American students who wanted to learn what Europe had to offer should go to Vienna.

"What is important is not new buildings but men, and Vienna has the men."

When Dr. L. B. Wilson, of the Mayo Foundation, said this it was a final praise for the triumph over adversity coming from that far away town in Minnesota.



TED HUSING in this somewhat grim and dignified pose has a voice that is 99.9 per cent mike perfect. (The perfect voice has not yet been heard.) He is best known for his rapid fire and accurate sports announcing, although he fits well into soup and fish and can do the classics full justice. You know, of course, that he is the CBS star announcer.

Husing Is Big Out-doors Man

SHOOTS 400 Words a Minute in Microphone

When Describing Football Game—Knows Technique from Personal Experience

By Robert S. Taplinger

ON THE opposite page you see Edward B. Husing. Elsewhere in this magazine you will see Ted Husing. Of course they are one and the same except for the first glance appearance. "Ted" is the name and character by which the CBS popular announcer is best and preferably known. There's a certain masterful brilliance in the pose across the page. Mr. Husing might be a brother of Benito Mussolini, a sharp dominant intellect shines out of the dark eyes, and there's power behind the broad mouth. This is a picture that gives a glimpse of the reserve force that will become more evident in the man as he grows in years.

Ted Husing as you see him across the page is not the Ted Husing you will meet in the Columbia studios in New York—the man I see almost every day and know as Ted. With his fellow workers Ted is always Ted. He is always approachable and likable. Perhaps one of the supreme reasons for his success is that he has such a likable nature. He has no room in his heart for cynicism or sourness. He is fond of people, his associates, his Radio listeners. He is really a man's man and woman's choice. I have never heard of him having an enemy. Ted loves a prank and if some of his monkeyshines around the microphone ever got out on the air it certainly would create a surprising diversion from the regular program.

Getting into biography we find Edward B. Husing was born twenty-nine years ago in Deming, New Mexico. Deming is a town just nicely inside the border from old Mexico. You go down the main street and out through the rather desolate stretch of land southward for about twenty miles, and you come to Columbus where the late Pancho Villa is accused of having made the raid and massacre that started General Pershing and the American punitive expedition into the land of tortillas, rattlesnakes and charming senoritas of moving picture fame. However, Ted and his family had trekked north and east long ere this. But the locale of his birth may have implanted something of the warmth of his nature that makes him so popular today.

BORN in a part of the country where there is more out-of-doors than anything else you naturally would expect Ted Husing to grow up an out-of-doors man. And so he is. Why he takes a deep breath in New York and they hear him expel it in San Francisco! Of course it takes the Columbia Broadcasting System to prove it to you—but Ted comes honestly for his outstanding reputation as one of the very best of sports announcers. He has been through it all himself, won honors playing the games on gridiron and diamond and in the water. Speaking of water, note him a la soup and fish across the margin to your left. Aha! Bet you never saw him that way before! Bob Taplinger takes this big shot announcer apart and gives you the low down right here. Read it.

THE Husings settled in Gloversville, New York. As the young son developed sturdy legs and an active body he found plenty of room to grow. There was the Erie canal built at great expense for shipping but serving excellently for swimming and skating. And it was but a step to the banks and a swimming hole. Youth was virile in Gloversville. Out door sports had the whole town agog. Ted was in the midst of everything; swimming, wrestling, boxing, football and baseball. He became the leader of a gang that won all events coming and going.

Then the Great Metropolis beckoned and the Husings moved again. Young Ted looked over New York and liked the place. He continued his education at the Stuyvesant high school. It was quite different in many respects from Gloversville, but he felt that he had nothing to lose. He had to study a little harder but not too hard. He graduated and continued with a post-graduate course in commerce. Throughout the high school course he did not neglect his athletic proclivities. In fact, he was rated as a star at football, baseball, basketball and soccer. Football was his favorite diet. Twice in succession he was selected as the all-scholastic center.

College plans were disrupted in 1917 by the German Kaiser. Ted lied like a gentleman and told the recruiting officer around the corner that he was 19 when he was just barely 17. Finding the world war on his hands he was thoughtfully advised by certain officers in the American army who suggested Ted could best reek vengence on the imperial potentate across the Rhine by serving in the intelligence department. He got as far toward the front as Governor's Island, where he distinguished himself so notably and fiercely in boxing that the government retained him there to teach other soldiers. With such training it was surmised they would be able to outhun even the modern disciples of Attila.

The war ended too soon and Ted came out of it somewhat disorganized as to his future plans. His aggressive spirit tuned to high efficiency headed him toward professional football and baseball, but one season of that proved too tame so he turned to salesmanship. This kept him on his mettle for a while but he had not yet mastered the quick jab and thrust of a fighting tongue so he drifted into various activities. Once he took up the task of teaching the New York police force aviation. This looked hopeful until one of his flying ships slipped out of his control and dove into a marsh. Dripping with mud and pollywogs Ted waded out of the slime and decided he had not yet arrived at the right vocation for a long and useful career.

YES, he lived and went to Florida where he did not engage in the real estate business. Consequently he had plenty to do teaching gymnastics. As a sideline to his athletic activities he also taught the Charleston dance, then quite the vogue. But his restless soul found no peace and he headed back to New York where he applied for a job as an announcer at WJZ. There were 609 other applicants after the same job. But when it came to a mike test there could have been a million and Ted would have been hired, of course. He joined the famous Four Horsemen of the Mike, Norman Brokenshire, J. Lewis Reid, Milton J. Cross and Herbert Glover.

At last he had found his Calling. His success was immediate and profound. Within six months he was introducing the President of the United States, the vice-president and other notables to the people of the nation. It was Major J. Andrew White who brought him eventually to the Columbia Broadcasting System. And the major made him what he is today, according to Ted's own reverent confession. Major White was a stern drill master and instead of patting Ted on the back would pin him through the eye with a cold penetrating stare as much as to say, "bought you books and can't larn you nothin'."

There are many colorful incidents that stand out in the Radio career of Ted Husing. One of the classics tells of his "diplomatic conversations" between the Queen of Roumania, who became lost on her way to the Columbia studios, and a tensely waiting audience of several million Americans at their receivers across the continent.

The widely heralded moment for the appearance of her majesty narrowed down to seconds and NO WORD OF HER ARRIVAL. Ted hovered over the mike. The second hand of the studio clock raced to the black dot that meant ZERO. Where could the famous Queen be? Ted pictured in his mind the myraid of men, women ond children listening intently for the voice of royalty. It was Zero! The silence had to be broken. He tried to explain that Queen Marie had come too early for the national hook-up. Meanwhile there would be some Roumanian airs by the band. Here was the test for nonchalence, so Ted lit a—an—Old Gold and carried on. It was finally explained the queen was indisposed.

This fact may be challenged, but I believe Ted Husing can speak faster into a microphone without losing his clarity

(Continued on page 99)

AMOS and ANDY



True Story of Actual Experiences of Black Face Artists as they Visit Harlem and Meet "Natives" Face to Face

By Albert R. Williamson
National Broadcasting Company

IT WAS one of those enervating July days in 1929. The sun moved like a great brass gong through a copper-colored sky. Asphalt pavements were soft and sticky. New York seemed dazed in the heat.

Down on Lenox avenue and off on West 137th, 135th, 134th and in practically every other street in the neighborhood black-faced, ragged urchins seemed unmindful of the heat as they screamed and dodged in the street. On the stoops sat row upon row of dusky humanity of various ages and sects. Down in front of a corner pool room a boisterous crowd of young bucks were watching a lanky youth chalk up baseball scores. Harlem was enjoying the summer.

A taxicab stopped at the corner of Lenox and 137th street. Two young white men got out, paid the bill, and stood for a minute gazing about them.

"Well, son, here we are," exclaimed the taller of the two, a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Um huh. You guessed it," replied the stockier one.

Amos 'n' Andy had arrived in Harlem!

But to the multitude of dusky inhabitants they were just two white men looking around. Even had they told anyone their names, Correll and Gosden wouldn't have meant a thing. For that matter, neither would have Amos 'n' Andy at that time, unless the colored listener had happened to be from Chicago's south side or from one of the towns in which the names were already magic. To New York in July, 1929, Amos 'n' Andy were just names—common names to Harlem, but that was as far as it went.

TO CHARLES J. CORRELL and FREEMAN F. GOSDEN, however, this arrival was something more than an incident. It was an event.

Without a doubt you will remember what led up to their being in Harlem. They had just signed to work under the exclusive management of the National Broadcasting Company, and had then decided to move the locale of their story from Chicago to New York. The only catch was, neither had been to New York's negro section. Neither had the slightest idea of the actual topography of the district, nor whether the New York negro was a creature of different habits from the dusky inhabitant of Chicago or of the old South. Then there was only one way to find out—and that was to make an intensive study of their new locale and of the characters there.

"Gosh, it's hot," remarked Correll, he of the husky build.

"Yes, and it's not goin' to get cooler fast," retorted Gosden, removing his hat and revealing a thatch of blond, curly hair. "But that's not goin' to stop us. Let's get going."

Just then an outburst of cheering came from down the street where the youth of Harlem, and some of its adult population, was gathered about the score board.

"Look thear, Charlie," Gosden exclaimed. "Let's mosey down there and see what those boys are all doin'. Looks like a fight or somethin'."

"Naw, that's no fight," said Correll, peering down the street. "They're watching baseball scores. But that's all right. We ought to be able to pick up some color."

THE TWO new-comers edged their way into the crowd. Gosden turned to a black husky in a pair of faded overalls.

"How's she goin', son," he inquired.

"De Babe jest klucked 'nother one," the six-footer replied with a grin and chuckle. "When that boy sock that 'ere ball it sho does sta socked."

"Ain't dat the truf."

"He's mighty nice fella, too, I know," the husky youth vouched.

"Yea?" from Correll.

"Yas, Suh! Ah used to work ovar in de Yankee stadum and some days Ah'd talk to him almost ever day."

The boys winked at each other. The conversation continued. Eventually the game was over and they drifted into the pool room and found chairs ranging along the walls behind the tables. Conversation ran rapid and colorful. The visitors were all ears and eyes.

After a while they drifted outside again and down 137th street. About 150 feet west of Lenox avenue Gosden stopped. Six-story, dirty, brown-stone buildings crowded each other making a steep man-made cliff punctuated with parallel rows of opened windows. A bus roared down the street. Leaning against an iron railing that projected up from the sidewalk, he gazed about.

"Say, Charlie, this would be just about the right place for the Mystic Knights of the Sea."

"Um," Correll commented, sweeping his gaze up and down the street. "Wouldn't be so bad, would it?"

"Of course, we couldn't give it any exact address, but we could keep this street along here in mind. It looks like the kind of a place the Kingfish would pick out."

And so it was decided, and there the lodge remains.

BY THE time the boys had walked back to 135th street the afternoon was growing late. The sun had dropped into the Hudson somewhere in the distance—a sizzling ball of fire—but the heat of it still remained.

Harlem seemed to take a new lease on life, if anything. The basking groups on the stoops, on fire escapes and in the street offered a changing, shifting, background for the two visitors. A street car clanged down 135th street, making slow progress because small boys and girls with rubber balls would fearlessly dash out in front of the car; older boys halted their game of "catch" or one-old-cat only long enough to dodge the clanging monster. The big parade was on. The flashily dressed "dice men" and habitants of Harlem's night life were just emerging from building entrances, still sleepy-eyed, on their way to breakfast.

Black laborers, overall clad, some with muddy boots, powdered with lime and cement; chauffeurs, teamsters, and all that the colored worker stands for, mingled with buxom "momma" types, wheeling picanninies, "high yallers" casting sheep's eyes at the younger bucks, as the home-coming crowd jostled down the wide street.

Walking along the north side of the street, just a short distance from Lenox, Correll remarked that this would be a good place for Amos 'n' Andy to locate their taxicab office.

"Sure ought to be plenty of business in this section," he pointed out.

"Yea," Gosden retorted. "And poor old Amos will get a work-out looking for it."

IN THEIR prospecting for these business and club locations in Harlem, as in all of their daily conversations, Correll and Gosden referred to Amos 'n' Andy as one might to two friends. They are separate personalities to their creators, and Correll never says "as Andy I do this or that," but "Andy does this or Andy does that." The same is true with Gosden. In his conversation and daily life he is never Amos, but always Freeman Gosden. Amos is another person whom he knows very well, but who lives a separate life.

Now with the site of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated, already chosen, there only remained the location for Madam Queen's beauty parlor and where Amos 'n' Andy themselves would live.

Madam Queen had not yet forced her personality into the nightly episodes, but good showmen that they are, working out ideas in advance, the boys knew that she would be on the scene soon after their arrival in New York.

"Well, let's see," Gosden mused. "You all meet her when you go out of the office for something or other, don't you."

"Yea, I guess that would be about the best way."

"Um-aw, I got it! It has to be close here then. Let's make it across the street and down a little ways. That way, you see it would be natural for you to walk out of the office—say for a manicure—and look up and down the street for a beauty parlor, and spot this one across the street. See?"

"Atta boy, Gos, that's a great idea. Across the street then it is. Now the only thing left is to pick out where we're gonna live."

THAT wasn't decided just then, however, for it was growing near dinner time and the boys had been walking and talking for several hours. Their stomachs told them that it was time to eat. Someone had told them that "Connies" was a popular eating place in Harlem, but they didn't know where it was, so they stopped in at the first restaurant that they came to.

"The food was good, and the ideas and local color we picked up was better," Gosden recalls. "Chicken with hot biscuits—the small, flaky kind that you usually don't find anywhere but in the South—soaked in gravy, with mashed potatoes and all the fixin's on the side. Then good old Southern bread pudding and honest to goodness coffee for dessert. It was quite a feed."

There they had an opportunity to study close-up Harlem's prototypes of the blustering Andy and the wily Madam Queen; lovelorn Amoses and Ruby Taylors. They were all there—in prototype—although they didn't know it, and Correll and Gosden found their conversations, their gestures and their mannerisms, after all, but little different from the colored folk on Chicago's south side or in another colored section wherever you might find it. People are pretty much the same the world over, and it wasn't going to be as difficult for Amos 'n' Andy to get along with their new friends in Harlem as they thought it would be.

After dinner they strolled down Lenox avenue. At 134th street they paused, and turned.

"Say, this looks like a good place for the boys to live," Gosden remarked. "Looks like about their speed. What do you think."

Correll peered about, and then put in his assent.

So Amos 'n' Andy came to live on 134th street, the East side, between Park and Madison avenues.

THE BOYS wandered about until about 11 o'clock. It was an "off" night for their broadcasts, so they had plenty of time to peruse their studies. Loafing in pool rooms and barber shops, standing on street corners and chatting with whomever they could engage in conversation, they had new ideas already forming in their minds.

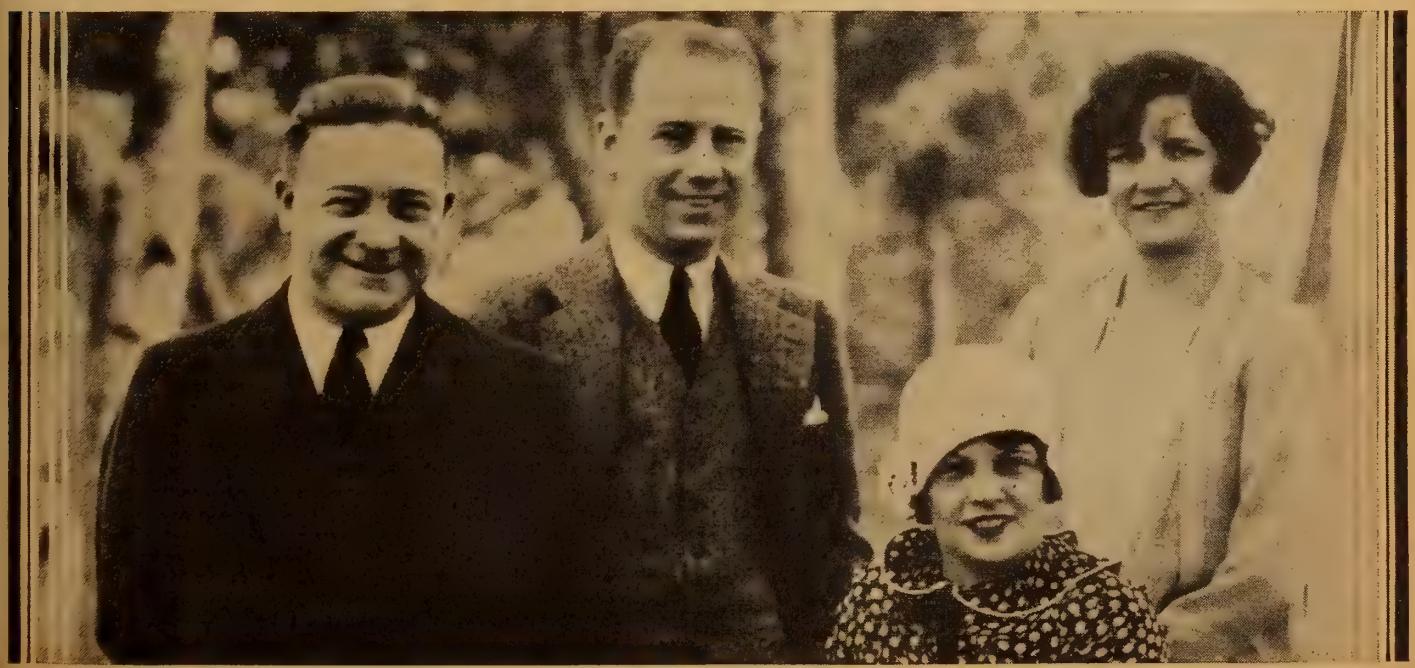
But they had not yet seen another phase of Harlem's life—the night life. So about 11 o'clock they wandered into one of those famous "clubs" for which Harlem is renowned.

Blue smoke—cigarette smoke—so thick that the newcomer had to wade through it like a heavy fog. Somewhere in the room a jazz orchestra was blaring. The moan of the saxophone, the blare of the trombone and the incessant boom-boom-boom of the drum assaulted one's senses like strong drink. On a patch of open floor, crowded to the edges, couples were swaying. There wasn't room to dance. A spotlight from somewhere up above made a sickly attempt to penetrate the fog and half lighted the floor.

Someone found the newcomers a seat across the floor from the orchestra. To keep in common with the throng they ordered ginger ale and White Rock. Singing waiters, their trays held high above their head, swayed between the tables. An incessant chatter, high screaming voices, rumbling voices, smooth guttural voices, added to the bedlam.

"Looks something like the old Plantation in Chicago," Gosden remarked, looking around as best he could.

"Boy," Charlie came back, "if this is the old Plantation they sure have moved it to town and done things to it."



Here is one of the best pictures ever taken of Mr. and Mrs. Correll (front) and Mr. and Mrs. Gosden.

CORRELL and GOSDEN spent many days in Harlem. They knew that it was vital to keep their story accurate as to location and that everyone in New York who had the opportunity would be waiting to catch them in a slip. There just couldn't be any mistakes.

Even now whenever they make a trip to New York they try to find some time to run down to Harlem, although that is growing into a more and more difficult task.

We know from the nightly episodes just how Amos 'n' Andy spend their time each day and night, but a calendar of an actual day spent in New York by Correll and Gosden is a different thing. It is much different from those days some six months ago before they were known.

Whereas six or seven months ago the name Amos 'n' Andy or Correll and Gosden meant little or nothing to the average New Yorker, and the boys could come and go without creating any more disturbance than the average Chicagoan visiting New York, today the reverse is true.

Even though they try to slip into town without being known and put up at a hotel where they are only two of thousands of guests, by early the following morning word has somehow drifted around that Amos 'n' Andy are in town and at a certain hotel.

Even before 9 o'clock crowds are collecting in the lobby. There are the perpetually curious, the Amos 'n' Andy fans, ranging, perhaps, from big business men to shop girls and laborers. Then there are the promoters, each with an idea of how he might cash in on the fame of the two entertainers. These range through every idea that a human being could have in connection with the famous pair.



BEHIND the sedate walls of the hotel office another scene is being enacted. On a table by the mail boxes, stacked high, are telegrams, memorandums and letters. At the switchboard two girls are kept constantly busy answering calls for Mr. Correll, Mr. Gosden or just Amos or Andy.

"I'm sorry, but I can't ring them now. No not until 11 o'clock."

It almost becomes a formula. Over and over they repeat it.

"Yes, if you will leave your number I will tell Mr. Correll to call you."

"No, I don't know whether or not they will see you."

"Yes, I'll take a message for them."

Since early morning this has been going on, and from the looks of things it will never stop as long as the boys are in the hotel.

Meanwhile the crowd in the lobby grows. Now it is overflowing into the street. Newsies, colored folks from down in Harlem, clerks, stenographers, idlers, they have somehow found that their favorites are here, and they must see them.

High up in the building in their own modest suite the two boys are bewildered. Here come more letters, telegrams and memos. They are stacked high on a table and overflow to the floor

"What'll we do?" Correll finally asks.

"Let's try to find out if there's any that need to be answered right away," Gosden answers, starting to sift through the pile.

But after a few minutes he gives it up as a hopeless task. Just then the 'phone finally rings.

"MR. SO AND SO is calling from NBC," the telephone operator tells him.

"All right, put him on. Hello. Yes, this is Gosden. What? Well, do we have to meet him? All right. How soon. Oh, well, we'll be over. Okay."

The receiver is returned to its cradle and he turns to Correll.

"Some big shot from Pittsburgh is in and we have to go over and meet him."

"How about the episode?"

The episode is the daily routine that must be written without fail.

"Let's do it before we go."

Just then the 'phone jangles again.

"Mr. So and So calling again," the girl says.

"Hello. Yes. Why, we can make it in an hour or two. He does? You're sure it won't take any longer than a minute? All right."

He turns from the 'phone, shrugging his shoulders.

"There you are. He wants us to come over right away."

"Well, we'll make it snappy and write the episode as soon as we get back."

"Okay, let's go."

Shouldering their way through the crowd in the lobby, they are unrecognized. People do not imagine Correll and Gosden in real life as a general rule. They have definite mind pictures of the appearance of the dusky characters, and are usually surprised when they see Amos 'n' Andy as Correll and Gosden. Were the hundreds in the lobby and on the street to recognize the boys as they are they probably wouldn't get to the NBC before night without a police escort.

ONCE over to the NBC headquarters at the National Broadcasting Company building, 711 Fifth avenue, the boys meet the man from Pittsburgh. About that time the 'phone on the department head's desk rings and another officer of the company asks for them. They then go up to his office to meet another important man.

And so it goes through the day. They don't get a chance to get away all morning. By noon someone has made a luncheon appointment with them. And again, late into the afternoon. Finally they break away by sheer force, go back to the hotel and start in on the episode.

"After this we'll write it before we leave the hotel," they tell themselves.

By the time the episode is finished it is time to go back to NBC studios for their first broadcast of the evening—not even time to eat before that.

By 7:20 they are leaving the studios and must shoulder their way through crowds again in order to get to an elevator. It seems all New York wants to be near Amos 'n' Andy when they broadcast from there, despite the unbreakable rule that no one ever sees them work before the microphone.

They have dinner with another group of officials and then must meet friends, newspaper men, magazine writers and what not between that time and their second broadcast. Usually they try to get down to Harlem sometime in the evening if possible. In all, they are on the go not less than eighteen or twenty hours a day with Amos 'n' Andy work. Even the trips to Harlem must, primarily, amount to work, for on all of these they get fresh ideas, and sometimes new characters.

IT WAS during one of these trips that the pair met "Big Boy," whom you may remember as the loquacious adviser who knew more about Manhattan than a Tammany precinct worker. They were coming out of "Connie's" in Harlem when there stood "Big Boy" in the flesh.

Correll, whose knowledge of the South and of the colored people in general is inexhaustible, drew him into a conversation. His expansion on how much he knew about the city so amused both of the boys that they never forgot him, and eventually used him in some of the episodes.

That is one of the reasons that the characters which Correll and Gosden portray in the Amos 'n' Andy episodes are so true to life—they are real.

Like everyone who is constantly in the public eye, the boys, as has been indicated before, are constantly beseiged with "propolitions." Every morning the mail is laden with them. They range from invitations to appear before the annual dinner of the local Elks club to offers for long-time stage and motion picture contracts.

These propositions come from many sources. The most of these are sincere and legitimate, but many border on the ridiculous, when one stops to consider how busy the boys are.

For example, one person writes:

"The Young Men's class of the Baptist church here is giving its annual banquet next Friday night in the church to raise

funds for new basket-ball uniforms. The food will attract many, but what we want is about a half-hour act from Amos 'n' Andy to assure us a good crowd. This is a worthy cause and I am sure that you will be glad to appear."

THE NEXT of the days messages is a telegram.

"LYTILVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT GIVING ANNUAL DINNER TONIGHT. STOP. PLEASE SEND GREETINGS DURING YOUR BROADCAST."

The next one on the list reads:

"I have just written a book on Amos 'n' Andy, but need some more pictures which I want you to send me. This book is to sell in 10-cent stores, but I have a larger one to sell from house to house for a quarter."

Another writer wants to manufacture Amos 'n' Andy ash trays, another toys, another to run a contest. Literally hundreds of letters ask to use their names in advertising.

Of course, all of these letters are turned over to the National Broadcasting Company as managers for the duo, and are read and answered as necessary. Of course, it is impossible for the boys to appear at benefits or socials unless it reaches almost national importance and is booked far enough ahead, or otherwise works into their schedule, so as not to interfere with their work on the air each night. Many theatrical offers are turned down each week because they are not in a position to appear in a certain place, or for various other reasons.

The boys appreciate the following they have and are just as sorry as the members of the Young Men's Class of the Baptist church that they can't attend their function, or that of any of the thousands of invitations that they receive—but there is a limit to physical possibilities.

Neither do the boys feel "high hat" about such things. For years they worked in small towns throughout the United States directing and coaching home talent shows, and they feel that all of these people are their friends and they are the friends of all of these people.

THEIR years in the towns of the nation has also given them the "feel" of the people, so keenly, in fact, that they can tell when something in their episodes "clicks" and when it does not.

The most important of the business propositions they go over together with the officials and attorneys for the NBC and give them full consideration. A few are accepted. For example, a prominent manufacturer is now bringing out an "Amos 'n' Andy Candy Bar," another will build an Amos 'n' Andy toy. But most of the ideas are too far fetched or promise too little from any angle to go into.

Some of the theatrical offers are refused because the boys feel that it might do the theatre managers an injustice, because the time "isn't ripe" for their appearance.

For example, they made an appearance in one of the largest mid-west cities, breaking all house records. A few weeks later they received a wire offering them a return engagement. They refused because they didn't want to "wear their welcome out" and felt that it might prove unprofitable for the theatre. And, after all, that isn't bad business.

Outside of this great rush of business, which employs more people than one would casually believe, the boys have their own enjoyments. But a word about the number of people required to handle their business.

At the National Broadcasting Company a host of girls are kept busy sorting Amos 'n' Andy mail—and this is exclusive of the force kept busy at the Pepsodent Company. It keeps two or three press men, their stenographers and mailing room boys busy handling the stories requested on the pair. They have three attorneys themselves and the NBC has its counsel, which is kept well occupied.

THE NBC Artists Service, both in New York and in Chicago, where Alex Robb, the boys' old manager, is in charge has its hands full of "propolitions" each day. Then there are the engineers and musicians and announcers who work each night to aid in the success of the broadcast—and out over the United States—yes, from the wilds of upper Canada, where the winter lasts well into the summer, down into the barren deserts of Mexico and from the snug homes of Back Bay in Boston to the Barbary coast of San Francisco there are the uncounted millions who wait each night by their loud speakers listening for their words. These two boys seem to cut quite a swathe in the U. S. A. these days.

But to get back to what the boys do in their spare time. In the afternoons, when the episode is out of the way, Gosden likes nothing better than slipping away to some swimming pool and imitating a fish at home in his element. Charlie Correll is, however, a member of that same club to which probably three-fourths of his male admirers belong—he has golfitis. The sight of a little white pellet skimming straight down the fairway toward the red flag in the distance is a sight sweet to his heart—even if it does fail to do it most of the time.

Both of the boys, too, are baseball fans and sunny afternoons in the summer time often finds them either in the stands at the Cubs' park or down in the home of the White Sox if either team is in Chicago . . . and the boys are home. Another very natural hobby with them is the theatre. Like the great majority of old troopers, they love the smell of grease paint and the thrill of the footlights, so they are inveterate first-nighters whenever their schedule permits.

ONE night this enthusiasm almost caused them to miss an appearance at the microphone. It was during one of their New York visits. Their early broadcast over at 7, they didn't have anything to do until 11, so they decided to see "Flying High!" The broadcasting time drew near before they knew it and they shot out of the theatre before the finale and hailed a cab. But they hadn't reckoned with New York traffic. Minutes passed at stop lights and in traffic jams. They finally made the studio with a minute to spare—but it was too close for comfort.

But, when all is said and done, the real hobby of Correll and Gosden is Amos 'n' Andy. This is natural. Amos 'n' Andy are more than just a job to these two young men. They are living, breathing, very much alive and active brain children that a nation has come to love.

While business worries and domestic problems must be faced each day, and with the plaudits of a nation to be answered, probably the greatest recreation the boys get is going down to Harlem or down on Chicago's south side, mingling with the hearty, sincere colored folk, to whom Amos 'n' Andy mean just as much as to anyone else in the country, and meeting the counterparts of their own characters.

Just what their popularity is going to do for them, where it is going to lead, even the boys themselves do not know and don't dare to predict. Out of the maze of propositions that are offered each day, there may be something that they accept, in addition to their broadcasting, but that remains largely up to the boys and the NBC.

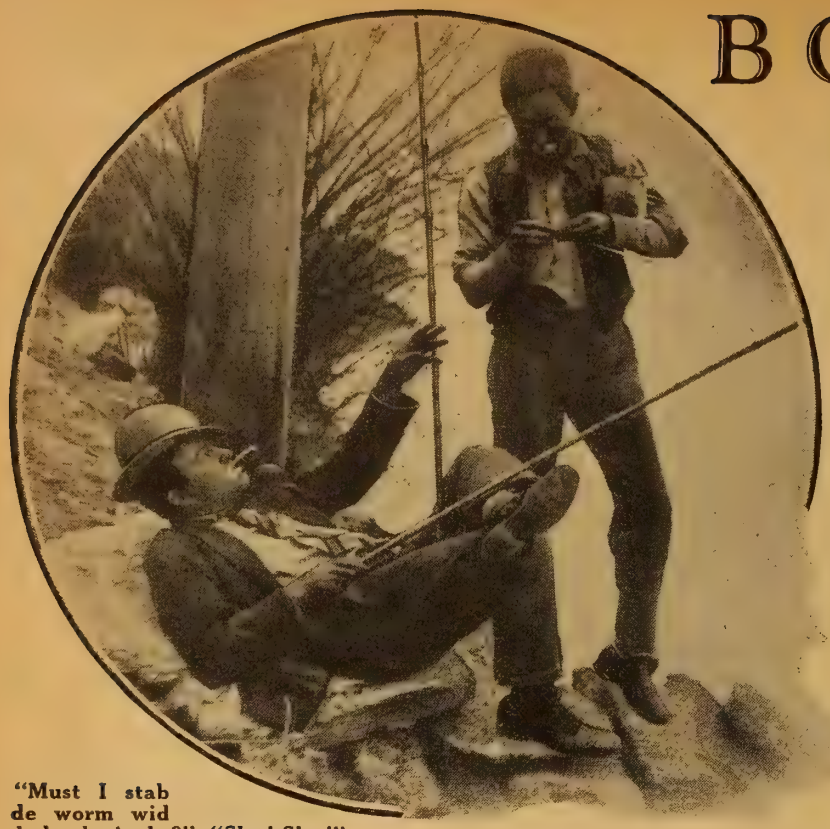
In the meantime, they themselves do not quite realize how popular they are. If they did it would probably frighten them.



WELL, here you see Andy Brown just after he has been approached on the "propolition" of making a talking picture. What a time he is going to have figuring out his income tax next year! The Pepsodent company pays the boys $100,000 for a thirty-minute day. The picture people are going to pay the boys $1,000,000 for part of their spare time during two or three months. After they get through with that they get back to their fresh air taxicab and pick up a few nickels from the folks who want to see the sights of Harlem while enjoying the full ozone privileges available only in the Amos 'n' Andy fresh air taxicab.

Mr. Williamson will have another first hand story in our next issue.

BOYHOOD DAYS of AMOS and ANDY



"Must I stab de worm wid de hook, Andy?" "Sho! Sho!"

DOWN in Richmond the Gosden boy found life a serious proposition at an early age but he knew what he wanted and he went after it—now he's got it. There didn't seem to be much of a chance for a young fellow in Peoria but Chuck Correll laid bricks in the daytime and played the piano at night until he found his opportunity and took it. Now they're a million dollar Radio team working together.

By **W. T. Christian**
Special Correspondent for Radio Digest

FREEMAN FISHER GOSDEN, "Amos" and supernumerary of the nationally-famous team of "Amos 'n' Andy," has spent almost all his thirty-one years entertaining others. And from a negro mammy and her son, once attached to the Gosden household here in Richmond, Va., has come the dialect that Gosden and Charlie Correll have made bywords wherever an antennae sways over the roof of an American home.

Anywhere you may go in Richmond you will find men, some in business, others in some profession, and a few just getting along who have known "Curly" Gosden all their lives. And they still know him, few realizing the important figure he now cuts in the broadcasting world, because he has changed so little from the days he and the "other boys in the gang" here used to put on amateur shows in the surrounding counties.

"Curly" was born on Marshall street, in Richmond, not so far from the Virginia capitol. He came of distinguished forbears. His father, Walter W. Gosden, Sr., is listed in the annals of the Confederacy with that hardy group of "rebels" who refused to surrender to the United States after Appomatox had ended the War Between the States because the federal government had refused amnesty to their idolized leader.

In fact, "Curly's" father, who died in Richmond in 1911, was one of the outstanding figures of "Mosby's men," as that world famous band of uncommonly brave men and boys (Gosden enlisted at the age of 16) was called, which Colonel John S. Mosby, the most daring raider this country has ever known, led to many victories over the Union forces.

This anti-climax to the war ended two months later, but it was reflected later, perhaps, in that rebellious spirit of the Gosdens that kept young Gosden in the face of many obstacles to keep pursuing that avocation for which he felt (and subsequently proved) he was best fitted.

UPON the death of his father, Freeman came into the care of his mother and an older brother, Walter W. Gosden, Jr. Only the brother was destined to see him on the way up the steps leading to national popularity. An automobile accident caused the death of his mother and sister during the world war, and the brother died just about the time "Amos 'n' Andy" were becoming a nightly attraction in every home that boasts a Radio.

He attended the public schools in Richmond, where he was regarded by his teachers as a good student applying himself seriously to the task of learning the three "Rs." He was not athletically inclined though he did go in for the usual backyard and vacant lot football and baseball when just a kid.

It was in those days that his impressionable mind picked up from the son of the negro mammy, an Ethiopian of about Freeman's age, the dialect he learned and taught Correll after their famous team had been organized. From this ebony youth came the traits, dialectical accomplishments and even some of the "gags" that keep us near the loudspeaker every evening.

Quite naturally, now that he has become a person of national prominence, Richmond people attempt to bask in the light of that reflected glory. There is, for instance, the school teacher who said to his sister-in-law: "Do you ever hear from Freeman now."

"Oh, yes," was the obvious reply.

"Be sure and remember me to him when you write. I feel that I had such a part in shaping his career." And this teacher had been his instructor when he was 6 years old, in the first grade at school.

"CURLY," as he still is known to his Richmond friends, quit school before his graduation, and went into the shipping department of a local shoe manufactory.

In those days he used to "hang around" with a bunch of boys who were interested in singing, dancing and minstrelsy. One of them, Lewis or "Slim" O'Neil, enters the picture at this time. He it was who got Freeman interested in tap and buck dancing. They made up the dancing team in this minstrel show that played one-night stands almost everywhere around Richmond that boasted a hall large enough to play the show.

O'Neil and young Gosden would go to the vaudeville show in Richmond, watch the dancers closely and then return to the basement of a store in the West End or to some fellow's home where they would emulate the steps until they had them completely mastered. Thus it was that their routine grew almost weekly.

He was still in the employ of the shoe company, but only the good offices of his friends, plus the good-natured disposition of his employer, kept "Curly" there. Up in the office where he was supposed to check bills of lading and other office detail, young Gosden would be found humming or whistling to himself, and going through a dance routine. Then would come warnings, apologies and promises, to be followed a week later by repetition of the same incident.

When the war came on, Gosden finally obtained permission of his elders and enlisted in the navy. He wore the sailor suit, but wasn't suited by nature for sea duty. Shortly after his enlistment, along with O'Neil, he was sent in a big dory across a small and calm arm of Hampton Roads to row from the naval base to a point about a mile away.

Going over and coming back, Seaman Gosden knew all the physical unrest that accompanies *mal de mer*. "No sea duty," was the verdict of his commanding officers, and he was ordered to Boston to study Radio and other communication means at Harvard. O'Neil received similar orders, and "Curly" found it the nicest sort of service. With their ukeleles, songs and dances they became as popular in Boston as did those sea-faring lads who dumped the tea into that harbor.

Having learned naval communications as his command officers thought they should be learned, Gosden was sent to Virginia Beach, the government at that time fearing attacks by submarines and privateers. Both came by at one time or another, under cover of the night, but that is irrelevant.

AFTER the war Freeman came back home. In the navy he had met a number of "boys" who, like him, confessed a desire to do something on the stage. Several of them did in later years, and so did Gosden, but at this time his ambition had not caused him really to pull away from home ties for a try in theatricals.

He did some dancing and "gag" work in several amateur shows, and worked as a tobacco salesman. Later he went over to Petersburg for a try at selling automobiles. Finally, the break came. He got a chance to work with a Chicago production company. Gosden removed to Chicago, and it was in that city that he won his spurs, applause mail or whatever you call it that makes you worth $500,000 a year as an ether entertainer.

He and Correll were both employes of the same production company and, due to their ability as "directors," won posts as office managers. They came together in Durham, N. C., and the friendship started there that led to their teaming up into one of, if not the greatest, teams in the history of Radio.

His Richmond friends who knew him when and have seen him since, delight in telling you that he still retains the naive manners that were characteristic of his boyhood and early manhood in this city in the days when he was a gay young trouper, and a regular attendant at any dance in town.

When Freeman made his first featured appearance in a show promoted by a fraternal organization here, he urged his friends who were going not to save their applause until the end of the dance number. They consequently burst forth at every step, and he and his partner, the same "Slim" O'Neil, were so overcome with sheer juvenile exuberance that they came out on the stage and shook hands, instead of, in the more professional manner, taking their bows.

GIRLS who knew him in Richmond say that "Curly" was a fine dancer. In those days he did a "little" gag work, never sang any, and it consequently was a surprise when he became famous for his funny cracks in that high-pitched broadcasting voice of his. Not only, his old girls say, was his rhythm perfectly attuned to the music, but, as they put it, "he always looked good on the floor." Curly and his friends took in all the subscription dances, and he was one of the most popular boys at these parties.

Young Gosden was a natty dresser, combining with the up-to-date cut of his clothes an instinctive neatness of attire. His hair was curly almost to the point of kinkiness, but had a way of staying in place without resort to the various "keep-the-hair-in-place" greases so popular nowadays. Young Gosden was always cleanly shaved, with his tie correctly and fashionably knotted, clothes clean and pressed, and his hat at the currently proper angle.

"Curly" in those days was tall, up-standing, blond, wavy hair, a broad brow and wide-set eyes, with one eye-brow brown, the other white. That is a birthmark that people will tell you of when they've forgotten other characteristics and events in his more youthful days.

It was after the war that he gradually broke away from home ties. His elder brother reluctantly gave him permission to join the production company after employees of that firm had seen him dance, and asked him to join with them. He went to Chicago, and from that point produced amateur shows. About four years ago came the breakdown of that theatric industry, and Correll and Gosden joined up for a team act. A friendly announcer gave them a chance to go on his program at WEBH and you know the result. The brother never lived to see Freeman win nation-wide acclaim

DID you ever know a kid they called "Curley" and another neighborhood chap known as "Chuck"? Well, this is a story of "Curly" and "Chuck"—"Curly" Gosden and "Chuck" Correll—as the Amos and Andy you hear over the Radio were known in their boyhood days. The stories were especially written for Radio Digest by local newspaper men who are familiar with all the home background of the world's most famous Radio team. They were just a couple of youngsters any of us would be likely to know in our own community. Of course they did show predilection for the show business. "Chuck" was at the home piano whenever he got a chance. "Curly" loved to dance and put on shows. His employer forgave him many sins of omission. Read this sixth chapter in the story of Amos and Andy as it has appeared monthly, beginning with last January. Next month you will find still another interesting episode. Keep the series complete.

Here in Richmond people were a bit amazed. "'Curly' wasn't much of a singer or minstrel," they would say. "I thought he was a dancer." They had overlooked the fact that his pleasantly soft Southern voice was excellently adapted for carrying the melody of almost any song.

"Curly" married in 1927, as did Correll for that matter. The former Richmonder took as his bride Miss Leta Marie Shreiber of Chicago. There is one child, Freeman Jr., who already looks like "Amos" without the make-up that one can almost see when his voice is coming in over the loudspeakers.

FREEMAN still writes to his friends here, and they write to him. And when they go to cities where he happens to be broadcasting or playing in vaudeville—one of them went to New York not long ago, and her hopes of seeing him were dashed to the ground when she was advised he was too busy to see anybody. So she telephoned him personally, told him who it was and Freeman said: "I'll be right over in a few minutes. I want to see you and talk about Richmond."

People here pay their greatest tribute to Gosden because they like him for what he has made of himself, in the face of many obstacles, rather than just for the fact that he's a local boy. They appreciate the uphill climb that led to his success, and rejoice in it with him.

So in the near future, when he comes home for a visit, as he has promised to do, he'll get the same heart greeting he received when he showed up the last time, just a few hours after he had been heard over the air, as they imagined, from Chicago. Here in Richmond, how were we to know he was being heard from wherever he happened to be engaged with a stage presentation.

* * *

By Robert Roland Goldenstein

Special Correspondent for Radio Digest.

WHEN Charles J. Correll, known as Andy of "Amos 'n' Andy" to millions of Radio fans, laments to the ever sympathetic Amos that Madame Queen wants him to go to a dance, he is really acting—because, according to his family and boyhood pals back in Peoria, where he was born, dancing has always been a second nature to him.

Also they say, the slow, lazy nature of the President of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorpulated, is a cross grain to the real Correll that they know. That Andy has always been vivacious and ambitious, we shall soon see in the story of his early life as told by his family and early chums.

The story of Mr. Correll's life is in accordance with the formula of the lives of most of our men. He did, for instance, begin his career as a newspaper carrier. He realized his ambition at an early age, worked toward that goal, and now that he has attained it, he is working harder than ever.

Mr. Correll was born in Peoria, Ill., February 3, 1891, the oldest of three children. His inclination for drama was apparent at an early age. When in the second grade of the Greely grammer school he was given a minor part in a school production. He had his lines memorized perfectly and when the play was presented he did so well that throughout the remaining years of school the name Correll always appeared in the cast of characters.

His boyhood friends say he was the "life of any party." He studied the piano, under a professor of classical music, and finished up playing popular stuff that distracted his teacher, but delighted his friends. Having learned to play jazz, it was quite natural that he would learn to dance. Buck and wing and tap dancing were learned and he sought new fields to conquer.

An incident told by an uncle, Joseph Fiss, floorwalker for a Peoria department store, sums up Mr. Correll's early character.

"THERE was no peace and quiet around the house when Charles would come home from school," he said. "As soon as the front door opened, books and cap were tossed on a table and Charles began hammering at the piano. He was full of pep from morning to night. You couldn't feel melancholy under the same roof with Charles. He wouldn't stand for it."

(Continued on page 104)

TWO GANGSTER GUNMEN

Try Hunting

The HUNTERS

Bees, Snakes and Alligators Not Reckoned in Deal to Kill Their Man

By Will Payne

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

HELTER and Colisemus were hunting a man. The price was to be four thousand dollars. Never before had they been offered such a sum. Once they had done it for only a hundred and fifty dollars apiece—Helter firing with a sawed off shotgun from an automobile. The third time they had been paid seven hundred and fifty dollars. But four thousand was unheard of.

In this case they were obliged to hunt on strange ground and to bear considerable expense—railroad fare from Chicago to Florida and return, hotel bill and the hire of an automobile. But they calculated upon at least three thousand net.

No one, seeing Helter and Colisemus in Florida or elsewhere, would have paid especial attention to them. Both were around thirty years of age. Colisemus was thick set, beginning to get fat, round headed, rather sleepy looking, for his eyelids were thick. Modestly dressed, he looked as good natured and harmless as the next man.

Helter was shorter, spare and dark, with a thin, high bridged nose and nervous looking eyes—altogether a nervous looking man, with quick movements and speech. His speech, slang riddled, was the American equivalent of cockney—a city slum product. But he dressed neatly, never obtruding himself upon anyone—except in a professional way.

The man they hunted was named Bodet, a detective. The trial of Graw and Loman was coming on, at Chicago, in a fortnight. Bodet was the star witness against them. A person who was perfectly dependable in such cases had offered four thousand dollars—besides, it was in the nature of a command. Helter and Colisemus did not much like hunting on this strange ground, far from familiar hiding places, friends and alibis. Yet for three thousand net one could afford to risk almost anything, and it was a sort of command, too. Having accepted the engagement they would feel deeply disgraced if they should fail. The actual moment of shooting was always disagreeable—like shutting one's eyes and swallowing a bitter draught. But twenty-four hours after the getaway they would meet and discuss the details much as hunters talk over how they brought down the big buck.

For four days they'd had no luck. Bodet was staying at Bocaganza Hotel on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The landscape was disconcertingly flat and open, flooded with sunshine—all so different from the big hive on Lake Michigan where one could whisk 'round a corner and be lost, with always a crowd to swallow one up and as many dark runways as in a rabbit warren. This lack of luck chagrined them and put them on their mettle.

They were not staying at the big hotel. Thrift alone would have prevented that. But the big hotel veranda was free to anybody who had the nerve. There Colisemus heard Bodet say: "No; tomorrow Mr. Dorman and I are going hunting. We'll start early and may be all day in the woods."

Off in the woods with guns—and the more shooting the better!

Hopefully Helter and Colisemus laid their plans. And this morning, having been up and alert early, they felt that luck was with them full tide, for Bodet was in that car ahead. There were two other men in the car; but one was the chauffer who would presumably stick to the machine while the other two—who were dressed in overalls—struck into the timber. Usually hunters separate more or less. With good visibility, Helter would have staked his neck on a shot anywhere up to a hundred yards. One good shot from behind a tree or bush would settle it—the shooter scurrying away in the brush and very likely getting back to town before the corpse was discovered. They were bound to settle it today. Another chance so favorable as this might not come up.

MEANWHILE, rolling briskly over a good brick road in the small car they had hired, Colisemus driving, they admired the weather and the strange scenery. It was genial and cloudless like a fine June day in Chicago, although this was February. Now and then they saw a buzzard sailing high. Now and then they caught a glimpse, at the left, of the serene blue sea. The landscape was quite flat, with tall pines in open irregular order. They passed some orange groves, the shining dark green trees hung thick with golden balls. As fine a setting for their engagement as one could wish, and the little car spun off mile after mile of smooth brick road . . . .

The car ahead was turning from the brick and bounding off through open pine woods, with an undergrowth of green palmetto. Colisemus halted two rods beyond the turning and they watched the other car as it went twisting and bouncing over a rude wagon track that wound in and out to avoid trees and palmetto clumps.

"Drive on up the road two miles and come back slow," said Helter. "Look for me all along the road when you come back."

That seemed good strategy—to keep the car on a good road for the getaway—although it might involve considerable walking for Helter. A car off in the woods was a rather conspicuous thing while a man afoot could slip through the undergrowth unnoticed. On foot, therefore, Helter followed the quarry—the road so rough and sinuous that he could make almost as good time on foot as their car. The dense clumps of shoulder high palmetto made very good cover.

Presently he sighted the other car; three men standing beside it. He dodged nearer and squatted, watching. The two hunters were leisurely getting out their paraphernalia. Together they walked away to the south. The chauffeur climbed back in the car, disposed him-



Men he would have faced with courage — but these loathy, scaly crawling things!

self comfortably there, lighted a pipe, took a magazine out of the car pocket—prepared for a long wait. That was good! A dozen rods south of the car a green mound of tangled vegetation ran through the woods straight as a ruler and as far as one could see in either direction. Helter recognized it as the bank of the big drainage ditch which the brick road crossed at an angle near a mile below.

Toward it the hunters walked; but their paraphernalia puzzled Helter. Bodet was carrying a little wooden box and a pole like a broomstick. His companion was carrying a small net of white mosquito bar and a cane. There was no sign of a firearm. Wondering, slipping forward a bit under the screen of palmetto, Helter watched them. What were these hunters up to?



BODET'S companion was instructing him gravely: "We may find 'em on any kind of a flower or blossom, you know—those thistle blossoms, or these pale yellow palmetto buds; but they like wild grape blossoms pretty well. We'll look along the vines on the bank of the ditch."

The companion was not quite so tall as Bodet but of a vital stock—broad shouldered, thick chested, a solid head on a short neck. The point of his fleshy nose depended hook-like. The thin hair beneath his plaid cap was gray; he wore spectacles; his leather colored, rough hewn face was seamed. But out here he appeared to have sloughed off the years.

"There's one! And there's another. See? See?" He pointed eagerly to a cluster of wild grape blossoms, advancing like a hunter, net in hand. He made a quick sweep of the net and clapped it against his yellow-clad leg, saying: "Yep! I got him! Fetch your box."

The captured game was a honey bee. The captor dexterously released it into Bodet's box which contained honeycomb saturated with syrup. He caught two other bees and popped them into the box; then set up the pole on a comparatively clear spot in the mound of sand along the ditch and put the box on it, opening the lid so that the bees, syrup laden, could fly home. The trick was to determine their line of flight and follow it up to the bee tree.

The older man explained the meaning of each move, expounding the art of bee hunting, anxious that the novice should miss no point.

"There's one on the side of the box. He'll fly in a minute. Watch now. Try to keep your finger pointed at him. That helps. There—there he goes. Watch now." With leveled forefinger he sought to follow the bee's flight as the little creature rose, darted to right and left, circled—finally got between them and the sun so that, in the glare, they lost him. The second bee they lost also. And Bodet soon lost the third; but the older man's waving finger kept moving against the sky . . . "There—there he goes—off there toward that thick timber. Now they'll all come back for more syrup. We'll see how long it takes the first one. If he's back in fifteen minutes the tree'll be not much more than a mile away."

The absorbed bee hunter's name was Dorman—"Dorman Gloves; They Last." Bodet knew that he was sixty-five years old and had heard that he was worth a dozen millions. But just now he was a bee hunter and nothing else.

In half an hour or so bees were coming and going in steady flight. Bodet himself could easily see that they flew toward the line of thick timber on the other side of the drainage ditch, half a mile away.

"Better get a new line," said Dorman. "This one runs to that bay head yonder; but we don't know how much farther they may be going. We'll set up the box over that way and get a new angle."

By that time the saturated honeycomb was covered with bees and they were thick on the sugary side of the box. Dorman invited Bodet to come up close and watch them at work.

"Don't be afraid they'll sting you," he counseled, "for they never do if you let 'em alone. I've had dozens of 'em on my hands and face at once." With a muffled sort of chuckle he explained:

"It's about like everything else—you won't get hurt unless you're afraid. Man sees a bee near him. It scares him and he makes a crack at the bee. That scares the bee and it stings the man. Pretty much that way all around, eh? Snakes, now. I carry this stick to rustle up the leaves with. But snakes don't bite unless they're scared. Man's scared of the snake, he scares the snake and the snake bites him, eh? About that way all around.

"I've been in business, boy and man, about fifty years. Made quite a reputation at it that I don't much deserve . . . A lot of people always looking around for things to get scared of, you see. Of course you can see plenty of things to be afraid of if you look. You can go down cellar with all the doors locked and scare yourself stiff if you want to. Same way in business. Those New Jersey fellows came along with some new machinery, you know, and it looked kind of dubious for us in Chicago—if you wanted to look at it that way . . . There was the leather trust. Some men in my line got goose pimples about that. Two years ago—Lord, it looked as though in a little while you couldn't buy leather for its weight in gold. Then the bottom all fell out and for a spell it looked as though you couldn't give leather goods away with a premium . . . "

His chuckle was only a kind of inward commotion that escaped, just a little, in sound. He gave it again.

"There are rattlers and moccasins in these woods—not many at this season, but some. And thundering big alligators in the swamps. But I bet you don't know the worst thing in the woods—very worst thing here." He waited an instant for an answer. "Worst thing in these woods is a little devil of a red bug not as big as a pin head. Gets under your hide and itches like fury. The way you get those bugs is by sitting down. See? Same way in business. I used to say to my partners: 'The devil! If we sit still we're going to get stung plenty. Let's move on.'"

For more than half an hour Helter, behind a palmetto, had been watching the strange proceedings on the mound. Nearly all that while he had an easy, fairly sure shot at Bodet. But there was Bodet's companion and the chauffeur lounging in the car not far off. Of course he couldn't get away without being seen. There would surely be a better chance later on. He saw them descend into the ditch.

FROM the top of the embankment to the bottom of the ditch was twenty feet or so. There was plenty of moisture and the gullied declivity was a tangle of rank vegetation. With a woodsman's skill Dorman led a zigzag course down. In that midwinter season only an irregular little stream, a foot deep and a yard wide, flowed through the bottom of the ditch. He found a narrow spot where they could spring across, and fought his way up through the green mat on the other side. On that south side of the ditch the land had recently been burned over.

Helter crossed the ditch some distance below—lest the chauffeur might glance up and see him on the mound. On the bank he peered down into the green tangle with aversion. It looked like snakes and poison ivy and wet feet and unknown perils. Grasping a bush he slid into the web of growing things. Briars tore his clothes. Malevolent vines, tougher than ropes, wrapped around him and when he pulled them away thorns pricked his hands. Twice his cap was jerked from his head—as though an invisible hand had plucked it. He got to the bottom and jumped the stream, but the soft bank gave way and he slipped back—both feet in water up to his ankles. Being wet already he waded along the stream looking for an easier place to climb the farther side. There seemed to be no easier place. He stepped up on the low bank and his nerves thrilled with fear, for something hissed and glided beneath the dense leafage. He was not afraid to kill a man—but a slimy, poison snake!

He waded on a little distance. Not a breath of air stirred down there. Sweat dripped on his lean face and his soggy shoes felt like mud. He struggled up through the tangle to the farther embankment and looked out with dismay. The two hunters were in plain sight, over there toward the timber line; but the burned ground, sparsely set with tall, mast-like pines, was practically as open as a billiard table.

Already he was cursing to himself—illogically charging up the discomfort to Bodet, whom he would fairly have killed gratis for his own satisfaction. But the distance was much too great for a pistol shot. He mopped his sweaty face on a handkerchief and considered.

The hunters were setting up that funny little box on a pole again. The dense green line of tree and brush over there ran nearly parallel to the drainage ditch. The burned area seemed to extend a good way eastward; but in the distance he could see the low green of palmetto underbrush. Up there, apparently, he could cross from ditch to timber line under cover, then skulk down through the timber to shooting range.

He scrambled back into the ditch and plodded eastward—soon discovering a sort of patch that ran sometimes on one side of the tiny stream, sometimes on another. He sweated, stumbled, plodded; climbed the bank and found he had not



Two-thirds of the way over they saw a man standing in the brush ahead, peering at them. . . . He was a stoutish man with thick lips, his aspect inhospitable.

gone far enough; returned to his plodding. City blocks were his only familiar measure of distances; but when he finally came out at a spot favorable for crossing to the thick timber he thought he must have gone a mile. He could still see the hunters.

His immediate objective was a long belt of thick timber and dense brush. Up to this point, since leaving the car, the trees had all been long leaf pine, quite wide apart, with palmetto underbrush. But when he had skulked across to this timber belt he found the character of vegetation completely changed. There were no pines at all, but live oaks and various other trees whose names he did not know. They stood much closer together than the pines, and the tall underbrush was thick as the ground would bear. Although he did not then know it, this timber belt bordered a long, shallow lake. The difference in moisture made the difference in vegetation.

He struck into the timber belt and found going even worse than in the ditch. It was impossible to keep anything like a straight line. A fallen tree, an impervious mat of branches, a tangle of vines or a puddle appeared. He twisted and turned to find a way through and soon quite lost his sense of direction. Twice he found himself peering through the brush at the muddy lake when he should have been over at the farther side of the timber. Always he was cursing to himself.

Eastward the timber ran out to a point, roughly like the nose of a flatiron. Two or three hundred yards off the nose the hunters set up their box. When Dorman lifted the lid the imprisoned bees, already laden with syrup, swarmed out, darting and circling.

"Not much use to try to follow 'em now," Dorman explained. "They've been shut up, you see, and we've carried 'em half a mile or more. They'll circle to get their bearings; but in ten minutes, unless I'm mistaken, we'll have a new trunk line established from here to the tree." He took out his watch to time the bees' return.

"From over yonder, you see, they made for this bay head." He nodded toward the nose of the timber. "What we've got to find out now is whether they go beyond it. That 'bee line' business is all buncombe. They don't always go straight by a long shot. Seem to take the path of least resistance.

"See that fellow? He's come back." He looked at his watch. "Hardly eight minutes! We're close to the tree. Now watch and you'll soon get the new line."

In half an hour bees were swarming to the box and home again, syrup laden. For the first time since entering the woods, Dorman seemed overcast.

"Well, that's poor luck," he said, long faced as though his dividends had stopped. "That's poor luck. They're going over to the island, sure pop—too bad!"

Through a rift in the trees, above the reeds and brush which choked it, Bodet could see a mass of farther tree tops—evidently on the island in the lake to which Dorman referred.

"I know this lake right well," he went on. "Caught two alligators in the upper end of it three years ago. Guess I've hunted about everything in the United States that walks, flies or swims, at one time or another. I used to be quite active, you know. When I was a youngster my father hadn't sold the farm yet."

He chuckled. "Sometimes wonder now, if I should drop off and go to heaven, whether it'd look half as good to me as that farm used to look when I was a boy—especially the pasture

and wood lot . . . Yes, sir; those bees are going to the island, sure pop. Suppose we step through this belt of timber now and have a look over there. Might be that we could spot 'em from this bank. It's only a little walk."

They went up a little way, therefore, and struck into the timber—the same timber through which Helter was toiling sinuously, with curses and distraction. Where they struck in there were the same impediments to locomotion as elsewhere. Dorman went ahead, turning to right and to left, here crushing down a mat of thick vines, there thrusting aside tough branches with his walking stick, climbing over a tree trunk or going around, always picking the easiest way without haste or pause, deviating from a straight line at every step, yet always holding to the main course. It was not much more than the "little walk" he had spoken of until they came to the thick brush that lined the water. He followed that a rod, found a place to get through, and they stepped out on a boggy hummock in the muddy lake. It was perhaps two hundred yards across to the island.

Dorman leveled his stick. "'Gator over there. See him?"

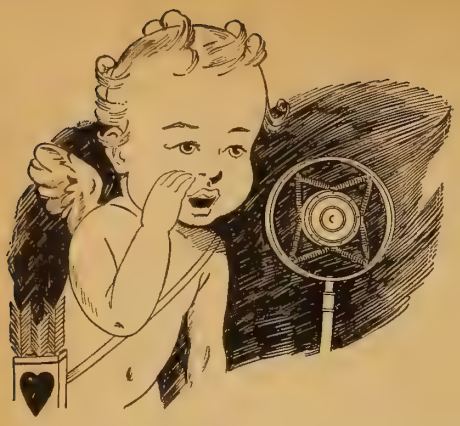
The alligator, a dozen feet long, lay sunning himself on a mud bank at the shore of the island, three or four hundred yards east of them.

"Apt to find 'em anywhere around these ponds," Dorman commented. "Once I found one in the woods quarter of a mile or so away from water. Shame the way a lot of blockheads shoot 'em with a rifle and leave 'em to rot. Only decent way to hunt 'em is the way the natives do. You find their hole in the mud, you know, and stick in an iron-shod pole. The 'gator'll bite that and hang on like a bull dog. Couple of men can draw him out. Soon's he gets his head out you jump on his back and bind his jaws with rope. Then you pull him out farther and tie his tail and you've got him. Seeing one in a tank you wouldn't imagine how fast they can move. That fellow's tail would knock in your ribs or break your leg. Of course there's no real danger hunting 'em the way I speak of; but you get in mud up to your ears and have a tussle. Something like sport, eh? Sitting snug in a boat and shooting 'em with a rifle . . . Huh! Might as well turn a machine gun on a cow and call that sport!"

(Continued on page 120)



"Ought to have a boat here," Dorman sang out to him; "good place for a ferry line."



True Radio Romances With CUPID

Betty Finds Many Love a Microphone, Find Their Cites Many Cases

By Betty

DO YOU believe in a playful little fellow with dimpled cheeks and mischievous eyes, a bow in his hand and a quiver of darts slung over his shoulder? Perhaps, you're one of the scoffers, and don't believe in fairies. But have you ever had a sharp, tingling pain through your heart and discovered yourself moving about in the haze of a strange new elation? . . . Ah, and you dared to scoff!

This elusive little reveller in mysteries and surprises has been in his element during the last six or seven years. He has discovered the tremendous romantic possibilities of ether waves and has actually been detected at work in the broadcasting studios. Perhaps, you've caught him, on a low wave length, chortling in glee at the havoc he's wrought.

For instance, some two or three years ago Dan Cupid released an avalanche of darts in the Omaha range, impaling thousands of feminine hearts. A certain velvet-voiced announcer at WOW was the object of all this affection and the recipient of such a host of missives that he was forced to the expediency of answering with a system of mimeographed letters, each form suitable to the type. That is, reply No. 4 was used for an aggressive blonde, and No. 5 for a more modestly seductive brunette, and so on.

But often a more serious purpose in the machinations of Cupid is evidenced. Sometimes out of the legion of hearts set aflutter by an unseen voice one arouses a similar fluttering in the cardiac regions of the possessor of the charmed voice. Cupid has cleverely pierced them with the same arrow. And when they meet! Take the story of Sen Kaney, veteran announcer at the NBC.

ONE SUMMER night in 1925 Miss Vera De Jong of St. Louis, one of the belles of that old metropolis and the daughter of a socially prominent family, was listening in on a KYW, Chicago, program, when she become captivated by the voice of the chief announcer of the station. The damage was done, then and there, and, although she didn't write to him, she did tune in religiously when he was on the air. Then she came to Chicago to visit friends. There was an evening party and the hostess suggested Radio music. She asked what station Miss De Jong preferred to hear.

"KYW," was the prompt reply. "There's an announcer there that I am wild about."

The next evening the hostess, who knew the staff at the station, invited the St. Louis belle to a dinner, and next to her sat Sen Kaney himself.

A few days later Kaney called the studio director and said he would not be at work that day, maybe, if it was all right.

"What's wrong, Sen? Not under the weather?"

"Naw," came the rejoinder over the wire. "Married."

That was July 14, 1925, and today the Kaneys have a beautiful apartment home almost overlooking Lake Michigan in Rogers Park, and spend their home hours playing with a golden-haired little girl who has since become a very important member of the family.



Sen Kaney

Or, again, Cupid is whimsical. He allows a "Nit-wit" to

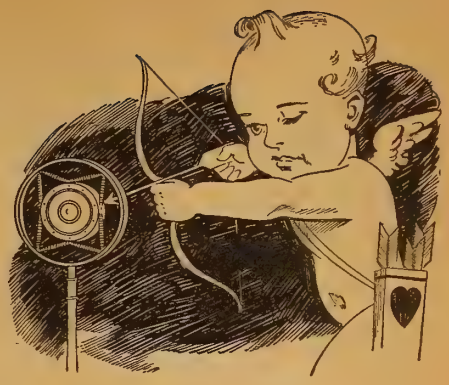


Nubs Allan was winged by Baby Dan at KYW.



Marjorie McClure was nipped by James Melton's voice.

and Wedding Bells on the AIR



Darts Zip Through Mark and Stick— and Proves It

McGee

marry a program director, and then anything is liable to happen! Perhaps both of the principals realized this, for when they said their "I dos" about a year ago they kept the affair secret. However, such things have a way of leaking out and today Bradford Browne and the lady, who was Peggy Young, have the cutest little apartment in New York.

Miss Young, program director for station WABC before the Columbia Broadcasting System bought it for its key station, had never heard of Bradford Browne. And Mr. Browne, the well known announcer, had never heard of Peggy Young. Their knowledge of each other's existence being mutual it was only natural that when they met it would be a case of love at first sight.



Brad Browne

There is no real foundation to the rumor that she held aloof from him or visa-versa. In fact, no one knew they were married until someone in the office noticed that Mr. Browne parked his shoes under her desk at all hours of the day. Yes, his feet were in them.

Just to show you how truly romantic this match is, we must explain that when the newspapers published the story it was illustrated with a picture of the groom in his famous "Nit-wit" characterization. The picture was captioned "Bradford Browne, who was secretly married to Miss Peggy Young three months ago." Immediately Miss Young's lifelong friends either called up on the telephone or wrote letters asking the most important question: "Good heavens, Peggy, what kind of a man have you married?" And Peggy doesn't know yet!

AND NOW it is June, 1930, the time of moonlight and honeysuckle—and weddings. We follow this little sprite of romance down to St. Joseph, Missouri. There's to be a wedding on June 14th—but, here we are getting ahead of our story. Little "Tillie the Toiler" who sings so tantalizingly over KFEQ every noon didn't live so very far from Oda E. Fankhauser in the suburbs of St. Joseph, but these neighbors never knew each other till after Tillie began broadcasting.

Tillie, whose real name is Lillie Mae Frizell, has had a busy little life chock full of variety. Early in the morning before leaving for town she used to help her mother a bit on their seven-acre farm. Then off on a twenty-minute drive to town, where Tillie sold music in the five and ten. But from 11:30 to 12, noon, came the big moments of Tillie's day. Then every inch of her seemed music and rhythm. Incidentally, this half hour each day has brought her a thousand letters each month.

Came night and Tillie loved nothing more than to go to dances. So it was at a dance one night that Oda, who had been listening to her and idolizing her, met the girl of his dreams. And after that it didn't take long.

So on the night of June 14th the wedding bells will ring for Tillie at her home in the country, located not far from the St. Joseph Country Club. Clarence Koch, manager of KFEQ, thinks a Radio wedding would be most appropriate,



Chatterbox Tillie at KFEQ sounded good to Oda E. Franhauser.



Elsie Mae Look looked and listened adorable at WLS.

but, to date, the bridegroom has stage fright.

And here's something a little bit different, too. George "Doc" Watson, staff announcer, was master of ceremonies during a program in which KSTP was "putting on the air" all long-distance phone calls received. The long-distance operator in charge of these calls was Miss Lillian Orr, of St. Paul, and "Doc" permitted her to say a few words over the air via the telephone line before the program came to an end. Lillian's sudden interest in Radio—and Mr. Watson—finds this couple spending their evenings together, when the KSTP announcer is not at the microphone.



Lillian Orr

Michael J. Fadell, manager of the KSTP news bureau, was ill. He was at St. Mary's hospital in Minneapolis and, ardent Radio man that he was, he had a portable Radio receiver installed in his hospital room. Many request numbers came through the loudspeaker from the KSTP studios as the staff members cheered him up, and Miss Edna Haight, of Seattle, head nurse, made frequent visits to his room to listen in. Before long other request numbers were broadcast, but these were for Miss Haight. Now the latest word is that they expect to be married in the near future.

If we were trying to make generalizations about Cupid and geography (which really we are not) we would find the East well represented. There is the wedding last December of May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, who have been sweethearts on the air for six years. The Ukulele Lady and her song-writing partner announced their engagement through an NBC network about two years ago, but the wedding was solemnized without benefit of microphones.



May Singhi Breen

Peter De Rose

These two met for the first time in the old WEAF studios in 1923 and soon after that they went on the air together and have been partners ever since. This seems to have been one of those long drawn out affairs as far as Cupid is concerned, but they are reported to be a very happy couple.

Pondering on the strange, unaccountable ways of Cupid we thought of Denver with its pine-scented air, its clear moonlit nights and the mountains. And what did we find but the story of a charming young newspaper woman who came to KOA some three years ago to conduct the station's newest matinee feature, microphone snapshots of human nature.

Her Radio name, and the name at the head of the newspaper column, was Cynthia Grey. Her real name was Marjorie Bond. Everybody called her Margie. It was necessary, of course, for Margie to be instructed in microphone technique—where to stand and how loudly to speak and such things.

Her instruction was in the hands of a serious eyed, lean faced young control room operator whose red hair always needed pushing back from his forehead. Margie liked that hair. She wondered how it would feel to run her fingers through it. And somebody ought to show him how to take care of it. Why, she could tell that the poor chap needed someone to take care of him.

The poor chap was Clarence A. Peregrine. Everybody called him Perry. He suddenly discovered that he wasn't a poor chap at all, but the luckiest fellow in the world. The most interesting girl in all creation was interested in him. And they discovered they both liked to write short stories and to take outings in the nearby mountains.

And so they were married, almost two years ago. Margie's aunt turned her palatial home over to the newlyweds for the biggest party of the year. All the Radio and newspaper people in Denver were there, and you know how they can party!

There's a cabin just completed up in the mountains and it's just the place for summer living. Margie isn't on the newspaper any more. She's busy being a good wife. Of course, between times, she writes pieces for trade journals. And Perry has made some nice contacts with action magazines. It's been a wonderful two years. They haven't spent much time chasing around to parties. They're still honeymooning.

THERE were others, too, at KOA who found they were not immune to the dangerous little darts. Robert Hancock Owen, engineer in charge of technical operations, found it a terrible bore to have to compose smoothly flowing letters. The girl who took his letters was tall and blonde and she had a nice smile and she knew how to take care of her complexion and she knew how to wear her clothes. Her name was Evelyn Stevens.

One thing led to another. There was Bob's dog and Evelyn thought he was too cute for words. Then there were sunsets. Bob and Evelyn would drive out to some high plateau of evenings and there would be dreams in that rainbow of colors washing the sky as the sun went down behind blue mountains.

There was a new house going up, not far from the station. It was a ducky little house, built in one of the new modes, and it had a nice yard for a dog to run in and a basement room where Radios could be taken apart and put back together.

And along about Christmas time last year, there was a quiet ceremony and Evelyn found she had about the best Christmas present in any girl's world. Bob blushed in his pride. And they moved in.

Will 'o the Wisp-like this same little fellow made his presence felt out on the West coast in San Francisco when he ensnared the heart of Harrison Holliway, station manager and master of ceremonies of the Blue Monday Jamboree. About four years ago Juliette Dunn, an attractive soprano, sang on KFRC programs. Harrison was certainly not oblivious to her charms at that time; they were good friends but the friendship seemed a rather casual one. Indeed, they occasionally went out together, but they didn't stay out late enough to start tongues wagging or anything like that.

But evidentally there must be something about absence and the heart growing fonder, for when Juliette left the studios of KFRC to sing at another station the situation took on a decidedly different cast. Before the studio staffs of the two stations, KFRC and KPO, had time to fully realize the seriousness of the situation, they were married, two years ago this June. There is only one unfortunate aspect of this romance, however, Mrs. Holliway has forsaken Radio.

It was a year ago the 29th of this month that James Melton, tenor of the world-famous Revelers Quartette, took unto himself a bride.

When they were known as the "Seiberling Singers," Mr. F. A. Seiberling, the rubber manufacturer, invited the quartette to visit him at his home in Akron, Ohio. The boys visited the tire town and while there gave a private recital in their host's home. Miss Marjorie McClure was present as a guest.

Then and there the romance started. When the pair announced their engagement the following year a masked ball was given at which Mr. Melton and his fiancee were guests of honor.

After their marriage the bride and groom went on a honeymoon trip to Europe—accompanied by the other Revelers! You see, this popular organization had contracted for several continental concert engagements which had to be fulfilled.

In speaking of this honeymoon the bride's mother, Marjorie Barkley McClure, the novelist, was heard to remark that she felt as though her daughter had married a quartette instead of just a tenor!

THEN there is another story of one of those protracted engagements. An announcer of a certain program met a singer appearing on the same period away back in 1925. The announcer was also a Radio singer, having been a member of the original Eveready Group, one of the pioneer organizations in broadcasting. He was Arnold Morgan. Marjorie Horton, the lady in the case, is very well known to all Radio fans who are familiar with NBC broadcasts. Perhaps someone will recall a program called "At the Baldwin," on which both of these artists were heard singing together.



Marjorie Horton

But it took Cupid three years to convince Mr. Morgan and Miss Horton that neither could possibly get along without the other. They were married in the spring of 1928.

MICKEY GILLETT, saxophone tooter supreme, whose reputation landed him the new sax job with the San Francisco Symphony, is another KFRC staff member whose marriage was the result of his broadcasting. Bernice Baldock, after hearing him from her loud speaker at home, was so happy

(Continued on page 97)



Graham McNamee at the Yale-Harvard boat races a year ago. Shows Mac, the observer peek-abooing around tree, and the control engineer.

Sitting in With the Announcer Where

SPORT WAVES BEGIN

By Doty Hobart

"STAND BY!"

The speaker wears headphones and holds a telephone transmitter in his hand. In front of him sit two other men. All three are in a mezanine box overlooking the playing field of a baseball park. The tallest of the party is sorting over a bunch of papers on which all sorts of baseball information has been jotted in pencil. As he hears the warning he rises and stretches. Then he seats himself as comfortably as the cramped quarters permit, and pulls on a leather helmet with a tiny microphone attached. The third member of the trio sits at the left of the helmeted one. He is busily engaged with something that might be mistaken for a breadboard, several small name cards and thumb tacks. He stops his work long enough to adjust a set of headphones to his ears.

"Cigars, cigarettes, peanuts!"

"Aw, he don't compare to Johnny Evers. Why I saw Evers go over to his left after a ball one day—"

"I'm sorry, but you're in the wrong section. This gentleman holds the ticket for the seat you are in."

Butcher-boys, patrons and ushers mill about behind the three men in the box.

Three men in a box. Reminds me of an old nursery rhyme. Let's bring it up to date. Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a box, and who do you think they can be? Announcer, observer, control engineer; bring Sport Waves to you and to me.

"Station announcement." The control engineer is speaking. "Watch it, Herb."

The observer nods understandingly.

"Five cents more, mister, and don't call me a robber. I don't set the price of cigarettes in this ballpark."

"And when the Babe came to bat in the ninth inning—"

"Third and fourth seats—right in there."

"No, dear, the game hasn't started yet. The players are only having batting practice."

The three men in the box pay no attention to the confusion about them.

Again the voice of the control engineer as he speaks into the telephone, answering a query from the key station, "Okeh. All set."

The observer picks up a second telephone transmitter and repeats the announcement being made at the key station as it comes to him through one of his earphones, "And now we take you to ——. Hear me alright, Ted?" The helmeted one nods and the observer picks up the broken sentence, "where the next voice you hear will be that of Ted Husing. Take it away, Ted."

And Husing begins his colorful chatter of the afternoon's

Ted Husing with his own invention of combination helmet and microphone for sports.



happenings with a cheery greeting to the unseen listeners.

A little farther away, in another mezanine box of the great horseshoe, Graham McNamee is also speaking into a microphone. The two major broadcasting chains are filling the air with sport waves.

LAST month I remarked that quite a bit of preparation was necessary prior to the zero hour of a reportorial broadcast. At the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System I checked up on the backstage activities before the loud speakers were given Ted Husing's voice describing, from the Stadium, the opening baseball game of the season for the American League in New York. For your edification I'll unroll a few yards of red tape.

Early in April the Secretary of the American League Baseball Club of New York receives a letter from Herbert Glover, director of news events for CBS, requesting permission to broadcast the opening game of the Yankees. The secretary replies—by letter. He grants the request and also assigns the box from which the broadcast is to be made.

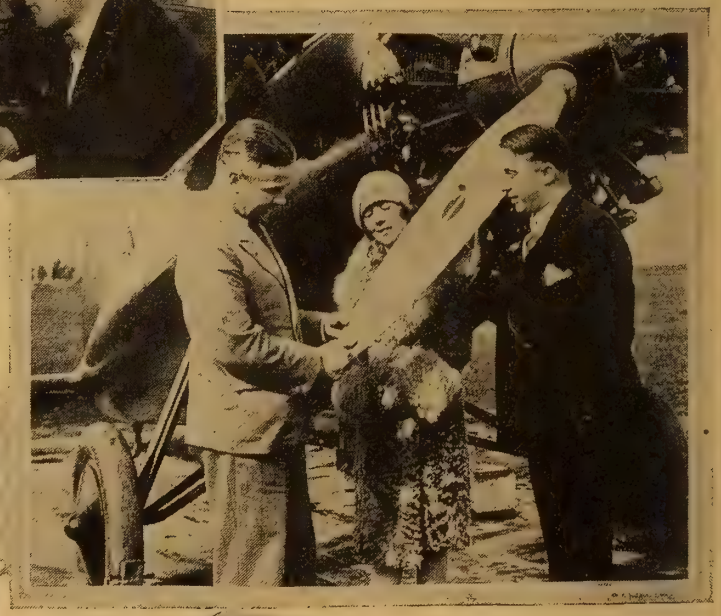
Simple enough. But now we strike a peculiar situation. The Western Union Telegraph Company holds the franchise on all wire lines for communicating play-by-play description of games from the ballpark. The CBS contract for line service is with the telephone company. For this reason the Western Union official in charge of wire lines is requested, by letter, to permit

Mr. Hobart obtained much of his material for Sport Waves from and he shows these most celebrated sports broadcasters under various aspects. He is shown below with his wife (see Marcella note this issue) getting ready for flight to a ball game.



No, Mr. McNamee has not been knocked out, regardless of appearances, but he may be worried over the tight squeeze on his friend, mike, in the mighty fist of Jack Dempsey. Dempsey proved himself a top-notch fight announcer in Chicago.

Carl Menzer, star college sports announcer WSUI.





Another view of Ted Husing posed especially for Radio Digest. Experts declare Ted world's greatest football announcer.



the telephone company to place three lines, for broadcasting purposes, in the specified box at the Yankee Stadium. A favorable reply on the official letterhead of the telegraph company is received by CBS.

Armed with these two authoritive letters Herb Glover instructs the telephone company to install three lines of direct communication from the designated box at the Stadium to the key station, WABC. This the telephone company agrees to do, the agreement being in writing. "Check and double check," as Andy would say.

SO MUCH for outside activities. Now for the inside dope. Ted Husing is officially notified of the date. Unofficially he has known about this assignment ever since the football season closed. However, he hasn't taken it too seriously during the winter months and now it is up to him to dig up all the interesting information possible pertaining to opening games of other years, baseball in general, and the participating players in particular.

The records in the Yankee office, newspaper files and chats with sports writers, give the announcer the historical data. In order to become familiar with the looks of the players in action Husing sees two pre-season games; one in which the Yankees play and one in which the opposing team (the Athletics, this year) show their wares. Both games are exhibition affairs with opponents from other leagues.

Before and after these exhibition games Husing meets the players of the two teams who are to open the league season. He talks baseball, food, weather,

(Continued on page 94)

Chicago sport fans give first place for clear intelligent unaffected announcing to Hal Totten, WMAQ.



Clem McCarthy Radio reporting Kentucky Derby.

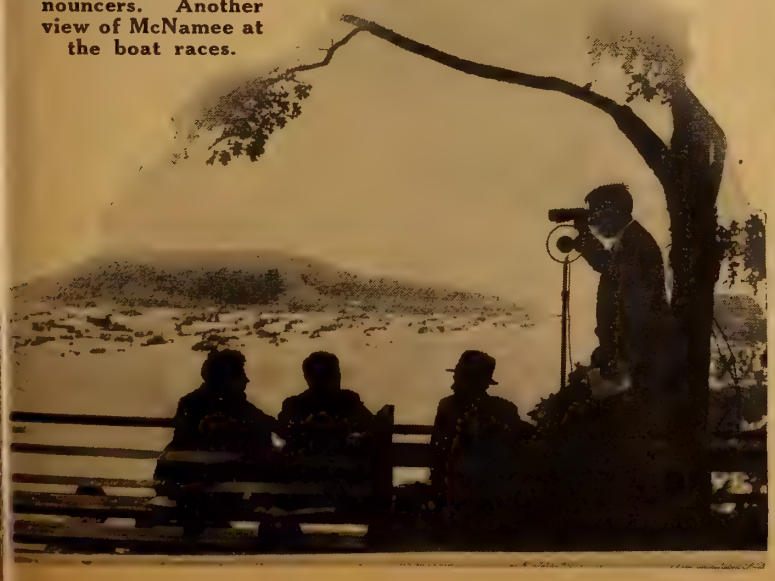
Bill Munday with his Southern drawl and quaint expressions proved such a card for the NBC they arranged for him to commute between Atlanta and New York to cover some of the more important football games. He's a lawyer, too.

Pat Flanagan is a particular favorite with the feminine fans who become deeply interested in baseball and other sports so long as they can hear Pat's magnetic voice. He is located at WBBM, the CBS Midwest key station, Chicago.





Open air and fine vistas are some of the rewards for the Radio sports announcers. Another view of McNamee at the boat races.



The Turning Wheel

To Live, Love and Get Married on $28 a Week Is Problem Enough for Anybody. The Boy Leaves London for a New Try in America —and When He Comes Back He Finds It's a Different Proposition

By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Illustrations by **Dudley Gloyne Summers**

"YOU may be satisfied with your life," he said, "but I am not satisfied with mine. Something is wrong with the way we live. We work for a weekly pittance and somebody else reaps the harvest. It can't go on forever this way. Three times I have improved the machinery in my shop so that the owners have been able to save thousands while I continue to drudge along—"

"At $28 a week," she said, concluding his sentence. They sat on the grass on the little knoll just outside the crowded city streets of London. His head was resting on her lap. They had come here on their rented bicycles for a breath of fresh air and to adjust their perspectives on the way of life. "You get $28 a week, which is something, while many, many others do not even have a chance to earn that. It may be all wrong, but what can one do about it?"

They were both very young, and the moment had come when they suddenly caught a vista of the years stretching out before them. To the girl the future had very much the aspect of the past. She saw no reason to expect that it could be altered to any advantage.

A magnificent motor car came to a halt in the road below. The boy recognized his wealthy employer who had come for a drive with his comely daughter. They were near enough to recognize faces. The car rolled on, and soon the boy and girl had mounted their bicycles and continued their way.

It was nearly a year later the boy stood up in court to answer a charge of theft. He was accused of stealing $870 of his employer's money. He made no defense except that he believed he had earned it many times over, was entitled to it, and saw no other way to get it than to take it as he did. He was sentenced to six months in prison. Twenty-four hours after he was released he was haled into the same court again, this time accused with having attempted to drown himself.



"She stopped her carriage and came up to me."

Unknown to the boy a friend had taken an interest in him. The magistrate told him if he would promise to leave the country and not attempt again to end his life a sum of $100 would be given to him with which to make a fresh start. The boy promised, and soon was aboard ship on his way to New York.

EIGHT years later Sir Henry Rathbone and his daughter stood talking together in the reception room of one of London's principal restaurants. The eight years had dealt kindly enough with the girl, who had become a beautiful woman. The man had not improved. His face bore the marks of a life of pleasure. Here and there were lines which seemed to indicate anxiety. Just at present he had very little the look of a prosperous man.

"You can have the car for Ranelagh, of course, Violet," he said, "but I am quite sure that I shall not be able to go. My luncheon appointment here is a very important one."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I wonder you men don't do all your business in the city," she remarked.

Her father laughed heartily.

"My dear girl," he said, "it is only with the utmost difficulty that I have managed to get this fellow Selwyn to meet me at all. He declined to come to the works, and it is only to oblige Haregood, his solicitor, that he agreed to lunch here today."

"I really cannot understand," she remarked, watching the people as they came in, "why a little machinery should be so important to you."

Her father frowned irritably—his temper had not improved during the past few years.

"You don't understand anything about it, you see, Violet," he declared. "This man has invented some machines by which he can make my screws at about half the price it costs me to turn them out. Unless he'll lease me some machines, or sell me some, or amalgamate, Messrs. Rathbone and company may as well close their doors."

"WHAT does it matter?" the girl answered, carelessly. "You have plenty of money."

Her father seemed to grow pale underneath his flushed cheeks.

"Plenty of money," he agreed, "but every penny in the business. Here they come."

"And here," the girl remarked, "is Lady Angerton. Goodby for the present, then."

She went forward to meet her hostess at the same time that her father shook hands with his two guests. Selwyn had changed beyond recognition, yet as they took their places at the table Sir Henry was conscious of a vague sense of familiarity.

"Where did you learn the practical part of our industry, may I ask, Mr. Selwyn?" he inquired, as soon as it was possible to turn the conversation toward business.

"In your workshops, Sir Henry," the young man answered. "I was there eight years ago. By the by, perhaps I ought to have reminded you before I accepted your invitation that I have been in prison. I stole eight hundred and seventy dollars of yours once, you know. You got the money back again, but some people have prejudices about that sort of thing."

Sir Henry shook in his chair.

"Of course," he muttered, "I remember. I remember you now."

There was an awkward pause.

"I ought to have explained before," the young man murmured, with a quiet smile.

"Not at all—not at all," his host declared, hastily. "These things are best forgotten. This is a business meeting, Mr. Selwyn. I want to talk to you about those machines of yours."

"I shall be glad," the young man said, "to hear what you have to say."

THEY talked throughout luncheon, and in the smoking room afterwards, and Mr. John Selwyn only resisted with



"I did not expect to see you here again, Mr. Selwyn," she said, . . . you might have stayed away."

difficulty an attempt on the part of his host to take him round to his club. He declined politely to pledge himself to anything. His idea in coming to England, he admitted, was to set down the machines to manufacture screws for himself. Sir Henry felt the perspiration break out on his forehead at the mere idea.

"Between ourselves," he said, "we need not mince words. You know, and I know, that if you do so, and if you refuse to sell or lease your machines, my firm will have to close their doors."

"Precisely," Mr. Selwyn admitted. "The fact had occurred to me."

"You mean to make us do it, by God!" Sir Henry exclaimed, suddenly.

"If you want the truth," the young man answered, "I do."

Sir Henry went away from the interview disturbed and uneasy. Nevertheless, negotiations were not wholly broken off. There were times when Selwyn seemed on the point of accepting some of the offers which the solicitors of Messrs. Rathbone and Co., Limited, were continually making him. Sir Henry himself spared no effort to win the good will of his former employé. He invited him to his house—an invitation which, curiously enough, John Selwyn accepted. On one of these occasions he met Violet, and their mutual interest was so obvious a thing that she was feverishly incited by her father to take a hand in the game. Mr. Selwyn listened to all that she had to say, and was very polite. He even accepted further invitations, and more than once he was seen about with Violet Rathbone.

They sat together one Sunday morning in the park. Her father, at the first opportunity, had made some excuse to hurry off and leave them alone. They talked the usual banalities, watched the people, and made remarks about them. Finally, Violet rose a little suddenly.

"Come and sit farther back, Mr. Selwyn," she said. "I want to talk to you."

He obeyed at once. No one could have judged from his face what effect her words had upon him. They found two seats a little apart from the others. She looked for a moment at the lace of her parasol and then into his expressionless eyes.

"MR. SELWYN," she said, "I am beginning to find the present position embarrassing. You know very well why my father leaves me alone with you, why he is always asking you to the house. I do not see why we should play at misunderstanding one another. My father tells me that it rests with you whether or no he is to lose the whole of his fortune and to watch the ruin of his business."

The young man nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Your father is quite right, Miss Rathbone," he said. "It rests entirely with me."

"There are ways," she continued, "of avoiding this, are there not? Compromises, I mean, which could be made? You would lose very little, for instance, if you leased your machines to my father or went into partnership with Rathbone and Co., Limited?"

"So far as the financial side of the matter is concerned," the young man admitted, blandly, "it would be a very reasonable and satisfactory settlement."

"It does not appeal to you, though?" she continued.

"It does not," he admitted.

She raised her eyebrows. They were coming to it at last, then!

"From your manner," she said, "one would imagine that you had some grievance against my father."

"I have," he admitted. "Not a personal one altogether, and yet, perhaps, it is a personal one. I have been in prison, you know, Miss Rathbone, for stealing from your father."

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"You must not talk about it, please," she said. "We have forgotten all that."

She did not move her fingers for a moment. She was twenty-six years old, very beautiful, but as yet heart-whole. She was beginning to feel that there was something remarkably attractive about this young man, if only he would be reasonable.

"I wonder if you remember," he said, "somewhere about nine years ago, driving through Richmond park and stopping on the hill?"

"I remember perfectly," she agreed. "You sat on the grass with your head in a young woman's lap. I considered it at the time most shocking behavior."

"It was the way of the world in which I moved," he answered, "the way of the world in which Fate and your father kept me. It is not that I have a personal animus against Sir Henry. He was my employer in those days, and he only did what others did and are doing, but, none the less, the wealth he is so anxious that I should preserve for him has been built up on the bodies and the souls of hundreds such as I. Labor to him was labor, a weapon towards his end—some dead, inanimate thing, to be used as cheaply as possible and as effectively as could be. I had my brains picked week by week for your father's benefit. Those days are hard to forget, Miss Rathbone."

"I AM not a political economist," the girl said, "but you must surely understand that it was not my father who fixed the conditions. What he did, he did because others were doing it. It is not possible, Mr. Selwyn, that you bear him a real and personal grudge for those days?"

The young man looked out across the park, but he said nothing.

"It is the opportunity which makes the employer," the girl went on. "You yourself speak of starting great works. Will your men be better treated than my father treated you?"

"I intend to make some efforts, Miss Rathbone, in that direction," he remarked.

She looked down at her little patent-leather shoe and beat the ground impatiently for a moment or two.

"You are so enigmatic," she protested, softly. "Can't we



"I have just come to ask you to marry me," he said. "Well, if that isn't just like you," she answered.

understand one another, Mr. Selwyn? Please speak out and tell me what is in your mind."

He looked at her thoughtfully. She represented the last word in wealth and elegance and education. Her delightful carriage was the outcome of her healthy, untrammeled life. No trouble had ever dimmed her beautiful eyes or carved a single line upon her still girlish face.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "you and your father are both anxious to know my plans. It is better, perhaps, that I should tell you them. I will not admit that I have any personal feeling against your father. On the other hand, I hate, with a hatred which has been absolutely the mainspring of these recent years of my life, the means by which he made his wealth, the means by which he holds it. You have been very kind to me. Perhaps I have not deserved it. You beg for peace and I tell you that it must be war. I am here for that purpose and no other. Already the plans are out for my new factories. In two years' time—before, if your father is wise—he will close his doors. I shall find employment for his work-people, and I promise you that I shall find it on very different conditions to any that Messrs. Rathbone, Limited, ever offered."

She looked at him, suddenly pale to the lips.

"Is this final?" she whispered.

"It is final," he answered.

They were very nearly alone, and she leaned so closely towards him that her soft breath fell upon his neck.

"You are very hard, Mr. Selwyn. Could nothing—could



nobody move you?"

She was offering herself to him—he knew that quite well.

"Nobody," he answered. "Not even the woman whom, in a few weeks' time, I hope to make my wife."

For a moment she neither moved nor spoke. Then she drew away and rose to her feet with a little shiver. Amongst

(Continued on page 112)



LUCILLE WALL appears here in answer to the prayers of many interested listeners who have often inquired for a picture of "that fascinating young woman who takes the part of the girl in dramatized stories heard during the Collier Hour on Sunday nights." Her pictures are rare. Imagine, so lovely and camera shy!



SENORITA MELVIDA BOYD, Panama, zoomed up from the tropics to take part in a beauty pageant at Miami some months ago. She was christened Miss Latin-America, and all Latin-America was listening in when she appeared at WQAM to voice her appreciation of the honors. Her welcome home was a national event.



AILEEN FEALY and PHYLLIDA ASHLEY appear here at the same piano, but when you hear them from KGO, Oakland, and KHQ, Spokane, they have a pair of pianos under their hands. Aileen and Phyllida understand the mike as well as their baby grands (or grandfather grands) so that gives listeners the full benefit.



ALMA PETERSON is esteemed one of the very best of Radio sopranos on the NBC Artist Bureau program. You may have heard her over the network on a Sunday afternoon. Her voice is peculiarly adaptable to the microphone, which faithfully transmits the youth, fire and spirit that sparkle from her eyes in this picture.



LOIS BENNETT is one of the bright new luminaries of the air, although she has been singing with great success in light operas on the stage and in concerts for several seasons. She was born in Texas, and gained her first Radio renown as the Quaker Girl.



IRMA DE BAUN is very well known to the Radio public as Peaches in the Evening in Paris program heard over the Columbia system every Monday night at 9:30 EST. She is gifted with an exquisite soprano voice as well as with clever dramatic ability. She makes the illusion so perfect that you feel you are really in Paris, en verite.



Fred H. Huntley is quite enthused over a new song and is telling his fellow Aerials of WMAQ, Frank H. Collins, bass; Paul Mallory, tenor; and Eugene Dressler, tenor, what he thinks about it.



Here he is, fans, this is Walter Winchell, who originated the expression "make whoopee." He's one of America's best known columnists and he airs his Broadwayisms over the CBS system.



It takes a good shoemaker to put real sole in a ukelele so here is Earle Nelson, one of the Douglas Shoemakers on the Columbia chain, who can put sole and a swift kick in his half-pint guitar.





Oh, Mr. Jenkins, please hurry along the Radio, hear-see to make the evening at home perfect with these two lovely Hollywood ladies to please the eye and the ear. Miss Dorothy Lee (left) comes through RKO and Miss Cora Bird through KMTR.

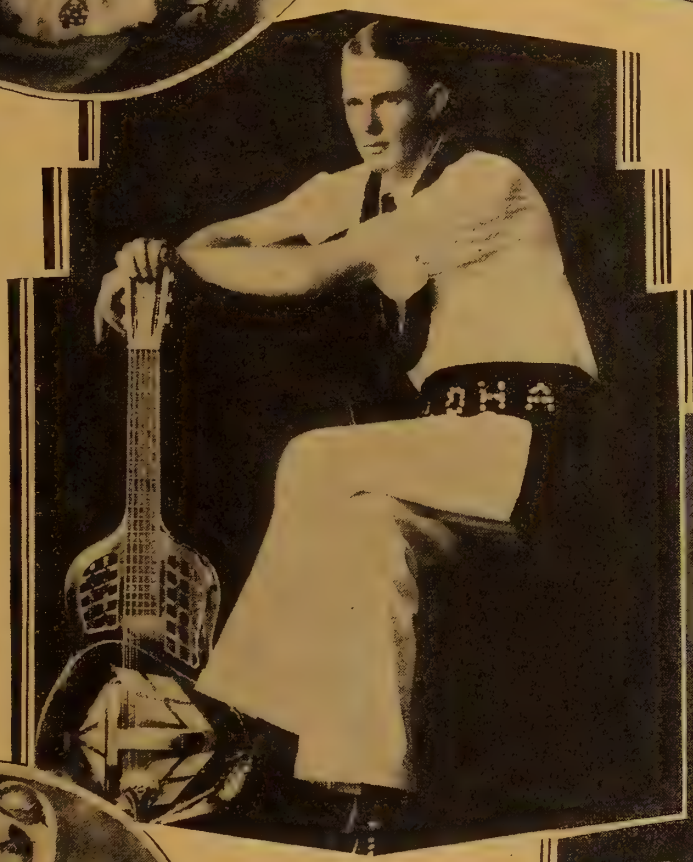


Until the talkies came very, very few people were aware of the lovely voice Bebe Daniels had concealed about her person. Now she is hailed as a joy not only to picture fans but to Radio listeners who hear her in such broadcast extravaganzas as Rio Rita. And whatta HAT!



Big Brother Bob Emery at WEEI, Boston, always has a gang of little brothers and a sister or so to help him out on the programs for the children. Bet you didn't see the imp back there in the corner who slipped into the picture unobserved.

There's danger in their eyes, cherie. But you are safe if you sit down by the old set and tune 'em in when they are on KFWI, San Francisco — Oh, yes, they are the Nearing Sisters. Look cute, don't they?



Marian Hansen, 18, is a queen of the air in a double sense. She is a licensed aviatrix, and she broadcasts from KSTP, St. Paul. The listeners awarded her this loving cup.



Front and center comes now Mr. Edmund Cruse of Atlanta, Ill., who is heard at intervals from WMBD, Peoria. "Oha," says the belt, but that may be in reference to the glittering guitar with unique ventilation and cubistic lines. Mr. Cruse is an able instructor.





Cross section cut shows Dr. Cross' cross-cut saw sawing not the knot across the cross cut sawed log, but illustrating Dr. Cross' cross-cut of the news in the Log of the Day at KGO, Oakland, Calif. "Don't be cross," say Lon Protteau and Herb Sanford, "this is not a knotty knot nor as naughty a knot as it seems."



When Gus Gustafson and Mike Wrhm get together at the Andrews Hotel, Minneapolis, the whole world is going to know all the most sacred secrets of the Somebodies family. Gus glories in the title of the Town Gossip.



Mouthorgans, drums, jewsharps and now the BIG BASS VIOL have claimed the spotlight with the multiplied demands of broadcasting. Dainty Mary Brian whacks out a few deep zooms from this one at KNX to the evident surprise of Naylor Rogers.



Two new Hooters practicing up for their initiation into the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hoot Owls at KGW, Portland, Ore. Forrest Berg (left) and George Smith, sometimes known as the Village Blacksmith.



"Hello, Dad. Got here OK. See you next year." Perhaps that was the baby's message at KOMO when her mother, Mrs. Oliver D. Morris, came to send the news to her husband, cut off from all other communication on E-tip-ta Island in the Arctic.



Wouldn't you almost say that Ole is a heck of a name to hook onto a feller whose real name is Dick La Grand? This is the Ole and Girls Trio, Imelds Monagne (left) and Marjorie Brimley, NBC, Pacific Coast.



These are the pickin' Cotton Sisters—and you can hear them pickin' their nifty little ukes at WWNC, Asheville, N. C.



You've read some fine stories about Radio stars in Radio Digest by Peter Dixon—one was a nice little chat about Aline Berry. And here they are getting ready for the NBC broadcast of the Cub Reporter—they are Mr. and Mrs. Dixon now.

THIRTEEN and ONE

True to Savoy's Prediction Two Strange Men Arrive Out of the Night—Their Presence and Activities Further Complicate the Murder Mystery

By Jackson Gregory

***Illustrations by* Dudley Gloyne Summers**

A MOST unusual company of connoisseurs, adventurers and mystics had been summoned to Mainwaring Parks' gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were interested in precious stones. Paul Savoy, traveller and student of the *genus homo,* had been the first to arrive, followed closely by Captain Arthur Temple, world traveller, who had come with his military orderly.

Doctor Andregg, a sallow and saturnine guest, permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. Then there was Amos Laufer-Hirth, renowned jeweler, Herman Dicks, a famous detective who came with Mr. Parks, and Will Little who had come to look after the comfort of his employer, Laufer-Hirth. A mysterious East Indian, Mr. Nemo, was the last to make his appearance, accompanied by a servant. Savoy counted noses, and by including two Filipino servants found there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

In the early days of the great log house where this company had gathered in the dead of winter there had been a mysterious tragedy. The great opal, known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought there for the consideration of the builder of the house, Thraff Willcyzinski. That same night the jewel merchant and a foreigner who was with him were stabbed to death and the supposed Nonius opal, in a little wine-red silk covered case, disappeared. A little later Willcyzinski disappeared, a raving maniac.

Dicks apparently considered the story, as related by Parks at the dinner table, a fairy story. Savoy referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. Presently they came to the question of what had brought them together. Mr. Parks produced a purse which he said contained $1,000,000 in bills, stating that he was going to place it in the safe, at the same time inviting the guests to place their valuables in the same place. Soon the entire party retired to their rooms, by common consent deferring their discussion to the next day.

THIRTY minutes later there was a high, strangling cry, out of which only one word, "Murder!" could be distinguished. A hasty search by the guests resulted in the discovery of the bodies of Parks and Dicks. As Dr. Andregg stooped to examine the body of his host he picked up a bright object, putting it quickly in his pocket.

Just as they were about to search the house a dull explosion drew them all to the living room, where they found that the safe had been blown open. Again starting their search, they found that the two bodies had disappeared.

Discussing the situation with Laufer-Hirth, Savoy outlined something of his studies of mankind, and announced that he believed he could locate the Nonius opal. At his direction the jeweler searched on a table and discovered the gem.

At breakfast the next morning Captain Temple attacked Dr. Andregg, accusing him of the murder. He was interrupted by the appearance of Savoy, who pointed out that he was perhaps the most to be suspected, since he was not at all sure of his actions the previous night.

Once more Temple attacked Andregg, only to be thrown off the scent by Mr. Nemo, who, after a brief conversation with the doctor, vouched for his innocence. Savoy, after the others had left, questioned the Filipinos concerning a neighboring house, which Temple and his orderly explored.

Savoy, after another session with himself, appeared before the others announcing that he had the solution in an envelope, which he proceeded to nail to the ceiling. Asked if he could perform any other wonders, he predicted that within a short time two men would appear at the door and ask for Mr. Parks and Mr. Dicks.

Some four hours later there came a loud knocking at the door, and with the knocking a loud voice, shouting. "Shall we let it be Captain Temple who goes to the door?" cried Savoy, springing to his feet. "For here already, my dear captain, come our expected guests."

IV

CAPTAIN TEMPLE jerked the door open. Two men came surging in from the dark, scattering loose snow, followed and surrounded by flying snowflakes. They set down their snowshoes and began divesting themselves of their outer garments.

"Well?" Temple remarked curtly.

"Got lost," puffed one of them. "Saw your light and made for it."

"Ah!" said the captain, suspiciously. (Here was something in the way of an explanation already hinted at by that absurd Savoy.) And Temple added with a challenge in his voice: "So you got lost, did you?"

Never had men passed under a sharper scrutiny than was the captain's now. Exactly as that eternally, colossally absurd Savoy had predicted of them one was stamped unmistakably by the cities, the other as being a man on whom the outdoors



At this moment Paul Savoy burst in on them, wild eyed, face white and haggard.

had in many a way and many a place set its undeniable seals.

In an altogether changed tone, brisk and business-like, the city man demanded: "This is the Mainwaring Parks' place, isn't it? You're not Mr. Parks? Perhaps I may make my explanations to him?"

"Unfortunately you cannot," said Temple, curt and watchful.

"Not in?" and a sharp tone sharpened still more: "Is a man named Dicks, Herman Dicks, here?"

Heads were shaken, some hastily, others in the manner of men wondering.

"Dicks isn't here, either?" sharper than ever, then ducked his head, considered briefly, and drew out a card and presented it to Savoy.

"My name's Gateway; my friend's is McIntosh."

SAVOY read the inscription on the card. Business-like and plain like him who had presented it. "Charles P. Gateway." Nothing further.

"Exactly," he smiled. "Mr. Gateway; Mr. McIntosh. You tell us everything—yet nothing."

"Something has happened here, hasn't it?" he said sharply. "And neither Parks nor Dicks is here to tell about it? Suppose you put a name to it!"

Savoy considered the long ash of his cigar.

"It's not exactly a pretty name," he said mildly.

"It's murder!" cried out Gateway. "Who? Parks or Dicks?"

"Both!" burst out Captain Temple.

"I'd like to know more about this and who you men are," he said.

"May I present them?" asked Savoy imperturbably. And one after the other he named them, introducing himself last.

"And it's murder?" he said the second time. "Double murder!"

Temple shrugged. "I think it's time you two explained yourselves!"

"Why not throw back your coat and show them?" said Savoy lightly.

"You seem to know a whole lot." And then with an abrupt gesture Gateway did what Savoy had requested, giving them a glimpse of the shining badge of his authority. "I'm Detective Charles P. Gateway. And I'm a friend of poor old Dicks—and I guess I'll take charge of things right now!"

There was a little gasp of satisfaction from Laufer-Hirth.

"When did this happen?" asked Gateway. And when he had his answer, "You've notified the authorities? San Francisco and the local officers?"

"The telephone line went down in the storm—"

"Ah, that accounts for— Show me the rooms where this happened."

GATEWAY, accompanied by Temple and Tom Blount, went out and up the stairs. Laufer-Hirth, quite ignoring McIntosh, turned astonished eyes on Savoy.

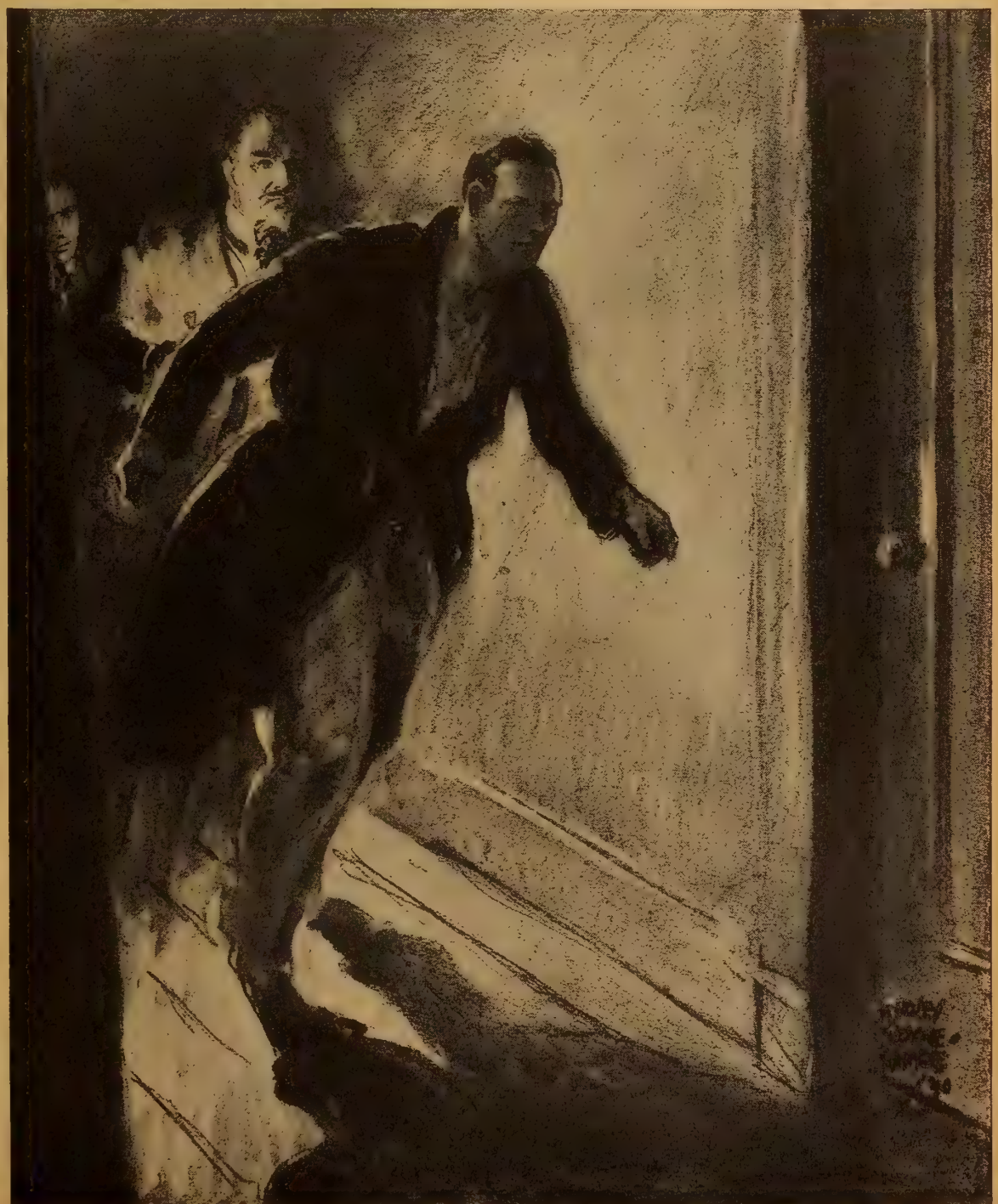
"How'd you know, Paul? And how much more do you know?"

Savoy returned to his chair, settled himself and answered indifferently.

"Just a guess, as I told you. A surmise, rather, based on a series of earlier surmises. We know well enough that Parks scented tragedy. Why did he bring Dicks along? Let's say that Dicks knew danger lay across the path he was treading. What more natural than that he would talk things over before leaving San Francisco with some friend and co-worker? Such a man as Gateway. What more likely than that he would arrange to keep in touch with him by telephone? And, finally, what more logical than that his friend, not hearing from him, should follow him here to lend a hand?"

"And—ah—and Mr. McIntosh?" demanded Laufer-Hirth.

"Mr. McIntosh, I am sure," returned Savoy, "could tell us how Mr. Gateway asked him to guide him on so difficult and, to Mr. Gateway, so novel a journey. That, I think, explains



"They ran on, following Savoy, Temple's candle streaming smokily."

Mr. McIntosh quite naturally."

"Right you are," said McIntosh. "I happened to know this country, and seeing how keen-set he was, agreed to come along."

"It grows late," suggested Savoy. "How about bed?"

He went out with a general good-night, and they heard him going to his room. The last glimpse they had had of him was when in the doorway he had cocked a curious eye at his own secret paper nailed to the ceiling beam and directed a second meditative cloud of cigar smoke toward it.

THE others followed presently, leaving the big living room to stillness and a dying fire. And the three who had gone upstairs to the rooms vacated by Parks and Dicks had shown no haste in coming down again. Their voices were heard now and then in little lulls of the storm.

When at last they did come down, Gateway and Captain Temple were side by side, talking earnestly, done entirely with their initial bristling truculence. Evidently the captain had told the detective much that had happened; certainly he had made mention of Paul Savoy and of Savoy's envelope. For on the threshold Gateway's quick eyes went straight to it, and he said briefly:

"That's it, eh?"

"I've a notion Savoy's mad," cried Temple under his breath, yet sharply. "And I'm going to know what he's written."

Without more ado, Temple got up on the table and began yanking at the strips of wood nailed over the paper. Tom Blount handed him the fireside poker and he used it to pry the bits of box shook away.

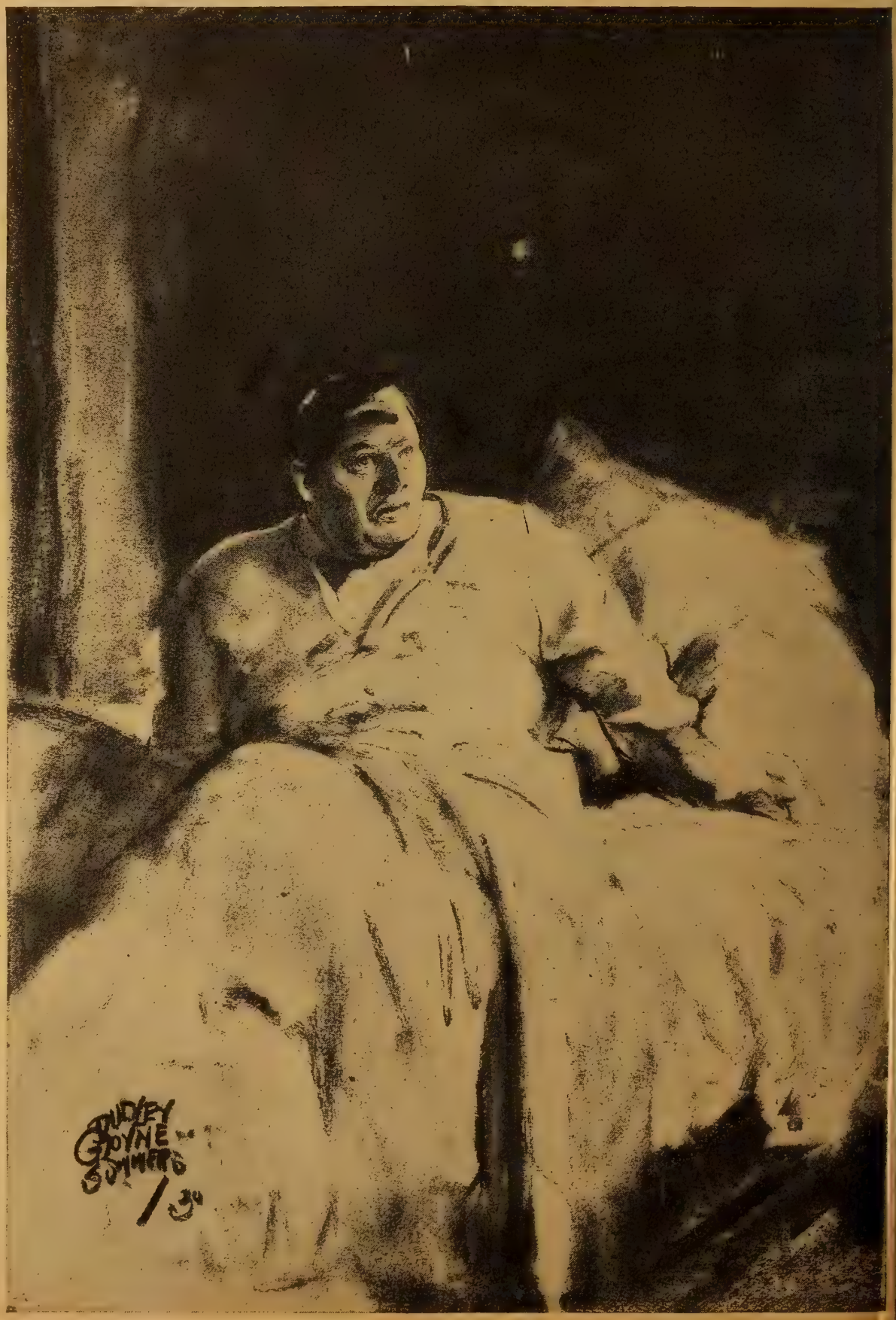
The detective made no comment, but watched narrowly and stepped closer as Temple read the few lines. With a grunt, in which there was a note of smothered fury, the captain made a wad of the offending sheet and hurled it toward the fire.

"A cursed mountebank—"

Gateway, as quick as a cat, sprang forward and rescued the paper. He opened it carefully, smoothing it with very gentle fingers and read:

"Temple, his enormous curiosity rampant, investigates my inspired notes! A ludicrous incident, surely! Plainly, a rather knotty situation has embittered individual, stimulating animosity. Look inward. Vastly educational."

And that was all; all, rather, set down in Savoy's notes. But from Savoy himself came a soft, delighted chuckle. He was



at the door, looking in from the dim hall, a thin, tall form in a long red dressing gown.

"And you did investigate, didn't you?" he said pleasantly while Temple, still red-faced, choked on words. "Guessed right again, didn't I?—Good night, gentlemen."

And moving as softly as a ghost in his soft slippers he vanished down the hall.

A MOMENT later, Gateway stood up.

"I've got this case pretty well in hand. Inside thirty minutes or an hour, anyway, long before the household comes trooping in for morning coffee, I'll have this dirty mess cleaned up—and will be ready to go."

"You mean—Andregg?" demanded Temple.

"Andregg, without the least shadow of a doubt. I'm going to pounce on him now while he's asleep, and I'm going to have the truth out of him so quick it'll make his head swim."

"I don't see—"

"Of course you don't! But I do. That's my business, to see. And you will in a minute, if you care to stick around."

"Lead the way," said Temple, "and we'll follow."

They made little sound, only the sergeant's heavy shoes, in which he walked on his tip-toes, creaking dismally. Temple carried a candle and led the way. He turned from the main hall into a smaller, narrower hallway, and stopped before a closed door. Gateway stooped and put a professional eye to the keyhole, then listened a long while.



He withdrew eye and ear and noiselessly inserted a key in the lock. Slowly and noiselessly the door opened. Temple lifted his candle; the three peered into Andregg's room. Gateway stole forward. Captain Temple blew out the light. Once more in the room all was silence and dark.

Then the silence itself seemed to be set shivering under a slow harsh whisper. Gateway, on the crest of his melo-dramatic moment, was at the bedside now; his hissing whisper filtered terribly into Andregg's sleep-benumbed ears.

"Murder—murder—murder! Andregg! Andregg, murderer!" yelled Gateway.

Bedsprings creaked as the sleeper, abruptly disturbed, started up wildly. There was a sobbing gasp—a whisper again—a shriek of sheer terror.

THEN all of a sudden and without warning Andregg relaxed, and fell back against the pil-

(Continued on page 114)

"How does it happen that while we battered a door down you slept through it all?"

Pay Day in

Better You Like Them

By E. E.

"BLESSED are the poor, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," and at the same time not worry about what Jones is making in the way of salary nor the proper way to fill out all the blanks in an income tax return.

The peculiarity of the lead to this snooping article devoted to what the big shots are making from their Radio activities is accounted for



Countess Albani, NBC Star, in the "Going Up" Class.



Paul Oliver of Palmolive fame has golden voice.



James Melton, NBC, has high tenor voice.



Floyd Gibbons doesn't sing, but gets most money for his voice. (NBC).



Hugh Barrett Dobbs and his $250,000 smile. That's his pay for making Pacific Coasters get out of bed and exercise while he talks Shell oil. (NBC).

Radio Town

The More They Can Get

Plummer

by the difficulty the author had in digging up the facts of the matter.

It seems that the networks, both National and Columbia, are very secretive about the dollar marks surrounding their pet microphone blasters, and the main reason given out is that the temperamental satellites would simply lay down and quit on the job if it were announced inaccurately that Soprano Soandso made ten cents more per annum



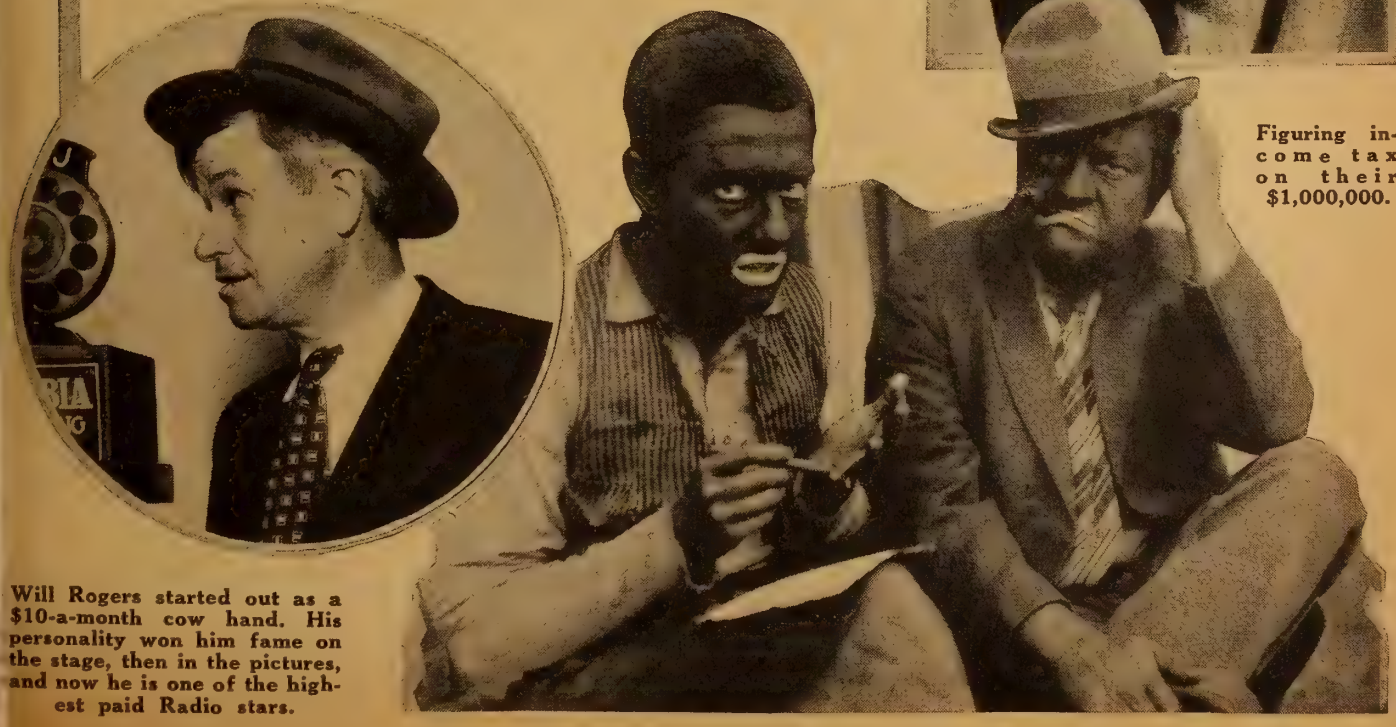
Lovely Jessica Dragonette is worth her weight in gold as singer for NBC.



Jesse Crawford, "Royal's Poet of the Organ" draws a royal stipend, CBS.



Mary and Bob are doing well.



Figuring income tax on their $1,000,000.

Will Rogers started out as a $10-a-month cow hand. His personality won him fame on the stage, then in the pictures, and now he is one of the highest paid Radio stars.

than Contralto Suchandthus. Other jealousies also abound.

On that account, then, I will apoligize in advance for my inaccuracies prevalent in this story. The figures are mostly heresay, listen, snoop and guess. Still, I've been given credit for being a very fair guesser. Just to reassure you, I'll promise that I'm not off more than one decimal point in any of the forthcoming statistics.

OUT of Peoria, Ill., and Richmond, Virginia, came two minstrels who four years ago started off Sam 'n' Henry on a meteoric career only to require a legal re-christening party two years later of the feature under the now internationally illustrious names of Amos 'n' Andy.

How much do they make? Well, a little bird whispered to me and said that Amos 'n' Andy would be paid by the NBC system a minimum of one hundred grand, Chicagoese for $100,000, the first year with Pepsodent.

That figure is quite accurate and represents only their microphone work. To it must be added an additional income of an indefinite amount for their theatrical appearances, royalties from phonograph records and books, syndicate (coming soon) rights and other miscellaneous small revenues. Lumping the second money-making group together, Correll and Gosden should realize close to $200,000 from these things this year.

But the crowning blow is their debut in the talkies. They have recently signed a "propolition" with R-K-O Radio Pictures to produce a film, "Check and Double Check," next August which is not to interfere with their nightly broadcasts and which, on the share basis agreed upon, should net the pair close to ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

Amos 'n' Andy are under the management of the NBC Artists Service, and that means that NBC will draw ten per cent commission on their broadcast, show, film and other engagements booked by the bureau. But still, what is ten per cent when a fellow is making $650,000? And that is what each member of the team should earn annually once the film revenue starts coming in. And five years ago they were anxious to broadcast just for the experience and without pay!

IN 1907 a Washington, D. C., lad took Horace Greely's advice, went West and North, found a seven-dollar-a-week job as a reporter on the Minneapolis Star, and shortly thereafter was fired for incompetency. His name was Floyd Gibbons, but that didn't help him in those days.

Gibbons got back into the newspaper business and made an outstanding name for himself, you all know, as war correspondent from the 1914 Battle of Naco, on the Arizona-Sonora front, on down through bullets and shrapnel shells at the rate of at least one war a year until 1929, when he met M. H. Aylesworth, NBC's chief executive, and decided to give up newspaper work for the microphone.

Now his income is said to be in excess of $5,000 a week, he is reported to employ eight secretaries—and, imagine their trying to take his dictation—he was recently clocked on the air talking at the rate of 217 words a minute. Incidentally, he is probably one of the few Radio stars to sport the croix de guerre, the Italian war cross, and be a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

HUGH BARRETT DOBBS, "Dobbsie" as he is known. five years ago had no other claim to fame than a highly varied career and a cousin by the name of Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero of the Merrimac sinking in Santiago Harbor during the Spanish-American War.

Born in 1885, like his cousin, Dobbsie also went to Annapolis, but his putting glue on the instructor's chair was not overlooked, so he changed schools to Johns Hopkins. At the Baltimore medical school Dobbsie studied to be a physical culture instructor, and was one for several years. Hopping about the country he also designed and built outdoor playgrounds; then turned surveyor in 1905, going to Alaska to help run a boundary between Canada; took a fling at the commercial side of motion pictures, came to San Francisco in 1924 and engaged in selling musical instruments, and in the Summer of 1925 walked into the studios of KPO and asked for an audition.

His voice registered and he was scheduled for a broadcast known as the Health Exercises period. He "clicked." He conceived the idea of staging mythical cruises to the ports of the weary, the shut-ins, the convalescents, and carrying to them cargoes of happiness and gloom chasers.

A Shell Oil executive heard and engaged him for the Pacific Coast NBC network. Over 1,000,000 letters from fans soon proved him the West's greatest mike personality. Last January the same Shell executive, E. H. Sanders, decided it was time to sew up Dobbsie, so he got his name on the dotted line beneath a contract which will net Mr. Dobbs over $250,000 during the next three years. Not bad!

SO FAR, you will note, the big stars mentioned were made by RADIO rather than the STAGE. That is interesting. But to vary the order a bit, let's talk about Will Rogers and Harry Lauder. The stage gets credit for their original successes.

Will Rogers was just a $10-a-month cow puncher on the 101 Ranch before he got to roping so well he was permitted to take the annual tour with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show.

It was the closing of the season one year in old Madison Square Garden, New York, when a freightened critter of a steer broke through the arena gate and headed for the massed crowd of women, children and men. In the dust-laden air a lariat snapped out, circled the beast and brought him to the ground. The rope was Rogers'.

He was New York's hero. Every night the crowd gave him an ovation. A vaudeville manager attended one night, heard the applause, and thinking it was for Rogers' skill, decided to sign him for a vaudeville act. Will was to receive $50 a week. The timidity of Rogers almost made the act a flop. The manager moaned.

Then one night Rogers entangled his feet in the rope. The audience chuckled. Will blushed and stewed. "I'd a heap rather have this rope aroun' my laigs than aroun' my neck," he cracked. The audience roared. That was Will Rogers' first extemporaneous comment, and from then on he fought his shyness, made more comments and soon became a famous vaudeville headliner. Magazine writing, a newspaper syndicate proposition and the movies followed.

About a year ago you could get him to officiate as toastmaster at a banquet for $5,000 and transportation (airplane). Up to recently he was on the air rarely. His Radio fee, according to several sources, for those "single shots" was around $12,000. Recently he began a thirteen-week contract with Squibb hour. The remuneration is in question, but consensus is that it is around $7,500 a week.

HARRY LAUDER was making records for the phonographs when they had big horns that hung from stands such as now support bird cages, so I really can't remember how this Scotch comedian and songster got started.

The only point I wish to make is that twice he has come to the States for farewell tours and taken back with him juicy fees for broadcasting. His rate seems to be $1,000 a minute. He was paid $15,000 for his first fifteen-minute program over a year ago and this year took home $30,000 for thirty minutes.

MARY AND BOB, whose Radio tours for stories have now been going on two years to the delight of millions of listeners, are also in the big money class. Their sponsors were very kind in giving me much information, except the amount each received weekly for their parts in True Story hour.

Let's guess. One informant who has no especial reason to know said he thought $75 a week each. I'm positive that is way below the mark. They must get $150 or more, but I'm guessing, too. Both Mary and Bob, however, add greatly to their incomes by theatrical and club work.

For example, they charge from $400 to $500 for appearing at a Radio show. They have a vaudeville act which is essentially a True Story Radio drama. This books for $2,000 a week.

"Mary," as you've probably already read in this magazine, is really Nora Sterling, twenty-two years old, born in Atlanta, Ga., and a sister of Alexa Sterling who was four times national women's golf champion. Nora attended schools here but finished off her education in Scotland.

"Bob" is William Brenton, twenty-three years old, a Princeton graduate and son of a clergyman. No, they aren't married.

By way of interest to those who tuned in the True Story radarios, in 1929 this program employed seven hundred Broadway actors and actresses of more or less renown. Some of these are paid as high as $1,000 a week in the theaters. The Radio salaries paid depend entirely upon the importance of the part assigned and the ability of the performer.

GRAHAM McNAMEE is a name to conjure with in broadcasting. Eight years ago he hadn't seen his first microphone. He studied singing and cultured his voice from boyhood on but when it came time to earn a living he became a wheat salesman for a firm in St. Paul, Minn.

Of course, he was keeping up his singing, but his voice needed more training in order to reach the top in his chosen career. Hence he went to New York. It is said his wife, herself an accomplished musician whom he had met on a concert engagement, was the person who urged him to get into Radio.

She probably had singing in mind. As it developed, however, WEAF employed him primarily as announcer because of his resonant baritone voice and, of course, his knowledge of musical selections.

The income wasn't much to start. Chain announcers even now are paid only about $75 a week to begin. But today—

McNamee charges $250 to announce a commercial program. He is reputed to earn more than $1,000 a week from Radio alone. He is sought after for concerts and as soloist at churches. Radio shows pay him well for appearances. In addition he is paid for the use of his name by the newspaper syndicate which prepares a weekly Radio column, "Graham McNamee Speaking." His latest revenue producer is in the capacity of announcer on a talkie news film release.

Phil Cook, Radio's Clown who is heard six mornings a week in songs and dialogue as the "Aunt Jemima Man" is another star who has cultivated the Midas touch.

(Continued on page 92)



Cast of the Henry and George One Minute Dramas. From left: Dave Elman, Harriet Lee, Brad Browne, Georgia Backus and Don Clark.

Henry and George Introduce

RADIO BLACKOUTS

Minute Dramas Born of Double Inspiration

By J. G. Gude

HENRY and George, the two theatrically minded bellhops now on a good will tour of the country, were created by the two people who fill their roles every Monday evening at 8 o'clock (EST) over the Columbia network. They are Don Clark, chief continuity writer for CBS, and Dave Elman, of the same department.

Like most famous characters of stage and air, Henry and George came into being through a curious combination of circumstances. Dave Elman had an inspiration one hot day last September for something new and different in the way of Radio entertainment. Now, if you've never seen a continuity writer with a new idea for a program, you've never seen anyone really worked up. When the idea hit Dave, he bit off the end of his pipe and swallowed it, and knocked over a chair and three people as he dashed for Don Clark's office.

"Don," yelled Dave, "I've got a new idea for—"

"Dave," said Don, "I was on my way in to see you. I just thought of a swell—"

"Now, hold on," begged Dave. "My idea is—"

"Yes, but listen," insisted Don. "This thing that I have in mind is—"

"RADIO BLACKOUTS," they yelled simultaneously.

THEY looked at each other for a second, each wondering whether his ears had deceived him, and then burst into laughter.

"Holy hat!" said Don. "One of us must be psychic."

"Yea, verily," assented Dave, "great Radio minds doth work on the same wave length."

And without more ado, our heroes sat themselves down, and together worked out a rough draft of the first Radio blackouts in the history of our fair land.

"Done," grunted Don, a little later. "There's a sustaining program scheduled to go on in about a half hour. Let's try 'em out on that."

"Swell," agreed Dave. "All we need is five people to take the parts."

"Oh, Lord," moaned Don, "I never thought of that. Come on, let's hunt for artists."

Followed a mad dash through studios and reception rooms until they came upon Georgia Backus, Harriet Lee and Ted Husing, just minding their business in a quiet corner on the twenty-second floor.

"Surround 'em, Dave," ordered Don. "Don't let 'em go."

"What, may I ask, is this?" demanded the jolly Husing. "A raid?"

"The heat," murmured Harriet, sympathetically.

"Stewed," said Georgia. "Don't pay any attention to them."

"Come on," said Don, "you're all going to work in a new script act."

"Yeah, but how about two more people," Dave reminded him.

"Never mind. No time," said Don. "You and I will have to take those parts."

AND that, children, is the story of how our heroes, whose business is writing continuity, became Radio entertainers. That they were successful in this new field of endeavor is evidenced by the fact that they are still doing Radio blackouts.

In the case of Dave Elman, ability as an actor was no surprise, for before going into Radio Dave was an "old stager" if ever there was one. His histrionic career includes experience in about every line of theatricals one can name—vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy, tent and traveling medicine shows, and even show boats. Don Clark confesses to two weeks' experience in a Broadway show—name unknown.

But to get on with the story: Just about the time Don and Dave were trying out their new idea, the Consolidated Cigar company was looking for a comedy team for a new program that was to feature its product, the Henry George 5c cigar. The plan, of course, was to make the tie-up by naming this team Henry and George. Fourteen comedy teams, including some of the best known in New York, had been tried—and found wanting.

"Why," says Mr. Clark to Mr. Elman, "couldn't this new and wonderful idea for Radio entertainment be adapted to meet the demands of this client?"

"I'm esking you," says Mr. Elman to Mr. Clark, "why not?" And they forthwith betook themselves to the sales department and formally presented themselves as the answer to the Consolidated Cigar company's prayer.

Skeptical, but ever willing to cooperate, Columbia sales boys invited the client's representatives to an audition. In the meantime Don and Dave got to work on the task of applying the idea of Radio blackouts to the requirements of the Consolidated Cigar company.

IT HAD already been tentatively decided by the client that the characters, Henry and George, should be bellhops. A Chicago hotel was decided upon as the locale. Now, how about the other characters that would be necessary to these one-minute dramas? The girl in charge of the cigar counter, of course. She would be called Maizie, and be played by Harriet Lee.

But another female part would be essential. Why not the

(Continued on page 104)

Reformation of Study Sixteen

Young America has accepted P. G. Wodehouse as one of the most popular fiction writers of the day. This is a bit from old Wrykyn and presents a vivid glimpse of public school life in England.



"WHAT they need, of course," said Clowes, "is exercise."

"Right ho," Trevor agreed. "But they get out of all that with their beastly doctor's certificate."

"That's the worst of this place, Trevor, old devil. Any slacker who wants to shirk his athletic duties to the house goes to some rotten doctor during the holidays, swears he's got a weak heart or something, and you can't get him."

"What's to be done about it?"

"I swear Bellwood and Davies would both make good enough forwards if one could get them onto the field. They're heavy enough."

"Fairly bulge with bloody ballast, both of them. And is it any wonder, considering the way they eat! But, I say, what's to be done about it?"

Study Sixteen at Donaldson House of Wrykyn was under discussion again. Bellwood and Davies, the current possessors, had not improved the evil reputation of the room. This fact was a double thorn in Trevor's side since he had become captain of football. He assumed his responsibilities seriously.

"There must be some mangy microbe infesting the place to turn out such shiftless fellows as you always find in Study Sixteen," said Clowes, stretching himself and picking up a book from the table.

"A mouthful of gospel truth," Trevor answered. He leaned back in a chair and rested his heels on the desk. "It's positively rummy. It's always been like that. I believe anybody who's a slacker or bad lot naturally drifts to Study Sixteen guided by the unseen hand of fate."

"Do you remember when we first came to the house Blencoe and Jones had it?"

"They got sacked at the end of the first term."

"Yes, and after that it was Grant and Pollock. They didn't get sacked, but they ought to have been. Now it's these two and here's hoping they get turfed out without further ado."

Clowes began thumbing the book he had picked up. His attention was arrested by the contents.

"Oh, I say, Trevor, let me take your Agamemnon."

"That's the only one I have. You can take it if you will return it to me at half past nine sharp."

"No, it's all right, thanks. I'll borrow one from Dixon. He's sure to have one. I believe he's got every Greek play ever written."

Clowes went off to Dixon's study. Dixon was a mild, spectacled youth who did an astonishing amount of work. He was nervous and anxious to oblige when he was not in a haze of his own thoughts. He lifted his face from between the covers of a book and frowned as he heard someone rattle his door. Clowes came in.

"It's rather shaky," said Dixon as Clowes entered and continued to rattle

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrations by **Winston Haberer**

the door on its hinges.

"Wobbly, I should say," said Clowes, "what have you been doing to it?"

"Some fellows have been running against it."

"Indeed! Running against it? And what did you do?"

"I—er—well, the fact is, I didn't do anything. You see, it was an accident. They told me themselves that it was."

"It only happened once then? Must have been a good strong chap to rush a door off its hinges at one shot."

"No. They stumbled against it rather often."

"Stumbled is good," said Clowes. "I suppose they didn't say how they came to stumble? Who are the unlucky trippers?"

"Well, I don't know that I ought to say, but I suppose it will be all right. They were Davies and Bellwood."

"So I should have thought," said Clowes. "How do you find that sort of thing affects your work?"

"I must confess," Dixon replied, nervously twisting a pencil between his fingers and nibbling at the end of it, "I do find it a little hard to concentrate myself when I am constantly interrupted by bangs on the door."

"So should I." Clowes tested the door on its hinges again.

"You see how it is," said Dixon. "I wonder what could be done about it."

"Now, why did you ask that particular question, old man?"

"I'm sure, I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"It strikes me the question seems to be getting to a point where it requires a definite answer. By the way, I popped in just to see whether you would mind lending me your Agamemnon?"

"Oh, certainly, I'll be more than glad to. Splendid play, isn't it?"

"Not bad. I prefer 'Charlie's Aunt' myself. Matter of taste, though. Thanks. I'll return it before I go to bed."

And he went back to his own study.

IT WAS in the afternoons, after school, that Bellwood and his companion Davies found time hang so heavily on their hands. To lounge in one's study and about the passages was pleasant for a while, but it was apt to pall in time, and then it was difficult to know how to fill in the hours.

On the afternoon following Clowes' conversation with Dixon, Bellwood found things particularly slow. In ordinary circumstances he and Davies would have been at the school shop eating a heavy, crumpety tea. But today an unfortunate passage of arms with his form-master had led to that youth's detention after school; and he was not yet out. Bellwood was one of those people who do not like to tea alone.

Besides, it was Davies' turn to pay; and to go and have a meal at his own expense would have been so much dead loss.

So Bellwood haunted the house, feeling very much out of humor.

After wandering up and down the passage a few times and reading all the notices on the house notice board, it occurred to him that the half hour before the return of Davies might be well spent by ragging Dixon. It was for the purpose of keeping their betters from becoming dull that people like Dixon were put into the world; and Dixon would in all probability be working—which would add a spice to the amusement.



. . . the door opened . . . "Oh, I say, sorry," gasped Bellwood. "What the blazes are you playing at?" snapped Trevor.

He collected half-a-dozen football boots from the senior day-room. The rule of the house being that football boots were not to be brought into that room, there was always a generous supply there. Then he lounged off to Dixon's room.

The door, as he had expected, was closed. He took a boot and flung it with accurate aim at one of the panels. There was a loud bang, and he grinned as he heard a chair pushed back inside the study and somebody jump up. Dixon was in.

(Continued on page 98)

Cugat Presents Review of



It took ten years for that champion of all barber shop rhapsodies, Sweet Adeline, to become a national hit. The melody was written some thirty years ago by Harry Armstrong, delineated by Senor Cugat at the left. The lyrics were by Richard H. Gerard. They first intended to call it Sweet Rasalie. Armstrong was glad to get $1,000 for his interest when it appeared the song was a flop. Gerard held on until he got $2,200. When it did go it spread like the Maine Stein Song, after its long obscurity. Armstrong sang his creation over a national hookup recently and related these facts.

A caricaturist hesitates to apply his art in depicting feminine celebrities, so many are violently unappreciative of his efforts. But there are exceptions and Cugat presents at the right the high-speed motoring soprano Miss Muriel Wilson of the National Light Opera company. Broadcasting is just one of her many activities. Swimming, riding, golf and her peppy coupe provide an outlet for exuberent spirits. Ralph Powers says, "She loves scallops. Well, who wouldn't be a scallop for Lady Muriel anyway!"

Today's Radio Headliners



Spanish don kidnaps our dainty Lillian Roth from Fair of the Air for caricature! Her career: Born Boston 1910. Fort Lee kid pictures 1916. Vaudeville star 1925. Florenz Ziegfeld lead 1928. Paramount Talking Pictures 1929. Radio star 1930.

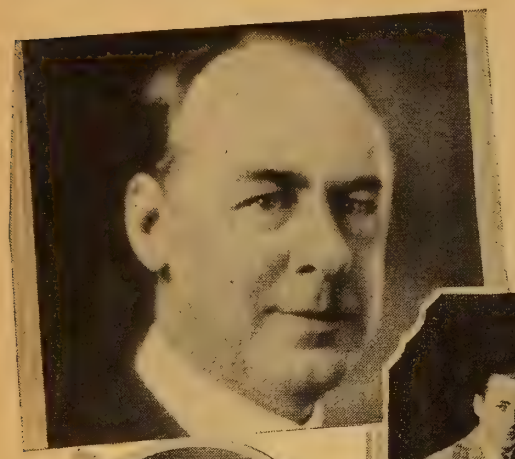
Dale Wimbrow is mentioned elsewhere in this volume as one of the favorite thrum and hummers of the day. Doc Powers predicts he'll soon give the world a new croonsong called Radio Rube.

"What mus' I do? Awa!" "Yo' don' has to do nothin', Amos, da cir—carlicularis — he's de one what has to do things." "Well I be doggone! Look heah, Andy, what he done to us!"

LOYALTY OF FANS IS

Friends of KFKB Roll Up Quarter Cup to Their Favorite Post Letters Received Lauding

By Donald



"Hello, World," W. K. Henderson speaking, is at the left; just below is Irish and His Uke, next door to Mrs. McChesney.





"THIS is the World's Most Popular Station, KFKB, at Milford, Kansas," is the announcement that Dr. J. R. Brinkley's 5,000-watt broadcaster has been privileged to make since the results of the Radio Digest Gold Cup contest to determine the World's Most Popular Station were announced last month. Listeners rallied to the support of KFKB with splendid loyalty, piling up more than a quarter of a million votes for their favorite, thus bringing to Milford a truly enviable honor and recognition as the one broadcasting station on the North American continent boasting, perhaps, not the largest audience, but certainly by great odds the most loyal—listeners willing and eager to get out and fight for the honor and success of their favorite.

Many other stations besides the Gold Cup winning KFKB and the Silver Cup winners in the six geographical divisions of the continent may be truly proud of the loyalty of their friends of the air. Literally thousands of letters were received by the Contest Editor from listeners, lauding the merits of their favorites.

The number of individuals casting ballots for WENR exceeded by a large majority those voting for any other station, even the Gold Cup winner. Their support, however, was in the shape of single coupons, but little advantage being taken of bonuses allowed for groups of consecutively numbered votes, and for subscriptions. Consequently when all of these bonuses had been allowed those stations whose friends had been out working hard for their choice were up



Right, A. A. Murphy, CFQC; below, Rosebud Kids, WNAX.







One of the most popular programs, The Sunshine Coffee Kids of WNAX make a nice looking couple. At the right the young gent in his shirt sleeves is Roy Faulkner, one of the KFKB staff.







At the left is Jimmy Weldon, engineer and announcer, KFKB; above is the justly famed studio orchestra of CFQC, while at the right is a typical scene taken of a visiting crowd at Henry Fields KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa.

A REAL INSPIRATION

of a Million Votes to Give Gold of Listening; Thousands of Merits of Broadcasters

Burchard

Gold Cup Winners

FINAL returns in the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest show that Station KFKB at Milford, Kansas, is the winner of the trophy by a large majority, polling 256,827 votes. Winners of Silver Cups in the six geographical divisions of the continent, and the title of Most Popular Station in their respective Districts, are shown at the left in the table below. At the right are shown first seven stations, in the order of votes received and with no reference to their location.

Gold Cup—KFKB	256,827	KFKB	256,827
East—WJZ	4,210	KFOX	64,557
South—KWKH	19,514	KFNF	46,556
Middle West—KFNF	46,556	WENR	24,711
West—WNAX	17,031	KWKH	19,514
Far West—KFOX	64,557	WNAX	17,031
Canada—CFQC	3,842	WLS	14,872

in the win column while WENR, although registering a larger listening audience, had to be satisfied with second place in the Middle West, and fourth place in the national standings.

Another station, WLS, which polled a large vote from



Hal Nichols, right, is the big boss out at KFOX. Below, Brown of KFKB.





Right, in diamond, Howard Wilson, secretary-treasurer of KFKB.



Above is Chan Gurney, known to everyone in the West who tunes in on WNAX.





Little John Brinkley of KFKB. Anna Case, WJZ pioneer.





Uncle Dutch and his Gang.

Below are a few of Henry Field's guests having a big time while visiting the station. This is one of Henry's stunts to entertain his friends.

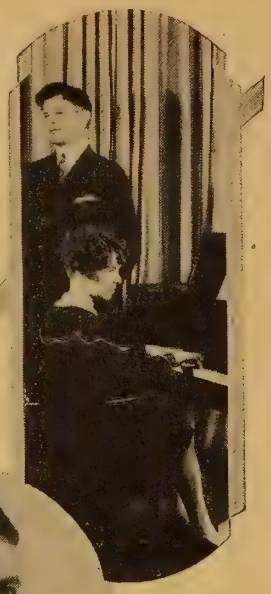




Above, Steve Love's popular band, or rather his bandsmen, from KFKB. At the right is the always smiling Dee D. Denver, KFKB announcer.



Major J. Andrew White, left, first famous sports announcer.





J. Chandler Gurney, manager of WNAX, twice winner of Radio Digest popularity contests. Herbert Tempko and Hazel "Tilly" Olson in panel.









Dutch, the Boy Blues Singer, KFKB.

In the champion KFOX Group of Long Beach, Calif., we find these cup winning entertainers: The Sunset Harmony Boys, guitar trio, and Miss Doris Dolan, staff pianist, below. McCree Sisters, KFKB.

individual listeners, was "out of the money" and registers in seventh position in the order of ballots cast. Here again the greatest response was in single votes, but few extra bonuses being recorded.

As was explained in announcing this Gold Cup Contest, it was not necessarily the station with the largest audience, but rather the one with the stanchest friends that would win the title of the World's Most Popular Station. Doctor Brinkley's KFKB, on the strength of its whole-hearted reception by its listeners, and the enthusiastic work done by its friends throughout its listening territory, is richly deserving of the designation of World's Most Popular.

ASKED to explain to what they attributed the tremendous popularity of KFKB even in competition with larger stations, station directors declared that "KFKB has a personality, a Soul, if you please." J. R. Brinkley, M. D., founded KFKB in 1923, "just as a novelty." His primary object was to entertain patients in his hospital at Milford, Kansas, and to teach these patients prevention of disease while they were convalescing.

The doctor spent considerable time listening to other broadcasters during the early days of his own station, determining just what policy would be best for him to follow. At first the chains seemed to be the thing, but individuality seemed to the doctor more desirable. During this time KFKB was on 1,250 kilocycles with twelve other stations, so he waited for the reallocation of November 11, 1928, before adopting a program policy.

By the time the new allocation came his policy was very nearly worked out and ready for adoption: "Humanize" KFKB, give it a personality, make it different. Regardless of revenue, certain policies were adopted to do and die by.

First: No price quotations whatsoever. The doctor said: "I own the station. I have a hospital here. I will not ask people to come to my hospital, and if I will not ask for patients, my advertisers shall not make pleas to purchase.

Second: "No records shall be played. Records are cheap, but full time talent is far more valuable than its great initial outlay.

Third: "The station shall never become an advertising or selling medium. No merchandising shall be conducted from it.

Fourth: "The station shall never be used for controversies, but all organizations shall be permitted a hearing, regardless of creed or beliefs. The station shall be an open forum.

Fifth: "KFKB shall not be a chain station unless the listeners demand it. A recent poll showed that they did not.

Sixth: "The station shall be kept clean, so that none shall be offended. No suggestive language or risque music shall be permitted. The programs shall all be of such a nature as to be welcomed in every home."

AFTER a policy of "dont's" was worked out, it was easy to find a program of "wills" and the first was SERVICE. Under "Service" we find the following to be a few of the outstanding features and policies of KFKB:

Religious: Regular Sunday services by various denominations, all being welcome. Also week-day services.

Fraternal: There being many fraternal organizations of outstanding merit, a certain amount of time was allotted to fraternalism.

Educational: It was determined to offer a comprehensive course in French, so a Count and Countess were induced to come to Milford. In addition the "Tell Me a Story Lady" hour was financed and immediately proved its popularity.

Agricultural: Since KFKB is located in a predominantly farming area it was natural that this subject should receive serious consideration. All market quotations are given, with the usual weather reports, conditions of roads and so forth.

Health: This was the big problem. Having an excellent staff of trained medical workers in connection with his hospital it seemed to Doctor Brinkley that he was in a position to give real service. The Medical Question Box was inaugurated. Letters poured in and thousands have been given practical advice and help in their problems of health. Soon the Cooperating Druggists' association was organized to handle the Doctor's prescriptions. The Doctor writes prescriptions and puts numbers on them. Diagnosing individual cases from letters received, he instructs his "air patients" to ask for such and such a numbered prescription at his druggists. This plan met with such success that Doctor Brinkley now receives about 3,000 letters per day. This service is free to druggists and the public.

Service: A short time ago an effort was made to have KFKB's license canceled. Tens of thousands of letters poured into the offices of the federal Radio commission protesting any such action. Such was the appreciation of the listening public for the service rendered by Dr. J. R. Brinkley.

Entertainment: Doctor Brinkley believed that the public liked a little of nearly everything, but not too much of anything. Steve Love's orchestra of eleven pieces has been playing popular music since the fall of 1927. Arthur Pizzinger has an orchestra rendering the classics and semi-classics. Novelties are offered by the McCree Sisters, while Uncle Bob and

his fiddle and Uncle Sam and his Old Time orchestra have been hits since the early days. Other popular entertainers and announcers too numerous to mention in detail are: Dutch and Irish; Evans Brown; Albert Fenoglio; James Weldon; Dee D. Denver, and Doctor Brinkley himself.

Doctor and Mrs. Brinkley are the proud parents of an only son, John Richard the third, named after his father and grandfather. The Brinkley family is one of doctors, as that of Mrs. Brinkley. The family group consists of the Doctor's pets, his wife, boy and faithful dog Prince, now nearing old age in dogdom.

"Good Old WJZ"—East's Favorite

MANY years ago a Radio listener coined the phrase "Good Old WJZ." The phrase is fitting, for WJZ, voted by listeners the East's Most Popular Station, is one of the oldest stations in the country, and the oldest on the Atlantic seaboard. It will be entitled to nine candles on its birthday cake when its anniversary date rolls around October 7. The "good" part of the phrase is testified to by the Radio listeners who have selected WJZ as the most popular broadcaster in the East.

September 9, 1921, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company was granted a license to operate a broadcasting station in Newark. After the 500-watt transmitter was installed an old cloak room was swept out and converted into a studio. Old rugs were used as wall drapes, a piano was rented and there was an old-fashioned phonograph with a large horn. A few discarded chairs, a table and WJZ was ready to go on the air October 7, 1921. Thomas J. Cowan, none other than the Tommy Cowan of WNYC, threw the switch that put the new station on the air. There were only four people in the organization, which was headed by the late Charles B. Poponoe. Cowan was announcer, master of ceremonies, artists' contact, program supervisor and general utility man. No funds were available for talent and Cowan had to talk them into making the trip to Newark to broadcast.

But WJZ went on the air with programs of one sort or another, and people began to write letters. The organization expanded. Bertha Brainard came to work as assistant to Mr. Poponoe. Today she is eastern program manager of the National Broadcasting company and one of the outstanding executives of Radio. Cowan discovered a singer named Milton J. Cross and induced him to sing for the then small Radio audience. Cross became interested in the new business and when there was an opening for a second announcer he got the job.

Broadcasting grew and WJZ's quarters became cramped. In the spring of 1923 they moved to the old Aeolian hall, staying there until September, 1927, a year after its operation was transferred to the newly formed National Broadcasting company, where it shares with WEAF.

Before moving to Aeolian hall WJZ's staff accomplished many things. In the summer of 1922 a broadcast of the New York Philharmonic was successfully engineered and the same year a program from the stage of the Capitol theatre was put on the air. June 7, 1923, was another red letter day in the station's history, when WJZ became one of the four transmitters on one of the first networks. The broadcast was in connection with an annual meeting of the National Electric Light association, and Anna Case was featured as soloist.

THE first broadcast from an airplane came the following summer. In 1925 2LO in London was picked up and rebroadcast. Engineers now admit that the quality was terrible, but it was a big event in the early days of Radio.

In 1924 and 1925 Radio personalities began to develop. Previously WJZ's announcers had been identified by letters. In 1925 there were identified with the station such widely known celebrities as the late John B. Daniel, Andy Sannella, Keith McLeod, Ted Husing, Major Andrew White, Ed Smalle and Godfrey Ludlow.

In November, 1925, the WJZ transmitter was moved to New Jersey and the old 500-watt plant went by the board. With the new power plant of 50,000 watts WJZ became the first regular super-power transmitter. In the meantime the quality of programs had been steadily improving. The Democratic convention had been put on the air, the inauguration of President Coolidge was described to Radio listeners, and many international celebrities had appeared before WJZ microphones. Sponsored broadcasts improved steadily, and more and more money was available for talent. Network broadcasting became an accepted fact.

Then came the organization of the National Broadcasting company, and as a result WJZ, which has been taken over by the Radio Corporation of America when the station was moved from Newark to New York, and WEAF, formerly operated by the A. T. and T., were put under the NBC banner and became the key stations of coast-to-coast networks. Though identified as an NBC station from then on, WJZ kept its own personality and to millions of listeners it still is "good old WJZ."

(Continued on page 105)



John Sloan, below, Scotch tenor at WNAX.



Stan Clifton, chief announcer and program director CFQC.



Milton J. Cross, above, winner of diction award and long identified favorably with WJZ winner.







Dr. and Mrs. Brinkley, their son and Prince, who brought the gold cup to KFKB.

Bertha Brainard, oval, eastern program director of NBC, whose intelligent supervision had much to do with WJZ success. Anna Maud Morath, small panel, character comedienne at KFOX.



Albert Fenoglio, one reason why KFKB won Gold Cup.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By JEAN CAMPBELL

LUCILLE HUSTING is a little girl who pursued success into young womanhood, then felt it turn to ashes in her mouth. And yet she had the courage to carve a new career from the wreck of the old. Gene Mulholland, her close confidant, is responsible for this story, which shows the rare characteristics of Lucille Husting, NBC's dramatic actress, as she is known to a few long time intimates.

* * *

The tallow candles sputtered on the floor. They dripped grease on the rug. Some of it flowed to the polished floor.

These candles separated a five-year-old girl from a critical audience of dolls. There were rag dolls, china dolls, dolls with real hair and dolls that cried "mamma" and "papa," and two that closed their eyes and went to sleep even while they sat there arranged in that semi-circle which was an imitation "parquet," of this little parlor theatre, the first to witness Lucille in performance of her "art."

On the other side of the candles was an over-stuffed sofa. And on this sofa Lucille was "acting." Back and forth from it she pranced, and then she used it as her stage and pranced back and forth upon it. Her hands were clasped dramatically. She was reciting all that she could remember of a play that she had seen and heard the week previous. The mud from her shoes slowly began to show itself in great smears on the cherished and otherwise spotless couch.

Lucille did not hear the front door open, she was too far lost in her dramatic playing. She did not see her mother's horrified expression as the latter took in the scene before her. She did, however, hear her mother's very dramatic gasp of dismay, and feel the grasp of the hand that caught her by the shoulders and, yanking her from the now damaged silken couch, did other things, only to be guessed. Poor Lucille!

Half an hour later, after the grease from the candle "footlights" had been cleared away and the sofa brushed, the rug sponged and chairs dusted, she listened resentfully while her father was given an account of what had happened.

"We'd best not take her to any more shows; our Lucille must not grow up to be an actress," the mother told R. M. Husting, circulation manager of a Mayville, N. D., daily.

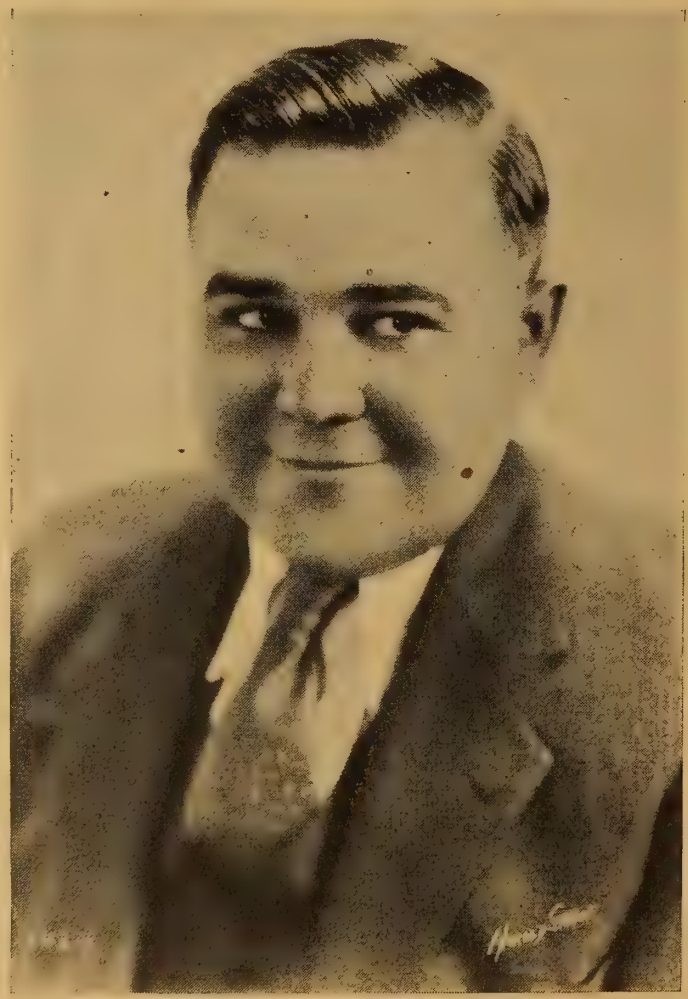
* * *

Ten years later Mrs. Husting sat in the auditorium of the Fargo, N. D., high school and saw a committee of judges award Lucille first prize in an oratorical contest.

No mother was ever more proud than she when the daughter went on to win the inter-state finals in a declamation contest. The gold medal was taken home and proudly displayed.

For "Lucille doesn't want to be an actress any more. She has decided to teach school."

LUCILLE still retained her interest in the theatre. Her father's position as circulation manager of the Fargo Forum enabled her to see every play that came to town. And she was in constant demand to play leads in every home-talent production. Usually she directed them and was a final voice in the selection of others in the cast.



Joe White

This had been true almost since the Husting family moved to Fargo and Mayville when Lucille was six. Shortly after her North Dakota debut the little girl made her first public appearance. The play was one sponsored by a Fargo organization, and the acting of little Lucille was considered by local critics as one of the bright spots of the piece.

* * *

William Hodge, the actor, sat in his dressing room backstage of a Boston theatre. He smiled as he read a letter. and turned around thoughtfully.

"Please call a Miss Lucille Husting at Emerson college and tell her to call here tomorrow at five," he asked his secretary.

Thus did Miss Husting make her first visit into that magic land, that realm of mystic charm and enchantment, "backstage."

Timid and hesitant she came. Stumbling over electric wiring, heavy curtain ropes and carelessly dropped "props," and bumping into scenery, she groped her way to the actor's dressing room.

Romance, she thought, was in the very air she breathed. To be able to work back here was to be able to live life to its fullest extent.

Ushered into the presence of the actor she had summoned the courage to meet, she found him all that her dreams had told her he would be, kindly, sympathetic and helpful.

"ACTING, to those on this side of the footlights is little like many of those on the other side imagine it to be," he told her. "It is composed primarily of work, the hardest and most exacting type of labor there is.

"The reward of self-satisfaction and fulfillment of ambition is large, and in many instances the financial returns are ample. But I wouldn't advise you to become an actress unless you are sure your heart is set upon it. If such be the case, I am willing to help you. For, if you apply the same perseverance to your chosen calling as you did to seeing me, I know you will be a success. And the great actor was sincere."

With these words ringing in her ears, Miss Husting returned to her studies. She studied so hard that she finished her four-year course in three years. Then she began scheming to get on the stage.

A letter to Crawford Pepper, president of the Redpath chautauqua, resulted in an interview. The interview resulted in an engagement in "It Pays to Advertise." A sales talk to her mother, pointing out the educational angle of the production, and explaining that it really "wasn't theatrical," resulted in permission to play the engagement.

Three months of being a French maid through the New England states, and Lucille Husting had convinced her mother that being an actress wasn't so terrible after all.

When the season ended she secured an engagement with the Bainbridge players at the Shubert theatre in Minneapolis. Two years with this stock company, playing everything from little girls to grandmothers, and the young actress was ready for Broadway.



Here is another, and unusually attractive picture of the girl on this month's cover, Rosaline Greene. Rosaline is a teacher, author and dramatist as well as a Radio luminary. Jean Campbell has an awfully interesting story to tell you about her.

During this period she had kept in touch with Hodge, and when she came to New York he was expecting her. He had nothing in his company for her, but introduced her to Walker Whiteside, who gave her a part in "The Hindoo." Two coast-to-coast tours followed with this great actor, in that play and in "Mr. Wu." Those tours almost convinced her she had made a mistake, almost made her think she should have become a teacher.

Outstanding in her memory of that time is the kindness of Whiteside, long cold train rides, theatres where huge rats ran across the stage while the play was going on, and of theatres so cold that her breath fogged as she talked.

"The audience always laughed when they saw my breath in the warm Chinese setting in which the play was laid," she recalls.

FOLLOWING this experience in 1924, Miss Husting played Broadway with Hodge in "For All of Us," later going to Chicago and Boston with the same company. That experience, she thinks, was the most enjoyable of her entire theatrical career.

A season at the Belasco theatre in New York with Nance O'Neil in "Stronger Than Love," and Miss Husting was ready for her Radio debut in 1927.

"Once I had faced the microphone, I knew that my stage work had ended. The glamour of being an actress vanished like mist before the sun. Only Radio held any appeal for me."

* * *

Miss Husting worked around the station through which she made her initial microphone appearance for two years. She was made assistant to the manager, and did everything from booking talent to hearing auditions and singing solos. Then came an opportunity to work with the late Colonel C. T. Davis in Collier's Hour. That was before the NBC was formed. But broadcasting was already becoming the established and business-like profession it is today and the young actress found that her air engagements more than filled her time.

The longer she worked before the microphone, with its demands for a new technique and exacting voice requirements, the more convinced she became that stage work was to be her lot no more.

"And now I don't even go to the theatre any more, except as the tired business man does. Just an occasional musical show. The rest of my spare time I spend at home listening to the Radio," the girl who realized her ambition to become a stage favorite declares.

* * *

Miss Husting still "lives in Fargo." There she keeps her automobile, her favorite Radio receiver and her circle of school day friends. There she kept her two Scotch terrier puppies until they died of over-eating during one of her frequent visits.

It is in Fargo that she dances to her heart's content.

And it is from Fargo and the mother who once was horrified at her ambitions to act that she expects the real criticism of her Radio roles. "Believe me, it isn't always pleasant criticism, either. Mother always listens to the Radio Guild plays, Empire Builders and Penrod.

"Mother thinks she knows more about acting now than I do, and doesn't hesitate a moment to offer advice on how a role should have been played," the girl says.

* * *

JOE WHITE, sometimes more familiarly recalled as the Silver Masked tenor of NBC, has a "jinx song". Just this one song, beloved and requested by many of his admirers, he will never sing again. And Joe says: "Ordinarily, I'm not superstitious, but dire things did happen to me every time I sang that song." Strangely, his "jinx song" is Ethelbert Nevin's My Rosary, and an old favorite with Joe, as with us all. But here's the story.

Four times in his life has the Silver Masked tenor sung My Rosary, and each time with disastrous results.

The first time was long before his Radio warblings for NBC networks began. He was without fame then, as just plain Joe White, a tow-headed little youngster playing with his pet goat in the back yard of the White's New Jersey homestead. The goat was, also, just a baby, and little Joe hugged it tightly in his arms as he sang with tearful feeling the song he had heard his mother sing, My Rosary.

His proud old Irish grandmother overheard this effort, and beckoned his parents to listen and watch. "That child is a born singer," said grandma White. "We must put him in the boy's church choir right away." They did. But little Joe was sorry for singing the Rosary that first time, for it meant choir prac-

(Continued on page 118)

Early American For BOY'S ROOM

STURDY, Colorful Things Should Be Used in Furnishing New Quarters for Growing Youth

By Ethel Lewis
Home Interior Authority, WOR



Advice to young brides and experienced housekeepers that helps iron out many a perplexing problem is the forte of Ethel Lewis, Home Interior Authority at WOR.

NOT long ago I received a letter from a woman who said that each morning when I was talking over the Radio she sat in her rocking chair near the window, and near the loud speaker. As I described different rooms or suggested improvements which might be made in any room she would look about her and see the direct application of what I was saying. Now that seems to me the very best way to get real help out of a Radio talk on interior decoration. Of course, there will be times when the subject has no direct interest for you, but nearly always there is some part of it which can be applied to your particular case.

The woman who sat in her rocking chair and listened was interested in one particular question and it seemed that I never quite answered it, so she sat down and wrote to me. She described the room in detail and, therefore, I was able to give her real help. Unfortunately, I have many letters that say "send me advice on interior decoration." They give me no idea of how they live, one room or twenty, whether the rooms are large or small, light or dark, for general living or for one person. You see how difficult it is to do anything for a person who is so indefinite. So when you write in to your favorite speaker on interior decoration be sure and give her plenty of information so she can really help you.

One of my regular listeners wrote in and asked for assistance on the following room: "It is 9 feet by 13 feet large, has two windows, is painted in a very light green color. The furniture is maple (early American)—consists of a chest of drawers, four poster bed, night table, chair and a desk. It is for my son, who is eleven years of age. Now, the thing that puzzles me is the coloring. I want it to be a real boy's room and yet I want to carry out the early American period in every detail. Could you be kind enough to suggest kind of curtains, also draperies and bedspread? The room gets plenty of sunshine."

AND I suggested as follows: "As long as you want to keep the early American feeling, and as long as this room is for a small boy, you are fortunate that the two combine so well. For boys like sturdy things, colorful but not dainty, and that is exactly what one would say of the early maple furniture. For the curtains I would use a toile de Jouy, possibly one with American scenes. Make them very straight and plain, hanging from under a simple painted cornice. If the young man does not like the idea of toile, get an early American chintz that combines many colors in a quaint pattern. The design must be strong and not too intricate. Be sure that some of the maple color is included and some of the green, as well as the blue and rose and yellow which usually appear in any floral chintz. The glass curtains should be simple marquisette, pushed back a little from the center, for all children like to look out of windows.

"The bedspread in such a room is always a serious problem, for you don't want to repeat the chintz, and you don't want to use plain white. If you can find a woven cotton spread in a good tone of green, that will solve your problem. Do not try to use any rayon spread or any spread that is trimmed with feminine frills. If you don't find the readymade spread you want, you can make one of rough, homespun-like material, either in green or in a light maple tone. Using the rough texture keeps the whole room keyed together in spirit. Another alternative is the really old patch work quilt with a good deal of brown in the mixture and odd bits of other bright colors that are harmonious with the wall and the chintz curtains.

"For accessories use pewter lamps with simple parchment shades and possibly a piece of colorful glass for an old-fashioned nosegay of flowers. For the rest let books and toys and banners and the usual collection a boy makes provide the interest." And so the boy gets his early American room, and I hope you agree with me that it would be an altogether pleasant place, full of color and life.

Quite different was a plea from another one of my audience. The letter sounds a bit like a first home to me and I do love to help out a bride whenever I can. She is puzzled about her kitchen which is "light green tile with dark green linoleum, and I had planned on ivory furniture. There is a breakfast room adjoining with two windows and built-in closet. I had decided on a gate-leg table with two ladder back arm and two side chairs in ivory, but the merchant showing me the pieces suggested I get a butterfly table instead of gate-

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SIMPLICITY ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDE FOR REFRESHMENTS

IF YOUR FOOD and service is simple, yet dainty, the guests will be satisfied, says Evelyn Gardiner, for they are more interested in how the bride looks than in what they eat. Arrangements depend on the size of the wedding party.

By Evelyn Gardiner
Director KDKA Home Forum

PAUSE for a moment, all you June Brides, to heed what we have to tell you about refreshments for your wedding. You are busy with your teas, parties, new dresses and the hundred other things there are to look after when a wedding is to take place. But how successful would your wedding be if you did not serve suitable refreshments to your guests?

Let us be sensible this year and start off the season in simple style. Of course, a bride is a law unto herself and she may make the plans for her wedding as simple or as elaborate as she wishes. If she decides to have a simple wedding and simple refreshments, she will be less rushed before the wedding and less worn out afterwards. Brides, remember that your guests come to see you and to wish you health and happiness. They do not wish to see a weary bride but a radiant one. I wonder if people really know afterwards just what they have had to eat at a wedding? They are so much more interested in how the bride looked, how everyone was dressed and if the general effect was right. So if your refreshments are simple, yet dainty, your guests will be satisfied.

Whether your guests sit down or stand up for refreshments, depends upon the number of guests, the size of the house, the number of servants and the wishes of the bride. If you have but a few guests they may easily be seated at one table. If there are many, you may have a bride's table and a parent's table for immediate relatives and friends and let the rest stand. This may not seem hospitable but it is correct at large functions where it is impossible to seat everyone.

The bride and groom sit at the bride's table with a few invited guests. The table decorations are generally in white and the bride's cake occupies the center of the table, at the small home wedding. The bride sits beside the groom to his right at the head of the table. The best man sits to the right of the bride and the maid of honor to the left of the groom. Other members of the bridal party and intimate friends of the bride and groom are invited also to sit at this table.

If you wish you may have a parents' table with the bride's mother presiding at the head of the table. The groom's father is to her right. Opposite the bride's mother is the bride's father with the groom's mother to his right. Then the minister and his wife as well as other close relatives may be seated at this table.

SOMETIMES there is but one table and this is usually the bride's table. It is correct for the bridal party to be seated while all the others are served standing. Tables may be set for all guests if you wish, or all the guests, including the bridal party, may be served standing up. The service then becomes buffet service and is a form of service quite commonly used.

Buffet service is easier for the bride and her mother. There is much less work in the preparation and serving. The bride's table then becomes a buffet table. The bride's cake may still be the center of this buffet table. It is the feature of the wedding and no matter what method of serving the refreshments is used, the bride's cake should have a prominent position.



This is a picture of a real bride, Miss Josephine Fresh, as she is about to cut the first slice of the cake. Miss Fresh was assistant to Miss Gardiner at KDKA until she resigned to be married this spring.

This is a white cake with a white frosting. It may be made in one layer or in several. If but one layer, the center is often left open and filled with small flowers on a standard. If there is a second layer or more, figures of various kinds may be used on the top. These are usually tiny figures of a bride and groom or of a bride alone. The stand on which the cake rests should be decorated with roses and lilies of the valley or some suitable bridal flowers. On either side of the bride's cake are low bowls of white flowers, such as roses, sweet peas, gardenias or lilies, or candle-sticks with long candles to match the color scheme used for the wedding.

Perhaps the bride has a particular color scheme she is carrying out in her decorations and bridesmaids' costumes. Select your flowers, candles and food to blend with this color scheme. Silver or glass candle-sticks of varying height may be attractively used with colored candles. If candles are used on the table with the bride's cake, flowers may be used as a background or placed on other tables in the room.

Besides the candles, flowers and cake you will, of course, make a careful selection of the cloth used. Nothing is in any better form at a wedding than a snowy white cloth of linen or linen and lace. This may be a large cloth to cover the entire table or you may use runners or a smaller luncheon cloth to show some of a highly polished table.

We do not wish the bride's cake to repose in lonely grandeur on the buffet table, so we will add a coffee or chocolate urn, at one end, platters of cold meats and salads and plates of sandwiches, candies and nuts.

(Continued on page 108)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

A DARK eyed young man is speaking into the microphone of the Westinghouse Station KDKA, Pittsburgh. His stature is erect; his bearing graceful; his manner gracious. His is a pleasant baritone voice, gentle but firm, carrying clearly to thousands of listeners. He is Louis L. Kaufman, chief announcer.



When Kaufman returned to his home in Pittsburgh after attending Penn State College for three years, he intended to enter educational work. He knew no more about Radio broadcasting than any other occasional listener, and so far as announcing was concerned, why, that hadn't even entered his head. But the man to whom he went in search of a teaching position sent him to a Radio station in Pittsburgh, where he announced programs three nights a week for nearly a year. Meantime he studied law.

It was five years ago that he went to KDKA where he quickly achieved wide popularity. His voice was unusually good, his enunciation precise without sharpness, his aptitude and adaptability are extremely unusual. He knew literature and language—he had gotten a fellowship in Spanish at Penn State. Louis admits that when he started announcing he knew very little about music. But constant contact with the soloists, bands, orchestras and symphonies which have played over KDKA during the past few years has brought him a liberal education in music and music appreciation.

"Oh, I still like jazz—for dancing and the like," he says, "but for real enjoyment I like nothing better than to listen to the symphony orchestra—the KDKA Little Symphony orchestra, if you please."

Broadcasting of banquets and dinner programs from points outside the studio are the most trying of the announcer's tasks, Kaufman believes. But he says of Radio. "It's work that I like; it fills my nights, it keeps me in touch with what's going on, doesn't give me a chance to feel that I'm going stale."

* * *

According to most recent news, M. D. G., the King Taste Trio still sings over WLW. The names of these youngsters who came from a small town to sing in a night club are Bill Hibbs, Johnny Free and Vic Armstrong. These three used to harmonize around the high school piano in Urichsville, Ohio, until their friends started them out on a tour of Radio stations. Having appeared at several in Ohio they mustered up courage enough to set out for Cincinnati for a try-out at WLW. That was their lucky day. The sponsors of the King Taste Night club happened to be at the Crosley station. They heard the trio audition and immediately signed up the boys for exclusive appearances on their program.

* * *

Tell me where Tommy Christians and his orchestra play, Rose. Then I'll go ahead and answer the rest of your questions. Fair 'nuff?

Robert Brown, most loquacious of WLW announcers, is an extremely attractive and charming young man. Beginning at the more superficial aspects, he's six feet tall, has a Grecian nose (and doesn't mind admitting that), blue-blue eyes, a nice mouth, and dark brown hair combed slick as a waxed floor. He insists on washing his face with soap and going outdoors immediately so that his skin is always pink and shiny.



And as to clothes, he's a fashion-plate of neatness. He drives a roadster of the type generally referred to as "a small light car" and drives it 70 miles an hour. It's pearl gray and rakish as the angle at which he wears his hat. Since he drives always with the top down, after two weeks of summer sun, he'll be as brown as an Hawaiian boy. Comes the summer sun, too, and Bob will spend every free hour in a swimming pool where he can out-dive, out-swim all others. He holds various swimming records and medals that prove his prowess.

He plays golf, shoots, flys, and does anything else what anyone else can do or wants to do. Before he became a Radio announcer, he was a pilot on a lake boat sailing out of Buffalo. Before that, he had done a little bit of everything, from waiting on table to being a chauffeur.

And, oh yes, Ruth, he's either this side or that side of twenty-five, but not very far away in either case.

* * *

We hear of a great many Radio weddings these days, but here is a Radio funeral. Mrs. Flora M. Holmes, wife of P. E. Holmes, of Kincaid, Kansas, had been hopelessly ill for three years. During that period of time Radio was her constant solace and joy, hardly a waking moment passed that did not find her listening. It was her wish that her funeral should be broadcast over her favorite station, KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. This wish was granted. Her service was broadcast at 3 o'clock on March 25th by remote control from H. O. Sidenfaden's Chapel, St. Joseph.

* * *

The Ashley Sisters, Thelma, Lorraine and Irma, better known as the "Prairie Daisies" over WLS have joined the staff at KMOX where they will be heard regularly for an indefinite period. They really are sisters, you know, and it's lovely Lorraine whom you see here. Irma has big brown eyes with the nicest long lashes and bobbed brown hair—a pleasing foil for the blond attractiveness of both Lorraine and Thelma, for Thelma is just as golden haired and blue eyed as Lorraine, only a trifle more subdued and pensive. Before joining the staff at WLS they were featured over KFI, KFWB, KNX, KTMR and other Pacific coast stations.



* * *

Found! Another reticent Radio idol. Of course there may be plenty of them, but when we do come up against an honest-to-goodness one we girls get all nervous and try and try to find out everything. The newly discovered is professionally known as "The Vagabond of the Air" and personally as Jerry Wilford, and his remarkably deep bass voice is heard announcing at the hour of midnight at KSL, Salt Lake City. He is now generally spoken of as "The Man Who Keeps Western America Awake." He was born in Juneau, Alaska, some thirty odd years ago, but please don't ask if he's an Eskimo, for he's very much of an Englishman. His eyes and hair are brown and he's a little over six feet tall, weighing 185 pounds. He goes in for hunting, fishing and golf in a big way, and has only one aversion—"Radio sopranos." He came to Radio from the advertising business and boasts no previous broadcasting experience whatever. Do you remember him, Louise, in connection with "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" and "The Utah Trail"?

* * *

The Prince of Wales' "uke" teacher—that's Kelvin K. Keech, staff announcer for the NBC. It was when he was an entertainer for the British Broadcasting Corporation and ukulele instructor that he was called upon to initiate this youthful member of royalty into the intricacies of ukulele playing.



Keech has a deep rich baritone singing voice and comes rightly by the fame he has gained for himself for the manner in which he renders old Hawaiian tunes. In fact it's his birthright, for Kelvin was born in Honolulu and it was there that he developed a love for the ukulele and learned to master it.

He was married in Constantinople in 1922 to a Russian girl.

Remember the Paul Christensen orchestra, winners of the poular orchestra plaque for the Middle West, season 1927-28? Some of the fans have wondered where they were, and I'm glad to tell you that they're back on the air to be heard regularly over WKY, Oklahoma City.

* * *

You wouldn't think it, would you, Dee, to look at this picture, that Al Bernard has a daughter seventeen years old? Al is famous as end man of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program. He is a native of New Orleans, La., which may account for the native skill of his blackface stuff.



He made his Radio debut in 1922 over WEAF and since that time has been before the microphone regularly. Prior to that he was on the stage for many years. In addition to his theatrical career and Radio experience Bernard has to his credit the composition of a number of songs. He's recently returned from a trip to New Orleans, where he visited his mother and father.

* * *

Antony Wons, more commonly known as Tony, has closed his Scrap Book for the summer, according to the latest news from WLW, and gone to northern Michigan for a four-month vacation. So that's why you're not hearing him, XYZ and St. Kitts. (Strange are the nom de plumes of Marcella readers! But what's in a name?)

* * *

Seaman and marine engineer with more than a quarter-million miles on the sea to his credit, is the record of Patrick Kelly, staff announcer and tenor on NBC programs. Despite his name, Mr. Kelly was born far distant from the Emerald Isle. North Queensland, Australia, was his birthplace and home during the first years of his life. Later he received some of his education in Sidney. His appearance suggests the distinguished gentleman that he is—five feet nine inches of well proportioned flesh and muscle, dark hair slightly grayed and flashing brown eyes. His personal interests which include flying, boating, boxing, language, opera and composition even cover a wider range than his record of past experience, but his one outstanding objective is to become a leading factor in Radio broadcasting. He is married to Yolan Poszanyi—a Hungarian girl he met in Budapest. Quite a man, wouldn't you say, G. S.?

* * *

If you looked in the May issue, Lucille, you undoubtedly saw the nice big story about the Lombardos. Isn't that the break you wanted?

Complications following an operation early in April resulted in the death of William S. Lynch, "Flying Announcer" of the National Broadcasting company. Many exploits were credited to this young executive of the NBC before he became assistant eastern program director, and later sponsored program director. As the Washington NBC announcer he introduced Calvin Coolidge to the microphone on more than a score of occasions. His last microphone assignment was to cover the 1930 New Orleans Mardi Gras.

Theodore Poister is the young man who plays piano and organ at WTAM. Like most successful musicians he began the study of music at an early age. His brother gave him his first lessons on the organ and later he studied with Cleveland instructors. His first job as organist was in a little church in his home town, Galion, Ohio. He attended Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., where he played the chapel organ and directed a dance band on the side.

Later he studied in Paris under Isidor Phillippe and played solo organ at the new Paramount theatre and the Champs-Elysee theatre. On his return to the United States he was engaged as organist at the Palace theatre in Canton, Ohio. When the talkies ruined the theatre, Ted entered Radio and has been at WTAM since last May. He has acted as accompanist for some of the leading musical stars of the country, including Julia Claussen, Paul Althouse, Roland Pease and others.

And he really looks the part, Rosamond, with his heavy, curly blond hair that's just a *tiny* bit long.

* * *

Betty, you'll just have to wait for something more about Pat Flanagan. You've got to be content with looking up your November copy of Radio Digest and looking on page 70, and your February issue on page 49.

* * *

This young innocent is Claude Morris, announcer at KDKA. To get into the Radio profession was early his ambition. So when he graduated from the Peabody high school at Pittsburgh he went about fitting himself for the furthering of his ambition. He enrolled as a night student in the School of Drama, working in the daytime to put himself through school. After three years in drama school Claude made his Radio debut as a member of a group of players making a presentation before the mike. This gave him the courage and experience to apply for a position as announcer with KDKA, which he did. And that's the story, Imp. Don't you think it's worth both a Lucky and a sweet?



* * *

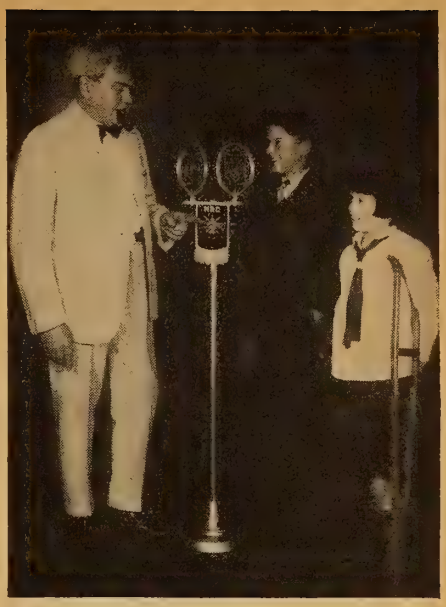
Dynamite Jim, Florence, is a youngster not yet 20, whose home is in Walkerton, Ind. Up until recently he fiddled, sang and played the guitar and harmonica at WLS. However, he lost his voice for a short time and, although it is all right now, he has decided that he needed some more book larnin' and has gone back to school. But no doubt you'll hear him at WLS sometime in the future.

* * *

Jerome DeBord, known as the Yodeling Troubadour, has been entertaining Radio listeners of the Middle West for the past seven years through KFEQ and KGBZ at York, Nebraska. Old time songs and yodeling numbers are his specialties. He is 31 years of age, five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, has brown eyes and black hair and is of French descent. That's about all we can tell you, Jay Hawker of Kansas. Hope it will fill the bill.

* * *

Here's news, Fredericka and L. W. B. Otto Gray and his Cowboys have recently been heard at KMOX and at WTAM, which seems to indicate that they're still traveling around. (Thank you, Mrs. J. H.) And have you heard that Polly and Anna are located at WLW? If you'll look on page 39 of the March issue of Radio Digest you'll see their pictures.



For your information, A. U. V., Dixies' Circus, with Bob Sherwood, comes over the NBC chain on Saturday nights at 7:15. This program was of Bob Sherwood's own origination. Which brings to mind the romantic fact of Uncle Bob's own life. He was a protege of Barnum; was with the Barnum show for twenty-four years; knew Tom Thumb and Dan Rice and all the old ones who made the circus a thing of wonder and witchery. For many years he was himself a clown of the first order, the first to clear the backs of six horses and two elephants and two camels.

This little Dorothy, who appears with him on Dixies' Circus, is only twelve years old and was discovered by Uncle Bob in a very destitute portion of New York City about three years ago. When she was seven she was playing in the street and a big heavy loaded truck suddenly came around the corner, and, well, they picked up Dorothy's leg in one spot and her body about fifty feet away. Uncle Bob tells us that she is a wonderful, lovable little thing, despite all her long suffering.

* * *

Here you are, Mildred, with the picture you wanted of "Little Boy Blue."



His real name is Ellis Foster and he's just thirteen years old. You can hear him regularly over WGN every Thursday at four o'clock, for he's signed up there for the next year. He sang for the first time way out in Englewood, Calif., three or four years ago. He was the only juvenile used on the programs down at KMBC at Kansas City. His youthful career has also included singing over KFOX, KVOO, KFEQ, WLS and KMOX. Of course he is busy all day going to high school, as all good little boys should. And would you believe it?—this child singer has never had a singing lesson in his life.

* * *

Since you're all so interested in Graham McNamee I'm sure you'll like knowing more about Mrs. McNamee. You know she was Josephine Garrett, a popular and successful church and concert singer. She had a voice out of all proportion to her size and was determined to go on the operatic stage. And here, let's pick up the story as told by Helen Hulett Searl in the May issue of McCall's:

(Continued on page 108)

Gossip of Friends of the Air

Chatty News of Broadcasting Plans People Whose Greatest Pleasure Ether Waves from Stations Both

Gossip of the Stations

GOSSIP—who doesn't like to hear the latest gossip of what is going on around him? What his friends are doing, where they are, and what their new clothes look like? Your friends of the air are very real people, they like to do what you like to do, and they like best of all to entertain you.

In this section of Radio Digest are sixteen pages crammed jam full of pictures and brief, gossipy items of what these friends of the air are like and what they are doing. If they have a birthday you can read about it here.

This section is edited for you and your friends at your favorite stations. If you have any suggestions to make the editors will be glad to receive them.—D. B.

A First Night on Time!

A BROADWAY "first night" for which it was physically impossible to be late! It's hard to feature, but such was, indeed, the case when the National Broadcasting company marked the formal opening of the new Times Square studio. Six hundred millionaires and notables from all over the nation gathered in the former New Amsterdam Roof for the occasion.

They started when the curtain went down, to reverse the usual procedure of the theatrical presentations. Without being aware of it, the "noble 600" were all fifteen minutes early. Before the broadcast began Phillips Carlin talked about the new studio and its objects. Then the six-ton glass curtain went down and the new studio on the stage went on the air for the first time, in full view of the guests.

By the glow of colored "baby spots" the gathering of celebrities had a foretaste of television. Loud speakers in the auditorium brought the audience every sound beyond the glass curtain, just as it was heard through the NBC networks, and they were able to see everything that went on before the mike. Collier's Hour was the featured presentation.



These four Apollos constitute the Foursome Quartet, heard on the Paramount hour over the CBS. They have invaded every corner of the entertainment field. Left to right: Ray Johnson, L. Dwight Snyder, J. Marshall Smith, Del Porter.

Music, Universal Tongue

MUSIC is the great universal international language, according to Senor Alejandro Padilla, Spanish ambassador to the United States. "I wish we could have an international written language such as music," said the ambassador in a talk over the CBS system. "Seven little notes, combined in different ways, are understood and interpreted the world over in the same way." Tracing the history of Spanish music, Senor Padilla said, "the majority of composers from most of the foreign countries went to Spain for their inspiration.

Voice Soothes Storm Fear

THROUGH storm tossed atmosphere the voice of Edward Johnson traveled one night to bring peace to a tortured group on a pleasure yacht hove to during a severe Atlantic gale. The yachtsman, a personal friend of the great Metropolitan tenor, and a companion found themselves 100 miles off their course from Newport News to Miami.

The night was pitch dark and the wind was howling through the cordage of the yacht when the receiving set was tuned in. Clear and without the slightest static, despite the weather conditions, came the voice of Edward Johnson. It gave the yachtsmen renewed hope and courage, and the first thing Johnson's friend did on reaching port was to write him about it. That letter is one of the tenor's most prized possessions today.

Johnson began his operatic career as Eduardo di Govanni (the Italian translation of his name) in Italy ten years before he was recognized in America. He was proclaimed as a "find" all over Europe before making his debut with the Chicago Civic Opera company.



Here are the people who make things go out at KGU, Honolulu. Front row: H. N. Tyson, assistant manager; M. A. Mulrony, manager and chief engineer; Webley Edwards, program director. Back row: Herman Bueller, musical director; Dorothy Ellen Cole and Bruce McDonald, assistant program director.

Bori Is Proudly Spanish

A PRIMA DONNA with the Metropolitan Opera company, and a personage who has been featured in Radio entertainment, Lucrezia Bori, is a native of Valencia and is thoroughly and proudly Spanish. Remotely of Italian descent, she pursued her early musical studies at Milan. Her opera debut was made in Rome, as Micaela in Carmen.

Mme. Bori began her American career as one of the youngest singers ever

As Favorite Stations Parade

and Interesting Bits About Studio Is to Entertain You and Yours on Great and Small Everywhere

heard in opera in this country, and her youth and beauty, together with her lovely voice, made her an outstanding favorite.

During her association with the Metropolitan, and with summer operas at Ravinia Park, Chicago, she has been heard in many interesting roles, her most recent interpretation being that of the heroine of Charpentier's opera, Louise.

* * *

THE Hoovers seemed destined to feature in the limelight, in one way or another. Herbert Hoover, Jr., eldest son of the President, has filed applications with the Federal Radio commission to operate experimentally on a series of frequencies in the long and short wave bands. He also seeks authority to install a new transmitter of a portable type for operation in California. He is technical assistant in charge of Radio communications for the Western Air Express.

Bagley "Talkingest" Man

CELEBRATING his sixth anniversary on the air April 1, Arthur E. "Doc" Bagley, boasts the reputation of the "talkingest" man on the air. His friends claim that title for "Doc" on the estimated 675,000,000 words he utters annually during the 300 days he is on the air each year.

In addition to acting as director of the Tower Health exercises six mornings a week with Will Mahoney, pianist, Bagley has created such characters as the "Goofus Bird" and made his program a household word all over the country.

Bagley himself is an early riser. Every morning that he is on the air he arises at 5:45 o'clock and is in the studio at 6:15. He personally answers 25,000 pieces of mail every month. His present ambition is to remain another five years on the air.

Finds Truth IS Strange

EVELYN DE LA TOUR, heard each week in "Show Folks" skits over the Columbia Broadcasting system, has become convinced that truth is stranger than fiction. A few weeks ago she played the part of Marie Lavelle, one of the principal characters in a heart-interest story. After the broadcast a telephone call was received at Station WABC from someone who demanded that Marie Lavelle be summoned to the phone. The telephone operator informed the caller that there was no such party in the studio. After quite an argument with the insistent fan, Evelyn De La Tour, who had been playing the part of Marie Lavelle, was asked to speak to the telephone caller. She did so, and was accused of being not Evelyn De La Tour, but in reality a Marie Lavelle who had left home some fifteen years ago to go upon the stage, and who had never been heard from since. The caller insisted that she recognized the voice and the name, and could not be fooled. The odd part of it all is that the name "Marie Lavelle" was strictly imaginative, and came from the mind of Dave Elman, the writer of the "Show Folks" sketches.



Yasha Bunchuk, conductor of the famous Capitol Grand orchestra, is also a 'cellist of some renown. You have heard him in both capacities when Major Bowes' Capitol Family goes on the air.



Many unique features are included in the new Times Square NBC studios besides the six-ton glass curtain. Here you see the cast of "The Family Goes Abroad" enjoying itself in the luxury of the Chinese room, where artists await their time to go on the air.

CY and ZEB, Now at WDRC, Travel from House to House Drawn by Napoleon, Singing Requested Old Time Numbers

Critic's Brain Produces

Buggy Riders Skit



Talking to you as he plays the piano in the studios of WLBZ is Norman Lambert. Looks like a nice boy, doesn't he?

Philadelphia Likes Hays

PHILADELPHIA—sophisticated, high-brow Philadelphia, has awakened to the fact that a young jazz maestro has descended in their midst to win the plaudits of even the most skeptical in musical entertainment.

He is heard every night over stations WLIT, WFAN and WCAU. Billy Hays came to the Cathay Tea Garden five years ago unheralded and unsung. He was popular with the set that patronized the Cathay, but outside of there he was practically unknown. Luckily for him he started broadcasting early. From then on his future was assured. Women who heard his melodious voice yearned for him—music connoisseurs realized that here was a new voice in jazz music.

A local newspaper had a contest in which the people voted for their favorite Radio entertainers. Bill Hays left his nearest rivals so far back as to make them appear ridiculous.

By C. B. Kingston

THREE and a half years ago when broadcast stations were presenting various novelty features a Radio critic got the idea of a novelty in the way of presenting songs of years ago. One night, after the usual broadcast of WCWS, which was then located in Bridgeport, he asked the station director if the station would remain on the air fifteen minutes longer so that he could try out the idea he had in mind.

At 11 o'clock on a Monday evening, three years and a half ago, the following words went out on the air by their own director: "Ladies and Gentlemen, 'The Buggy Riders,' a feature full of fun, nonsense and quaint farmer talk, presenting old time songs." On the air it went, and before five minutes had elapsed the station was swamped with telephone calls. Telegrams began to arrive.

Since their appearance at WCWS the Buggy Riders have stepped high, wide and fancy. They have appeared at all of the Connecticut stations, were at two of the major stations in New York.

Today, we find them as a sponsored feature for the next six months at WDRC in New Haven. Each Monday night, and they have always asked for a Monday night at every station, they are now known as the Emanuelson Buggy Riders, and appear at 9 o'clock, eastern standard time.

How the feature is presented is interesting. The two characters in the novelty are known as Cy and Zeb (their real names have never been made public). Many times they are announced as "the Mysterious Buggy Riders." Whether in the studio or on personal appearances they always wear masks, and this added mystery as to who they are has helped their program a great deal.

They open their program with the tune, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride," and close it with the same melody. During their time on the air, which now is a half hour, they travel around the country in their imaginary buggy, to which they have a horse known as Napoleon. In the east he is the most famous horse of all. In their travels they stop at the homes of Radio fans who have sent in requests for old time numbers, and then sing them.



You may have seen other pictures of Frances Doherr, director of WCAE, but this one is especially charming. Miss Doherr was, at last reports, in charge of the commercial and publicity departments.



"Thanks for the Buggy Ride," warble Cy and Zeb as their horse, Napoleon, stops before the home of a listener who has requested an old time song. They're appearing at WDRC now under a six months' contract

* * *

BEING a concert singer is one thing, but being a Radio singer is something else again, according to Frederick R. Huber, Director of WBAL, and Municipal Director of Music for the City of Baltimore. While the two types of singers have always been associated in the public mind as being identical, such is in reality very far from the actual truth of the matter for the technique of Radio singing is vastly different from the methods employed by the concert artist, says this widely known musical authority.

"The very methods the concert singer must use to get his or her best dramatic effects, the Radio singer must avoid. Concert singers, like tennis players who put the whole force of their bodies into their strokes, are wont to step into their songs, so to speak, and gain their dramatic climaxes through putting the full force of their voices into their songs. With the Radio singer it is just the opposite.

McCormack Has Knack for Foreign Tongues

By George A. Harder



WHETHER it's singing a heroic bass in Verdi operas in Milan, pleading his cause before the prefect of police to escape a jail sentence in Venice or just pronouncing names like Saint-Saens, Tchaikovsky and Scriabine on the Radio, Malcolm L. McCormack, WBZ-WBZA announcer, has always had the canny faculty of capitalizing his foreign tongues. Probably few erudite linguists, certainly not many Radio announcers, can boast so many colorful adventures as are attached to McCormack's fluent and timely use of an alien language.

He describes gleefully these exploits abroad, referring to them as "linguistic feats," for McCormack has an incorrigible sense of humor. He beams when relating how he and an Australian friend, returning to Paris one evening too late to dress for the opera, "crashed" the gate in their travel-stained clothes. Politely but firmly they were told that they were persona non grata at the opera except in formal attire. Undismayed, McCormack opened fire with his most forensic French. Later, when the curtain rose for the performance, the two "crashees" were seen sitting unconcernedly in a box, while all of fashionable Paris stared!

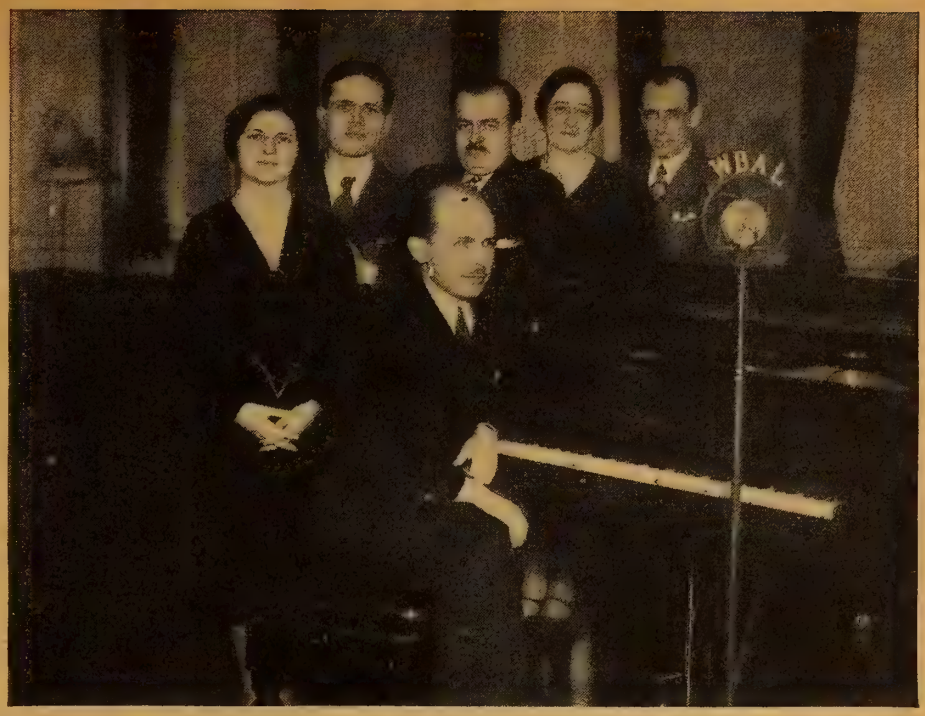
Only once does McCormack recall that his linguistic powers failed. Even then he got his demands, but not without resort to the favorite American expedient of the "strong arm." The impresario of an Italian opera company with which he was singing was never too punctual in paying off his troupe. McCormack, low in funds, demanded his salary. The impresario demurred. "Americans have much money," he argued and remained adamant. Finally, seeing his cause lost without some heroic measures, Mac seized the musician and literally "shook him down" for all of the back pay.

McCormack comes of Yankee stock with strains of Scotch and Irish seeking supremacy in his blood. However, in most of the adventures which he has had in his fascinating Don Quixote travels, it is the Celtic strain, one should suppose, which was dominant.

His musical career dates back to the days when, at the age of 12, he sang soprano in the boys' choir at St. Mark's, in Dorchester. In later life his natural artistic bent was lost sight of while he went in for insurance business. Soon he went to Italy where he studied for a time with Lucenti and because of the high regard in which this great teacher and his protegés were held, found work with numerous opera companies. Returning home after three years of study and travel to find that Radio had effected a vertiable musical renaissance, Mac decided to plunge into the broadcasting game at once.

* * *

Antique furniture entered the field of Radio topics when the NBC inaugurated a new daytime program series. The new series is in the form of fifteen-minute addresses by Major Arthur de Bles.



Those Wanderlusters who are accustomed to gathering at WBAL every Thursday night and taking a stroll down Memory Lane are Gustav Klemm, Henriette Kern, Philip Crist, Walter Linthicum, Maud Albert and John Wilbourn.

Programs for Seal Fleet

ANOTHER group of men separated from the civilized world by icy wastes and miles of open sea is the object of special broadcasts by KDKA. Captain Bob Bartlett and his associates, on the Ungava, are engaged in making sound and motion pictures of the activities of the seal fleet somewhere off the coast of Greenland. Bartlett, who was the skipper for Admiral Robert E. Peary on the expedition to the North Pole in 1909, requested the same service as that which Commander Byrd received.

Presents Broadway Stars

A NEW midnight program, featuring headliners from Broadway shows, has been inaugurated by WCDA. Each Saturday night from midnight to two in the morning performers featuring in New York attractions will appear before the mike at the Italian station. A. J. Palange will be master of ceremonies.



Here is a corner of the reception room at WHAM on audition day with a group of broadcast aspirants awaiting their turn for auditions and a chance to appear regularly before the microphone.



Standing at the piano is Fortune Gallo, the only man to put grand opera on a paying basis, now president of WCDA. Maestro Carlo Peroni is playing the instrument.

Luminaries Make Way for Dog Performer

STUNNING beauties, startling brilliant infant prodigies, luminaries of the legitimate and concert stage as well as grand opera stars are common in broadcasting studios so that they cause no comment, but when five-year old Peggy made her debut at WNAC the staff outdid itself with appreciation and admiration.

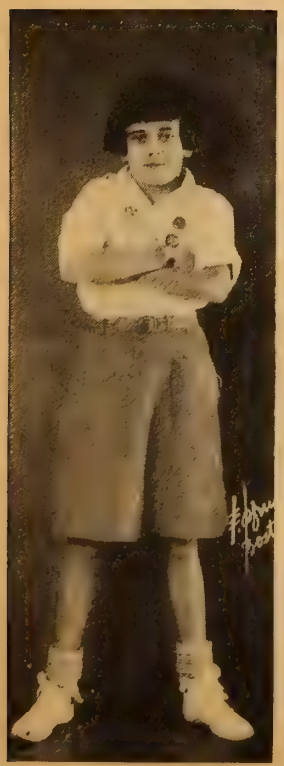
Peggy is particularly winning in her ways, and has a degree of intelligence that is amazing. Peggy is a beautiful sable and white collie, with a magnificent coat and the ability to answer accurately many difficult mathematical problems, as well as perform tricks and instantly obey orders given by her master.

One of the questions which Peggy correctly answered for the Radio audience was: "How much is ten times 5, divided by two, less two, plus one, divided by two?" Not only does Peggy solve such problems when given by her master, H. Otis Swain, of Lynnfield, Mass., but is quite agreeable when responding to strangers.

The one exception is when anyone countermands an order from Mr. Swain. Peggy has received a number of vaudeville offers, but prefers to lead a contented life in Swain's sandwich shop.

* * *

SCOTLAND has made its contribution to the excellence of American Radio programs in the person of Lex Holmes, leader of the Scottish Symphony orchestra at WAAM. He is also leader of the Scarborough orchestra. Formerly a director of many well known orchestras in Glasgow, Mr. Holmes has broadcast from most of the leading Radio stations in Scotland.



Isn't this little lass a typical Tomboy? That's what she is, on the air and in real life. She is one of Big Brother's Gang heard regularly from station WEEI at Boston. It's quite a gang—ask anyone who has heard them.



Bill Wallace, announcer at WDEL, has gained great popularity with his original comedy skits and novel presentation of song hits.

That Soothing Baritone at WCSH Is Belyea

NEXT time you tune in WCSH at Portland, Maine, and you hear a soft, soothing baritone getting real confidential with you and selling you something on the air . . .



That is probably Harry A. Belyea, who is fast getting the reputation of being the cleverest salesman on the air. But Harry is sincere in his selling and has refused to announce programs that seemed to have no real merit. He has that ability to get chummy with you and before you know it you are drawing a little closer to your loud speaker to talk back to him.

Harry's training for Radio work started in a newspaper office where he sold advertising and spent his spare time in conducting a humor column.

Here's another bit of information: The next time you hear the "Phantom of the Air" singing on WCSH, that, too, is Harry, for he possesses a beautiful tenor voice with a haunting quality and a range that is exceptionally deep for this quality voice.

Harry has two hobbies, his wife and four-year-old daughter and his typewriter, and even though he is a busy announcer he still finds time to conduct a humorous column and feature articles for several publications.

Localization at WNBO

A NEW policy of localization of programs to the point where they are designed to interest especially the people of southwestern Pennsylvania has been instituted by WNBO, Washington, Pa.

One step in this aim to give the listeners of that region a service especially adapted and adjusted to their needs and desires has been to organize community broadcasting clubs in each of the cities and towns within 100 miles of the station. These clubs, made up of local talent, have a regular hour on the air each week, and thus exploit the community in a wholesome way.

The closest co-operation with all the civic agencies, newspaper clubs and semi-public institutions is being cultivated and a real service is given the Chambers of Commerce, Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A.s and public schools.



This is Peggy, New England's popular broadcasting dog, noted for her mathematical brain, and broadcasting from WNAC.

Old Voice on Air, New on Chain

MARDI GRAS Festivities Introduce Clyde Randall to NBC Audiences

By Dianne Dix

WHEN the internationally famous New Orleans Mardi Gras was put on the air early in the Spring a new voice was heard on the NBC chain, but it was an old voice on the air. It was Clyde Randall, announcer of WSMB.



Randall is one of the oldest fish in the ether waves, he has been at it so long that he sometimes confuses kilocycles and bicycles. He is so set in his ways that he still signs off with his initials instead of the new-fangled way of giving the full christening details. So far back in the dim ages of antiquity does his origin date that on April 7th, this year, he celebrated his eighth year of broadcasting, most of this time having been spent at WSMB.

Before the Saenger-Maison Blanche combination opened the first of the large broadcasters in the South, April 21, 1925, Randall had his own private station in his home. It was little but 'twas wise. It was a terror for its size—which is how Kipling might say it.

Down in Randall's part of the country the good old "daddy of waters" doesn't always stay put, and hurricanes go on a bender every once in a while. One day a few years ago ol' Mississipp went on a rampage following a 'cane. Clyde had the hunch to tell the world about it, broadcasting every word he could squeeze out of the weather bureau until that hurricane and flood were robbed of every bit of privacy.

All this at a time when Radio was largely a matter of music and an occasional speech. The 400,000 anxious residents of New Orleans didn't have to wait for their newspapers, the hundreds of thousands on the Gulf coast were able to plan their actions by the hourly reports of progress of the deluge. Randall continued this service in other events of importance or emergency.



When Plug Kendrick started looking around for an orchestra to make up his Rhythm Millers he called in Bob Archer, Dewey Shaw, Roger Border, Commercial Manager Kennedy and his blues singer, Katherine, and there you are.

Plug, Band Make Good

IF YOU are at all familiar with the queer and interesting things that happen in the broadcasting world you will enjoy this story about an orchestra that "made good" over night.

Some months ago, when WFIW became an associate member of the Columbia Broadcasting system, Director Plug Kendrick felt that his large orchestra was no longer necessary. But all was not well after the musicians were disbanded—vacant spots appearing.

Plug called in Bob Archer, chief announcer, who plays a very totsy fiddle, Announcer Dewey Shaw, who is a hot banjoist, Barn Dance Announcer Roger Border, who toots a clarinet and tenor sax, commercial manager Kennedy, and his blues singer, Katherine, who knows her ivories. The conference resulted in the formation of Plug Kendrick and His Rhythm Millers.

With Plug at the drums this band began entertaining daily with popular dance tunes.



The long and short of it at WQAM visited the photographer so you could have a look at them. Officer John H. Webber, of Miami, sings a mean bass. His size is almost enough to inflict an inferiority complex on Fred Mizer, WQAM senior announcer.



Hawaiian in everything but nationality and name, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gustafson and family are popular with all WHBQ listeners. In the right foreground you see Prof. H. G. Haili.



One day two gangling mountaineers ventured to Charleston, West Virginia, and were initiated into the intricacies of broadcasting. Now the Kessinger brothers, Clark and Luke, are weekly features at WOBU.

Johnny Frenkel's Pay Check Shows Naughts

***By* Lysle Tomerlin**

BEING director-announcer for WCOA, Pensacola's municipal broadcasting station, is just a lot of fun to John E. Frenkel, who has nothing else to do except serve as city treasurer and clerk.



Johnny, as nearly everyone calls him, will tell you that the extra work incident to operating the Radio station is the more attractive because of the additional salary, which runs to five figures annually—all naughts.

"People always look skeptical when I tell them I do all the work of directing and most of the announcing for nothing," Johnny says. "I don't blame them. But since it's for the old home town, I'm glad to breeze along as best I can."

Besides staging auditions, directing rehearsals, supervising the routine of the station and announcing, Johnny is often called upon to sing, filling in on a program. Under his guidance WCOA has been not only a "life saver" in affording diversified entertainment, but has in reality been a life saver more than once. Johnny broadcasts weather reports each day to countless ships.

Variety in entertainment is obtained not alone through encouragement of private talent, but by regular programs from the large army and navy detachments stationed near Pensacola.

Johnny Frenkel has had opportunity more than once to capitalize on his Radio popularity, and since as a youth he had some stage experience he could cash in even more readily. But he has turned down every chance. He is content to stay with the station he has fostered for so long, helping make Pensacola known to the world.

Hot Music by Firemen

UP IN Asheville, North Carolina—and northerners needn't sniff at that "Up" as an error, just check it up on some map that shows altitudes as well as locations—there is a string band outfit that broadcasts regularly from station WWNC, and that has 'em all stood up in a corner when it comes right down to pedal inciting activities.

This is the fire department string band, as likely a looking bunch of smoke eaters as you'll find anywhere, and a ripsnorting, peppy playing aggregation that has captivated the fancy of thousands who tune to their programs every other Monday night. They confine their output to no certain type of melody. Unlike many fiddle bands in the mountain country, they can do as sweet a job with a current favorite as they can with Birmingham Jail and tunes of like vintage.

They are always accompanied to the studios by their Chief, A. L. Duckett, a veteran fire fighter, who has attracted much attention because of his intelligent handling of fire prevention programs. The Asheville fire department won the North Carolina State prize for fire prevention work for 1929, and much credit was given to the fact that through the use of their string band, they had broadcast regular fire prevention programs. The instrumentation of the band is peculiar, in that, contrary to the usual string band equipment, they include a bass violin.



Here's quite a complete collection of band instruments, and the boys behind them know how to play them. It's Short Oser's orchestra, heard over WCOC, at Meridian, Mississippi.

Dedicated to Great Middle West

New WENR Studios

CHICAGO Civic Opera House Boasts Magnificent $150,000 Station Quarters on Top Three Floors; Modern Trend Is Carried Out in Rich Furnishings

By Dianne Dix

DEDICATED to Chicago and the great Middle West, Station WENR's new $150,000 home atop the Civic Opera House is a new jewel in Chicago's crown of achievements. Occupying three floors in this newest skyscraper in the City-by-the-Lake, the new home was formally opened to the public April 25th and 26th with a gala reception attended by luminaries of every walk in life.

The beauty, efficiency and magnitude of the new studios unmistakably indicate the future trend and importance of broadcasting as one of the paramount factors in American life. Executive offices are located on the forty-first floor, studios, reception rooms and visitors' galleries are on the forty-second, while the ventilating equipment, battery room, etc., are on the forty-third.

Chief interest centers in the main studio, which is two stories high. It is a modernized adaptation of a roof garden, and gives the effect of being in this garden at some elevation with the blue of night outside. The walls are formed by a series of twenty parabolic arches between which are conventionalized palm trees done in the modernistic manner. At the ceiling the palm branches spread out in a radiating design, which is echoed in rectangular panels thus forming the ceiling pattern.

The color scheme is white, suntanned ivory, blue and lacquer red. There are seven parabolic arches on each side and three arches at each end. In these are hung dark royal blue velour curtains extending from top to bottom. One of the features of this studio is the lighting plan which gives illumination corresponding to actual daylight. In the main studio, in addition to two grand pianos is the console of the Wurlitzer organ.



Here's another picture of Gene and Glenn, who are making themselves daily more popular in their broadcasts from WTAM at Cleveland.

Accommodations for visitors are provided by a gallery back of both the main and number two studios, each being lined with upholstered theatre chairs and being furnished with loud speaker amplifiers so that the audience may both see and hear the programs as they are put on.

Studio number two is a rectangular room at the opposite end of the floor, slightly smaller than the main studio. The general color scheme here is buff, rust coral, olive yellow and gold.

The main reception room is in the center of the floor midway between the two main studios, the basic color being soft, pale green. The second reception room is immediately outside of studio number two. From it are doors leading to studios three, five, six and seven. In addition to the two main studios there are six other sound-proofed rooms that may be used as studios, audition or rehearsal rooms. These are all located at the south end of the forty-second floor.

The general plan for the complete new home was worked out by Morgan L. Eastman, E. H. Gager, of the WENR organization, Alfred Shaw and S. E. Naess of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, architects.

* * *

"THERE'S gold in them there notes," is a fan's pharaphrase of the famous dramatic lines of early blood and thunder days, as applied to Jules Herbuveaux' KYW studio orchestra, and he spoke the truth when the cost of instruments in the orchestra is considered.

With the recent addition of four members to the organization in the string section, the value of the instruments rose $33,000. The musicians and instruments are: Ben Senescu, violin, $15,000; his brother, George, violin, $7,000; Dan Garimoni, violin, $7,500, and Theodore Ratzer, 'cello, $3,500.

Harry Budinger, drummer with Herbuveaux, is an orchestra all in himself. This talented member of the KYW staff plays, besides his allotment of drums, all effects from the closing of a door to the surge of the surf.



These six natives of old Russia present a group of their own native songs, marches and dances during a new series of all-Russian programs from KSTP.

Beauty and Acoustics Vie at WLW Studios

***By* Natalie Giddings**

TECHNICIANS and entertainers are at daggers' points in spite of the otherwise beatific calm that surrounds WLW since the eight new Crosley studios were occupied March 23. The technical staff sees only the acoustical and mechanical perfection of the new rooms and equipment. They speak of the soundproof walls and doors in terms of decibells and telephone units. The polished control panels with their multitude of twinkling colored signal lights mean only the absolute acme of efficiency in the production of programs.

The beauty of the new studios is all the entertainers talk of, however. They "oh" and "ah" at the gorgeous coloring of the modernique decorations and the elaborate grill that conceals the pipes of the mammoth new organ in studio A where 300 musicians will be able to play together. They admire the intricacy and beauty of the electric lighting fixtures while the engineers consider the lights only in relation to "foot candles of illumination."

Where the technicians point with pride to the sound treatment of the checkered floor covering, the musicians comment on its resilient feeling beneath their feet, and its subdued coloring.

For technical purposes, the studios will be designated alphabetically. It is safe to wager, nevertheless, that the entertaining staff will refer only to "the great big studio," "the green room," "the blue room," "the rose room," etc.



Mrs. Melvin Beaver, who gives the bridge lessons over WOWO, is also well known as Connie Beaver at the piano. She takes part in studio programs as well as piano solos.

Turner Is a Family Man

JACK TURNER, who croons captivating melodies over WTMJ, is distinctly a family man. "My Kid" and "Good Night, Dear, Good Night," with which he begins and ends every one of his weekly broadcasts, are messages to his son and wife, 60 miles away in Fond du Lac, Wis. When another son was born to the Turners, Radio fans said, "Name him Jack II." So Jack II it was.

Far from disillusioning the sweet young things who flutter around the Radio when Jack's on the air, this knowledge of his marital status actually seems to augment his fan mail

This brown-haired, brown-eyed dispenser of haunting ditties knows his notes. He never uses a score for the music, but always has to have a copy of the words before him to refresh his memory. Besides singing in that "different" way, he plays his own piano accompaniment and strums a ukulele with the best of them.

Jack calls La Crosse, Wis., the old home town, and started on his road to ether fame through Chicago stations four years ago.



The Matinee Players of WLW don't mind coming to work in the afternoon now that they can play in the gay new Crosley studios. Joe Lugar is conducting and Sydney TenEyck is announcing in Studio C, more apt to be known as the Blue Room since the predominant color is cobalt blue. Panels of this color separate the mosaic designed panels in which are combined silver, blue and saffron. The same color is repeated in the ceiling. The basic color in all the studios is the natural beige of the acoustic wall board which has been applied to the floating walls of the studios in large blocks. A darker beige has been stippled onto the lower walls and is repeated in the floor.



ABOVE is a glimpse into the main studio at the new home of WENR, Chicago. It has been declared by competent authority the finest broadcast studio in the country. The builders designed into it the best of everything that is known to date in the way of studio beauty and efficiency. Station WENR employs a number of other studios in this superb skyscraper dedicated to music as the home of the Chicago Civic Opera. The building, costing $20,000,000, is in the heart of the city at the head of Wacker Drive and on the east bank of the river. The studios are on the forty-second floor. Across the river on the opposite bank is the new Daily News building with WMAQ. Around the bend of the river to the north is the new Merchandise Mart building —the largest building in the world—almost completed. In its loft will be located the new NBC studios, planned to mark still another step in advance for broadcast studio designs. Until then, at least, the above studio of WENR doubtless will hold the palm as the finest in America.

Mark Sixth Birthday for WLS Broadcasts

SIX years ago, on April 12, 1924, Station WLS went on the air with a 500-watt transmitter, sending out a program from the Tower studio at the Sears-Roebuck plant in Chicago. Later many of the nation's most popular entertainers of the air became familiar in person as they appeared in the WLS studios on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Sherman. In 1925, just a year after its inception, a 5,000-watt transmitter was installed at Crete, Ill., and the studios were moved to the sixth floor of the Sherman.

Following out its destiny of being the farm station, in October, 1928, WLS passed into the hands of the Prairie Farmer. Two years later, in January of this year, it became a key station for the NBC farm network.

Celebrating its sixth anniversary, WLS artists and officials were hosts at a special party and broadcast one warm April night this spring. Edgar L. Bill, director and veteran with the station, was master of ceremonies, with many of the old favorites who first made themselves known in Radio from WLS back for the occasion. The party presented in miniature each of the principal programs of the day's schedule.

Numbers were given from the Barn Dance, with Steve Cisler as master of ceremonies; Show Boat, the Little Brown Church, and other features. Among the luminaries who started at WLS are Ford and Glenn, Jack and Gene, Bradley Kincaid and Ruth Etting.



"Two little Office Girls out for some fun" might be said of the Office Girls of WHBU. In the 'phone book you will find them listed as Verne and Eloise Van Hoy.

Sunday WSMK Hymns

"GOOD MORNING, everyone. Let's all join in singing an old hymn." Anyone who tunes in WSMK any morning, except Sunday, at 9 o'clock, will probably hear something like the above. Mrs. Lois Spitler is in charge of the devotional services at WSMK, and she has proven herself quite efficient. Mrs. Spitler is one of those good-natured, "full of ideas" persons who does her bit in giving out the "old time religion" through the mike just as she used to do with Billy Sunday's party.

KMOX Players Veterans

THE Radio stock company organized and presented by KMOX is made up entirely of players who have had stage, chautauqua, concert or movie experience. The scripts used are furnished by continuity writers in New York and Chicago, according to a quotation from George Junkin, managing director of the station. "With our own company we can present the best of Radio sketches, and as many as we feel like, without depending on the chains. These arrangements provide for the best of talent and insure the high standard of quality for which KMOX is famous."

LOCAL Origin Programs Featured Over Chains Under Policy of Dallas Station

New WFAA Voice COVERS NATION

***By* John Rosenfield, Jr.**

A BRAND new group of entertainers was heard by the nation when the new WFAA transmitter, with its 50,000-watt voice, went on the air early in May. This Dallas station, the first south of the Mason-Dixon line to use super-power, has been in operation for eight years, operating most of the time on 500 watts, serving the nearby territory.

Many of the NBC features will continue on WFAA programs, but will not interfere with many hours of programs of local studio origin. One of the first steps taken when laying plans for operation of the new station was the engagement of a musical director, Alexander Keese. Keese is a Southerner, boasting Chattanooga, Tenn., as his home town. He has spent ten years of his life at the head of important theatre orchestras from Boston to Dallas, achieving wide popularity wherever he appeared.

The studio director of WFAA is Robert S. Poole, who is also frequently heard as a tenor, singing under the name of Dude Cochran. Adams Calhoun is chief announcer, one of the first to sign off with happy verses and bits of philosophy.

Engaged for five appearances a week is the Bel Canto quartet, a male ensemble that has dedicated six years to the proper matching and blending of voices. Another popular entertainer is Daisy Polk, a soprano, who has captivated both New York and Chicago with recitals of negro spirituals and Southern songs.

The Dallas Symphony orchestra, one of the few all-paid professional orchestras in cities of 300,000 and less, is heard from WFAA once a month.



Three Southern Belles, the Carson sisters' trio, entertains regularly over KSAT. Dorothy is at the left, Nadine in the center and Elsie at the right of the picture.

Dramatize a Serial Story

DRAMATIZATION of the serial story appearing in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram is being carried on by WBAP. The opening chapters of the novel by Anne Gardner were dramatized by Robert Randol and presented under his direction.

Clyde Kraft and Mrs. H. B. Stevens, prominent in the Fort Worth Little Theatre, play the leading roles. Broadcasts of the play-novel occupy thirty minutes of the station schedule.

In presenting the story in this way enough incidents are given to present the main outline of the story and arouse reader interest without going into detail enough to make the story uninteresting when read later.

* * *

Giovanni Martinelli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, when singing before the microphone, loosens his collar and tie, rumples his hair and then grins in a good natured way at everyone.



The Accordion Kings, Jimmie Atkins and Johnny Kiado, open these squeeze boxes as far as they will stretch when they appear as featured artists on the Red and White serenade on Tuesday and Friday evenings over KTSA in San Antonio.



Students who keep KOB on the air at State college, New Mexico, work under the direction of this man, Prof. Evan Carroon, whose title is general manager of the station.

Warm Mexican Melodies Are Popular in U. S.

***By* Gertrude Thornhill**

THE warm, sweet melodies of Old Mexico, though sung in a foreign tongue, still speak a language Americans can understand, according to Senor Jacobo Vinton, entertainer over KSAT in Fort Worth, Texas, who sings them in a rich, lyrical tenor.



"They like my Spanish songs best," he will tell you in a voice that is musical even in speech and still, for all of his schooling in the United States, has a charming trace of Old Mexico. And Vinton has a right to know what his audiences like, for he made a number of tours and stage appearances before he started singing for the silent audience.

"I don't know what it is about them they like especially," the dark, slender young man will say. "But I'm glad they do, because I like to sing them more than anything else."

Vinton learned most of his songs back in Mexico when he was a boy, though he then had no idea that he would one day sing them for thousands of listeners. It was not, indeed, until he came to the United States to go to school that he discovered that anybody but himself liked to listen to his songs. In San Antonio he started singing with the Glee club and with a quartet, which later made several tours over the country. He was encouraged to cultivate his voice and began to plan to be a singer.

He attended Southern Methodist university at Dallas, continuing his study of music and then went on the stage for a time. "They liked me to wear the Mexican costume—you know, the serape and all," he said, his face lighting up, obviously pleased that Americans like his songs.

The young Mexican—he is Mexican, not Spanish—first was introduced to the mike in Dallas. Later he went to Chicago to study voice and there sang over WMAQ and WCFL.

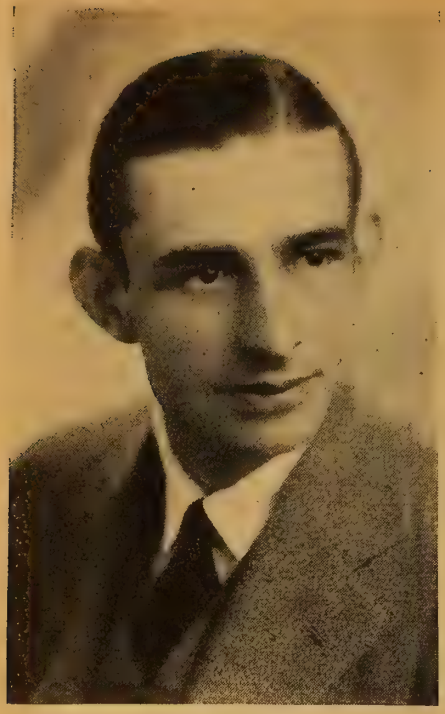


In front of the garden gate, beside the piano and facing the mike you see the members of WYAD's studio trio. Left to right they are: Duke Jacklin, Norman Ostby and Clyde Herreid.

THE Nite Owl program on Saturday nights from KGIR has proved to be one of the more popular features from that western station. One of the features of the program is the broadcasting of two-way telephone conversations from distant listeners. Old Dirty Hoot talks to 'em and both sides go on the air.



Mexico goes on the air from KPRC. Here is the Torres-Tipica orchestra, heard every Tuesday night on an all-Mexican program. Alfred Daniel, KPRC program director, is at the mike. Behind him is Curtis Farrington, who announces in both Spanish and English. Albino Torres, leader of the band, is at the piano.



This good-looking lad with the serious expression is Albert Gillette, baritone on the staff of KGW, Portland.

At last a Radio entertainer who admits that "Singing in the Bath Tub," is not only his favorite song but also his favorite hobby. Meet Jack Parker, twenty-five year old songster for KECA, who migrated from KYW a year or so ago.

Melodies of Plains Win

FAN AFFECTION

They May Be Only Drug Store Cowboys, but the KTM Ranch House Gang Looks and Sings Just Like a Real Bunch of Western Waddies

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

ALTHOUGH the lads in the picture at the bottom of the next page look pretty well citified, they are the cowhands who perform on KTM's ranch hour week days from 7 to 8 a. m. and on Friday nights at 8 o'clock.

Even though they may be a bunch of drug store cowboys, their haunting melodies of the plains have won for them a warm spot in the affections of the Radio audience.

Besides their own ranch chants, hundreds of listeners have sent in manuscripts which the boys sing in plaintive mood.

Arkansas Johnny (Johnny Luther) is the stellar performer. He announces all the acts, does a little singing and saws away on the old fiddle, which is a family heirloom. Still in his teens, Johnny takes it all very seriously. He was born in Monett, Mo., not far from the Arkansas line. A year ago he trekked to Colorado long enough to herd a few cattle and brush up on cowboy lingo before startling Los Angeles by his presence.

Frank Gage (known as Foreman Frank on the hour) used to play in student productions at Boston Tech (M. I. T.). He was in production work at NBC's Pacific coast division before coming to KTM as studio director. He sings and plays the oversize uke but wears the soulful expression only when on duty.



As soon as Billy Page learned he had been cast as the Tarkington boy hero, Penrod, to be broadcast over the Pacific division of the NBC, he turned to and read the novel.

Then there is Tom Murray . . . stern visaged, dashing sideburns, dignified and portly. He is, by the way, the father of the Murray Sisters, famed vaudeville duo. Lots of times he takes parts in pictures.

Al Hull, ten gallon hat and all, is the sheik of the crowd. He saw what a ranch looked like once when working on a farm in Imperial Valley, but turned a cold, disdaining shoulder on it and hiked along to the big city.

Besides massaging his educated tonsils in song, he also plays a favorite guitar and has a harness for the harmonica and a jews harp handy in the vest pocket.

Jimmy Adams has been a character actor for many years and has been on the Radio practically since it started. He had a small part in the Grand Parade, released recently.

On the KTM ranch hour he sings and strums away on the string instrument and takes the part of Lena, the cook . . . slender, with a trim blonde mustache.

So, now, whenever you hear KTM's ranch hour percolating out with its 1,000 watts power you will know who these boys are from the wide open spaces of



Heating the ether waves at KPO, Jess Norman and Elaine Tickner are tooting, playing and singing some mean blues for Pacific Coast listeners.



"China Town, My China Town,"—remember the song popular many years ago? Doesn't this trick little pagoda full of pretty girls in Chinese costume fill you full of vague longings? It is the Playgirls' orchestra, who broadcast from KFWI every night except Saturday and Sunday.



A real "Forty-Niner," Paris Jasper Ferguson traveled to California in a covered wagon when only six years old. During a recent broadcast of Romantic Forty-Niners from KFRC Mr. Ferguson sang "When Nellie Was a Lady," popular in 1849. After the rendition the orchestra members broke into spontaneous applause for his able rendition. Mr. Ferguson is 86.

Beverly Boulevard where the studio is located.

* * *

Bill Ray, neatly seated before one of Warner's new desks, becomes commercial manager for KFWB. But he still announces and causes feminine hearts to flutter as he speaks the latest Hollywood lingo.

* * *

Kenneth Niles and Ray Foley, two enterprising KHJ-ers, went fishing on the Olympic barge, located two miles offshore, the other day.

Ken caught an even dozen mackerel while all Foley caught was more cold. However, Foley wrote a masterful dissertation the next Saturday which he read on the KHJ Merrymakers frolic.

Moral: You don't hafta be an expert to explain about something or anything.

* * *

Just as Joe E. Brown, homeliest of the homely, told his now famous mouse story at a meeting of the music and Radio people of Southern California, a sleek black cat crossed the stage before him. There must be a moral in this somewhere, but we haven't been able to figure it out yet.

* * *

Harry McKnight, tall and stately . . . some folks might even call him thin . . . is the stellar light among the lyric tenors of KTAB. In fact, he is the only lyric tenor on the staff at this writing.

For the past four years auditors around the bay region of San Francisco have heard Mac over various wave lengths belonging to KFRC, KGO and KPO, but he seems to have roosted more or less permanently on KTAB's pet frequency.

Specifications, including chassis, wheelbase and so forth, follow: weight, 150 pounds; hair, brown; eyes, gray. Hurry up with the mash notes, girls, he's still single.

* * *

How about a nifty chicken dinner with all the fixin's? All you have to do is get acquainted with Gene Perry, of KFSD, and pull the old sympathy gag about being alone in the great, big city and lonesome for home cooking.

Gene is one original handy man about the station . . . relief announcer, continuity scribbler, tenor and pianist. How's that for a many-sided career?

When day is done . . . for the broadcaster this means midnight and then some . . . he winds up the flivver and chugs out to the suburbs of San Diego, where he raises chickens for a hobby.



Here are the boys who perform on KTM'S ranch hour. Left to right: Jimmy Adams, Arkansas Johnny, Tom Murray, Al Hull and, seated, Frank Gage.



It's really a shame that the person responsible out at KGB didn't tell the names of all these pretty girls. Wouldn't you like to know them? They play in the KGB Little Symphony orchestra, one of the outstanding classical groups on the coast.

Food Craving Starts Sax

***By* C. Thomas Nunan**

NECESSITY made a saxophone player out of Jess Norman, KPO's handsome sheik of reed instruments. "It was during my Stanford days," says Norman Jess Nathanson, for that is his true monicker, "that a craving for food made me forsake the violin and take to the sax. Why did I give up the fiddle? —lack of time for practice—and in those days the saxophone was in great demand. I had had a few lessons on the clarinet so that the saxophone was easily learned. That was back in the days when the Stanford campus resounded to the tramp of trudging feet—when the shadow of war cast a shroud of expectancy over embryo officers—and what's more, that was my chief ambition—never realized because I was a musician."

"It was like this," says the stalwart Jess, who measures six feet in his stockings, has intriguing brown eyes and weighs 200 pounds, showing the result of being a corn-fed "cornhusker" from Omaha, Neb., the place he was born—the 8th of September, 1899. "Down on the campus Major Parker sent out a call for band players—I didn't respond because I wanted to receive a commission—but Major Parker ran across me during inspection, remembered my name was not included in the list of available musicians, so he ordered me to organize a band and organize it I did and there I remained until the end of the war 'tootin' the sax' and leading the band.

"Perhaps it was just as well," says Jess, reminiscencing. "I might have received worse casualties than I did." You were a casualty, he was asked? "Oh, yes. We were loading cases of pineapple for the commissary one afternoon when a case dropped on my foot, mashing my big toe and putting me on a different footing for a time."

* * *

KEJK, Beverly Hills, threw its old call letters, KEJK, into the ash can the other day and brought a spic and span, new set, KMPC. Glen Rice, formerly of KNX, is the new manager. He has created the Beverly Hills Hill Billies, a frolic stunt. The Hill Billies hibernate in the citadels of exclusive Beverly Hills by day and at dusk return to the studio with news of the day's exploration by the various clans. Ah, mates, what'll it be next?



This little lady, Jane Morse, has the distinction of having been on one program for three years. She is heard singing blues from KMO at Tacoma, Washington.



Fans like this little girl. Her name is Ann Grey, and she is heard singing popular songs from KFWB. Don Warner is the accompanist.

RADIO Holds Lure for Borrett

Director of CHNS Active in Field Since Early Days; Built First Transmitter in Dartmouth, N. S.

By Verner A. Bower



For years the fame of the barber shop quartets as music makers has rung throughout the world. Now the "Novia Scotian Harry Lauder," Sammy Shields by name, is adding new laurels to his profession as a barber one-man combination.

Fans Tune in Pollyanna

BED time in any land now that Radio has come to stay and has taken its place in almost every home can only mean one thing. The evening bed time story. So it is that down in Halifax City and out through the Maritimes and even further abroad wherever CHNS is heard, when the day begins to turn to night, little hands begin to turn the dial of daddy's Radio to CHNS to hear Pollyanna.

And wonderful are the tales of doggies and kitties and all the other little playfellows that are so dear to the little tots; and really, too, quite dear to the older folk; that Pollyanna tells of. And then there are the two station canaries of CHNS. Very aptly named are these two songsters "CH" and "NS." They were presented to the station by the Lord Nelson hotel but they seem to feel themselves the special property of the Pollyanna hour; and they mingle their voices with the program.

Now for a peek behind the scenes. The Pollyanna hour is on the air. Come with me up to the topmost floor of the Lord Nelson hotel. There is a very attractive brunette young lady seated at the table talking softly to the mike. Can this be Pollyanna? One always associates bed time stories with a matronly sort of a person. But the young lady turns the pages of a book before her. There is the sound of musical notes. It is Pollyanna! And the book is the magical Birthday Book.

Miss Dorothy Henrion, Pollyanna, the story teller of the bed time hour and the lecturess of the Talkie Topics, the review of the current photoplays showing in the various theatres in the city, is one of the youngest members of the staff.

RADIO has always held a peculiar fascination for Major William Borrett, station director of CHNS, Halifax, N. S. It was early in the twenties that the bug bit him first and he became a member of that world wide fraternity, the "hams."

Over across Halifax harbor in Dartmouth, the Major's home town, he enjoys the distinction of being the second Radio owner. But he was not satisfied to stop there. In a little while he pushed his investigation further afield and constructed the first "ham" transmitter station ever operated in Dartmouth. With this transmitter he worked all over the American continent and sometimes in the "wee sma'" hours he talked with England and France. He attended a gathering in France of the American Relay league, of which he was a member, and came home filled with a desire for still greater Radio knowledge.

A long wave Radio broadcasting station was his dream, and finally on May 12, 1926, due in no small part to his own efforts, he saw CHNS opened with studios in the Carleton hotel. Major Borrett was station director, a position which he has held ever since.

Truly the Major was now majoring in Radio. He served, not only as director, but also as chief station announcer, and Nova Scotian fans speedily came to listen for the Major's voice each night from behind the mike.

Radio broadcasting went forward by leaps and bounds under Major Borrett's guidance, and, when in 1928 the new Lord Nelson hotel was completed, CHNS moved its complete plant into the top of the hotel.

So closely interwoven has been the advance of CHNS and Major Borrett in Radio that the story of his career reads almost like the station's history.

One would think here was the pinnacle of success. But not so the Major. He was still majoring in Radio. As long as there were fields left to conquer he must go forth to conquer. He mastered in quick succession the announcing from the players bench, football and hockey. Especially successful was he in the broadcasting of this last sport of the Canadians. At all the championship playoffs the Major is in demand, not only in Nova Scotia, but in New Brunswick. And on occasion his voice has been heard from American stations, announcing the play by play. What will be his next contribution? Who knows? Television perhaps.



Another of the big class of newspaper men making good in Radio is Harry G. Link, program director of CJGC, the Free Press station at London, Ontario.



Fred Carleton, manager of the Calgary Herald station CFAC, has been in charge ever since its inception nine years ago. From 1910 to 1914 Mr. Carleton was with the Marconi company in London. Later he was with the wireless section of the Canadian army, until 1919.

Huntly Is True Canadian

A TRUE Canadian of English-Scottish ancestry, and of direct United Empire Loyalist descent, Gertrude Huntly has been exceedingly popular when appearing as a guest artist on CNR chain programs.

Miss Huntly was born in St. Thomas, Ontario, and began her musical studies at an early age, winning one honor after another. Graduating from the Conservatory of Music at London, Ontario, she went to Paris, where she became a pupil of the famous Polish composer and pianist, Moszkowsky.

The interval following her return to Canada was enriched by association with such world-renowned pianists as Godowsky, Rosenthal, Paderewski and Medtner. She now makes her home in picturesque western Victoria.

* * *

Geza de Kresz, first violin of the Hart House String quartette, has had an interesting career. For some years he was in charge of court music at Bucharest, at one time playing before Queen Marie.

Real Home Making in the Studio

Research and Experiment Important Matters at CBS Home Club—All Advice Carefully Tested

By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The Radio Home-Makers broadcast programs on every topic of interest to women between ten and twelve every weekday morning, except Saturday, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.*

RADIO home-making means much more than the talks which reach your ear from the Radio Home-Makers' studios over the Columbia Broadcasting system's network. On my weekly visits (they're becoming bi- and tri-weekly, because I have a weakness for Grace White's waffles) which are usually after the morning broadcasting is over, I always run into a great deal of practical home-making at the club. Real home-making, at that; no "let's play house" up at Ida Bailey Allen's!

When an advertiser inquires about broadcasting through the Radio Home-Makers' club, his product is first tried out in their laboratories before any contracts are made. You're just as likely as not to see a new laundry machine being used in the kitchen, some sort of vacuum cleaner doing amazing things in the living room, and one of the girls being given a massage with a special kind of face cream in the beauty boudoir, if you run up to the studios in the afternoon. And always you'll find Grace White busy around the stove, trying out new recipes sent in by fans or concocting new methods of using the food products they advertise.

Since the Home-Makers moved into their gorgeous new headquarters in March, there's been an exquisite fresh-cut rose on Mrs. Allen's desk each time I've been up. When I mentioned this to her the other day, she told me one of the 300,000 members of the club sent her a check to be used to keep a fresh flower on her desk all the time. That's just the sort of friendly feeling the Home-Makers inspire in everyone who comes in contact with them, even when it's only "air contact."



When the morning broadcast is over at the Home Makers' club of the CBS there is a concerted rush to the studio kitchen. Here is Grace White, dietitian, preparing for an onslaught of waffle friends from about the studios.



Actually carrying out the work as it is described to the listening audience, you see Ida Bailey Allen describing the handiwork of Joan Barrett, who is painting a metal lamp.

Listeners send in all sorts of proof of their appreciation of the programs, and they use Mrs. Allen, who is the founder and president of the club, as a sort of combined mentor and mother-confessor. Among the fifteen hundred letters received each week, a great many contain the life history of the writers, who know they will receive helpful, sympathetic advice in return. Last week there was a letter from a woman in Ireland who wanted to join the club.

IN THEIR new reception hall, comfortably furnished and equipped with loud speakers for the convenience of guests, Joan Barrett, the pretty young interior decorator, has installed a special cabinet which contains samples of all the materials used in the new decorations. You see, there are about fifteen windows, each one treated differently, to show visitors various ways of curtaining at moderate cost. Samples of the upholstery used are also in this cabinet, each sample marked with width and price so they can be rummaged through to heart's content.

(Continued on page 118)

Voice of the Listener

"Hick Hams" Title to Lucy

You sure have started something by publishing the letter of Lucy Barrett, under the heading of "Doesn't Like Amos 'n' Andy." It sure must be tough for one to be entirely out of line with the rest of the world, especially when they lack that "real sense of humor." It is not Amos 'n' Andy who are the "hick hams," that title belongs to the critic. It certainly is too bad that there are so few people "who wouldn't have the sense to appreciate real humor." I had no idea that the Radio public was so ignorant of a "sense of humor," thanks to the enlightening letter of Lucy Barrett.

It is quite evident that the critic of Amos 'n' Andy has never been in direct contact with the negro race. I was born in the South and the dialect of these two popular actors is typical, together with the desire to use "big" words. If it is a mark of ignorance to enjoy Amos 'n' Andy programs, then I wish to be known as very illiterate.

I am greatly surprised that such an intellectual person as Lucy Barrett would attend a gathering containing such a riff raff of "old fogies" and people "who wouldn't have the sense" and, especially her remaining, after she discovered herself in the midst of such a low-brow element.—Dennis Jones, Banning, Calif.

* * *

R. D. Has Two Out of Six

My entire family look forward to Amos 'n' Andy. We do not answer the telephone, or let anything interfere with it, and are very much upset when an electrical interference fixes the Radio so that we can not get it from any station. There are six outstanding features that I like: Amos 'n' Andy, Radio Digest, Literary Digest, Health, Wealth, Happiness.—E. M. Hunter, Richmond, Va.

* * *

A. and A. Are "High Class"

I'm a reader of the Radio Digest and think it's great. I notice in the April issue a letter censuring Amos 'n' Andy. In the letter the writer states that only old fogies care to listen to them, which is all wrong. I know many educated and cultured people who anxiously await the Amos 'n' Andy programs. I believe I am quite capable of understanding and enjoying high class entertainment and I consider them a bit of very good, clean amusement for young and old.

Kind hearted little Amos sets a wonderful example with his honest ways and love for dumb animals, and Andy, though a bit egotistical and not overly ambitious has a kind heart and always comes through clean. Their announcer, Bill Hay, can't be beat.—Mrs Frank Sherwood, Fort Madison, Iowa.

* * *

Lives There a Soul So Dumb

Lives there a soul so dumb they cannot appreciate the Amos 'n' Andy program? I am surprised you would even print such an insulting letter of them as Lucy Barrett, of Chicago, sent in. I think every admirer of the boys will feel as I do that it is a personal insult to us as well as the boys and it is away beneath Amos 'n' Andy's notice.

Please send us all the news possible of these artists. They are selling Radio Digest above everything else. Lucy Barrett is the one tiny grain of sand in their ocean of admirers and we are not all old fogies or fools either, and have sense enough to appreciate humor, humanity, and art when presented to us. If Lucy was half as clever as they she would not have to knock people all over the United States to get her name in print in a first class magazine. So, Mr. Editor, please forget Lucy's request and print plenty of Amos 'n' Andy and if she falls out I will buy an extra copy. It is a fine magazine, we have only been taking it since February when we heard of Amos 'n' Andy write-ups. I missed March copy and tried every way to get one here and failed so they are selling alright to bright or senseless people.—Mrs. W. B. Neese, Auburn, N. Y.

* * *

Telling Lucy a Few!

This letter is an answer to the one in your April issue, written by Lucy Barrett of Chicago.

First, I want to tell her that it takes some intelligence to appreciate Amos 'n' Andy's programs. Perhaps that is why she does not like them. Then she says that there are many other Radio stars who deserve publicity more than "those two hick hams." Of course, there might be. Why don't you write a few articles about them, Lucy Barrett, and send them in. I am sure that the Radio Digest would be glad to publish them.

Taking it all in all, I do not believe there are two other entertainers "on the air" who have the talent of speaking for so many different characters, and doing it so well and with such rapidity that they "fool" many listeners into thinking that "the Kingfish," "Landlord," "Lightning," "Big Boy," etc. must be played by entirely different persons.

The letter says that Amos 'n' Andy do not talk like the real southern negro. I want to ask you, Lucy Barrett, were you born in Virginia and raised with a negro boy? No? Well, Freeman Gosden, who takes the part of Amos, was. —Winifred Binder, Jackson, Michigan.

* * *

For Sake of Better Critics

I have just purchased my April issue of the "Radio Digest." It was really a pleasure digesting all its contents. All with the exception of Amos 'n' Andy being criticized by Lucy Barrett, of Chicago. May I use Mr. W. K. Henderson's words of station KWKH, when he says, "Doggone ya. If you don't want to listen to me, turn your dial." So be it with Lady Barrett. I for one sincerely hope her arm is not broken. As Andy says, "I'se regusted," to hear of such a critic.

Mr. Editor, may I state that due to the late war, I had the pleasure of spending 23 months and 24 days in the Southland. Regardless of its ups and downs I surely enjoyed every day I spent in the South. Though my duties were to participate in the welfare of sick, I also found time to interest myself in the Southern people, mostly the negroes, as they were the most amusing.

To be brief and frank I shall say for the benefit of Lady Barrett, that Andy has the dialect of a Northern negro, while Amos, in reality, is a Southern born lad, could not do better with his Southern dialect if he were really a negro.

Mr. Editor, for the Better Critics' Sake **please continue** with more space for such a good pair of entertainers.—Geo. R. Edwards, Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Floyd Gibbons Forever

Won't you please give us a new article each month by Floyd Gibbons?

Really without his stories I don't care very much for your magazine; too wishy-washy, like a motion picture magazine, all high lights and no character. You make your Radio people sound as if they were anything but real, and it's very empty reading.

As for Floyd Gibbons, that's a man after my own heart. He has a voice. Oh, well, what's the use. I can't desribe it, only I know it commands one's attention and his stories are something that all the men, old and young, look forward to. It brings into their life a romance that they cannot get themselves.

Just between you and me and the gatepost, those two funny birds, "Amos 'n' Andy," are far from popular here. I think they will go the way of the "Two Black Crows," in another year. That brings me back to Floyd Gibbons. I've been trying to get a book of his from the library for three weeks and the librarian tells me it will be two more before I can get one.

I often wonder just how many letters Mr. Gibbons receives a day and if they are mostly from men or women. For my part I much rather write to you, as I don't think you are quite as popular as Mr. Gibbons, and therefore much nicer. Then, too, I plan on seeing you at some future date at the newspaper men's convention, or is it called the Editor's Convention?

But in the meantime really do give us Floyd Gibbons back and ask him to write a story of his life up to the present time. What interesting material for a story that would be.

I just happened to think that you are not with a newspaper any more so I probably shant see you at a convention after all.

Before I close I want to assure you, Mr. Brown, that I am not Mr. Gibbons' press agent (not that I wouldn't like to be), but as I don't know Mr. Gibbons and Mr. Gibbons doesn't know me; and besides, he doesn't need a press agent. There is very little chance of my meeting him, or being his press agent.

But if ever there is another war I'm going to be the first Red Cross nurse to enlist so I can go along with Floyd Gibbons.

Yours sincerely for a bigger and better Radio Digest. My Boston terrier is helping me write this so please excuse whatever mistakes you find. —June C. Wellington, Batavia, Ill.

Best Days Today's Days

Hurrah! The April issue of Radio Digest was an extra good one in my opinion. It had several features that I had been waiting for—the article on Coon-Sanders, Harry Reser, the photo of Jim and Bob, the guitarists, and, well, the whole magazine was a prize as usual.

I do not like to hear people mourning for what they term the "good old days." It is true that when our favorites are off the air we miss them terribly, quite the same as we would miss an absent, much loved friend. I certainly miss Jack Grady (of Jack and Gene), Harold Safford, and Eddie Peabody, who used to be at KMOX, 'member?

But Gee! Whiz! think of all the good "stuff" that's on now. Just this week I heard another new program inaugurated, a very entertaining one, I think. Why sigh for the past, when the present and future hold so much. Three cheers for our Radio programs of today and tomorrow!! —(Miss) Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.

* * *

Suggests Program Service

I was disappointed with the April Radio Digest. As a helpful suggestion I would urge you to come back to a RADIO paper. Give us complete logs, as complete programs as possible, more information about programs, short newsy sketches (as you used to do), and pictures?

In addition to the fact that there isn't enough RADIO in the April issue, that the sketches "run on" for too many pages, that there is too much fiction, I would emphasize that the pictures are not clear. Do you use a cheaper grade of paper?

The Radio Digest was always the best Radio paper. Let's keep it such. I remember the clear pictures, the neat lay-out, and the short and interesting sketch.

I would like to have you consider the following suggestion seriously: Since it is difficult to get advance information on Radio programs (even the newspapers are cutting down on this), including European broadcasts, will you not consider sending out weekly sheets to your subscribers?—William Van Vliet, Hull, Iowa.

* * *

Gibbons Offers Best Program

I first started reading Radio Digest the first of the year and will continue from now on. I get it every month at the newsstand. I consider this magazine the best authority on Radio news. It sure is a Whiz. There are things in it that a Radio listener would never know about those who broadcast the different programs were it not for Radio Digest.

My opinion of an evening well spent is hearing a program on which Floyd Gibbons is the speaker. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the man I elect to broadcast some of the big league ball games and also this fall the football games. What do your readers think of this? Next on my list is Yolonde Longworthy and Raymond Knight. What is finer than a program of this kind.—Arthur C. Brinkman, Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

Regret Missing Copies

I bought my first issue of Radio Digest in November, and though I tried several times and places could not get an October issue. The January issue got away from me, too, due to illness in the family. If it were possible to get the two missing issues I would surely do so.

Please put in lots of pictures as we like to look at people we know over the "air." I have a Radio scrapbook of pictures cut from local newspapers, that includes nearly 400 pictures. There are very few that we haven't heard often. I know nearly all the announcers voices and very few times make a mistake as to who they are, that is of the larger stations in Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and Kansas, and the chain programs.

Send me the magazines if possible, and if not, boost WENR as much as possible.—Irene Mueller, Wood River, Ill.

* * *

Best Magazine Edited

Having become, only recently, a reader of your splendid magazine, have found much of great interest between its covers. In my opinion, you have the most complete, as well as most clearly and concisely edited magazine covering the present day Radio activities as has yet been published.

I have been especially interested in Mark Quest's interviews with Correll and Gosden.

A magazine, such as the Radio Digest, which so thoroughly covers the favorites and person-

alities of the Radio field, is deserving of unlimited measures of success. Keep up the good work!

And still another angle which has not, probably, heretofore been presented. I notice on the back cover the imprint of Cuneo Press. It is my understanding that this establishment employs members of and carries contracts with the International Typographical Union, of which I am a member.

The Radio Digest is to be congratulated upon its selection of this organization as their printers, and are deserving of the support of each and every member of the International Typographical Union.—Lewis L. Brunnemer, Kokomo, Ind.

* * *

Help for R. B. Ward

In the March issue of your magazine I see a letter from Robert B. Ward, Jamestown, N. Y., asking for a station between WOR and WLW, coming on at 3 a. m. This is likely VAS (The Voice of the Atlantic Seaboard) at Grace Bay, N. S. This is a Marconi station located at the Marconi Wireless Towers here. They broadcast the government weather report at 1 p. m. and at 4 a. m. (AST) for the benefit of Canadian fishermen. They also broadcast record programs at different times. The announcer is Daniel Murphy. Their frequency is 690 kilocycles (power, 5,000 watts).

In closing, may I say that we enjoy your magazine a great deal—M. Hull, Glace Bay, N. S.

* * *

Too Much "Old Country"

Can it be found possible to give the National Hockey games and outlook of competing teams for the Stanley Cup or World's Championship. All we hear on our own local station is Old Country football, Bridge Whist talk, Russian noise or some Sparrow gargling about "How they do it in the ould country." In fact we must listen to the U. S. to hear English which one can "savey." And that is general on all Canadian stations. I am an eastern Canadian in this city twenty years, but we Canadians will soon be pushed over the line to make room for more Lords, Dukes, Counts, etc., according to them. Enough said.—L. A. Ranson, Winnipeg, Can.

* * *

Won't Miss a Copy

I think the Radio Digest is the best Radio magazine ever printed. The first one I bought was January number, I liked it so well that I haven't missed a copy since. I also sent for back numbers. I don't intend to miss any in the future if I can help it.

* * *

Strong for Station WENR

I am a regular reader of the Radio Digest ever since I found out about it in February. I think it is a wonderful magazine for people who have Radios. I can hardly wait until I get the next number and I especially enjoy the news about the artists and different stations. WENR is my favorite station and Everett Mitchell is my favorite announcer. I wish that I could see his picture in the Digest, and some more of the artists of WENR. The dials of my Radio are never turned from WENR when it is on the air. The Air Juniors children's program, a club for happy boys and girls, conducted by Everett Mitchell and Irma Glen, is just wonderful. I never see anything about it in the Digest, and it is a wonderful program for children and Everett and Irma are so nice with the children and have such nice programs. The Smile Club conducted by Everett Mitchell for shut-ins is another wonderful program on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. The Smith Family and WENR Minstrels are wonderful also. I like to have the pictures of the artists and when they are on I can look at them. Best wishes and good luck to the Radio Digest.—Miss Jean McKinzie, Elizabeth, Ill.

* * *

In Defense of Rudy

This letter is to ask you if you won't, please, publish the enclosed little poem I composed, to Rudy Vallee, in your next Radio Digest?

It is in defense of him, an answer to all the cruel and unjust criticisms the motion picture magazines have been hurling at him. I sent it in to the "Fans' Department" of one of those leading magazines, but, of course, as I half expected, it was ignored.

I have always been an enthusiastic motion picture fan, in the past. But, I declare, the petty, childish jealousy of the whole industry, of one young man, has certainly disgusted me. And, many of my friends. I might add, they were not ALL girls, either. Many fellows, I know, admire him, and enjoy his singing.

So I ask you, once again, in all fairness due Mr. Vallee, will you please publish my toast to him? This letter, too, if you like. Just to tell the whole waiting world what one farmer picture fan, including numerous friends, thinks of their "fair?" method of fighting keen competition.—Miss Mildred MacKenzie, Oakland, Cal.

TO RUDY VALLEE

Here's to the one and only Rudy Vallee,
Who's captured our hearts in his own charming way.
Not handsome, perhaps, in the accepted sense,
But has charm, a rare voice as recompense.
Who cares for beauty in a man, I say
Intelligence, manliness, only counts anyway.
All these gifts does he possess to such an extent,
That the vacant "beauty" of all the rest
Pales beside the genius of his talent.

* * *

Advice Wanted About a Station

The writer has decided to install and operate a 250-watt Radio broadcasting station at San Juan, Porto Rico, and would greatly appreciate all the possible information you can give me in this respect. I am interested in the purchase of a new or used broadcasting station complete or in building one from standard parts. Please refer me to manufacturers, design engineers or laboratories that might have these stations or that could build one for me.—Julio R. Bruno, c/o Bruno & Gonzales, Ltd., San Juan, Porto Rico.

The editors are passing this letter on to V. O. L. club members in the hope that some one may be able to help Mr. Bruno in his enterprise.

* * *

Finds Interference Bad

Three cheers for Radio Digest. I think it is the best Radio magazine I have ever seen. I had not seen one for four or five years until last January. I bought one and have not missed one since and don't want to miss any in the future. I even sent for three back numbers. A person can get so much good out of one. I like the pictures best, everyone seems better acquainted.

I surely agree with Mrs. Wm. Riley, in the April number. I, too, think if the Federal Radio Commission would visit some of the homes and listen in I think they would try and arrange it so there wouldn't be so much interference. When I want WABC, WENR is always right there. WLW and CKGW can hardly be separated. It sure is disgusting. Then there are lots of others I could name that bother each other.

Another thing, I wish every station had to announce their call letters after each selection. I have waited from 15 to 20 minutes and then not gotten the call letters.

I wish WLS could have more power. They are the best on the air. Wish them all kinds of good luck in getting back their full time.—Mrs. Wayne Sylor, Fillmore, N. Y.

* * *

Finds Log Indispensable

When we bought a Radio set back in November, 1929, I began DX'ing in a couple of nights, but most of it was guess work. I then began fishing around to find an appropriate log book or magazine to aid me in DX'ing. The first try was unsuccessful and then one lucky night I heard the announcement about your Radio Digest magazine and I decided to try it. After I had had it for a week I knew this was the book for any Radio listener. I enjoy the Voice of the Listener very much and I will be more than pleased if my letter is published in this section. Another thing that I enjoy and appreciate is the abundance of photographs of Radio artists, etc. I would be glad to see a write-up on the "Henry George" program over CBS on Monday night at 8 o'clock (EST) with a few photographs, because that's where my votes are going in the popular program contest. I am just fifteen years of age, but I enjoy every bit of your magazine. In closing I would like to be entered as a member of the V. O. L. club. Wishing your magazine the best of luck.—E. Rosati, Toronto, Ontario, Can.

* * *

One DX'er to Another

I purchased my first issue of Radio Digest on Sunday, past, and immediately became interested. Having immediately read all devourable news (nothing to get fed up on, either) and facts, up to and including page seventy-eight, I have become a booster and friend of Radio Digest. (This all happened through Amos 'n' Andy.)

Now I see myself as particularly eager to become a member of the V. O. L. club. Kindly accept my nomination. Now for a question, please. I would like to inquire of a Joseph Baskys, of Chicago, as to the make and the model of his set with which he has such good DX fortune? I find myself eager to become a DX fan and am about to purchase a set, and would certainly appreciate any advice on the matter. If this cannot be answered in your V. O. L. column I would have my address printed in case Mr. Baskys would be kind enough to answer a fellow reader, new to DXing as any helps or hints will be graciously appreciated.—Frank Dougherty, 150 Union Ave., Bala, Pa.

First of Everything

I am not certain if you are the one to carry the burden of my complaint, but I choose you to plead my cause.

This happens to be my first of everything; first purchase of your magazine, first letter to a Radio Editor and first complaint.

The Radio Digest is the only magazine I lacked and whatever kept it hidden from me this long is still a mystery. The station news, personal notes and photographs are a source of keen pleasure. As yet I haven't tried the fiction as my reading has been confined to the special articles which proved so interestnig.

And now for the impulse which prompted this letter. Vaughn De Leath is one of my favorite favorites and really my reason for this first purchase of Radio Digest. When I saw her photograph nothing short of solitary confinement could interfere with the possession of that issue. But as humble Radio fan to worthy editor I ask that you glance at the enclosed photo of my favorite clipped from your magazine and weep with me. How can I frame a picture with two such smudges as disfigured so beautiful a face?

I know you won't fail me and will remedy this seeming error. If only you could have arranged those smudges for some other photograph.

Have you by any chance already published a photo of Miss Olive Palmer? If so I'd like awfully to secure a copy of whatever issue it appeared in.

If my supplication proves fruitful I shall no doubt deluge Marcella and "D. B." of "Gossipy Items" about my victims of favoritism.

I'm afraid you shall hear from me again but please believe I will appreciate whatever you do for me.—Mary Jane Ryan, Hartford, Conn.

* * *

All for Gibbons' Talks

I am writing in answer to your request in the April issue of the Radio Digest for letters asking that Floyd Gibbons' Radio talks be published in your magazine.

I'm for it! Floyd Gibbons is the most interesting speaker I have ever heard. His Armistice Day program—yarns about the soldiers in the hospitals of France—was a masterpiece.

About the Diamond Award Contest, I'm going to save my coupons and send them all in together. Just now my votes would go to Gene and Glenn, but I may feel differently by the end of the summer. Al and Pete's "Try and Stump Us" program, "Penrod," "The Smith Family," and, of course, Floyd Gibbons' war yarns are great favorites with me, too.

One of the most interesting daytime programs in these parts is the "Try Out Hour" every Wednesday from WCAU. Anyone who thinks he or she has Radio talent is given an audition. They try out from thirty to forty would-be Radiolites every week, calling them by number instead of names, and the Radio audience is the judge.

As the public is allowed to view these try-outs there is plenty of razzing and lots of fun. The announcer reserves the right to cut any number that is especially poor, and he exercises that right incessantly, which causes much glee among those present.

I think the Radio Digest is fine and I always look forward to the next issue.—Miss Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

WJZ Beaucoup Avec Monsieur

Revière du Loup Station, 16 Avril, 1930.—Reception très bonne ce soir. La chanteuse de 6:30 a 7 p. m. ce soir vous a fait antant de plaisir a entendre que nos favorites du Radio de WJZ a la devine heure; Armstrong Quakers, Mary Hopple et Lois Bennett.

J'ai du sortir de chez moi avant 7 p. m. Quand Je suis revenu un accordeoniste que J'ai cru etre le fameux Joe Biviano a Joué un "medleey" d'airs Canadiens pour une compagnie de boulangers a 7:45 J'ai entendu la plus belle musique Hawaiienne Jusqu'ici entendre au Radio. Le Morceau d'accordeon accompagrie par le pianos etait aussi tres bon.—C. J. Lencoque.

The bread might be better than what is served us here, but I would not care for it if it is sliced up.—C. J. Lencoque.

* * *

We Have Asked WMAQ

Am a regular reader of your magazine and like it best of all Radio magazines as it is up to the minute with Radio news, and wonder why with you here in Chicago you don't give Dan and Sylvia a write-up. There are few programs that surpass them and think they deserve a write-up.—W. G. Kennedy, Chicago.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.

Sunday

Eastern 9 a.m. — Central 8 — Mountain 7 — Pacific 6

The Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
454.3	660	WEAF			

Morning Musicale.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WFBM
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WBRC
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WREC
230.8	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
234.4	1280	WDOD	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN

1 p. m. — 12 n. — 11 a. m. — 10 a. m.

National Light Opera.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	312.5	960	CKGW
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW

Roxy Symphony Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KFAB
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA

3 p.m. — 2 — 1 — 12 n.

Columbia Male Chorus.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
202.6	1480	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW
212.6	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	370.2	810	WCCO
220.4	1360	WFBL	395	760	KVI
223.7	1340	KFPY	447.5	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WSPD	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	483.6	620	WLBZ
230.6	1300	KFH	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WMT
232.6	1290	KDYL	500	600	WREC
234.4	1280	WDOD	516.9	580	WIBW
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	536	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

National Youth Conference.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
245.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KPRC
252.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	KFAB
265.5	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	429	700	WLW
277.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WPTF
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA			

4 p.m. — 3 — 2 — 1

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFJC	361	830	KOA
225.6	1330	WSAI	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WFAA
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEEI
333	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

5 p.m. — 4 — 3 — 2

Davey Hour
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFJC	380	790	WGY
225.6	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.9	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
280.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
337	890	WJAR	545	550	WGR
345	870	WENR			

Recommended

AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for June:

Sunday

Roxy Symphony
Will Rogers

Monday

Voice of Firestone
Ipana Troubadours

Tuesday

Around the World With Libby Florsheim Frolic

Wednesday

Mobiloil Concert
Coca Cola Program

Thursday

RCA Hour
Maxwell House Melodies

Friday

Cities Service Concert Orchestra
Nit Wit Hour

Saturday

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra
Del Monte Program

Eastern 5 p.m. — Central 4 — Mountain 3 — Pacific 2

McKesson News Reel of the Air.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KFJF	275.1	1090	KMOX
208.2	440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.6	950	KMBC	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KVI	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
230.6	1300	KFH	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
239.9	1250	WDSU	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC			

7:35 p.m. — 6:35 — 5:35 — 4:35

Major Bowes' Family.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WEAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	535.4	560	WIBO
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			

8 — 7 — 6 — 5

Enna Jettek Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KPRC
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
221.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1020	WFAA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 8 — Central 7 — Mountain 6 — Pacific 5

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

8:15 p.m. — 7:15 — 6:15 — 5:15

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			

8:30 p.m. — 7:30 — 6:30 — 5:30

Around the Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
212.8	1210	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.3	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
230.8	1300	KFH	399.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	500	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WGHP	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WNAC	535.4	560	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WRT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD

9 — 8 — 7 — 6

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WFAA
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
227.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
232.4	1290	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267	1120	WDEL
49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
49.5	6060	W3XAU	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KFJF	309.1	970	KJR
204	1470	KGA	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	KTSA	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	410.7	730	CKAC
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

9:15 p.m. — 8:15 — 7:15 — 6:15

Atwater Kent Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	380	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	385	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WGN
265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	KFO
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	469	640	KFI
300	1000	WOC	484	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WFI
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI			



Inga Hill, who came to New York from a small prairie town in Illinois to pursue a musical career, is now featured on the O'Cedar Times program broadcast every Sunday evening by the Columbia system.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

Will Rogers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860), W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
202.6	1480	WKBW	256.4	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
220.4	1360	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ
232.4	1290	KDYL	389.4	770	WBBM
232.6	1290	WJAS	476	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WRR	491.5	610	KFRC
236.2	1270	KOL	500	600	WCAQ
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238.1	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15

Studebaker Champions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
206.9	1450	WFJC	416.4	720	WGN
225.6	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
234.2	1280	WEBC	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
337	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Arabesque.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

49.6	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.3	1490	WLAC	267.9	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.8	1300	KFH	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	WNAC	536	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WHO	380	790	KGO
315.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longines Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Armchair Quartet.
Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ

Monday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WWJ
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KLZ

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.3	1320	WSMB	345	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:35	6:35	5:35	4:35

Roxy and His Gang.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.2	740	WSB
245.9	1220	WREN	440.9	680	WPTF
260.7	1150	WHAM	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIBO
302.9	990	WBZA			

8	7	6	5

The Voice of Firestone.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
283.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Alternate Weeks
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	260.7	1150	WHAM
227.1	1320	WSMB	270.1	1110	WRVA
234.2	1280	WEBC	277.6	1080	WBT
245.8	1220	WREN	288.3	1040	KTHS
252	1190	WOAI	293.9	1020	KYW

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Aletrnate Weeks
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
302.8	990	WBZ	389.4	770	KFAB
302.8	990	WBZA	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA	399.8	750	WJR
325.5	920	KPRC	405.2	740	WSB
333.1	900	WJAX	428.3	700	WLW
333.1	900	WKY	461.3	650	WSM
361	830	KOA	483.6	620	WTMJ
365.6	820	WHAS	535.4	560	WIOD
384.4	780	WMC			

Ceco Couriers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

A and P Gypsies.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

Maytag Orchestra.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA
209.7	1430	KECA	306	980	KDKA
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	361	830	KOA
245.9	1220	WREN	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
226.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	554.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WGL			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

General Motors Family Party.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOC
333.1	900	WJAX	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			



Here is Rudy Wiedoeft, world saxophone virtuoso, who has appeared on Major Edward Bowes' Capitol Family program of a Sunday night.

Tuesday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WIAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
10		9	8		7

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
11:15		10:15	9:15		8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WIAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR
12 n.		11	10		9

Columbia Review.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC
1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5—760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			
2:30		1:30	12:30		11:30

American School of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	223.7	1340	KVI
201.3	1490	WLAC	223.7	1340	WSPD
204	1470	WKBW	227.1	1320	WADC
209.7	1430	WHP	230.6	1300	KFH
212.8	1410	WBCM	232.6	1290	KDYL
215.7	1390	WHK	234.2	1280	WDOD
215.8	1390	KLRA	238	1260	WLBW
223.7	1340	KFPY	241.8	1240	WGHP



Here you see the Empire Builders, Monday night NBC feature, going on the air. Old Timer, played by Harry Hays, is chuckling at the mike, at his left is Raymond Knight, just above him is Andy Sanella, to his right is Bob MacGimsey, sitting is Edward Hale Bierstadt, while the young lady at his side is Virginia Gardiner, the talented actress and singer.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Chesebrough Real Folks.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

"An Evening in Paris."

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			
10		9	8		7

Robert Burns Panatela Program.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	610	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
10:30		9:30	8:30		7:30

Empire Builders.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
249.9	1200	KPRC	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

Gold Strand Crusaders.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	250	1200	WMAQ
201.3	1490	WLAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	258.6	1160	WOWO
204.1	1470	KFJF	267.9	1120	WISN
208.3	1440	WHEC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHP	288.5	1040	KRLD
215.8	1390	WHK	316	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WGHP	333	900	KHJ
227.3	1320	WADC	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	WJAS	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	391	940	KOIN
232.6	1290	KTSA	476	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236.2	1270	KOL	500	600	WREC
236.2	1270	WDSU	500	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238.1	1260	WLBW	536	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WFBM			
11		10	9		8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studio.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			



A portrait of Harry Horlick, popular director of the A and P Gypsies. His Gypsies are heard every Monday night at 8:30 o'clock (EST) over a NBC network.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30	1:30	12:30	11:30

American School of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
243.8	1230	WFBL	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.9	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	KFRC
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WMT
275.1	1090	KMOX	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	516.9	580	WIBW
322.4	930	WDBJ	526	570	WKBN
323	930	WBRC	526	570	WWNC
333	900	KHJ	535.4	560	KLZ
370	810	WCCO	545	550	WEAN
384.4	780	WFAN	545.1	550	WKRC
5 p.m.		4	3		2

Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
209.8	1430	WHP	492	610	WFAN
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WKBN
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.9	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ
7:00		6	5		4

Voters Service.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
8:00		7	6		5

Pure Oil Concert.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD
8:30 p.m.		7:30	6:30		5:30

Romany Patteran.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WLAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1070	KMOX
204.1	1470	WKBW	316	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	WHK	476	630	WMAL
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	KFPY	500	600	WREC
227.3	1320	WADC	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	WJAS	526	570	WKBN
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238.1	1260	WLBW	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	KOIL	545	550	WKRC
241.8	1240	WSPD			



John and Ned—that's the team. Pictured, you see John at the right. The boys are John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, but they don't use their last names except when signing checks. They're heard Tuesdays and Fridays over the NBC Pacific Division.

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30
"Around the World With Libby." Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
260.7	1150	WHAM	384 4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
299.8	1000	KECA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			
Florsheim Frolic. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)					
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
225.6	1330	WSAI	375	800	WBAP
230.6	1300	WIOD	380	790	WGY
232.4	1290	WEBC	417	720	WGN
245.9	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	492	610	WDAF
277.8	1080	WBT	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WHO	509	590	WOW
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	KSD
333	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
333	900	WKY			
9		8	7		6
Eveready Program. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.9	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
236.1	1270	WJDX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
9		8	7		6
Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	KFJF	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KGA	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	309.1	970	KJR
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	323	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	KFH	337	890	WGST
232.4	1290	KTSA	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KDYL	385	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	WJAS	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	391	940	KOIN
236.1	1270	WDSU	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	KXA
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	KYA	536	560	KLZ
254.1	1180	KEX	545	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			
10:30 p.m.		9:30	8:30		7:30
Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
11		10	9		8
Longine's Correct Time.					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station Chicago Studio					
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Wednesday

8:30 a.m.		7:30	6:30		5:30
Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)					
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	KPRC
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	WGR
10 a.m.		9	8		7
National Home Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
Ida Bailey Allen. Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)					
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBBM
245.6	1220	WCAD	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
10:45 a.m.		9:45	8:45		7:45
Mary Hale Martin's Household Period. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:15		10:15	9:15		8:15
Radio Household Institute. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
12 n.		11	10		9
Columbia Review. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)					
49.02	6120	W2XE	333	900	KHJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WIOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WCHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
323	930	WBRC			
1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45
National Farm and Home Hour. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			
7		6	5		4
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8	7	6	5

The Yeast Foamers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	293.9	1020	KYW
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
234.2	1280	WEBC	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
252.0	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

Sylvania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

Forty Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Halsey, Stuart Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR



Miss Patricola likes to cook. She invariably cooks special dinners for entertainers with her on special occasions like Christmas, New Years and other holidays. She was lately a guest artist on the Wednesday Van Heusen program.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WREC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Coca Cola Topnotchers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCSH
209.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOMO
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WWJ
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	KGW
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
283	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHQ
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	517	580	WTAG
300	1000	WOC	536	560	WLIT
312.5	960	CKGW	545	550	WGR
316	950	WRC	545	550	KSD

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—WABC (348 6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Busy Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL
201.2	1490	WLAC	245.6	1220	WCAO
204.0	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
209.7	1430	WHP	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ
225.6	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY
227.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WJAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.5	1040	KTHS	492	610	WDAF
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WAIU
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			



Known as the "Whoopee Woman" Texas Guinan's familiar "Give This Little Girl a Great Big Hand" was heard on a Thursday broadcast of the Alemite program over the CBS.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45	10:45	9:45	8:45

Columbia Review—Tropical Tramps.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	500	600	WREC
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	535.4	560	KLZ
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.3	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
228.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252	1190	WOAI	340	770	KFAB
260	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
263	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
270.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW

2:30	1:30	12:30	11:30

American School of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.3	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	315.6	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WFAN
223.7	1340	KVI	447.5	670	WMAQ
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
230.6	1300	KFH	491.5	610	KFRC
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WMT
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	516.9	580	WLBW
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBL	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD



BENNIE KRUEGER, popular sax artist and band leader, does his stuff on the Gold Seal program Thursday nights from WABC and the Columbia Chain.

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
8		7	6		5
Fleischmann Hour.					
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
9:00 p.m.		8:00	7:00		6:00
Harbor Lights.					
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)					
227.3	1320	WSMB	380	790	KGO
230.6	1300	WIOD	380	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	441	680	WPTF
245.9	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
263.2	1140	WAPI	484	620	WTMJ
270.3	1110	WRVA	509	590	KHQ
300	1000	WHQ	509	590	WOW
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			
True Detective Mysteries.					
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
208.3	1440	WHEC	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30
Maxwell House Melodies.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
223.7	1430	KECA	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KOMO			
10		9	8		7
Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			
RCA Victor Hour.					
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	280.2	1070	WTAM
206.8	1450	WFJC	282.8	1060	WTIC
225.4	1330	WSAI	292.9	1020	KYW
227.1	1320	WSMB	299.8	1000	WHO
234.2	1280	WEBC	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KOMO
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	KPRC
263	1140	KVOO	333.1	900	WJAX
265.3	1130	KSL	333.1	900	WKY
270.1	1110	WRVA	336.9	890	WJAR
277.6	1080	WBT	361.2	830	KOA

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
10:00 p.m.		9:00	8:00		7:00
RCA Victor Hour.					
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)					
365.6	820	WHAS	483.6	620	WTMJ
374.8	800	WBAP	491.5	610	WDAF
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	WEEI
379.5	790	KGO	508.2	590	WOW
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	KHQ
405.2	740	WSB	516.9	580	WTAG
440.9	680	WPTF	535.4	560	WFI
454.3	660	WEAF	535.4	560	WIOD
461.3	650	WSM	545.1	550	KSD
483.6	620	KGW	545.1	550	WGR
11:00		10:00	9:00		8:00
Longine's Correct Time.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
260.7	1150	WHAM	302.8	990	WBZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	302.8	990	WBZA
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.					
Key Station—Chicago Studios					
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Friday

8:30 a.m.		7:30	6:30	5:30
Cheerio.				
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)				
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			
10 a.m.		9	8		7
Ida Bailey Allen. National Home Makers' Club.					
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)					
201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.8	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
234.4	1280	WDOD	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			
10:15		9:15	8:15		7:15
National Home Hour.					
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
206.9	1450	WFJC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR
12:00 n.		11:00 a.m.	10:00		9:00
Columbia Revue.					
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333	900	KHJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	476	630	WMAL
223.7	1340	WGHP	492	610	WFAN
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
243.9	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
316	950	KMBC	536	560	KLZ
319	940	WFIW	545	550	WEAN
1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45
National Farm and Home Hour.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WBAP
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB
294.1	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
7		6	5		4
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
8		7	6		5
Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.					
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.5	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KHQ
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC			

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
9:00 p.m.		8:00	7:00		6:00
Nit-Wit Hour.					
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFIW
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	KHJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ
230.8	1300	KFH	492	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1280	WFBM	535.4	560	WIBW
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			
True Story Hour.					
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)					
201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGHP
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.8	1230	WNAC
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	WIBW	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.4	1290	WJAS	395	760	KVI
232.4	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.2	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236	1260	KOIL	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	WLBW	545	550	WKRO
239.9	1250	WDSU			
Interwoven Pair. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	KGO
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
288.3	1040	KTHS	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	630	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
Cliquot Club Eskimos.					
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
225.4	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WTBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30
Armour Program.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
263.2	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD



This is how John Rogers, the artist, sees winsome Jessica Dragonette, who sings on the Cities Service hour via the NBC on Friday evenings.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10	9	8	7

Armstrong Quakers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.8	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ

11 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Will Osborne and His Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
219	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	KDYL	526	570	WMNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Saturday

6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

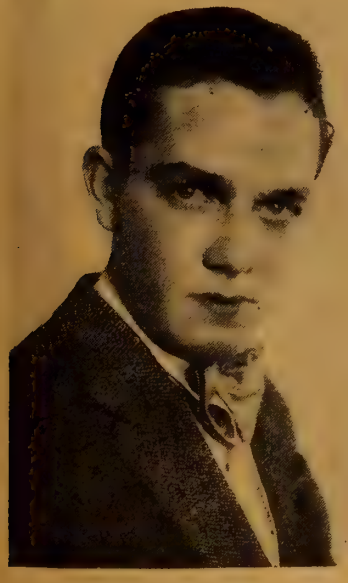
Tower Health Exercises.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15

Morning Devotions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTF
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR



This is Johnny Shea, one of the most talented of Radio's young actors. Johnny is just seventeen, but he has appeared in any number of NBS programs. He is now with The Jameses, presented Saturday nights.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
230.6	1300	WIOD	345	870	WLS
232.4	1290	WEBC	361	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	390	770	KFAB
263.2	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM
303	990	WBZ	469	640	KFI
303	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590	KHQ

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15

RCA Theremin Ether Wave Music.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.5	1460	KSTP	288.5	1040	KTHS
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA
230.8	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	385	780	WMC
246	1220	WREN	390	770	KFAB
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	KVOO	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Del Monte Program. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333	900	WKY
206.9	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
225.6	1330	WSAI	337	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA
230.6	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WBAP
236.1	1270	WJDX	380	790	WGY
245.9	1220	WCAE	385	780	WMC
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	462	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT	484	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	492	610	WDAF
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	WOW
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	447.5	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKBN
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.6	1160	WOWO	536	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN			



This winsome lady is Bessie Wynn, the protege of Victor Herbert who was heard in a group of songs that made her famous twenty years ago. The occasion was one of the Enna Jettick Melodies of the NBC.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	285.7	1050	KNX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	KOL	475.9	630	WMAL
236.2	1270	WDSU	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longines Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	KFRC
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245 8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Who's Who in Broadcasting

ABERCROMBIE, Jack, Operator, KFEQ.
Abram, Clara, Soprano, WAIU. Local winner of 1929 Atwater Kent contest.
Aehle, Elise, Violinist, KMOX.
Aiken, Louis, WLW, Bass Soloist.
Ainsworth, Arthur, Announcer for WLW and WSAI. Ainsworth was one of the first Radio listeners to become interested in Radio as a business, and later as a profession. In 1923 his company built and installed a broadcasting station on the Hotel Alms; its call letters were WMH. Then Ainsworth realized his cherished ambition of becoming an announcer. Although he never had seen the inside of a broadcasting station until WMH was completed, he filled the position of studio director, program arranger, and announcer. Later, when his company felt that their station had filled its mission of arousing interest in receiving sets, WMH was sold and Ainsworth decided to give up his announcing to devote all his time to Radio sales. It was only a few weeks, however, until the wishes of his many Radio listening friends became clearly evident in the offer of a position with WSAI, then operated by its original owners. Ainsworth then announced for two years in Cincinnati before spending a year in Inglewood, California, as announcer for station KMIC. When he returned to Cincinnati, he was hired by the Crosley Radio corporation for its two stations
Alabama Whangdoodles, Stan and Marlin Clements with Hot Guitars, WLS.
Albert, Maud, Contralto, WBAL, is a concert singer of wide experience, having appeared to audiences in New York, Atlantic City, Montreal, Chicago, and elsewhere. Studied at the Peabody Conservatory of Music and in New York with Buzzi-Peccia, the celebrated teacher-composer. Was made a member of WBAL'S staff over three years ago and has in that time endeared herself to the radio audience so that she is counted among the most popular Radio contraltos of the day. Is soloist at one of the Baltimore's largest churches and has also appeared as soloist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and other large symphonic groups.
Alberty, Bob, Announcer, WREC.
Albrecht, Gustav, WLW, French Horn Player with Reo Flying Cloud Hour. Member of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.
Alexander, Joe, Organist and "Joy Boy," WHEC. A native of Chicago, Alexander began his musical career at the age of six with the study of violin under the supervision of Ralph Michaelis, soon also taking up piano. When fourteen he added the organ to his studies, turning a few years later to the theatrical world, playing in moving picture houses. He played at various theatres in different parts of the country, constantly improving himself, joining the Publix staff. He has made Radio appearances on numerous occasions, and is now heard regularly over WHEC.



Allan, Eddie, Dixie Harmonica King. From down South and now at WLS each Saturday. Has 600 numbers on the end of his mouth harp.
Anderson, Alice, Director KDYL Concert Orchestra.
Anderson, Gaylord, WLW. "Red Hat" as end-man of K. I. O. Minstrels. (See also Red Hat and Golden Rod.)
Anderson, Harry, Commercial Manager, Pacific Division NBC at San Francisco.
Anderson, "Rags," Zylophonist, WAIU, formerly at the Capitol theatre, New York.
Andree, Billy, Tenor, WAIU, formerly with Metropolitan Opera company.
Arion Trio, NBC Instrumentalists. A trio of young women who have played together since they attended Oakland High School. They are Josephine Holub, violin; Aurora Craverro, cello; Joyce Barthelson, piano. They receive most prominence for their musical illustration of a music appreciation course adopted by Pacific Coast schools and broadcast from NBC San Francisco studios.
Armchair Quartet, NBC, New York.
Armstrong, Ruth, WLW, Pianist for the Absorbine, Jr., Setting-Up exercises broadcast from Monday until Friday inclusive at 8 A. M. Radio listeners too lazy to swat a fly say they get up just to listen to Ruth's music. She also plays for the Devotional Exercises broadcast by WLW at 8:30 A. M.
Ashbaugh, Paul, WLW. Member of the Crosley Players cast. Appears in Historical Highlights and Great Adventures.
Ashcroft, R. W., Station Manager, CKGW.
Ashley Sisters, Irma and Lorraine, Harmony Duo, KMOX. Sing and play popular hits in a breezy style.
Atkinson, Eva Gruninger, NBC Contralto having a vast following on the West Coast, where she sings every year with the San Francisco Opera Company.
Attl, Olga, KFRC, Harpist, KFRC Concert Orchestra. Born in Odessa, Russia, and grew up to be first harpist in the Odessa Symphony Orchestra. Plays with S. F. Symphony Orchestra.
Aunt Sammy, KSTP, Radiospokeswoman United States Department of Agriculture, gives recipes, menus, and valuable hints to Northwest housewives.
Austin, Peggy, Program Director, KWK.

BABCOCK, Frances, Soprano, WHAM.
Baby Grands, Piano Duets, WGHF, Helene Wyhan and Marjory Nivens. Play both popular and classics. Both are prominent Detroit musicians.
Baggette, Mrs. K. E., Organist, WJBY.
Baie, Rudy, "The Crooning Tenor," KMOX.
Baily, James L., Saxophone, WJBY.
Bakaleinikoff, Vladimir, WLW. Conductor of the Radio ensemble of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra in its weekly Selby Symphony Hour (Sundays at 9:30 P. M.). After an education in Europe under the greatest masters, Bakaleinikoff toured the United States as musical director for the Moscow Art Theatre in its famous productions of "Carmencita and the Soldier," and "Lysistrata." He also was musical director of Mordkin's Russian ballet. In addition to his executive duties with the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, he is a skilled viola player.
Baklor, Elsa, Soprano. Born in Virginia, but has spent most of her life in Baltimore. Widely known in musical circles, having appeared as soloist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and other large and important musical organizations. Has also appeared in opera, singing as guest artist with the De Feo Opera Company a few seasons ago. Now devoting her talent to teaching and concert work.
Baldwin, Carolyn Cone, Pianist, KPO. Made her debut at age of seven. Has made a number of recordings.
Baptist Quartett, WFLA.
Bark, Eric, Announcer, WDAY.
Barlow, Clyde, KFRC, Percussion, KFRC Concert Orhcestra. Formerly with many different Theatre Orchestras. Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Plays par golf.
Barnett, Stanley W., Station Manager, WBAL. A native of Pennsylvania. One of the few men in Radio broadcasting who knows both the technical and the studio sides of Radio. Served in the Radio Corps of Uncle Sam's Navy during the war; later served as studio manager and announcer at a leading Western station. Has been with WBAL since the station first came on the air in 1925.
Barnum, Merle, Soprano, WFLA.
Barrett, Nita, Violinist, WFLA.
Barry, John D., NBC Lecturer at San Francisco, heard every Thursday morning. A columnist and critic of note.
Barry, Robert, WLW-WSAI Transmitter operator.
Bartholomew, Roy, Crooner, WTMJ. Has grand opera ambitions.
Bassford, Bertha, Soprano, KMOX.
Baughman, Elmer, WLW. Member of the Crosley Players theatrical company.
Baynes, Dorris, Contralto, WFLA.
Beadles, J. Robert, Chief Announcer of WRVA, affectionately known to his friends as "Bob." Being an accomplished pianist his recitals are frequently heard over the air. Mr. Beadles is a great lover of outdoor sports, and when not engaged in the studios may be found tramping the woods or on the banks of some inviting stream. The sports that appeal to him most are golf, hunting and fishing. His friends say he pulls a quick trigger in the hunt, swings a wicked club on the golf course, and casts a mean dowagiac when fishing.
Beban, Walter, Director "Musical Musketeers," NBC Dance Band at San Francisco.
Beck, George, Announcer, WTAR.
Becker, Don, WLW and WSAI. Becker started out his Radio career as a ukulele player. How he has changed. Now he is still a ukulele player (nothing can break him of the habit) but he also sings (viz., The Harmony Team That Knows One Tune, the Hottentots, and the "Indian Harmony Team of Little Bear Face and his Cousin, Hanging Sock"), writes continuities, and is the creator of the Don Becker Original Weak End Satires. From his brain have sprung, fully equipped, the Irrational Broadcasting Company and its one-piece Lavendar Network (of which WLW is the only outlet). Chief characters in these burlesques of broadcasting are J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, Jr., president of the Irrational Broadcasting Company; the announcers, A. Large Gorilla, Graham Smackatmee, Fullof Carbon, Fençe Picket, and Kinda Kross (and how strange it is that these names suggest the cognomens of several famous Radio announcers); and the entertainers include Jessie Godragemout, and Callin Somemore, and various musicians who appear under such firm names as "Dolly Dimple's Own Fifi Horn Artist," the "Silver Flask Tinner," and many others.
Beckman, Anna, Soprano, KMOX.
Beddoe, Dan, WLW, famous Welsh Tenor, one of the most noted oratorical singers in the world. Most recent appearance at WLW was as one of the featured artists on the series of Sohio programs in which Ohio artists were presented.
Bell, Aylesworth B., Assistant Manager, WHEC.
Bell, Ray, WLW-WSAI Transmitter Operator.
Bell, William, WLW. Bass Horn Soloist with Henry Fillmore's concert band. Bell, a member of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, spent the past summer in New York playing occasionally with Edward Franko Goldman's band for Radio broadcasting. During his summer Radio season, he repeated his success in playing his "Fantasy on Nautical Airs," a bass horn solo he wrote for himself. It so pleased the WLW audience when he played it with Fillmore's band that several of his hearers were inspired to write poetry dedicated to him.
Bellson, Julius, Banjo Players, KSTP.
Bellstedt, Erwin, WLW, Violinist in Crosley orchestra. When not engaged in Radio work, Bellstedt is head of an orchestra booking agency.
Benden, Frances, Organist, Secretary, Hostess, WREC.
Benning, Bill, Musical Director, WTMJ. Quite a prodigy, Benning became a director at the age of 19 while attending the University of Wisconsin. The Orpheum theatre manager at Madison engaged the youthful student to wield the baton and play the piano in his vaudeville house between classes. Since then Benning has been director of every orchestra with which he has worked. He likes best to direct symphonic orchestras, although he's always happy with a baton in his hand. He leads six WTMJ musical units, three concert orchestras and several dance aggregations. Married and the proud papa of Miss Benning.
Benton, Sam, Announcer, WAPI. Also staff tenor.
Bergquist, Helen, Accompanist, WFLA.
Bergman, Harold, Announcer, WCAD.
Bernhardt, Elmer F., Baritone, WBAL, has a natural baritone voice of exceptional quality. He has always sung, ever since he was a boy, and the natural quality of his voice has attracted wide attention, so that he has been appearing in concert work and as guest soloist for various organizations and musical events for a number of years. He is also soloist at one of the largest and most fashionable churches in Baltimore. He appears every Saturday night as soloist with "The Marylanders" and is frequently heard in other broadcasts as well. Joined the staff of WBAL about a year ago. When not singing somewhere, Mr. Bernhardt may be found in the City Hall where he spends his working hours as Chief of the Central Payroll Bureau. He studied piano for two seasons at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and frequently accompanies himself in his songs.
Bernie, Ben, and His Orchestra, NBC.
Berquist, Antoinette, Soprano Soloist, KSTP. Has taken leading roles in Northwest operas for many years. Choir singer and leading soprano, St. Paul municipal choir.
Berwin, Bernice, Leading Woman for the National Players at the NBC San Francisco studios.
Best Sisters, Harmony Team, WIL.
Besuden, Howard, WLW, Director of the Crosley Players. Besuden directs the Historical Highlights and Great Adventures, the Biblical Interlude in WLW's Sunday night Angelus Hour, and is the reader in the Marmon-Roosevelt program in which the regular announcer largely is dispensed with.
Betts, Robert, Tenor, KMOX.
Biggar, George, an old-timer at WLS. Is supervising productions. Started with WLS five years ago, then went to WFAA, Dallas; over to Atlanta to direct programs at WSB, and finally back to the Middle West at KMBC, Kansas City. Has charge of the Checkerboard Rooster on the early morning broadcasts from WLS.
Bill, Edgar L., Director of WLS. Is a veteran in the broadcasting field, having started with WLS in April, 1924. Was director of Sears, Roebuck Radio service over stations WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WFAA, Dallas, and KMBC, Kansas City, until Prairie Farmer weekly bought WLS from Sears. Knows farmers and their work as he has been associated with farm organizations and Illinois newspapers all his life. Believes that Radio should be "a handshake and a smile" and sees that WLS holds to that belief.

Billings, H. Ford, Director of Crosley broadcasting. To Billings goes the distinction of directing the activities of the most powerful broadcasting station in America—WLW, the Nation's Station, the most active independent station, the most expensive station as to the price of its air time. He came to Cincinnati on May, 1, 1928, to take charge of station WLW. Twelve days later, the Crosley Radio corporation took over the control of station WSAI and Billings was faced with the task of building up the programs of two Radio stations instead of one. How well he has done this is evidenced by the prestige and popularity of station WLW. His unbounded energy and creative imagination now is at work on the building of a wired program exchange that will give variety to the programs of the largest Radio stations without confining them to a permanent network. So far, he has sent programs from WLW to WOR, WLS and WBBM. One of his largest contributions to broadcasting has been his idea for the School of the Air which was arranged by the state of Ohio and broadcast by WLW during the second semester of the 1928-29 school term. Well over 400,000 children in Ohio and 29 other states are known to have listened regularly to the hour-long Radio classes broadcast by WLW. In preparation for his career as a Radio entertainment expert, Billings points to a varied past that combined both show training and business experience. While still in high school, he traveled as pianist with the evangelist Billy Sunday. While pursuing his college education, he earned his living by singing, playing, and entertaining. Later he was musical director for Schubert road shows before he settled down for a successful business career. At last, however, he hit upon broadcasting as the only practical combination of business and show-business and he has been at it since then for five years.

Bishop, Walter R., Program Manager of WRVA. From the farm and a mercantile establishment in Southwest Virginia to program manager's desk at WRVA may or may not be a long journey, but Walter R. Bishop has traveled that route, first becoming connected with the Richmond station when it began broadcasting in 1925; at that time doing the duties of assistant to the studio director. Outside the realm of Radio he is interested in law and politics. It might be added that Walter is the surviving bachelor on the staff of WRVA, and he insists that he is not a candidate for matrimony, any future rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. He is a "six footer" with two and a half inches extra for good measure.

Bittke, Frederic, Baritone, KPO. Has sung in grand opera, concerts and recitals. Has recorded for American and European firms. Sings in English, German and Italian. Native of Hamburg, Germany.

Biviano, Joseph, Accordion, Biviano and Pecorara, NBC.

Blackburn, Merle, "Singing Announcer" of WTMJ. Combines singing with sales for the station. Announcer the Morning Parade program.

Blake, Ann, Soprano, WFLA.

Blanchard, Barbara, NBC Soprano at San Francisco.

Bloom, Abe, KFRC, Jazz Singer, known as the "Joy Boy of KFRC." Been with the station eight months. San Francisco representative of Irving Berlin publications. Was with Gus Edwards revues for six years. Featured on KFRC Blue Monday Jamboree. Born in England and came to Philadelphia, Pa., when a child.

Blue, Alice, Organist and Pianist. Was formerly a theatre organist and also had stage experience, including considerable time on the Pantages circuit. Her style of playing is distinctive, novel and interesting. Attended University of California. Favorite composers are Chopin, McDowell and Grieg.

Blue Monday Jamboree. All of the regular KFRC artists appear on it, in addition to occasional acts brought from the outside. "Mac" and his hay-wire orchestra, Victor recording artists; Bob Olsen and Norman Neilsen, tenors; Alice Blue and Virginia Spencer, pianists; Jean Wakefield, vocalist; Pearce Brothers, harmony team; Micky Gillette, jazz band leader and saxophonist; Juanita Tennyson, soprano, and Lucille Atherton Harger, contralto; Harold Dana, baritone; Raymond Marlowe, tenor; Frank Watanabe, Simpy Fitts, Pedro and Dippy, comedians; Edna O'Keefe, baby songs; and Abe Bloom, KFRC Joy Boy, are some of the regulars.

Bobbie and Robbie, Harmony Team, KMOX (Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Broyless).

Bomford, Ruth, Contralto, WFLA.

Bontsema, Pete, CBS, of Al and Pete. Born in the Netherlands, came to this United States when five years of age. He calls Kalamazoo, Mich., his home town. Entered broadcasting with WCX back in the days of the "Red Apple Club," being one of the five original members of that popular group. He first teamed with Al, his present teammate, in "Show Me the Way to Go Home," entirely by accident, and they have been together ever since.

Boothby, Laura, Soprano, WFLA.

Bories, Merton, Pianist, composer, KPO. Over four and a half years ago Merton Bories began his broadcasting career, which was also the start of his musical career. Many of his songs have achieved great popularity.

Borjes, Henry, Crosley Orchestras. Violinist. Station WLW.

Borowsky, Serge, Baritone, WFLA.

Botts, Rudolph, Saxophone, WFLA.

Boulton, Robert L., Announcer and Productions at WLS. Directs his WLS Showboat hour production every Friday night. Is a former track star of Carthage college and holds several state records for running. Announced football games at WCAZ. Conducts the Town Crier cooking school from the Hotel Sherman kitchens every Friday morning. Also the Coleman Kitchen club. Knows his recipes and continuities.

Boynton, Wesley L., Lyric Tenor on the NBC staff. Born and brought up in Lowell, Mass., just on the outskirts of Boston, this 25-year-old artist received most of his music and stage training in the latter city. He has sung leading juvenile roles in a number of musical shows, and has made many appearances in vaudeville and stock companies throughout the East. His voice is remarkable for its admirably pure quality of tones, perfect diction and artistic taste in interpretation and feeling. He sings both ballads and current musical comedy song hits.

Bradley, Wallace E., Pianist, NBC, Chicago.

Brambrilla, M. G., KFRC, First Violin, KFRC Symphony Orchestra. Five months with the station. Formerly musical director of the West Coast St. Francis Theatre. Born in France, studied in Italy.

Brasch, Otto, Guest Conductor of the Crosley Presentation Orchestra at WLW. Brasch, assistant librarian of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, was musical director for the Cincinnati Art Theatre.

Breen, May Singhi, Ukulele, Soprano, Breen and DeRose, NBC.

Breen, Thomas, Jr., Announcer, NBC, Chicago.

Brennan, Jim, Melody Musketeers, NBC.

Brian, Arthur Q., Announcer, WOR.

Brickson, Herbert O., Engineer and Market Announcer, WIBL.

Briers, Larry, and Orchestra, NBC.

Brinson, Miss Edith, Secretary to the Program Manager of WRVA. Although WRVA is a Virginia institution, the owners and members of the staff, with one exception, being natives of the Old Dominion, the neighboring State of North Carolina contributes her part toward the success of the station located "Down where the South begins" in the person of Miss Edith Brinson. Although one of the latest additions to the staff, her secretarial duties are by no means less arduous than those of the other members, and, regardless of the pressure of activities at the broadcast station, she is never disturbed and will always greet visitors with an engaging smile.

Bronson, Phil, Sports Announcer and Continuity writer, KSTP. Editor, St. Paul magazine.

Brown, Emerson, Tenor, KMOX.

Brown, Frederick, KFRC, Tenor. Featured soloist and member of KFRC vocal ensemble. Does dramatic work. Connected with station for a year and a half. Broadcast for the first time over WHK, Cleveland in 1923. Born in Fargo, N. D., and graduated from Oakland, Calif. Technical High School.

Brown, John, Pianist, WLS. Was a trombone player in Kansas until he found a piano. Favorite accompanist of WLS singers, and likes his piano novelties.

Brown, Mary Ann Kauffmann, WLW Soprano. Heard as solo artist on various major programs.

Brown, Robert, WLW Announcer. Claims to have announced from every point of vantage except a diving suit, and his adventuresome soul yearns to complete his record. He has hung out of a nineteenth story window to describe the Lindbergh parade in Buffalo; he was one of the first announcers to describe a city through a microphone in an aeroplane; he so successfully broadcast the progress of the race between the Tom Greene and the Betsy Ann, Ohio river packet boats, that passengers on the Tom Greene preferred to gather around WLW's portable transmitter on the boat rather than to watch the Betsy Ann alongside. He was the first announcer to introduce Queen Marie of Roumania to the American Radio audience. He also has presented four of the most famous flyers to the listening world: Colonel Lindbergh, Ruth Elder, Eddie Rickenbacker, Clarence Chamberlain. At WLW he announces such programs as the Cincinnati Symphony hours, the Perfect Circle program, for which he drives to Indianapolis, Ind., every week, the Enna Jettick Dance, and the Crosley Presentation Hour.

Brown, Rose, National Player at NBC San Francisco studios.

Brownfield, Harvye, Accordionist at WLW and WSAI.

Broyles, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Harmony Team, KMOX (known on air as "Bobbie and Robbie").

Buck, Charles, Director, WNAC.

Bunnie Club, of Uncle Bundy, Children's Hour, WGHP.

Burck, Charles, WLW Bass Player.

Burdette, Robert, WLW assistant program director, sports announcer, director of Absorbine, Jr., Setting-Up Exercises. Burdette is a graduate of Wittenberg College and holds the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Illinois, where he majored in English. Curiosity first led him to the studios of WSAI, where a high school chum was then director.

Bursey, Captain Jack, Aviation Programs, KMOX.

Butcher, Blayne R., manager WLVA; former program director and chief announcer for WTAR, Norfolk, Virginia. Three years of Radio work has led him through the announcing, continuity, publicity and production ends of the work. He is also a popular entertainer. Born in Blackwell, Oklahoma, Virginia has been his home for the past ten years, where he developed a championship athletic reputation. A yen for sound effects makes production work a special hobby. He has toured most of the Radio stations on the Atlantic coast, and has developed many new Radio ideas in Virginia.



Byron, Edward A., Head of the Continuity Department of the Crosley Radio stations, WLW and WSAI.

CALDWELL, Eleanor, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Cameron, Al, CBS, Al of Al and Pete. Born in Anderson, Ind., Al was a star athlete in basket ball and football. Shortly after school days were over he started out on the vaudeville stage, eventually winding up in Detroit, at WCX, where he became a member of the "Red Apple Club" and met Pete to form the present comedy team.

Campbell, James E., Manager, WJBY.

Campbell, Phyllis, NBC Contralto who sings mostly Negro spirituals.

Campbell, Walter N., Manager of Radio station WAPI, the "Voice of Alabama in Birmingham." Mr. Campbell went to Birmingham to take charge of WAPI when it became a 5,000-watt station, December 31, 1928. Having been previously with WLAC at Nashville. He has, since going to Birmingham, made an enviable place for himself in the affections of his Radio audience, for he is an announcer in addition to being manager.



Carey, Norwood, WLW Staff Orchestra. Trumpet Player.

Carhartt, Ruth, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Caron, Opal, Pianist, WFLA.

Casem, David G., Publicity Director, WOR.

Casler, Grace, Pianist, WFLA.

Celeste Bengtson, Pianist, and pipe organist, whose playing is always a delight to hear over the air. She presents many memorable organ recitals direct from the auditorium of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church, Rockford, where she is engaged as organist, and, aside from her piano solo work, is accompanist for Mr. Wilcox and other artists at KFLV.

Chaffee, Floyd, WLW Tenor.

Chaliff, Louis, WLW Staff Clarinetist. Formerly one of the principal clarinetists with Sousa's Band. Solo clarinetist with Herman Bellstedt's band.

Chambers, Arabelle, Soprano, Blues Singer, KYW.

Chandler, Arthur, Jr., WLW Organist. A 17-year-long career as a theatre musician served only to convince Arthur Chandler that he prefers Radio playing to any other work. While still a student of the Cincinnati College of Music, from which he graduated, Chandler demonstrated his ability by playing the difficult Schuett "Concerto in F Minor," and the Mozart "D Minor Concerto" with the college Symphony orchestra.

Channey, Willard, Cornet, WFLA.

Chapman, Mrs. C. F., Pianist, WFLA.

Chapman, Peggy, NBC Contralto known to Radioland as "Cookie, California Sunshine Girl." Heard nationally with the Pacific Vagabonds.

Cheatham, Carmelina Lucide, Soprano, WFLA.

Church, Wilda Wilson, First Woman to present a complete play through the air. Now at the NBC San Francisco studios directing dramatic productions.

Cino Singers Quartet, WLW. The quartet includes Richard Fluke, director; Russel Dunham, Fenton Pugh, and Ralph Hartzell. Walter de Vaux accompanies.

Clark, Iliah, WLW Soprano. Recently married to Howard Fieldner, bass soloist.

Clark, John, Commercial Manager for WLW.

Clarke, Margaret, "Singing Pianist" of KMOX, Popular Songs.

Clauve, Carl, WLW Banjo Player. Brother of Grace Clauve Raine, director of vocal music for the station.

Clevenger, Barbara, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Cloutier, Norman, Director of Dance Band, WTIC.

Cloyd, Blanche, Soprano, WFLA.

Cohen, Elsie Lee, Afternoon Program Supervisor, WBAL. Is a well known recitalist, both here and abroad. Miss Cohen, a Baltimore girl, studied voice culture and dramatics in this city, New York and London. While abroad, she was frequently the guest artist at fashionable teas and salons, one of her European appearances having been made at a large tea given by Lady Beck at Monte Carlo. Miss Cohen has charge of all the afternoon programs broadcast from WBAL in addition to which she herself frequently appears on the air in dramatized short stories and in tabloid presentations of various plays, poems, etc. Besides studying in this country and abroad, Miss Cohen has also taken several special courses at the Johns Hopkins University.

Cohen, Nathan, Xylophonist. He is the youngest member of WBAL's musical staff, and is believed to be the youngest xylophonist on the air, being just 17 years old. Comes of a very musical family, his father playing the trumpet and a younger brother being one of this city's most promising young pianists. Joined the staff of WBAL last year, and since then heard as soloist every Saturday night, and is on the air other nights in the week as a member of the various dinner orchestras. Recently he wrote a ballad entitled "Ra-Jean," for which he wrote both words and music.

Columbia String Trio, WHAM.

Conlon, Dave, WLW and WSAI Operator. Conlon was the first WLW operator. He rang the station through the "24 votes for Underwood" epic that was the Democratic National Convention back in 1924. Conlon also announces the programs of Henry Thies and his orchestra broadcast from Coney Island by station WLW.

Connette, H. C., NBC Continuity Writer at San Francisco.

Content, Mona, Concert Pianist, KHJ, the Don Lee Station in Los Angeles. Born in Florence, Colo., several years ago. Educated in Los Angeles, which may or may not explain favorite hobby: Staying up nights until ten o'clock. First discovered Radio at Denver, Kansas City, points east while playing Keith time on one night stands. Joined KHJ in 1922—let no man put asunder. A winner of gilded medals, scholarships and was Rudolph Friml's protege. Wanted to be actress while but child in arms. Now, her favorite book is "The Green Hat," her pet composer, "Tschaikowski."

Conver, George, WLW Tenor.

Cornett, Alice, Blues Singer. WFLA.

Country Club Trio, KMOX. Composed of Larry Tice, saxophone; Gordon Jenkins, pianist, and Sonny Lee, trombone.

Cox, Leonard E. L., Program Manager, WOR.

Crist, Philip, Tenor, WBAL. Formerly sang leading roles with the Play Arts Guild, one of the successful "Little theatre" groups south of New York. Also has done considerable oratorio and concert work. Soloist at one of Baltimore's churches and is frequently engaged as guest soloist by organizations and musical groups. Has been a member of WBAL'S staff about a year.

Crosier, Robert M., Program Director, WFBL. Formerly announcer with WGY.

Crosley Burnt Corkers. If imitation really is the sincerest form of flattery and a true evidence of appreciation, then Hink and Dink, the end-men of the Crosley Burnt Corkers of station WLW, surely can boast of a national reputation. Off the air, Hink and Dink answer to the names of Elmer Hingle and George Ross. Hinkle is the treasurer of Western College at Oxford, Ohio. Ross is a barber. Both are public-spirited citizens of Oxford, a fact that must be mentioned, since it explains their entrance into minstrelsy. Their first appearance as end-men came two or three years ago, when they consented to don the burnt cork for a minstrel show in behalf of the Parent-Teacher association.

Crosley, Powel (Jr.), President of the Crosley Radio Corporation, which owns WLW and operates WSAI. He is a pioneer, both in broadcasting and Radio manufacturing. Having decided to make Radio reasonable enough for the masses, he then proceeded to entertain the masses with one of the first broadcasting stations which since has developed into the 50,000-watt WLW.

Crowe, Jean Campbell, Program Director, KPO. Piano Soloist, has been accompanist for some of the greatest opera and concert stars. Former director of the National Board of Federation of Music Clubs, and one of the founders of the American Music Society.

Croxton, Charles, Program Director, WBAP.

Croxton, Frank, Bass-Baritone, NBC, New York.

Curtis Major's Joy Boys Orchestra, WAPI.

Custer, Vernon, WLW Trombone Player.

DALE, Sylvano. Only Tap-Dancer on the air in the West at NBC, San Francisco.

Dana, E. Harold, KFRC, Baritone. Work is outstanding on the Pacific Coast. Featured soloist and member of KFRC vocal ensemble. Eight months on KFRC, formerly with NBC. Studied with Louis Graveure, Georgianna Strauss and Arthur Babcock.

Danche, Margarett, Soprano, WFLA.

Daniels, Rebecca, The Fashion Girl, WFLA.

Dare, Dorothy, Fifty Per Cent of Dare Sisters, Harmonists, KHJ.

Dare, Mary, Fifty Per Cent of the Dare Sisters, Harmonists, Soprano, KHJ.

Dayton, George C., Violinist, WFLA.

Deane, Bobbe, NBC Actress.

DeBona, Frank, Harpist, WTMJ. Studied under the masters of Europe, played with the Milwaukee Symphony orchestra, and was first harpist for the Cleveland symphony.

Degan, Eddie, Singer of Ballads from the Emerald Isle, KFEQ.

De Lasaux, Harry, NBC Continuity Writer at San Francisco.

Delemater, Mrs. Frank, Contralto, WFLA.

DeRoche, June, is a Comedienne at KFRC who writes and enacts her own clever and original skits. She is married, has three children, and once had a prominent part in the Grand Street Follies of New York.

Detamore, Iva, Dramatic Soprano, WFLA.

DeTurk, Leroy (Ted), WLW. If Ted DeTurk had not done every kind of entertaining from church social to vaudeville, he might not now be the "jack of all trades" for the programs of the Crosley Radio station, WLW. According to his own admission, at WLW he is utilizing all the training he has gained in years of burlesque "bits" and comedy character roles. DeTurk has no regular title to distinguish him as an entertainer because his pliant and adaptable voice enables him to appear as a soloist, or as a part of duo, trio, or quartet. His cleverness at the piano lends itself to solo appearances in any kind of a song, be it ballad, comedy, or character.

DeVaux, Walter, WLW. Organ and Piano. Accompanist for the Cino Quartette.

De Vol, Eva, Coloratura Soprano, WPO. In real life, Mrs. Frank Wellington Avery. Two children, Eloise, 16, and Avis, 11, the latter a pianist of great promise. Educated to play the violin but preferred singing. After a child career she married, and then continued her musical education, singing in grand opera, and later appearing on the vaudeville stage.

Dice, Francis R., Announcer, WBAL. Was born in a little village in Pennsylvania and, as his father was a minister, he says he has lived "most everywhere." He is a graduate of St. John's College, at Annapolis, and is a member of the teaching faculty of one of the city's leading private schools. He joined the announcing staff of this station last winter.

Dickman, Nedra, Pianist, WFLA.

Dieckmann, Herbert, WLW Flutist.

Dillon, Zita, KOMO's Staff Accompanist; also plays violin, xylophone, vibraphone and mandolin; directs dance orchestra; born in Butte, Mont.; is a true Western girl.

Dodd, John, WLW. Baritone. Member of Crosley Burnt Corkers quartet, and interlocutor.

Doherty, Mel, Senator Roody of the WLW Variety Hour. Generally known for his dry and deliberate humor. Formerly directed the orchestra that bore his name and broadcast every week at WLW.

Dolberg, Glenn R., Manager of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles.



Michigan was probably not aware of what was going on when this fine baritone was born in 1896. Assaulted his first microphone in Seattle, 1926. KJR, KEX, and KXL turned him loose on listeners. Work on concert stage made name of Dolberg notorious in many large cities. Especially distinguished in field of oratorio. Seven years in the photography business in Glendale, Calif. Has worked every angle of Radio—announcer, singer, program director, commercial manager and business manager. Names Beethoven, swimming, golf, fishing, and would look younger if he had more hair.

Dolin, Max, Musical Director of the Pacific Division of NBC, at San Francisco.

Donaldson, Grace, WLW. One of the Rhythm Rangers trio (also known as the Donhallrose Trio) and one of the Maids of Melody. Has been heard at both WLW and WSAI for the past four years.

Dougherty, Martin, Baritone, KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Born at La Junta, Colo. Radio career: KOA, KLZ, KFEL, Denver, 1922 to 1927; KFRC, San Francisco, 1927; KHJ, Los Angeles, 1928 and 1929. Was a boy soprano. Attended Wilder School of Music, Burlington, Vt., in 1911; Bush Conservatory of Music, Chicago, 1916, 1917. Educated—not a doubt of it—at Regis College, Denver, and University of Chicago. Eight years in lithograph business with Columbian Bank Note Company of Chicago. Change of voice diverted him to business world. Organized a trio at Denver in 1922 and was brought to California by Piggly Wiggly Company. One of the famous Two Boys of KHJ, Martin traveled West Coast Theatre circuit. Favorite composer—Victor Herbert. Hobby—swimming and mountain driving.

Doyle, Helen, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Dozier, Lydia, WLW. Soprano. Member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera Company.

Drake, Emily, Lyric Soprano, WFLA.

Drexilius, W. G., WLW. Tenor in Crosley Burnt Corkers' Quartet.

Duell, Arthur, Tenor, has won a large following in Radio land for his excellent singing of the lighter recital compositions and ballads.

Dunham, Russel, WLW. Tenor in Cino Singers quartet. Also a member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera Company and of the faculty of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Dunn, Ralph, WLW, Tenor.

Duroe, Joel, Trumpet Player in KHJ orchestras. Born, New York, 1905. First worked Radio over Eastern stations while on tour with Vincent Lopez Junior Orchestra. Has had vaudeville, theatre, dance, movie studio and Radio experience. Was the high school drummer boy. Cornetist quit and boy hero learned to play cornet to fill the gap. Worked in butcher shop to pay for lessons. Also quite a farmer and merchandiser of merchandise. Quit music to work in Vincent Bach's trumpet factory. Re-entered show business and came to California in 1927. Hobby—Aeronautics. Favorites—Tschaikowsky, Mark Twain, "Silas Marner."

D'Voir, Vanita, NBC Actress at San Francisco.

Dyer, Pearl, Assistant Program Director and Organist, KFJF.

ECKLAND, Margarett, Pianist, WFLA.

Edwards, Mrs. I. C., Ballads and Sacred Songs, KFEQ.

Ellis, Pauline, Pianist, WFLA.

Eltermann, John H., Organist. Came to WBAL just a few months ago; is now heard on the air every Sunday evening during the Evening Reveries broadcast, and once a week when he himself presents a half hour organ recital from the concert hall of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, where the famous James Wilson Leakin Memorial organ is installed. He is organist at one of this city's largest churches, and has been heard in concert in various cities throughout the South. He received his musical education at the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

Emmel, Lou, Singer, NBC, San Francisco.

Eppens, Phil, Baritone, WAIU, local winner of 1929 Atwater Kent contest.

Erdman, George, Announcer and Manager, WOMT.

Evans, Le Roy, Pianist. A member of the WBAL ensemble, "The Calvertons," and frequently on the air as soloist and with other musical organizations. Has been a member of this station's staff for three years, and is a pianist of exceptional ability. He is a Baltimorean and received his musical education in this city.

Ewing, P. K., Announcer, WDSU.

FINCH, Bertha, NBC Actress, San Francisco studios.

Fitts, Simpy, KFRC. Real name is Monroe R. Upton. Humorist and comedian; continuity writer and announcer. Conducts early morning 7 to 8 Seal Rocks program of cheer. Featured weekly on Blue Monday Jamboree, 8 to 10 P. M. Three years with KFRC. Born in Bandon, Ore. Followed the sea for six years as Radio operator.

Flagler, Robert, KOMO's Relief Announcer; born in Seattle; also control operator and technical assistant; crashed into Radio at the age of 12 by building one of the first experimental Radio sets in Seattle.

Flohri, Virginia, Soprano, KFI.

Forster, Gertrude, who plays Trixie in The Gossipers, is Secretary to Hugo Mariani, general musical director of the NBC.

Foster, J. R., Manager, CKLC.

Fowler, Edesse, NBC Actress, San Francisco.

Fuller, Georgia M., Program Director, Hostess, WSUN.

Fuller, Gorden, Announcer, WNAD.

Fuller, R. W., Bass, KFDM.

Fulton, Mrs. Henry O., Pianist, WLAC.

Fulton, Sue, Contralto, KFH.

Futch, Freeman, Tenor, WSUN Quintet. WSUN.

GARDNER, Carroll, Announcer, Artist. A newcomer to WAPI and to Radio, but he says he's a "man that just loves his work." He is identified with two branches of studio activities; he is heard in dual role, being both an announcer and artist. Probably he should be called instead of artist, percussionist, for he is a marimba soloist, chimer, pianist, and frequently handles the drum section of the WAPI Concert Orchestra.



Gardner, Leon, "The Joy Boy," WADC.

Garlock, Harry, Tenor Soloist, WADC.

Garroway, Will, KHJ Singing Coach, Accompanist, Concert Pianist. A distinguished musician produced by Pittsburg on November 1, 1889. Took the Radio plunge at KFI in 1926 and swam from there to KNX, KMTR, KFWB, and KHJ. Taught piano, coached singers, played concert and theatre, taught languages and traveled Europe and America. Los Angeles High School, that hotbed of education, helped make him what he is today, and he hopes it's satisfied. Hobby—food and friends. Favorites—Chopin, Anatole France, Wasserman, Eugene O'Neill, James Huneker.

Gaston, Lela, "Cheerful Chatter" heard over Columbia system. First won Radio recognition through stations of the Middle West as "Mimic of the Mike." Author of a number of stories and poems for children.

Geise, Happy Harry, Now Program Director, Announcer, Continuity Manager, KMTR, Hollywood, California. Everyone knows Happy Harry.

Gibson, Ed, Ballad Singer, WWNC.

Gibson, Olin, Announcer, KWK.

Gillan, John J., Jr., Announcer, WOW.

Gossett, Carl, Irish Tenor, WWNC.

Green, Dorothy, Pianist, WGHP.

Greib, Herbert C., Organist, WAPI. Also Organist and choir director at the Church of the Advent, as well as head of the organ department at the Birmingham (Ala.) College of Music.

Griffin, Bobby, Announcer, WHO. Has been back on the air at WHO since May, 1929, after fully recovering from his last trip to the hospital. Formerly with WBBM, and other stations.

Griffin, Howard, Concert Violinist of KHJ, Don Lee Station in Los Angeles. One of Radio's fine fiddlers and an outstanding artist. Has been featured by KHJ, KNX and KMTR. Pupil of Calmon Luboviski. Played in Luboviski's Russian String Quartet. Concert master of Adolph Tandler's Little Symphony. Born in Chicago, 1908. Wanted to be a writer. Educated in Los Angeles Schools. DX fans can hear him several nights weekly on Wesley Tourtelotte's midnight organ recital by twisting dial KHJ-ward. Elbert Hubbard, his favorite author, and Mr. Beethoven well thought of. Football and horseback riding named as hobbies. An artist to the tip of his hair, which is quite long. Brilliant future has not blinded him.



Griffith, Claire, Blues Soloist with George Black's Ohioans, WADC.

HALLADAY, Jack, Announcer, WDSU.
Hamilton, Gene, Chief Announcer, Guitar and Vocal Soloist, WAIU.

Hansen, Harry, Junior Announcer, WSPD.

Harger, Lucille Atherton, Contralto, KFRC. Has been steadily building up a legion of followers on the air since 1926 with a voice that is sweet, clear and full of feeling. Likes Radio better than concert work because, when singing into a microphone, she can concentrate on tone quality and interpretation. Began studying music at five years. Favorite composers are McDowell, DeBussy and Victor Herbert. She likes Jazz, too.

Harline, Leigh, KHJ Organist, Arranger, Composer, Singer. Born in Salt Lake City, 1907. First Radio work at KSL and KDYL in 1923. Had own orchestra. Partially educated at University of Utah. Bulk of education acquired while reading in bed. Went from KPLA, Los Angeles, to KFRC, the Don Lee station in San Francisco. From there back to KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. His music is subtle, dreamy, easy to whistle and hard to forget.

Harmonica Twins, WBBZ, Charles and Babe Westgate.

Harris, Richmond, Announcer, Program Director, KDYL.

Harrison, Charles, The American Singers, NBC.

Hartrick, George, Baritone, WWNC.

Harvey, Morton, "Rolling Stone," WBBZ, Managing Director of station.

Hayes, Bernadine, Blues Singer, KMOX, known as "The Red Head of the Air."

Hays, Art, Organist, WMC, also Art Hays and Salesman Sam.

Hayshakers, Old Time Dance Orchestra, WGHP.

Hebert, Buddy, Announcer, WREC.

Hewlett, Miss Bertha, Hostess, identified with WRVA since the opening of the station on November 2, 1925, her first duties being those of musical secretary. Later she became hostess, and her charming manner and graciousness in putting the timid broadcaster at ease has insured in no small way an even broadcast. Miss Hewlett also has entire charge of "The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Dutch Gap Center," which is one of WRVA's most popular features.

Heyes, Herbert, Dramatic Star of the legitimate stage, who appears with his Players in "Great Moments from Great Plays" every Tuesday night at Warner Brothers' Radio Station KFWB, began his stage career with the famous Baker Stock Company. He supported James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Don Caesar de Bazan" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," and operated his own dramatic stock companies in the East. He made his screen debut opposite Theda Bara in "Under Two Flags," followed by "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Salome" and others. He was leading man with Constance Talmadge, Betty Blythe in the "Queen of Sheba," Helen Keller in "Deliverance," co-star with Anna Q. Nilsson in Rex Beach's "The Heart of the Sunset," appearing in over a hundred screen productions as leading man. Mr. Heyes was starred at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles in "Civilian Clothes" during its record-breaking run of thirty-nine weeks, later appearing in Boston in this play. For Belasco and Mayer he starred in a revival of "Civilian Clothes," "Main Street" and "Blind Youth" at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco. He has played opposite and directed Madame Nazimova, and has appeared opposite Marjorie Rambeau on both coasts. His most recent appearance with her being in San Francisco in "The Pelican" and "Daddy's Gone a Hunting."



Hicks, Romola Latchem, Studio Hostess, Secretary, "Nancy Lee." Romola Latchem Hicks is a professional actress, and is now the KFLV studio hostess, secretary, and director of the Homemaker's hour, when she is "Nancy Lee." Mrs. Hicks fills numerous engagements during the fall and winter months as a dramatic reader and interpreter, and is often heard in dramatic sketches before the KFLV microphone.

Hocker, Lois, Dramatic Reader, KFEQ.

Hoggard, Frank, Announcer, WJBY.

Holliway, Harrison, Manager of KFRC, conducts the Jamboree in a very thorough and interesting manner. Holliway has been manager of KFRC ever since it first came on the air, six years ago. He has been interested in Radio since he was 11 years old, and at one time followed the sea as a Radio operator.

Huber, Frederick R., Director, WBAL. A Baltimorean; Municipal Director of Music for the City of Baltimore, as well as Director of WBAL. He is considered one of the country's musical authorities, and, in addition to directing the affairs of WBAL, he also is in complete charge of all the city's musical activities and organizations, such as the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, the Municipal Band, the City Park Band, etc. He is also actively connected with the Peabody Conservatory of Music, being Director of the Summer School for that institution and in charge of its publicity; he was formerly head of the organ department at the Peabody, and at one time was organist at one of the city's largest churches. He has been Director of WBAL ever since this station came on the air in November, 1925.



Hutchinson, Joseph. Plays mean trombone for KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Produced by Trenton, Mo., 1902. Wanted to be electrical engineer, and is. Graduated from Colorado Aggie. Was assistant city engineer at Ft. Collins, Colo., and later worked in Long Beach oil fields. Turned from engineering to playing in dance bands. Worked Radio and KHJ since 1928.

Ipana Troubadours and Sam Lanin, NBC, New York.

JESKE, Fred, Announcer-Director, WGES, Chicago. In his short Radio life, which really only constitutes two years, Mr. Jeske has done some traveling around. For a year he was with WBBM. The next thing Radio fans found him at WTMJ, Milwaukee. But when he discovered that Milwaukee has lost its flavor, he consented to return to WGES, where he is now. He has a fine Radio personality and a nice voice and has many friends. He is planning to use many new features at WGES. He is always good as an entertainer himself and has a very pleasing voice, and doubtless will be one of the leading voices of the future.



Jones, Dr. Leon, Tenor, who sings frequently for the KFLV audiences, was formerly tenor soloist for the First Congregational Church, of Chicago, a position that he held for 17 years, and he was also a member of the Appollo and Opera in English quartets. Dr. Jones is also well known as an oratorio singer.

KADOW, Francis, Chief Announcer, WOMT.
Keith, James, KSTP, Member Harmony Team, Marian and Jimmy Radio Rascals of Northwest.

Kendrick, Roberta, KSTP, Member National Collegiate Players, KSTP Players.

Kerner, Bill, Violin Solos, KFEQ.

Keyes, Baron, Famous Story Man of KHJ and the Don Lee Broadcasting System. Called the most original, versatile and spontaneous mind in Western Radio. Born Greenwood, Wis., 1898. Chicago Art Institute and high school at Monte Vista, Colo. Played and directed motion pictures. Produced own musical comedies in Chicago and Milwaukee. Has written several hundred popular songs, many great in their day. Radio debut at KPO in 1923; KFRC, 1924-25; KGO, KFWI in 1926; KFI, 1927; KPLA in 1928. Established the "Air Castle" at KHJ in 1928. It became outstanding children's program of nation. Keyes' hobbies are painting, designing, sculpture. His work is "keeping small children entertained with the unimportant things they love." His marionette shows—introducing the characters of his "Air Castle"—are playing to packed houses thrice weekly at the Don Lee Beaux Arts Theatre, Los Angeles.

KFEQ String Quartet.

Kieny, Marie, Commercial and Program Director, WOW.

Kincaid, Bradley. One of the best known mountain ballad singers in the Middle West. Is better known as the "Mountain Boy" of WLS. Accompanies his hill folk songs with the "Houn' Dawg" guitar. Has a large collection of old time songs. First saw light of day in Kentucky. Was discovered singing in a YMCA quartet. Is interested in character building. Married and has twins named after his most popular song, "Barbara Allen."

King, Gerald, Manager, KFWB.

Kirkpatrick, Eloise, KHJ's young, beautiful but not dumb staff coloratura. Product of Nashville, Tenn. First Radio work at KHJ in 1925. Hollywood High School gets credit. Sang with Los Angeles Grand Opera Association. Has numerous grand opera roles. A distinguished concert artist who makes occasional sorties into the talkies. Hobby is painting, husband and home making. Papa and mama intended her to be a concert pianist.

Kleiner, Gustav O., Violinist, WGHP, First Violinist Detroit Symphony.

Koch, Clarence, Chief Announcer and Manager of KFEQ, which he helped organize nine years ago. He has been back of the mike all that time with the same station, which moved from Oak, Neb., to St. Joseph, Mo., three years ago.

Kovarik, Frank, KSTP, Violin, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Kransgrill, Walter, and Orchestra KFRC.

Kriens, Christian, Director of Concert Orchestra, WTIC.

LANG, Billy, Radio Joy Boy, WIL, for many years half of team of Lang and Ray.

Laux, J. Francis, Sports Announcer, KMOX. Oldest boy of a family of four athletes. Has had considerable experience as a coach and official of football, baseball and basketball, as well as having starred himself in all these sports.

Lucy, Thos. Elmore. Born in North Carolina, migrated to Arkansas at age of seven, and made his debut as an entertainer in an amateur burnt cork skit with a medicine show in his boyhood town, Russellville, and collected two bits for the act. Has toured most of the world during the past twenty years, covering near a half million miles, in lyceum and chautauqua, drama and vaudeville. Author of seven volumes of prose and verse, much of which he has been broadcasting, from coast to coast in the United States and Canada, appearing on about forty of the stations. Made his debut on the air with WMC, appeared on first programs of KMOX, and has written continuity skits for Radio. Is a singer of ballads, as well as actor, mimic and impersonator.

MANSELL, Margarie, Crooning Love Melodies, WGHP.
Maslin, Alice, Program Director, KMOX. In private life the wife of George Junkin, managing director of the station. Also serves as a concert pianist, accompanist, narrator, booker and continuity writer.

McDonald, Elmer E., Staff Soloist, KMOX. Has sung over 276 Radio stations in the United States, known as The Old Timer on the air.

McGray, Malcolm, Soloist, WGHP.

McIntosh, Ezra, Announcer, WOW.

Mooney, Hugh J., Salesman Sam, WMC.

Mork, Norman, Whispering Baritone, KDYL.

Myers, Clarke, Banjo, WENR. One of the first entertainers to sing vocal choruses with an orchestra for broadcasting. Also performs on saxophone 'cello. Formerly with Jack Chapman.

NELSON, C. W., Director, Chief Announcer, WDSU.
Nichols, Harry O., Organist, WREC.

Northup, Agnes C., Program Director, WSPD.

Northup, Dwight, Director of Broadcasting. Announcer, WSPD.

Owens, C. F., Announcer, WDSU.

PARKER, Jack, Tenor. Happy Wonder Bakers, NBC, New York.
Phillips, Charles F., Assistant Manager, WFBL.
Pollard, W. C., Director-Manager, KFEQ.
Priest, Ward C., Announcer, WCAD.

RAUSCHELBACH, Rev. Oscar, Assistant pastor, St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Detroit, Mich. Broadcasts over a large group of stations.
Reed, Dell, "Dixie Tenor," KMOX.
Reid, Crawford, Violinist, WBRC.
Reid, Dorothy, Book Reviews, Publicity, WADU.
Rendleman, L. L., Director Rendleman's Alabamians, WBRC.
Revoir, Floyd G., Announcer, WFBL.
Richardson, Joe, The Sweetheart of WBBZ, just past four years old, sings popular songs.
Riggins, J. B., Manager Riggins Quartet, WBRC.
Rippon, Willard, Junior Announcer, WSPD.
Roehr, Fred, Pianist, WLW.
Rolfe, B. A., and His Lucky Strike Orchestra, NBC, New York.
Rubens, Maurie, Musical Director, WMCA. Has composed over 700 popular numbers for musical shows. Studied medicine for two years, stepped up to a piano one night on a party, and the management signed him up. He never went back to medicine. Wrote "Over the Hill," earliest of movie theme songs.
Rushing, Willie, Pianist, WBRC.
Russell, Will, Baritone, WBRC.

SALESMAN SAM, Hugh J Mooney, WMC.
Schroeder, Carl G., Announcer, WFBL.
Shannon, Cecil, Vagabond Tenor, WBBZ. Program Director and Announcer.
Stamford, John, Chief Announcer, WCHI. Formerly with WGN, WMBB, WBBM. One of pioneers in Radio, having broadcast over KYW during its first week on the air. Has been singing since just a youngster, appearing on vaudeville stages all over the country. Sings in churches, and renders both classical and popular songs in a tenor voice on the air.



Sunshine, Doc, Announcer, WREC.

TAYLOR, Glenhall, Station Manager, KTM.
Tenney, Florence, Soprano, NBC, New York. Made her debut over the old WEBH, Chicago, on the same program with Correll and Gosden. Before her marriage sang under the name of Florence Arlen.

Uncle Ben, Chief Kangaroo of famous Kangaroo Club at KDYL.

WHAM Ensemble.
WHAM Male Quartet.
Woodworth, Samuel F., Manager, WFBL. Operated the first Radio station in Onondaga County, New York.
Wooten, Hoyt B., Director, WREC.
Wooten, S. D., Jr., Studio Manager, Chief Announcer, WREC.

Pay Day in Radio Town

(Continued from page 46)

Just how long Phil Cook has been singing and joking into NBC microphones I have no idea. I don't even know if that is where he started. I believe, however, that essentially he is a star made by Radio.

Phonograph records aplenty carry Cook's singing voice. The royalties from these alone represent a splendid income. To show how hard he goes at his work, the story has gone the rounds that on one recording assignment in which he was to record eight songs a day for six days, he just couldn't see the need of spending a week at the task, so he turned out 48 perfect recordings in one day!

But what you want to know is how much he makes—yes? Well, it comes from an authentic source that his income is somewhere between $75,000 and $100,000 a year.

JESSE CRAWFORD, the "Poet of the Organ," is another air luminary who is reported to be giving President Hoover a race for first honors in the matter of income. Crawford was not made by Radio. The motion picture palace elevated him to the pinnacles of fame.

Not many years ago he was just a young fellow trying to play the piano and get along on twenty-five dollars a week in a Spokane, Wash., cinema, admission ten cents. Then he heard about a smaller house in the city which had installed an honest-to-goodness pipe organ, an innovation in those days to say the least.

So Jesse hot-footed it over to the manager of the smaller theater and made a proposition. It was to play the organ. He didn't tell the manager he hadn't played an organ before in his life. So he slashed his budget down mercilessly to the $10 a week the theater could afford to pay, and took the job. From that time on Crawford spent every waking minute studying the intricacies of the pipe organ and mastering new effects aided only by his knowledge of the piano.

One of his first big positions was as organist of the then (and still) palatial Chicago motion picture theater. He was always considered Chicago's foremost motion picture organist. While in Chicago he married and his wife, incidentally, is a skilled organist who aids him in his work.

Not long ago he was transferred by the Publix theater chain to New York, and his fame is greater than ever. His name being featured on a commercial program over the CBS chain came only last year, but millions of people heard him and asked for more. This, fortunately, they were able to get in the form of phonograph records, and thus swell his rising income, for Crawford was one of the first organists to make records.

Between the theater, records and Radio, Jesse keeps himself quite busy. So busy, in fact, that he has never bothered himself to take an organ lesson!

BILLY JONES and Ernie Hare, known as the Happiness Boys in times gone by and now as the Interwoven Pair, were originally sheepherder and salesman, respectively. They both turned to the stage individually and sang popular songs so well that they were asked to record.

It was in a phonograph recording studio eight years ago that they first met and "clicked." Since that time they have been busy teaming together and clicking with the public, and their voices, under varied and sundry names, have been on every make of phonograph record ever pressed.

For five years they were paid to broadcast on the Happiness commercial program. For almost two years now they have been the feature of the Interwoven broadcast. They claim to be the first Radio act to have been paid, and I can't remember any to predate them.

I even recall scorning them the first time I heard the pair because they were on "commercial" program, tsktsk! And now look at the ether!

Jones and Hare believed in the business of broadcasting. To aid them in their work of singing new popular and parody songs between gags, they set up an office. Here they worked hard and long together. They still do. Their daily routine spreads over the clock from 9 in the morning until 2 o'clock or later the next. They create their own gags.

Every gag they have ever used is filed away in the office. Their routine calls for eighteen new ones each week.

And for all of this hard work they paid $1,800 apiece income tax in March, 1929, for their 1928 income. This, I am told by tax experts, would indicate an income of around $30,000 each. But 1929 and this year, like the others, have been on the steady increase, so I should not be surprised if now they are each making $50,000 a year.

BEFORE going into the subjects of popular orchestras, prima donna sopranos and contraltos, and a few other odds and ends of air notables whose approximate Radio fees have become known, I'd like to consider one more Radio favorite whose fame has been accumulated entirely through the microphone and whose admirers are mostly young and sweet—the children.

He is "Uncle Bob" (Walter) Wilson, since April, 1924, the Radio uncle, counselor, safety guardian, welfare worker and entertainer of the youngsters of KYW, Chicago. Shortly after going on the air he conceived the idea of a safety organization for children which he named the "Curb Is the Limit Club." Today nearly 500,000 girls and boys hold membership cards in that club!

Uncle Bob received no pay for four years of six half-hour broadcasts each week. He liked the children and his work. He had saved his money and could make ends meet. In fact, he deserted his position as western manager of a music publishing house in order to give more time to his safety club.

It didn't take long, however, until theaters came to him and made attractive offers for personal appearances. He accepted all of these he could, but refused to allow any of the show engagements to interfere with his broadcasts. Large stores appealing to the children's trade demanded him. Uncle Bob made many appearances (and still does), but on every occasion he took the opportunity to preach safety to the kiddies present and get them all to enroll in his club.

Two years ago several advertisers demanded the privilege of sponsoring Uncle Bob Wilson's work. They were permitted to do so, and asked no change in his routine. More followed rapidly. One, the Grennan Bakeries, put him on the NBC chain and this year modified their plan to record his work in special broadcast transcriptions. Yes, the advertisers are fighting today for the right to sponsor Uncle Bob!

And he, the big cheery fellow who dropped one paying business at the age of 41 "just to entertain the kiddies, God bless 'em" with no pay in sight, is now earning about $500 a week and more every time I check up on him!

RADIO has made many bands, among them Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. I hardly need to go into the much-published life of the young leader who formed an orchestra and literally played himself through Yale. Suffice to say that the band's slow tempo, his crooning voice and the convenient presence of a microphone of one of the Manhattan stations were important factors in putting over Vallee and his musicians.

In a surprisingly short time Vallee's orchestra was the rage. Now, between an exclusive commercial broadcast, talking pictures, phonograph records and the income from the Villa Vallee night club, he should be making enough. Some guess this to be $250,000 to $300,000 a year. But I do know exactly what he PERSONALLY receives for his exclusive contract on the Fleischmann Sunshine hour. That is $1,500 an hour and the program lasts an hour each week. There is also said to be $1,000 paid for the rest of the band.

Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, it is claimed, are paid the same as Vallee for their sponsored broadcast. Lopez was the toast in the young years of Radio with his "Lopez speaking" from the

Casa Lopez over WEAF and chain. Then you didn't hear so much about him. Of late his comeback has been terrific.

Paul Whiteman's father and mother, brothers and sisters wanted him to be a concert violinist. The family leaned to opera. Paul went in for operatic jazz and almost became an outcast. Result, he and his band, according to rumors, top the list with $5,000 paid for each Old Gold hour broadcast of sixty minutes' duration.

What Rolfe, Lombardo, Fiorito, Bernie, Wayne King and some of the other popular bands are reaping must remain a secret. I can make guesses, but I'm apt to hurt feelings by inaccuracies. What the outside income of a big time orchestra reaches is also a highly problematical figure. There are so many sources of revenue—and so many places to spend it, such as in booking fees, transportation and advertising.

THE SOPRANOS now come up for audit. I'm quite sure many of the fairer sex will be indignant at my audacity in having their and my friends guess at their salaries. I apologize, but my readers just have to know. So charge off any untruths to curiousity and publicity.

Olive Palmer, otherwise Virginia Rae, exclusive coloratura soprano of Palmolive's weekly sixty minutes, won laurels on the concert and grand opera stage 'ere Radio. Many were her phonograph records, too, before she gave up the footlights for the microphone. Now Palmolive pays her (1) $750 or (2) $1,000 a week. My two spies didn't check.

Jessica Dragonette, born in Calcutta, India, was educated in Georgian Court convent at Lakewood, N. J., and steered her lyric soprano voice right into a stage career on Broadway. Four and a half years ago she was cast for the only solo role in Reinhardt's "The Miracle." Two more leads in Broadway operettas followed. Then Radio, in the person of NBC program directors, discovered her and she discovered the microphone. The mutual love stuck and she gave up the stage for good.

Remember her in Philco's "Theater Memories?" Then, early this year Cities Service took her under exclusive contract. No. 1 guesses $500 a week. No. 2 guesses an income of over $700 weekly. As the second guesser may be including record royalties or club work revenues, both may be right. At any rate, Cities Service won't tell.

One of the most pleasing voices on the air is that of Vaughn de Leath, contralto and song composer with about 300 lyrics or tunes to her credit. The biggest thing about Vaughn, outside of her earring collection, is that she was the first woman ever to broadcast and therefore within her rights in billing herself "the original Radio girl." Vaughn was on the stage while waiting for Radio to grow up, but even then she kept close to mike. Now Firestone—it is rumored—pays her $500 a week for exclusive Radio rights. Jab me with a hatpin if I am wrong.

Lois Bennett, a Houston, Texas, girl, started singing in public at the age of five. Later she made her concert debut at Aeolian Hall with the Schumann Club, was acclaimed, turned stageward, and first of all toured vaudeville with Carrie Jacobs Bond. Next she went the route alone and finally Gene Buck, then Ziegfeld's right-hand man, spotted her and next thing she knew she was singing in the Follies. After that came a long-term contract in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals under Winthrop Ames, and at its expiration, Radio.

Among other hours, you've heard her in Philco's last series on Columbia and you still hear her weekly as the Armstrong Quaker girl on NBC. Not to date signed exclusive, I believe her unexclusive rate per program is $250, the amount Philco is said to have paid her.

Countess Olga Medalago Albani, Spanish soprano, is also claimed on a par with Lois Bennett. That is, she charges $250 per broadcast unexclusive. Welcome Lewis, a crooner, rates $200 per program, while Elizabeth Lennox, another star you often hear, gets $150 for each broadcast, so the guesses go. I won't bother you with the history of these girls. It's mostly the same story—hard work.

AMONG the male singers of the semi-classical and ballad repertoire we find Franklyn Baur, exclusive Firestone tenor, Paul Oliver, exclusive Palmolive tenor, and James Melton, free lance tenor and member of a male quartet.

Baur is said to receive $1,000 weekly, Oliver $500 a week, and Melton $250 for each program. The sources of the figures, however, are not necessarily accurate.

In this connection it may be interesting to know that, generally speaking, tenors receive higher pay than baritones. The more a musician's training, the higher the fee. Take the concert and operatic stars, for example.

First there is John McCormack, noted Irish tenor. He is said to receive $10,000 for each broadcast, but he doesn't broadcast often. He has only been before the microphone for Victor hour twice in three years.

Mario Chamlee, Los Angeles born Italian tenor and member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is down for $1,000 each broadcast. Brailowsky, the eminent pianist, receives a like fee.

Renee Chemet, internationally famous French violinist, will broadcast for you if you pay her $650, and so will Merle Alcock, American born concert and Metropolitan Opera contralto, for the same amount.

Alois Havrilla, concert baritone, charges around $300 for a broadcast performance. Havrilla, as most of you know, is also a free lance announcer or master of ceremonies who handles the English language much better than some of our best American announcers.

The famous Brahms Quartet is a reasonable broadcast investment costing but $350 for its four well-balanced female voices. The International Quartet charges $400 for each broadcast.

PERHAPS you'd like to know what some of our "occasional" microphone visiting celebrities, such as Al Jolson, are paid for doing their bits. Well, Al will mammy his best for you and wring you wet with tears for Sonny Boy if you dig down deeply, find $8,000 for him and don't speak too gruffly.

Fanny Brice of stage and vaudeville fame rates $1,500 per broadcast, while Sophie Tucker, "last of the redhot mamas," will coon-shout at the mike for $1,000. Tex Guinan, so I hear, is much more reasonable and will master-of-ceremony a bill with her best night club manners for a mere $500. Walter Winchell, N. Y. Mirror columnist whom Broadway is said to ask before it does anything, sets his fee at $400 and so proves he isn't as smart a broadcaster as a writer by the mere fact that he ends this list.

But these celebrities made their fame elsewhere before turning to the microphone. The microphone sought them BECAUSE they WERE celebrities. It gives me a far greater thrill to see how some of the purely Radio acts and performers are becoming so famous through Radio ALONE that the talkies and other amusement fields are seeking them out for the big public cash-in.

Enough of big money. Where does the beginner fit in?

I THINK the sketches herein of some of the famous Radio stars' lives give a general idea of how entry can be made. Broadcasting stations and the networks are generally happy to give auditions to aspiring talent. Probably the best policy of a performer network bound is to gain success and experience first at a local station. Climbing the ladder by easy stages is better than trying for the top first and falling down.

After making a big go of it at a fairly large station, an artist or announcer may be offered a network connection at a monetary loss. He or she perhaps will not be paid at first as highly by the chain organization as by the individual station. This is just one of the sacrifices to be made on the way up. Devotion to hard work and study to further one's career is another.

Pay at local stations varies greatly depending on the size of the city, the station's magnitude and financial condition and the local musicians' wage scale. The governing factors are so many and variable that an attempt to give even an approximate tabulation of salaries paid would be ridiculous.

As for the networks, however, here are a few averages. An announcer is seldom paid more than $75 a week to start. What headway he makes will depend upon his popularity and the demand of sponsors for his services. In time he will be paid large bonuses, as is McNamee, for his officiating on commercial programs.

A network vocalist will be paid perhaps $50 to start. When medium popular the remuneration will be raised to about $150. His or her greater revenue will again depend on the demand of commercial sponsors.

Quartets, male and female, are paid from $100 to $500 top; orchestras earn from $500 to $2,000, and a Radio actor or actress will receive perhaps but $25 for his or her first radario part.

There you have it and I shall sign off firm in the belief that countless thousands of microphone aspirants will rush to the studios tomorrow for auditions. But of course, you really don't have to do a Floyd Gibbons and be fired from your job for incompetency just to blaze the trail of your Radio success.

Song Prize Winners

Results in the Most Popular Songs Contest are as follows:

First prize—Mrs. Roy B. Lockett, Pittsburg, Texas.

Second prize—Miss Bess Heaton, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Third prize—Mrs. Joseph Rickel, New Castle, Pa.

The prize winning lists were those which included the greatest number of those songs appearing most frequently on the majority of lists.

The trend in favorites was decidedly towards the more recent song hits. Among the individual songs that appeared most often on the lists were Happy Days Are Here Again, The Stein Song, A Cottage for Sale, Cryin' for the Carolines, and Sweet Mystery of Life.

Sport Waves

(Continued from page 25)

dog racing, dance orchestras and what have you (?) with the ball-tossers. It is in the nature of an interview with all formality thrown in the ash can. These meetings make it possible for him to bring you a genuine word picture of the personalities of the players obtained first hand. He also makes it a point to get the minor league records of the rookies from the coachers.

The morning of the broadcast arrives. The CBS engineers go to the ball park and make the setup. Now this setup is a bit complicated but I'll try to make it as clear to you as I possibly can without becoming technical.

LET'S get rid of the eight microphones first. That's right, eight. Count 'em. Number One is installed in the field-box from which the first ball is thrown to the field by a celebrity; Number Two at the flagpole in center field to pick up the band music during the parade across the field for the flag raising; Number Three in the grandstand where the band sits and plays between the half innings; Number Four by the dugout to pick up the voice of the field announcer's "batteries for today's game" and other announcements; Number Five just behind the wire netting directly in back of home plate, to pick up the crack of the ball against the bat and the thud of the ball as it slaps into the catcher's mitt; Number Six suspended from the upper tier boxes to pick up the crowd noises; Number Seven attached to the helmet which the announcer wears, and Number Eight is held in readiness as a spare for the announcer. The wires from these microphones all lead into the field control board (which is also a mixing panel), this board being set up in the mezanine box where it is operated by the control engineer during the broadcast.

Then there is the announcer's helmet. It looks like those worn by aviators and is Husing's own invention. The earflaps are held against the head by straps which fasten under the chin. As I have already explained a small microphone is attached to the helmet. This arrangement gives the announcer an unobstructed vision and also leaves both hands free. At the same time it permits him to move his head at will without losing his distance from the mike. The right earflap contains an earphone through which the announcer hears the broadcast just as it is sent to the key station after passing through the mixing panel. The left earflap contains an earphone connected by wire with the observer's telephone transmitter, making it possible for the latter to communicate with the announcer at all times, without a second voice being audible to the microphone.

EACH earphone of the observer's headset has a separate communication channel. In one ear he hears the broadcast while with the other ear he catches any orders that may be telephoned from the key station.

The control operator's earphones are wired in the same manner as those of the observer. His telephone is in direct communication with the key station.

The three lines from the ballpark to the key station are used as follows: one from the mixing panel of the control board to the control room in the key station for the broadcast, one spare in like manner and one for telephone communication with the key station.

As soon as this setup is installed the engineers give it a thorough rehearsal after which Glover is told that the game can start any time—as far as the installing engineer is concerned.

Glover now turns over to the telephone company the list of stations who are to broadcast the game and at the headquarters of the long distance lines the work of assembling the network is completed.

If this were a World Series broadcast there is one other detail which must be cared for before any announcer is permitted to approach a microphone. Judge Landis, the czar of baseball, names the announcers! Believe me, this white haired gentleman knows his baseball. When Husing was scheduled to broadcast his first World Series the Judge, who had named Major White as the official announcer for CBS, demanded a dress rehearsal. Ted quickly proved his ability and was permitted to take the place of the man named by the Judge. Broadcasting interests Landis to such an extent that he seldom fails to visit the broadcasters at some time during every series game.

An hour before he is to take the air Husing is at the Stadium chatting with the players, getting more last minute information for the loud speaker fans.

DURING the game the object which I previously referred to as looking like a bread-board is always before the announcer. On this board two miniature playing fields are outlined, one on each side of the board. Below each field the box score is kept. One side of the board is uppermost when the home team is at bat and when the opposing team is up the board is reversed. It therefore is turned every half inning. Small cards bearing the names of the players are clipped to the miniature playing fields in their proper places.

Let me illustrate how the announcer uses this board, which is operated by the observer after each play. The home team is at bat. In this instance it is the Yankees. On the actual playing field the opponents have taken their positions. A glance at the cards on the board will give the announcer the name of every player on the field. The leadoff man for the Yankees comes to bat. A card bearing the name of Combs is thumbtacked to the homeplate of the diagram. If Combs gets a single, is walked or reaches first on an error the observer moves this card to the initial sack and checks the play in the box score. The next batter is Koenig. A card bearing his name is clipped in position at homeplate. If he strikes out the card is removed and the strike-out recorded in the box score. The Babe is up. If Ruth singles, advancing Combs to third, the cards are moved to correspond with the location of the baserunners after the play. With so many things to think about the name of a player temporarily may escape the mind of the announcer. With this ready reference board the chance of making mistakes is minimized.

However mistakes are made. The observer always has one ear primed to catch these. Herb Glover does the observing for Husing and whenever he hears Husing make a misstatement of minor importance Glover makes a penciled note of it for Husing to read. Ted corrects himself at the first opportunity to do so without breaking into the continuity of the game. If the misstatement is of major importance Glover passes his hand before Husing's face. The announcer immediately stops his talk and Glover informs him by telephone of the slip-up, which Husing corrects at once.

EVERY little while I am asked what sports event was the first one to be broadcast. The answer to this question is the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, July 2, 1921.

There is much of interest in the story of how the first sport waves percolated through the atmosphere. Plenty of trouble other than red tape had to be overcome by the man who made this broadcast possible. His name? Major J. Andrew White, at that time acting-president of the Amateur Wireless Association and editor of The Wireless Age.

Everyone thought White was crazy when he suggested the idea to them. A capital of $15,000 was necessary with which to build a station and towers. The Major had but $1,500 in available cash, this sum being advanced by a man by the name of David Sarnoff who was, like White, a "Radio bug." It was all the money Sarnoff had. Today this man is president of the Radio Corporation of America.

Let me tell you the story in Major White's own words.

"In looking over the ground at Boyle's Thirty Acres I saw the Radio towers of the Lackawanna Railroad over in Hoboken. This company was using Radio as a means of communication in an experimental way, over their rail system. I went to the officials of the company, told them my story and obtained permission to use the towers on July second.

"My next difficulty was that I had no transmitter as powerful as I desired. I wanted my broadcast to carry as far as Washington and Pittsburgh at least. However, I did know of the existence of the very equipment I needed. The General Electric Laboratory in Schenectady had a continuous wave transmitter which had been built for a battleship. The Navy Department gave me permission to use it providing I paid for its transportation to Hoboken. That was easy. I hunted up a friend who owned a tug and he brought it down the Hudson River.

"I had been giving the broadcasting of this fight a lot of publicity without getting much response from the public. People simply were not Radio minded in those days. Suddenly the tide turned and ten days before the big event my office was swamped with telephone calls and telegrams. Amateur operators reported that they were going to set up crystal and one tube sets in halls and public places. Phonograph horns attached to an earphone were the up-to-date loud speakers at that time. It is difficult to realize now how crude everything was only nine years ago.

WORKING day and night with me was J. O. Smith, another nut on Radio. We made a good team and pushed our plans right along as though we were already assured of success, even though we had no idea at the time where we would set up our battleship transmitter. It was less than a week before the fight when we found our temporary studio. The railroad company turned over to us one end of the porters' hall in a railroad yard building and here we installed our improvised station. Incoming porters questioned this invasion by 'crazy white men who thinks they's goin' to talk over the air!' The fact that we were using part of their quarters didn't bother them half so much as did the seeming foolishness of what we proposed to do. When we tried to explain anything we always met with the same reply, 'Hit ain't possible. Ain' nobody goin' to talk over this contraption an' be heard over in New Yawk lessen they's some wires hid some'ers. Didn't the Lackawanna try it and give it up?'

"We let all the amateur operators know when we would start making tests and asked them to wire us about recep-

tion. Our first few tests were pretty discouraging. The return messages indicated that receiving sets everywhere were able to pick up only a few scattered words now and again. It looked as though the porters were right but we kept right on working. Over and over again we checked out installation connections and the result was always the same, correct.

"And then, right out of a clear sky, our transmitter perked up and started to deliver the goods. Good reports came in by the dozens. This happened the night before the fight. Smith and I were elated.

ALL we had to do now was make arrangements for continuous telephone service from the ringside to our Hoboken station. I applied to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for a direct wire only to be told that the line would be furnished for communication of one person to another but that their property must not be hooked up to any Radio transmitter!

"For a few minutes I was licked. To receive a jolt like that made it look as though all our work had been for nothing. But when I thought of all the amateur operators who were counting on my going through with the promised broadcast I determined to keep faith with them to the best of my ability.

"I gave the telephone company my written guarantee that I would not connect their wire line to the transmitter. Then I obtained the services of a high speed telegrapher who was also a high speed typist. We arranged that I was to describe the fight from the ringside, blow-by-blow; the telegrapher, wearing headphones, was to take my description down on the typewriter as it came to him over the telephone wire; and Smith getting it hot off the paper on the typewriter carriage was to read it into the transmitter at Hoboken.

"I bought a gong and set it up alongside the transmitter and instructed Smith to ring it every time he saw the word 'gong' appear on the typewritten report. At least, I thought, this would give the listeners a thrill.

"For the broadcast I was placed alongside the gentlemen of the press, right at the ringside. And there I sat, under a red hot sun, talking away for four hours into the mouthpiece of a telephone. I had no one to help me and there was no way in which I could be assured that my description was even reaching the telegrapher-typist in Hoboken. But I kept right on talking and trusting to luck that things were going alright at the other end.

"After the knockout I gave a brief resumé of the fight and today I can distinctly remember my final words as I signed off. They were, 'Dempsey is still champion of the world.'

"IT WAS some little time before I got in communication with the telegrapher in the improvised Radio station and during that period of uncertainty I had visions of having talked for four hours over a dead wire. Or perhaps our transmitter had failed us. All sorts of reasons for the broadcast having been a failure came to my mind. After banking everything on the success of this broadcast to awaken public interest in the future of Radio I was spending some very unpleasant moments. Finally I got in touch with my man. His report assured me that every word had been taken down on the typewriter and that the voice of J. O. Smith had given a faithful broadcast of the event just as I had described it.

"A steady stream of telegrams and over four thousand letters came to my office the following week. The amateur operators everywhere were enthusiastic. So was every other listener. It was the first time the air was used for the voice as a direct carrier of news. I had won the gamble. The future of Radio was never in doubt from that day on."

A few days later Major White met the late Tex Rickard, who promoted the fight. "I've been wanting to see you," said Tex. "I understand your description of the fight was the sensation of the afternoon. Some of my friends tell me even the gong was audible."

There was no doubt about the gong being audible to the listeners. In the porters' hall in the Lackawanna railroad yards at Hoboken, some miles from the ringside, J. O. Smith rang it as per instructions from the Major's typewritten report.

Here's a peculiar twist to that broadcast. Actually a timely news event it was, at the same time, in reality a studio program, read from script, with sound effects! It probably is the only broadcast of its kind on record. Unquestionably no one event in the history of Radio ever meant so much to the industry as did that etherized description of a heavyweight championship battle.

HERE'S a little yarn of the announcer's mistake. Major White tells it on himself. During one of the early broadcasts from the Polo Grounds, the home of the New York Giants, the Major described a close play at the initial sack and finished the episode with, "—and so the man reached safe firstly." At the Press Club in downtown New York several newspaper men were gathered about an improvised loud speaker, among them Frank Sullivan of the New York World. There was no sound other than the reproduction of White's voice. The listeners hardly dared to breathe for fear of missing some of the none too loud reception. But the "man reached safe firstly" was too much for Sullivan who chirped up with, "Charge White with an error."

Of course you know that Graham McNamee has gone "talkie"? Believe me, that boy is as busy as a bird dog trying to point two coveys at the same time. I caught him the other day with a few minutes to spare from his broadcasting and recording duties. We started right in to reminisce and, without knowing it, Mac gave me a lot of good copy. I'm going to pass it on to you.

Twice a week he goes over to the Victor studios in Camden, N. J. where his descriptive talks for the Universal news reels are synchronized with the finished picture. It takes one day to complete the work on each reel, which, when you see it run off in your favorite movie theater, lasts about thirteen and a half minutes. Many times it lasts but ten minutes.

THE silent picture is screened four times to give Mac a chance to become familiar with the scenes and to frame his accompanying monologue. When it is run the fifth time Mac describes the action of the scenes as though he were broadcasting the various events. A stenographer takes down his every word in shorthand. When this is typed Mac tries reading the script with one eye and watching the picture with the other! Eliminations and additions are made in the script so that the voice will time correctly with the action on the screen. One thing in particular he must watch, that his voice never carry over into a title. All titles have musical accompaniment. Finally a wax record is made with Mac at the mike as the picture is thrown on the screen. A playback of this record is run with the picture and further corrections are made. It is now time for lunch.

In the afternoon the orchestra is brought into the studio. A score for the music, which is to be played when the titles appear on the screen, has been timed and rehearsed the previous day. A wax record with Mac and the orchestra on the job is made and a playback run for everyone to see and hear. Last minute changes are made in the routine of the script and score. Then both a film record and a wax record is microphoned.

If, by any chance, the control operator, who watches the picture on the screen and hears the microphoned accompaniment through headphones just as it is being recorded, should give this take his okay—then the day's work is over. Mac says he has yet to hear a first take given even a pleasant word, to say nothing of an okay.

Over and over the picture is run and over and over Mac and the musicians strut their stuff before the microphones. The announcer declares that this is the toughest assignment he ever tackled and I can well believe him, having had my own experiences with synchronization work. It's a difficult task to keep the enthusiasm present in one's voice after having witnessed the same scenes a few dozen times. And for these news reels the listener must believe that Mac is describing the scenes just as though he were broadcasting events which he himself is witnessing for the first time. If you have seen any of these news reels you will agree with me that Mac is doing a mighty fine job.

McNAMEE gets his greatest kick when on the air out of the drama connected with the events he is broadcasting. He'd much rather talk about the way Walter Johnson won a World Series after being knocked out of the box in two previous series games than discuss personal experiences. But he did tell me how he unintentionally cheated the telephone company out of a long distance call.

The Washington-Pittsburgh World Series looked like a walkaway for Pittsburgh and when the teams went to Washington everyone thought Pittsburgh would win the necessary game to end it. But when the Washington team started to do a bit of crowding on its own hook it meant that the playoff would take place back in Pittsburgh. Of course Mac knew that he must return with the teams. Feeling sure that the series would end in Washington Mac had failed to make hotel reservations for himself in the smoky city. In giving a resumé of the last game-to-be, in Washington, the announcer laughingly said, "Well, I've got to hurry away and catch a rattler for Pittsburgh. I didn't expect to have to go back there so I have no hotel reservation. Here's hoping the manager of the hotel where I stopped when there during the other games will hear this and save my old room for me." Signing off he rushed to his hotel in Washington and was hastily packing when a telegram arrived from the hotel manager in Pittsburgh. It read, HAVE SAVED YOUR OLD ROOM FOR YOU. The kick to this story is that the manager did not hear the broadcast but later told Mac that he thought everyone in Pittsburgh who did hear it started calling the hotel to tell him about Mac's request. The switchboard operators were snowed under and in self defense the wire was sent so that all who called might be told that the room was reserved for the returning announcer.

"Remember that day during the same series when the rain interrupted the game for over an hour?" Mac asked. I

nodded and he went on, "We didn't go in much in those days for research work and I'm here to say that that hour was the longest hour I ever put in at a mike. I didn't have a thing to talk about but the weather! Believe me, any time it looks as though rain might interrupt a game now I'll have plenty of talkable material on hand. I'll not spill all the dope about past performances, old series games and such things before the game starts if there is so much as a tiny cloud in the sky. I sure learned my lesson that day."

"It was during that same game that I nearly put my mike out of commission by yelling in it," Mac continued. "I'm naturally of a nervous disposition and the long wait during that rainstorm didn't help quiet my system any. You know how some men are always drawing designs when they telephone? When I'm at the mike I get rid of a lot of surplus energy by fumbling something—a pencil or a scorecard. Well, I dropped the pencil under my chair and couldn't stop talking long enough to pick it up. The scorecard got soaked and I threw it away. Unconsciously my left hand sought for something to busy itself with and of all things it had to pick out a wire under the table. My first knowledge of this fact was when I got a peach of a shock. And did I yell! My hand was wet from the driving rain and made a fine carrier when I unwittingly used it to make a short circuit across some of the open connections. There was nothing to do but explain the situation to the listeners. Even that helped pass the time away. That was one bad hour for this announcer."

OVER the CBS network Ted Husing is conducting a weekly half-hour program which he calls "Sport Slants." Ted reviews current sports and brings well known people connected with sports activities before the mike. He also digs into the history of all sports for interesting information and the other day he told me that the first book ever printed about sports was written in 1618 by King James I of England. It was banned by the clergy and most of the copies destroyed. However, Ted is all enthused right now because the officials at the Public Library have promised to borrow one of the few existing copies from a private collection in order that he may have the privilege of reading it.

So you may be hearing about the literary endeavors of a sports writing king any day now on the "Sport Slants" program. This half hour has been assigned a bad time on the air, Saturday, at 6:30 eastern time, and I sincerely hope the CBS officials will realize the value of this program and push it ahead to a later period of the evening.

I wonder if any of you caught Perry Charles, sports announcer for station WHN, pinch-hitting for Husing on "Sport Slants" during the latter part of March? Ted was in Washington that same night broadcasting a rather unusual sporting event—the congressmen's spelling bee. When he called on Perry to substitute for him on the regular weekly program Husing certainly knew the man he had picked for the job.

Perry is called the Walter Winchell of the air. Like Winchell, who runs a column in the Daily Graphic, Perry has a line of chatter that is all his own. He rattles away at the mike, spilling slang all over the carbon and giving his listeners an earful of spontaneous wisecracks. His best work is done when miking a boxing contest. Once a week he lets off steam over WHN from the ringside of the St. Nicholos Arena and for these broadcasts Perry has a tremendous following of Radio fight fans. Once a person hears his merry chatter he or she is sold on the boy.

HERE'S a little yarn about one of Perry's fans. This announcer has no secretary to read his fan mail. He reads every letter himself and the other morning he found one in feminine handwriting which read: "Dear Mr. Charles, I have been listening to your weekly descriptions of fights with a great deal of pleasure. In fact, you are responsible for making me a fight fan. It may interest you to know that I am 62 years old, and I have never seen a boxing contest."

What would you do if you were a fight announcer and received a letter like that?

Radio Goes Bye-Bye

Colonel O. N. Taylor pictures the latest sport as you find it awheel on the boulevards and highways.

Talkies Take the Air

Dr. Ralph L. Power shows how closely akin the two great industries have become with the same artists serving Mike Radio and Mike Wax.

Stars of Yesteryear

E. E. Plummer, Radio editor for eight years, will recall some well remembered voices that you don't hear today and tell you what has become of them.

Just three of a bookful of timely and interesting articles that you will find in the

JULY RADIO DIGEST

Well, that's just what Perry did. And when he called on the lady he found her to be a very sweet, charming motherly character. Perry invited her to be his guest at one of the fights in Madison Square Garden and the invitation was accepted. He has ordered ringside seats and, as he does not broadcast these fights, Perry will explain the technique of boxing to his guest of the evening. A personally conducted blow-by-blow description as it were. I am going to try to get a picture of this Radio fight fan and Perry Charles the night they attend the Garden fights and if I do you shall see it in a later issue of Radio Digest.

Perry is also a research worker. Even though his fight broadcasts are heard only by local fans he spends a great deal of his time looking up historical data on fights with which to interest his limited audience. As he is a graduate from the newspaper world, where he worked for several years as reporter, the newsgathering instinct is natural and not acquired. It will not surprise me if you hear Perry Charles over the networks occasionally.

WHEN he started to broadcast fights Perry used to visit the dressing rooms of the fighters before taking the air. He felt that his listeners would like to feel that he was personally acquainted with the men in the ring. He soon quit this procedure. When some of the boys gave him the raspberry for trying to interview them he decided that fighters were in no mental condition to talk at a time so close to their ring appearance. It got under Perry's hide at first to think he had been handed the berry. But he finally concluded that he was wrong and they were right. They wanted to be let alone and took their own sweet way of letting him know it, that's all.

Perry was at the mike when Jack Delaney fought "Sully" Montgomery back in 1927. Delaney came out of his corner at the opening gong and danced around his opponent until he reached a neutral corner. Glancing down, Jack saw the announcer at the mike. He leaned over the ropes and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hello, Helen!" Then this mike-wise fighter waded into his man and delivered a ten-strike.

Eighteen seconds after the start of the first round Jack was at the microphone for a second time saying, "Hello, Helen." This time he gave his wife, who was listening to the broadcast at home, more than just a greeting as he added, "I won the fight and I'll be home in an hour."

"Buck" O'Neil, sports writer for the New York Evening Journal, is another good fight announcer. It's pretty difficult for "Buck" to keep from showing partiality. Not that he ever makes the mistake of expressing it in words, but it creeps into his tone of voice. As far as that goes, if you listen closely you can detect it in the voice of every good sports announcer.

A year ago "Buck" was pretty keen about the way a certain youngster was showing up in the ring. He looked good to "Buck." It was just this announcer's luck to get the assignment to broadcast an event in which this boy was getting a severe licking. "Buck" was feeling pretty low. "I don't believe the kid can last much longer," he said into the mike. "He's been down three times already in this round. I only hope he's wise enough to take the count of nine before getting up this time. Yes. He's on one knee now listening to the count. At nine he's up, but he's awfully groggy. And here comes his opponent all set to finish him I'm afraid." Just then the groggy one let go a roundhouse swing aimed in the general direction of his opponent. The latter, coming in wide open, all intent on finishing the groggy youth, ran his chin right into the blow and went down—and out!

"Buck" could hardly believe his eyes and for a split second he forgot all about the microphone in his enthusiasm over the turn of the battle. His voice was high pitched with excitement as he yelled, "Blankety-blank! What a wallop!"

Instantly he remembered that he held a microphone in his hand and in the same breath he added, in a natural voice, "Please do not use profanity near the microphone! Ladies and gentlemen, the most surprising thing has just happened and I do not blame the gentleman next to me for forgetting himself momentarily. Let me tell you . . . Which goes to prove that one qualification which every sports announcer must have is a fast thinking bean.

What makes a good sports announcer? That's an easy one. A thorough knowledge and a love of the contest he is broadcasting, the ability to translate in colorful easy-flowing language, the honest details of every action as he sees it, and the faculty of keeping his description alive with an enthusiasm tempered with intelligence. Outside of that it's a cinch to make sport waves vibrate the loud speakers. Ask Husing or McNamee if you don't believe it.

Cupid On the Air

(Continued from page 22)

to meet the jazz master, Mickey couldn't resist her charms and after a fitting lapse of time they were united in the usual bonds. The marriage took place on December 18th, 1929.

Now our scene is laid in Chicago. A blue-eyed Irish lad, Frank Haben Clark, Jr., by name, used to attend masses with all due regularity at St. Patrick's. And there in the shadowy recesses of the church, while the masses were said, Cupid lurked, smiling, and young Frank quite unaware. Frank at this time (the spring of 1924) was a director at KYW, and was planning the broadcast of an Ash Wednesday program. He had noticed the fine quality of the voice of the soprano soloist, Sara Ann McCabe. So it was that Frank made arrangements with Miss McCabe and Dr. J. Lewis Browne to furnish the music for this program. Came the night for rehearsal and Sara Ann had a little disappointment in store for Frank. The music she brought along was copyrighted by the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers and Mr. Clark had neglected to get a license from this organization. Frank was a bit provoked at this hitch in his plans and Sara Ann (whose name was McCabe, you remember) flared up in displeasure at Frank's negligence.

That was all until the following October. Frank arranged for another program which proved entirely successful. After that Sara Ann sang frequently over KYW, and meanwhile Cupid's darts had struck home.

There was a big church wedding at St. Patricks on August 12th, 1925. And, although there is a little two-year-old Frank Haben Clark, the third, Mrs. Clark, who professionally is still "Sara Ann McCabe," is frequently heard on NBC programs and on the concert stage.

We haven't said much about New York studios, but, of course, they are brim full of tales of romance. They would have to be—there are so many people who flock there to fulfill their life's ambitions.

AFTER an adventurous career on the Continent, a violinist, twenty-nine years of age, landed in America with a Stradivarius worth $30,000 and 24 cents in cash. He wouldn't pawn the Strad, he wouldn't play in an orchestra, he wouldn't take pupils. He was a concert violinist.

For three days he wandered around New York hungry. He finally agreed to play concert numbers before the microphone. This was at Station WJZ in 1923. He has been connected with the National Broadcasting company ever since. The violinist's name is Godfrey Ludlow.

Madame Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg, the widely acclaimed concert pianist, played the accompaniment for Mr. Ludlow and a lasting friendship was immediately established.

One day the sister of Madame Gainsborg, Blanca Cabrera, was present during a rehearsal. This was in 1927. The real romance of the violinist's life started at that rehearsal. They were married August 10th, 1929.

Mr. Ludlow's fan mail is tremendous and this applause is enough to make him respect Radio as a medium of expression for his talents. But the violinist has something other than fan mail which binds him to Radio. Let us quote his exact words, "If it hadn't been for Radio I would never have met Blanca. I owe Radio everything."

Still looking down New York way, we discover a young lady who wanted to become a dramatic actress. Her name was Florence Pierce. She studied for the stage and went so far as to work for several months with a stock company. Then, because her father requested her to quit the stage, she applied at the studios of the National Broadcasting company for a job.

Keith McLeod, in charge of the music department, needed a secretary and Miss Pierce was given the position. This gave her an opportunity to see what Radio was all about and when the press relations department was enlarged, two years ago, Miss Pierce was transferred to that department to become secretary to Walter Stone, press representative for WJZ.

As Mr. Stone's secretary Miss Pierce found herself doing most of the work assigned to her boss. Mr. Stone says: "It looked as though she was going to take my job away from me, so I married her and fired her in order to keep my position!" We rather doubt that statement, for Mr. Stone, recognizing that Miss Pierce had a genuine talent for dramatic work, frequently permitted her to leave her work at the desk to rehearse and appear in sketches before the microphone.

Mr. Stone and Miss Pierce were married April 19th, 1929, and since leaving the duties at husband's desk to assume the responsibilties of a homemaker Mrs. Stone had found time to carry on her dramatic work in the broadcasting studio. At present she is portraying the character of "Lizzie Peters" in the Thompkins' Corners mirth-provoking half hour.

NOTICING a dreadful commotion one evening this spring when the dial was turned to 1460, we investigated to find an amazing state of affairs at KSTP. The census takers have recorded two surprise marriages, three weddings to take place during the summer and fall, and the announcement of two engagements.

Dr. Paul Johnson, studio director and announcer of this station, and Mrs. George Richardson, who was Hazel Claussen, director of fan mail, told no one of their marriages, but were found out by inquisitive members of the staff. Dr. Johnson asked for a short vacation and left recently for St. Joseph, Mo., to marry Vera Selma Gibson, whom he had met while announcing a program in a Northwest studio six years ago.

Miss Claussen, in going over the fan mail, paid particular attention to the frequent letters of a certain George Richardson—for he was a rabid Radio fan. She dared to inject a bit of the personal in answering them, and from correspondence grew the friendship, and you know the rest of the story. The wedding of the Richardsons took place at a small church on the outskirts of St. Paul and it was not until a week later that the news leaked out.

ANOTHER case of Cupid doing damage with an unseen voice is that of Don Guthrie, known as the "Gene Austin of the West," who came to KSTP from the Pacific Coast. It was his crooning voice and his piano syncopation that won the heart of Vera Norton of St. Paul as she listened at home. She was interested in music herself and one fine day she gathered up all her courage and dared a trip to the KSTP studios, where she asked Mr. Guthrie to give her sing ing lessons. She is still studying and he is still singing to her, and there's to be a ceremony some time before long.

Dan Cupid has not been satisfied merely to tamper with the ether waves around this station. No one knows *why* he has concentrated his efforts there, but he has manipulated two within-the-studio romances. Irvin Maher, bass soloist, discovered that Mary Hartigan, known to Radio listeners as "the Peter Pan of the children's hour," was in truth the Peter Pan who never failed to charm his heart. They announced their engagement in March and are to be married this month. They plan to make Chicago their home.

Then there is an inter-department romance which developed between members of the engineering and the continuity departments, when Miss Mabel M. Zabel, continuity writer, was anxious to know something of the mechanical workings of the station. She made a visit to the KSTP transmitter, at Wescott, thirteen miles south of St. Paul, and here John Klug, her future husband, took special pains to show her every section of the machinery and explain the entire working of the broadcasting equipment. Her sudden interest in the transmitter was explained when their engagement was announced to the staff early in April and the wedding date set for some time in June.

Cupid has also been profligate with his darts around WLS, Chicago. During the last few years four romances have culminated in weddings at this station, the most recent of which is the marriage of "Hiram" of the comedy team, "Hiram and Henry," alias Trulan C. Wilder, and Miss May Oliver of Topeka, Kansas. It was when Mr. Wilder was a staff entertainer at WIBW, Topeka, that Miss Oliver heard him on the air. She became a frequent visitor at the station and that is how it all started. Theirs was a Radio wedding broadcast from WLS at 11:30 Saturday night, March 15th. Ralph Waldo Emerson, staff organist, played the wedding march. All of which brings us to more romance.

Four or five years ago, when Mr. Emerson had not been staff organist at WLS for so very long, an attractive young girl, Elsie Mae Look by name, joined the staff as a singer. Of course, Ralph and Elsie worked together in one way and another, and besides she was taking lessons from him. They planned programs, romantic programs, you know, and in no time at all, a wedding. That was in 1926, and it was a Radio wedding, with Ralph playing his own wedding march. Elsie Mae is now Mr. Emerson's substitute at the organ at WLS, so theirs is a dandy little partnership in every sense of the word.

There's the story, too, of John Brown, WLS staff pianist, and Juanita Rae, who was "June" of the popular "Mae and June" team. John used to come up to the studios before he ever was a staff member just because, well, just because "June" was there. Then John, too, became a staff member and the friendship progressed. But when things run along too smoothly nothing really happens. So it was only after John left the studio that an approaching marriage became obvious, and John and "June" decided to start the new year right. They were married on January 1st, 1927. Harriet Lee, who was "Mae" of the same team, also met her husband in the same studios. And now that we've said "husband" the story's told. The lucky man was Koby Sirinsky, talented young violinist, one-time staff member of WLS and more recently a member of Paul Ash's orchestra.

WE'VE called Cupid "whimsical," "mischievous" and other things meaning "not serious," but a horrible doubt comes to mind. Is it possible that

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Reformation of Study 16

(Continued from page 49)

HE WAS stooping to pick up another missile, when the door opened. It was only when the second boot got home on the shin of the person who stood in the doorway that he recognized in that person not Dixon, but Trevor! It was just here that he wished he had tried some other form of amusement that afternoon.

And, indeed, the situation was about as unpleasant as it could be. Even in moments of calm, Trevor was a cause of uneasiness to Bellwood. Here he was unmistakably angry! It so happened that Bellwood's boot had found its billet on the exact spot which a muscular forward from Trinity College, Cambridge, had kicked Trevor in the match of the previous Saturday.

"Oh, I say, sorry," gasped Bellwood.

"What the blazes are you playing at?" asked Trevor.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the demoralized Bellwood; "I thought you were Dixon."

"And why should you fling boots at Dixon?"

Bellwood, not feeling equal to the explanation that it was the mission in life of people like Dixon to have football boots thrown at them, remained silent; and Trevor, having summed up Bellwood's character in an address in which the words, "skunk, worm" and "disgrace to the house" occurred with what seemed to the recipient of the terms unnecessary frequency, dragged him into the study, produced a stick, and taught him in two minutes more about the folly of throwing football boots at other people's doors than he would have learned in a month of verbal tuition.

BELLWOOD slunk away down the passage, and halfway to his own study met Davies, released from the form-room and full of his grievances.

To judge from his remarks, Davies did not think highly of Mr. Grey, his form-master. Mr. Grey, in his opinion, was a person of the manners-none-and-customs-horrid type. He had a jolly good mind, had Davies, to go to the head-master about it.

In a word, Davies was savage. Bellwood, eyeing his wrathful friend, was struck with an idea. Trevor's stick had stung like an adder.

"Beastly shame," he agreed, as Davies paused for breath. "It was jolly slow for me, too. I've been putting in the time having a lark with old Dixon. I can't get him to come out, though I've been flinging boots. And his door won't open. I believe he's locked it."

"Has he, by Jove!" muttered Davies; "we'll soon see about that. Stand out of the way."

He retired a few paces and charged towards the door. Bellwood took cover in study twelve, the owner of which happened to be out, and listened.

He heard the scuffle of Davies' feet as he dashed down the passage. Then there was a crash as if the house had fallen. He peeped out. Davies' rush had taken the crazy door off its hinges, and he had gone with it into the study. He had a fleeting view of an infuriated Trevor springing from the ruins. Then, with Davies' howl of anguish ringing in his ears, he closed the door of study twelve softly, and sat down to wait till the storm should have passed by.

AT THE end of a couple of minutes somebody limped past the door. The remnants of Davies, he guessed. He gave him a few moments in which to settle down. Then he followed, and found him in a dishevelled state in their study.

"Hullo," he said artlessly, "what's up? What happened? Did you get the door open?"

Davies glared suspiciously, scenting sarcasm, but Bellwood's look of astonishment disarmed him.

"Where did you go to?" he inquired.

"Oh, I strolled off. What happened?"

Davies sat down, only to spring up again with a cry of pain. Bellwood recognized the symptoms, and felt better.

"I took the beastly door clean off its hinges. I'd no idea the thing was so wobbly."

"Well, we ragged it a bit the other night, you remember. It was a little rocky then. Was Dixon sick?"

"Dixon! Why, Dixon wasn't in there at all. It was Trevor—of all people! What the dickens was he doing there, I should like to know?"

Bellwood's look of amazement could not have been improved upon.

"Trevor!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Am I sure! Oh, you —!" words failed Davies.

"But what was he doing there?"

"That's what I should like to know."

IT WAS really quite simple. Clowes had told the head of the house of Dixon's painful case, and suggested that if he wished to catch Bellwood and his friend "on the hop," as he phrased it, an excellent idea would be to change studies secretly with Dixon. This Trevor had done, with instant and satisfactory results. The ambush had trapped its victims on the first afternoon.

Study Sixteen continued to brood over its misfortunes.

"Beastly low trick changing studies like that," said Davies querulously.

"Beastly," agreed Bellwood.

"That worm Dixon must have been in it. He probably suggested it to Trevor. And now he'll be grinning over it."

This suspicion was quite unfounded. Dixon had probably never grinned in his life.

"I tell you what," said Bellwood suddenly, "if they've changed studies, Dixon must be in Trevor's den now. He's always in the house at this time. He starts swotting directly after school. What's the matter with going and routing him out and ragging him now? He wants it taken out of him for letting us down like that. Come on."

"We'll heave books at him," said Davies with enthusiasm.

And the punitive expedition started.

TREVOR'S study was in the next passage. They advanced stealthily to the door and listened. Somebody coughed inside the room. That was Dixon. They recognized the cough.

"Now," whispered Davies, "when I count three!"

Bellwood nodded, and shifted a Hall and Knight's algebra from his left hand to his right.

"One, two, three."

He turned the handle sharply and flung open the door. At the same moment Bellwood heaved his algebra. It was a snapshot, but Dixon, sitting at the table outlined against the window, made a fine mark.

"Oh, I say!" cried Dixon, as the corner of the projectile took him on the ear.

"Go on," shouted Davies from behind the door, as Bellwood paused with Victor Hugo's "Quatrevingt-treize" poised. "Sling it in!"

But Bellwood did not throw. The book dropped heavily to the floor. Just as his first shot found its mark he had caught sight of Trevor, seated in a deck chair by the window, reading a novel.

Finding Dixon's study somewhat uncomfortable after Davies had removed the door, he had taken his book to his own den, where he could read in peace (so he thought) without disturbing Dixon's work.

This third attack was the last straw. The matter had become too serious for summary treatment. He must think out a punishment that would fit the crime.

It flashed upon him almost immediately.

"LOOK here," he said, "this is getting a bit too thick. You two chaps think you can do just as you like in the house. You're going to find that you can't. You're no good to Donaldson's. You shirk games. You do nothing but eat like pigs and make bally nuisances of yourselves. So you can just choose. I'm going out for a run in a few minutes. You can either come, too, and get into training and play for the house second against Seymour's, or you can take a touching-up in front of the whole house after tea."

Davies and Bellwood looked blankly at one another. Could these things be? For three years they had grown up together like two lilies of the field; they had toiled not, neither had they spun. For three years the only form of exercise they had known had been the daily walk to the school shop. And here was Trevor offering them, as the sole alternative to a house licking, a beastly, violent run. And Trevor was celebrated for the length of his runs when he trained, and also for the rapidity of the same. The thing was impossible. It couldn't be done at any price. Davies bethought him of the excuse which had stood by him so well for the past three years. This was just one of those emergencies for which it had been especially designed. But even as he spoke he could not help feeling that Trevor was not in just the proper frame of mind for medical gossip.

"But," said Davies, "our doctor's certificates. We aren't allowed to play footer."

"Doctor's certificates! Rot! You'd better burn them. Well, are you coming for the run?"

Bellwood clutched at a straw.

"But we've no footer clothes," he said.

"You'd better borrow some, then. If you aren't back in this study, changed, by half past five, you'll get beans. Now get out."

At ten minutes past five a tentative knock sounded on the door. Trevor opened it. There stood the tenants of study sixteen garbed in borrowed football shirts and shorts.

OF THE details of that run no record remains. The trio started off in a south-easterly direction, along the road which led to Little Poolbury. From this it may be deduced that the spin was not a short one. Whenever Trevor had chosen this direction for one of his training runs on previous occasions he had

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM will present you with the Experiment of Stephen Glask — no shooting, no bloodshed. It's a peachy little story with a peachy little girl and a man—Oh whatta MAN!

JULY RADIO DIGEST

worked round through Little Poolbury to Much Wenham by road, then across difficult country (ploughed fields, brooks, and the like) to Burlingham, and then back to the school along the high road, the whole distance being between four and five miles. There is no reason for supposing him to have chosen another route on this occasion.

At any rate, as six struck from the college clock, a procession of three turned the corner of the road which ran past the school. Bellwood headed the procession. He was purple, moist and muddy, and he breathed in heavy gasps. A yard behind him came Davies in a similar condition, if anything, a shade worse. At the tail of the procession came Trevor, who looked as fresh as when he had started. He wore a pleasant smile. They passed in at Donaldson's gate, and were lost to view.

Study sixteen was subdued that night, but ate an enormous tea, and looked ninety per cent fitter than it had done for years.

And in the last paragraph of the one hundred and eighteenth page of the eleventh volume of the "Wrykynian," you will find these words to be written: "Inter-House Cup (Second Fifteens), Final. Donaldson's v. Seymour's.—This match was played on Saturday, March 10th, and resulted in a win for the former, after a good game by one goal and two tries to a penalty goal. For the winners Kershaw played well at half, and Smith in the center. The pick of the forwards were Bellwood and Davies. The latter's try was a clever piece of play. For Seymour's . . ."

But that's all.

Ted Husing, Out-Doors

(Continued from page 9)

of diction than any other man alive. One of the New York dailies conducted a contest for the best transcription of a broadcast of Ted Husing's running report of a football game. It was the Army-Notre Dame game. The fleet-fingered contestants had thrown up their hands, unable to record the 400 words a minute which Husing reeled off during the hottest action. If he had shown such ability during his try-out as a salesman the world might have lost a champion announcer—and commerce gained just another salesman!

Outstanding over all the other notable accomplishments of his Radio experience, Husing regards his broadcast of the Floyd Bennett funeral as the high point. It appeared almost an impossible task at the beginning. The plans to permit the nation to join in tribute to the brave airman were formulated only the evening before the burial. There were still many obstacles to surmount before this could be done. Grants were necessary from Government officials, the director of the Arlington cemetery and the widow. Husing arrived in Washington at 8 o'clock the next morning. Two hours later he communicated with ten Government officials, many of whom he disturbed from their slumbers. He received permission to proceed providing he received Mrs. Bennett's consent. After she wired her permission he dashed out to Arlington cemetery to supervise the laying of 17,000 feet of wire over stream, hill and forest to the nearest transmitter.

It was only after hours of continuous work in a cold rain that this was accomplished. Then, from a small tent which hardly offered shelter from the wind and heavy rain, he began his vivid and impressive description of the ceremonies. The canvas leaked so badly that the safety of the microphone was threatened until he covered it with his hat. Thousands of appreciative letters were received from listeners, but for two weeks Ted was confined to bed with a severe attack of the grippe.

HUSING achieves his tremendous rate of speed by speaking very softly. He likes to adapt his speed to the tempo of the event he is describing. In doing a basketball game, a fast sport, he can keep right up with the ball.

When he told the Radio audience all about the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin last fall his knowledge of the German language served him in fine stead. Eckener and the other members of the crew spoke only in that tongue when introduced, but Ted gave a very fine interpretation of each talk.

Once he did an "ad lib" description of an imaginary prize fight on a program that had everybody around the studio in a feverish state of excitement.

In broadcasting the world series last year he called every play correctly. In fact, he shaded the official scorer on one important decision.

Ted does not remember details of the game unless a particular play happens to be exceptionally spectacular. A friend once remarked, "Why, you saw it, Ted; you described it beautifully." But Ted had to explain that he has to translate the action into words so speedily that it makes no lasting mental impression.

Recently he invented an electrical board for use during football games that provides an efficient, silent and accurate signaling system between his observor and himself. He is having it patented.

Ted is a great traveler. One of his outstanding records for fast ground-covering was made during the last presidential campaign when he made a hurried trip to the seat of the Republican convention in California to introduce Mr. Hoover to the air for his formal acceptance of the nomination. That same day he left the coast and rushed to Hot Springs, Ark., to introduce Senator Robinson. After an appearance in New York City he dashed to Washington where he opened the Republican Radio campaign. During the last football season he traveled 13,000 miles to broadcast thirteen games.

He is married and has a five-year-old daughter. They are both listed among his severest critics.

WHEN Helen Morgan came into the studios for a program a short time ago she appeared quite ill at ease. Ted was not long in finding the trouble. After introducing himself, he ordered a piano moved over to the actress, assisted her on it, and then offered his handkerchief. Part of his duty is to know as much as possible about celebrities and their idiosyncrasies, and he believed Miss Morgan would feel much more at home when sitting on a piano with a handkerchief in hand. It worked.

He calls Major J. Andrew White the "dean of all sports announcers." Of Graham MacNamee he said over the air: "No one, in my opinion, will ever approach his tremendous record of broadcast achievement." He gives due credit to Jack Filman, Pat Flanagan, Ernie Smith and other leading announcers.

Trick clothes, including double-breasted vests, prominently striped suits and shirts, pleated trousers, blue tuxedos, a beaver coat and brilliantly hued ties are all to be seen in his wardrobe.

He is witty. Always knows just what to say no matter what the situation. Hates puns. Leaves the room whenever anyone makes a play on his name. "Shake well before using" is the one most frequently used.

"You rat," is his usual greeting to friends with whom he is particularly intimate. Coming from Ted, it is regarded as a term of affection.

The young man takes great delight in mimicking announcers and artists to the subject's complete satisfaction. He is often called upon for a series of his famous imitations. Incidentally, he is the only one who can "kid" Paul Whiteman and make the "king of jazz" like it. They are great friends.

"Ted Husing's Sportslants" is the name of his program in which he presents leading figures in the sporting world. It is his favorite broadcast and is popular with all sports lovers, who have already listened to Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker, Vincent Richards and others during the series.

Paul Whiteman gave him a portable phonograph. He plays the records of Duke Ellington and his band on it, and is passionately fond of their blatant music. Ted always takes great pleasure in going up to the Cotton club to announce their programs.

Erect and courageous, he has the carriage of a West Point cadet, the physique of a well-trained athlete, the features of a young toreador, and exudes an air of success with natural aplomb.

Ted admits he is conceited. But it isn't conceit in the true sense of the word. It is a man laughing as a means of keeping his perspective after he has cleared a lot of hard groundwork in a short time and become thoroughly expert in his chosen field.

If he is as conceited as he claims to be, what of it?—aren't we all?

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answer to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who was the first Radio pastor?

2. What well known singer heard on NBC programs is of royal lineage and married to a count?

3. Who is the originator of the crooning type of broadcasting?

4. On what instrument did Jimmy Melton begin his musical education?

5. What young Radio singer possesses a repertoire of songs in Italian, German and French?

6. When did Cooney and Joe of the famous Nighthawks first meet?

7. How did Tom Breen, well known NBC announcer, "break in" to the announcing end of Radio?

8. Of what college is Rudy Vallee a graduate?

9. In what profession did Frank Knight gain fame before he started broadcasting?

10. What are the call letters of the only Radio station owned and operated by a women's club?

* * *

Answers to questions in May issue:

1. Don Becker. 2. Poetry. 3. Vincent Lopez. 4. Her father was owner of Andrews Opera Company and her mother an actress. 5. Paul Specht. 6. Golf. 7. Harry Reser. 8. A sea captain. 9. Jack Shannon. 10. WCDA.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 102 and 103 of this Issue

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
KDB...Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW..... Burbank, Calif.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK.... Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO..... Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac. Wis.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI..... Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR..... Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
KFKB..... Milford, Kans.
KFKU..... Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX..... Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.
KFLX..... Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF..... Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
KFPW.Wiloan Springs, Ark.
KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD....Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW..... Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC..San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU..... Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM.Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI..San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM..... Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF..... Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY..... Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO..... Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
KGAR..... Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU.... Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ..... York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCN.....Concordia, Kan.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wolf Point Mont.
KGDA....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE...Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ..... Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF..... Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC..San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF..... Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF..... Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL..... Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR..... Butte, Mont.
KGIW..... Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB..... Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX....Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.
KGU..... Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW..... Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ..... Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO..... Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR..... Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX..... Oakland, Calif.
KLZ..... Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR..... Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA..... Denver, Colo.
KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.
KOB....State College, N. M.
KOCW..... Chickasha, Okla.
KOH..... Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
KOL..... Seattle, Wash.
KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.
KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.
KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ..... Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC..... Houston, Tex.
KPSN..... Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF.. Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.
KREG....Santa Anna, Calif.
KRGV..... Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD..... Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KRSC..... ..Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI..... Pocatello, Idaho
KSL....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR..... Portland, Ore.
KTBS..... Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT..... Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL..... Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA..... Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT..... Austin, Tex.
KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.
KVI..... Seattle, Wash.
KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS.... Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG..... Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ..... Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH..... Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC..... Pullman, Wash.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA..... Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO..... Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW..... Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF..... Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW..... Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI..... Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WADC..... Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU..... Columbus, Ohio.
WAPI..... Birmingham, Ala.
WASH..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA.West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL..... Richmond, Va.
WBBM..... Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY.....Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS....Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC.... Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO..... Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA..... Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC..... Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH..... Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ..... Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL..... Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO..... Baltimore, Md.
WCAP...Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX..... Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA..... Allentown, Pa.
WCBD..... Zion, Ill.
WCBM..... Baltimore, Md.
WCBS..... Springfield, Ill.
WCCO... Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL..... Chicago, Ill.
WCGU..Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY..... Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO..... Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS..... Joliet, Ill.
WCMA..... Culver, Ind.
WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC..... Meridan, Miss.
WCOD..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH.....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.
WCSH..... Portland, Me.
WCSO..... Springfield, Ohio
WDAE..... Tampa, Fla.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG..... Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ..... Roanoke, Va.
WDBO..... Orlando, Fla.
WDEL..... Wilmington, Del.
WDGY... Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD.. Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ..... Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
WEAO..... Columbus, O.
WEAR.. ....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC..... Duluth, Minn.
WEBE..... Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW..... Beloit, Wis.
WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI..... Boston, Mass.
WEHS..... Evanston, Ill.
WELK..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR..... Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA..... Dallas, Tex.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE..... Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ.... Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM.... Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR..... Baltimore, Md.
WFDF..... Flint, Mich.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB..... Altoona, Pa.
WFI..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW.... Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC..... Akron, O.
WFKD.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA..... Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF..... Evansville, Ind.
WGBI..... Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM..... Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES..... Chicago, Ill.
WGH....Newport News, Va.
WGHP..... Detroit, Mich.
WGL..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
WGN..... Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST..... Atlanta, Ga.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA..... Madison, Wis.
WHAD..... Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.... Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ..... Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU..... Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY..West DePere, Wis.
WHDF..... Calumet, Mich.
WHDH.....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI... Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC..... Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK..... Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP.Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS..... Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA..... Madison, Wis.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM..... Jackson, Mich.
WIBO..... Chicago, Ill.
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU..... Poynette, Wis.
WIBW..... Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL..... Urbana, Ill.
WILM..... Wilmington, Del.
WINR.....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC..... Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG..... Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
WJAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX..... Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY..... Cleveland, O.
WJAZ..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL..... Decatur, Ill.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
WJBT..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBU..... Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD..... Chicago, Ill.
WJKS..... Gary, Ind.
WJR..... Detroit, Mich.
WJSV.....Washington, D. C.
WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio.
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ.San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB..... Joliet, Ill.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.... ..Webster, Mass.
WKBF..... Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN..... Youngstown, O.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP..Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV.... Connersville, Ind.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC..... Cincinnati, O.
WKY..Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC..... Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF...Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG..... Petersburg, Va.
WLBL...Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ..... Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX..... Lexington, Mass.
WLEY..... Lexington, Mass.
WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE..... Boston, Mass.
WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW..... Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF.S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ..... Chicago, Ill.
WMAY..... St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC..... Detroit, Mich.
WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.
WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ..... Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH..New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR..... Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN.Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI..... Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT..... Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC.... Worcester, Mass.
WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
WPSW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.
WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
WRBJ....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREG..... Memphis, Tenn.
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY..... New York City
WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....So. Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
WSPA....Spartonburg, S. C.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN..St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.... Worcester, Mass.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
WTAW.College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Official Wave Lengths

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica. N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WCES	Chicago
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diega, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Anna, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-KTSM	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WCAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Grfeat Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska.
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatche, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernadino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
256.3	1,170	500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WGDY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		20,000	KOB	State College, N. Mex.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
258.5	1,160	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Ia.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
263	1,140	50,000	KYW-KFKX,	Chicago, Ill.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KVOO,	Tulsa, Okla.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Tex.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J
275.1	1,090	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
		1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	5,000	KCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Addison, Ill.
		5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia.
		10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
318	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		100	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.

READ NOW

Trail the Two Gunmen *in* —

WILL PAYNE'S

The ***Hunters***

SCARFACE himself gave them their orders out at Grogan's in Cicero. Detective Bodet had been sent to Florida to wait in hiding until the trial. He was the star witness, so the Big Shots decreed his doom.

"Now youse two go on down to Florida where I tell yez, and bump this guy off. Blot him out clean before he can open his trap — yunnerstand?"

"Yeah. What's the kick-in?"

"Four grand for the job, kid, and that's a plenty."

And so the two of them went straight to the Bockaganza Hotel, where Bodet imagined himself secure.

Will Payne gives you a thrilling tale of a pair of hunters being hunted in the Florida swamps. It is a thrilling short story in two parts starting in this issue.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS,	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas.
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas.
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Cleaawater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

Amos 'n' Andy's Boyhood

(Continued from page 15)

"Chuck" Correll attended Peoria High school. Here again he demonstrated his ability as an actor and took part in many of the high school amateur productions. The last two years of high school he was leader of the school orchestra.

He had his first insight into professional drama while employed at the old Main Street Theatre as an usher during his high school years. Before and after the show he would be found backstage conversing with the actors and actresses. From them he learned considerable that helped him in his later years.

The elder Correll never attempted to advice his son as to a career. "Charles was interested in plays and dancing and I let him work out the problem for himself," he said.

When young Charles graduated from high school, he learned the brickmason trade from his father. His friends tell of an amusing incident that occurred when his father was superintending a construction job near the Illinois river.

Old Jake, a lanky superstitious negro hod carrier working with the crew was afraid of snakes. One day the younger Correll found a garter snake and decided to have some fun with the negro. He climbed to the second story of the building, which was under construction, to a position directly above the darky. Jake was stirring a mixture of lime with a long hoe when Correll dropped the snake. It caught Jake on the arm and encircled itself there. Jake, terror-stricken, dropped the hoe and held his arm out straight from his body. When convinced that the snake had no intention of leaving but was wriggling toward him, he shook his arm vigorously and as the snake dropped to the ground he cried out, "My Gawd, it's rainin' snakes!" Jake wouldn't return to work for the rest of the week.

WHILE learning the brickmason trade, however, the future Andy's interest in dramatics never waned. He took part in most of the home talent plays and had more prizes to his credit than any other man in the city. He was ever ready to take part in plays, without pay, and to lend a hand at directing them.

About that time, the piano player at the Columbia theatre married and quit her job. Correll's application as her successor was accepted. He worked at the brickmason trade by day and played the piano in the theatre at night.

Although Correll and Gosden write their own scripts, Correll showed no particular talent for writing as a youth. He was blessed with a natural talent for being funny and was a student of reactions. He studied people carefully and knew what was needed to make them laugh. He seldom missed a show that came through Peoria, and it is said he never forgot the jokes that were recited.

About 17 years ago he left Peoria for Rock Island, Ill., to work as a brickmason. He worked there a few years and then went to Springfield, Ill., where he became associated with the superintendent who was in charge of constructing the supreme court building.

One day, while appearing in a home talent play, a representative of a Chicago Production company discovered him. He joined the company, which traveled the country supervising home talent productions. He appeared sometimes in blackface and made a great hit in that selfconfident drawl that is now so familiar to millions of persons.

His friends, back in Peoria, hear from him occasionally and whenever he visits there, he makes it a practice of visiting some of them. Graduating to one of the highest paid Radio entertainers hasn't changed Correll the least in the eyes of his old friends, and when they tune in on "Amos 'n' Andy" each night, it's the same old "Chuck" doing the same stuff for a handsome salary now that he used to entertain them with years ago for nothing.

Mr. Correll is so busy now, that he sometimes doesn't have the opportunity to see his family here in Peoria, more than once or twice a year. He keeps them informed with letters and telegrams, however, and they know every day in what part of the country the boys are appearing. When he does visit Peoria, it is only for a few hours on Sunday night, the only night when the Pepsodent program over the National Broadcasting Company is silent.

Amos 'n' Andy "Join the Show"

Miss Ann Steward has obtained a remarkable interview revealing early experiences of famous pair and how they "got their start."

Read it in the JULY
RADIO DIGEST

THE senior Correll has visited the WMAQ studios only once since the death of his wife, two years ago. Charles Correll conducted his father through the studio and introduced him to his friends. Gosden is a warm friend of the Correll family and has on several occasions come to Peoria with Mr. Correll.

All through his life Mr. Correll has shown an interest in everything he has been associated with. As a boy he was congenial and rather sensitive. He never purposely offended anyone and because of this there is a strong bond in his friendships.

At an early age he selected his own career. While in the early stages, he devoted his time and energy willingly and without remuneration. His rise to fame has been gradual and over a not-too-smooth path.

And now, even after years of separation from his boyhood pals, he is the same person to them. When he comes to Peoria, it's "Hello Charlie."—"Hello Bill." Not "Hello Mr. Correll."—"Hello Mr. Harvey." He shies at publicity and his home newspapers never hear of his visits, until he has gone.

His family is as proud of him as are his friends. His father hears the program twice each night; once at 7 o'clock Eastern Standard Time and again at 10:30 o'clock Central Standard Time.

His father now says he is glad he permitted the boy to choose his own profession. "But if he had continued with the brickmason trade," his father said proudly, "he'd be the best bricklayer in the country now."

Besides his father, Mr. Correll has two younger brothers and a sister living at Peoria. The youngest brother "Tommy" is athletic coach at the Averyville High School. The other brother, Joseph B., is a foreman. His sister is Mrs. Alice Roszell.

Henry and George

(Continued from page 47)

switchboard operator? She would be called Flo, the telephone girl, and be played by Georgia Backus. Now, one more male character. Not another bellhop. That would weaken the two featured characters. Let's see—ah, Dan, the house detective! And who could play the part more effectively than the inimitable Brad Brownie? Oh, and music. Why, the hotel orchestra, of course, and Pete, the orchestra leader, will serve as an additional character for the minute dramas.

There would be some introductory announcements and humorous dialogue and then they would go into the blackouts. A rehearsal showed that there would be time for five little playlet blackouts on each program, none to take more than a few minutes.

The first script was written, tried out in a private audition for the client, and was pronounced so satisfactory that it was used for the first actual program broadcast without a line being changed. Not only that, but this new idea in Radio proved so popular from the very start that the general scheme adopted at the beginning has never been changed. Listeners-in won't allow it to be changed.

Both Don Clark and Dave Elman modestly insist that the idea of blackouts is a simple and fundamental form of humorous entertainment, and that they were merely the first to think of adapting it to Radio broadcasting. Blackouts are nothing more nor less than the dramatization of humorous incidents. They are jokes, acted instead of told, and free therefore, from the dull exposition that frequently ruins a good joke in the telling. Here is the way it's done on the Henry-George program:

HENRY: Well, Pete, that makes three times tonight that we've hit the old gong. If we can do it twice more the manager will let us put on a show for the guests in the ballroom next week.

PETE: Yeah—that's what he says. Listen, fellows, you know the manager told me the sort of dramas he likes. He likes a drama with a moral to it. Have you any like that?

DAN: Pete, you ought to know Henry and George have some or will write some—ain't that right, Henry?

HENRY: We don't have to write any—we've already got one. And we'll do it now.

GEORGE: Which one do you mean, Henry?

HENRY: The one that contains that recipe for marital happiness.

GEORGE: Oh, I know the one. We ought to be able to ring the gong with that one.

HENRY: Sure we will. Now listen, Maizie, and you too, Flo. You're the principal characters. Maizie, you're the happy wife, and Flo, you're the unhappy one. George, you'd better be the husband.

PETE: I got just the music to set this scene.

GEORGE: O. K., Pete, let's hear it.
MUSIC: Few bars of "JUST A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KISS."
MAIZIE: Agnes, the trouble with you is you don't know how to handle your husband.
FLO: Oh, I've tried everything, and I just can't make him stay home nights. I've scolded him, I've threatened to divorce him, I've threatened to go home to mother—there isn't anything I haven't tried.
MAIZIE: Ah, that's just it. You don't know how to handle him. I never have that sort of trouble with my husband.
FLO: How do you avoid it?
MAIZIE: I make my husband feel welcome at home. I never scold, I never torment. And that's why he comes home from work promptly every night.
FLO: I wish I knew your recipe for marital happiness. My husband's always drinking and carousing until all hours of the night.
MAIZIE: And there's a reason for it. He doesn't feel welcome when he's at home. Why don't you do what I do?
FLO: What do you mean?
MAIZIE: Well, when he comes in the door, the first thing to do is greet him with a nice sweet kiss, then help him off with his coat and hat, hang them up, get out his dressing gown, help him into it, then bring him into the parlor and make love to him just the way you did in the days of your courtship. Put some romance into your marriage. That's all it needs.
FLO: Maybe you're right, Maizie. I've never tried that.
MAIZIE: I thought so. That's why so many marriages go on the rocks. The romance is taken out of them—and real love feeds on romance.
FLO: Maizie, I want to thank you for your advice. I'm going to try it.
MAIZIE: Flo, it's not too late to try now. You owe it to yourself to give my recipe for happy marriage a real try-out.
FLO: I will, Maizie.
MAIZIE: Well, it's late and I must be going. Goodbye again, Flo.
FLO: Goodbye, Maizie. And thanks. From the bottom of my heart.
(DOOR CLOSES. SHORT PAUSE. THEN HUSBAND STARTS SINGING AS THOUGH DRUNK.)
HENRY: (IN DISTANCE.) They were only only foolin'—they were only only foolin'—they were only only foolin'. Hello, dear.
FLO: Hello, Jimsy, dear.
HENRY: Jimsy, dear? Well—
FLO: Give me a good kiss, dear.
HENRY: A kiss? Sure. (SMACK.)
FLO: Now, Jimsy, dear, let me help you off with your hat and coat. That's right. And now, here—here's your dressing gown. Let me help you on with it.
HENRY: That's sweet of you.
FLO: Now, Jimsy, dear, come on into the parlor. We'll sit there awhile and make love. Just you and me.
HENRY: All right. I might as well. I'll get killed when I get home anyway.
(CHORD IN "G")
BIZ: (GONG RINGS ONCE.)
MUSIC: "SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL."

NEEDLESS to say, a blackout such as the one just used as an example, doesn't read as well as it acts. But read it to yourself, as you can easily imagine it would be presented by the cast, and time your reading of it. You will find that it is truly a "minute drama"—and therein lies the secret of the success of Radio blackouts: they are sheer action. The Henry-George program has been called one of the fastest moving on the air.

It has also been said, and truly, that the members of the cast of the Henry-George program are the most versatile Radio entertainers on the air. There are five minute dramas on every program. Figure for yourself the number of characterizations that each one in the cast has had to do. Four of the original members—Don Clark, Dave Elman, Georgia Backus and Harriet Lee—are still doing Henry-George blackouts, which is enough of a compliment to their ability.

Gold Cup Winners

(Continued from page 55)

W. K. Henderson Wins

NOW that "Hello World" and "Dog-gone your buttons" have become almost national by-words, and station KWKH has been selected by its listeners as the South's Most Popular Station, it is, perhaps, well to tell the world a little about W. K. Henderson himself.

The principal topic of interest at KWKH is the fight against the chain stores. Mr. Henderson, the "Shreveport War Horse," comes by this campaign as a deeply rooted heritage from his father, who appealed to people to buy from home institutions. As the moving force of his inner feelings starts him on his nightly tirade, Henderson gradually gains force and sometimes has to punctuate his remarks with a pointed adjective or noun.

When he steps before the microphone he is in his element. Approaching 50, still he gives the impression of a serious, yet prankish boy having a whale of a good time pouring hot lead onto the backs of the "chain gang." Born to be a leader, his Radio station has unexpectedly offered itself up as the ideal medium for his aggressive leadership. He has a happy way of indulging in the love of play, held over from his boyhood.

As a matter of fact, Station KWKH at first was a hobby and a plaything for him—nothing more. He liked to draw up close to the mike and drawl out, "Hello, W-o-r-l-d, don't go 'way-y-y," and then poke a little fun at something or somebody. He was astonished after a time to hear those words echoing back from different quarters of the globe. It was then that Mr. Henderson realized his station might be of world service and a mouthpiece for the people, as well as for himself.

He first began attracting widespread attention during the last presidential campaign. Radio fans were highly amused at his apt stories, his queer pronunciation of the names of some states, his Southern drawl and the vigor of his defense of his chosen candidate. Some of the evidences of his unconventionality began to appear at that time, and he was seen as a person who could speak without fear of anyone.

The true spirit of Southern hospitality is in evidence the moment you meet Mr. Henderson or step through the door of the KWKH studios. Daily hundreds of visitors from all over the country are welcomed at the studios at Shreveport, Louisiana. Any time they arrive coffee and sandwiches are awaiting them and the large office force is courteously on hand to meet them.

Now that "Hello, World" is convinced that the offensive against the chain stores is a true mission, he literally lives, eats and sleeps on that subject. Once a side line, his Radio station is now his chief interest. The policy of that station is reminiscent of the old days of journalism when one man was the soul of his newspaper. Although KWKH has expanded so rapidly that a large staff is now employed, Henderson is still the heart and soul of the enterprise.

How well he has been received by the listening public is demonstrated by their loyal and enthusiastic support in the Radio Digest popular station contest, carrying him to victory in the South by a large majority.

Midwest to Henry Field

OUT in Shenandoah, Iowa, there lives a man who is a real character in the business as well as the broadcasting world. Henry Field is a credit to the world as well as to his home town and his station, KFNF, which now is privileged to announce itself as "The Middle West's Most Popular Station."

"I sent a message over the air;
It was heard by many—but who?
And where?"

That isn't the way the poet wrote it, but it expresses Radio's chief program problem. Station KFNF, Henry Field's voice of the air, has met the problem of pleasing the public by selecting a specific audience, the rural and small town folks of the Middle West, and presenting programs to appeal directly to these people.

Therein lies one reason, at least, for the fact that almost a million people personally visited the KFNF studios last year to meet and shake hands with the folks who had entertained them over the air. Probably no other station in the world can boast of such an enormous visiting list. And by the same token it is doubtful whether any other station knows so definitely who its listeners are, or where they are.

City dwellers may prefer grand opera, jazz music or book reviews to the homely family parties and the "over the fence" talks about hogs or hens or corn or alfalfa which characterize KFNF programs. If he does, KFNF should worry! The broad acres of the Midwest are dotted with thousands of homes where a brood sow with a newly arrived litter is of more interest than the day's horse races, and where the scraping of an old-time fiddler's bow is more appreciated than an operatic aria. KFNF presents home-grown programs to a hand picked audience. The entertainers are "just folks" known to listeners by their first names, and untainted by the tinsel glitter of "Stagiana."

The spirit of friendly, unaffected hominess which pervades the programs is genuine; otherwise, it might easily seem a strained effort at "talking down" to listeners. A dance orchestra, fiddle, accordion, piano and rattle-bones, perhaps, plays Turkey in the Straw, a college glee club sings with amateur verve, a small town choir renders old-time hymns to organ accompaniment, the lowly harmonica vibrates reedily to the strains of Old Folks at Home. Then a short talk—"Well, now, I tell you. About plantin' onions . . ."

EVERYTHING seems more or less impromptu. Listeners may hear an occasional snatch of conversation which is not on the program. The rendering of a humorous ballad may be interrupted by the laughter of performers and announcer. It is somewhat as though a bunch of the boys and girls had just dropped in and were being called upon to "sing that cowboy song of yours, Bill," or "Eli, play the Virginia Reel for us." The entire program is presented with a spontaniety which never suggests rigid professionalism or exacting program etiquette.

KFNF is owned and operated by the Henry Field Seed company of Shenandoah. Henry himself is chief announcer. He is the presiding genius, the soul—in short, he IS KFNF. The station is simply a mechanical multiplication of his own personality. Understanding something of the man, it is not difficult to understand the unique character of his alter ego, KFNF.

First, the station gives Henry Field a thousand tongues. And, gosh! how he does like that! He was born with the gift of gab and his greatest pleasure seems to lie in giving farm folks advice about growing things. He is a farmer himself and has sold farm and garden seeds all his life. With every sale he has always thrown in a lot of suggestions as to how best results might be secured from those seeds. In advising his customers, he wanted to build up his seed business, of course, but above everything he delights in making two blades of grass grow courageously where only timid aridity reigned before.

WNAX West's Popular

IN THE great District of the West, Yankton, South Dakota, is the home city of the West's Most Popular Station, WNAX. To many this station is an old friend. Owned and operated by the Gurney Seed and Nursery company, it has been entertaining a large slice of the Radio audience since November 1, 1921. Let's see what constitutes the personality of this broadcaster which has aroused the enthusiastic support of its audience.

First, there's Chan Gurney—Announcer Chan. Then we meet Happy Jack, an old standby of WNAX, an old time fiddler full of merry sunshine and as Irish as Murphy's pig. His real name is Jack O'Malley, and before he found the ether waves he was just a garden variety of dairyman. And here comes John Jensen with his strumming guitar, singing a ballad as he comes. Fleming Allen is on his way to play his morning organ numbers. Before Allen came to Yankton he was organist with WLS and WCFL, and appeared at Chicago theatres. He has written several song hits, and just completed "The WNAX March."

The harmony team announced as the Sunshine Coffee Kids is made up of John Sloan and Verna Nelson, tenor and pianist-soprano. Verna is a student at Yankton conservatory, while Sloan is a Scotchman of more than a little renown. And now let's look over the backbone of WNAX programs, the concert orchestra.

One of the groups of entertainers that has proved very popular from the Gurney station is the Rosebud Kids. This group is made up of one family, ages of the "Kids" ranging from four to thirteen years. There is George, violinist and director, 13; Margaret, aged 12, who plays the piano; Alice of 9 summers, the wildcat drummer; Harlen at the sousaphone; Waneta with her kitty songs, aged 4; and dad and mother of the "Kids," banjo and guitar, respectively.

Irene O'Connor Crumpacker is soprano soloist at the station. For three years Irene was second in Nebraska in the Atwater Kent contest. During the noon hour Chan Gurney steps to the mike for a half hour of news flashes, hot off the wire, including market reports, weather forecasts. Following Chan's reports D. B. Gurney, president of the corporation, uses fifteen minutes to give an interesting and valuable talk to the farmers.

Harv Nelson is program director. Harv comes of a family of musicians; his father is an old time fiddler, sister Verna is one of the Coffee Kids, and Harv himself plays the violin and sax in the studio orchestra. Then there is E. R. Gurney, who twice a day speaks on philosophical subjects to everyone from the children to the old folks.

Another interesting personality is announcer Emil Reutzel. Emil is the man with the million dollar smile, and it's always working. The Rev. D. E. Cleveland, Radio pastor of WNAX, conducts what he calls "the friendly service" every morning. At 5:30 every afternoon a Kiddie's Hour is conducted by Uncle Dutch, who is none other than Roy Eastman. Roy can do things with a harmonica. The popular Meridian Trio is made up of Harvey Nelson, Corenne Horst and Nancy Wyborny, who is also known as Aunt Sammy, in the latter character conducting a program for the women listeners.

Among the listeners to WNAX are many whose native tongue is German. For these people every evening Herbert Lemke sings German songs, and is assisted at the piano by Hazel Olson. Hazel of the sunny disposition is also pianist for the concert orchestra and accompanist for other organizations. Several times during the week are heard the trumpet notes of Art Haring on his cornet, accompanied by Corenne Horst at the piano. Art is also director of the orchestra. Every Saturday afternoon little thirteen-year-old Margaret Graman is heard.

Among the soloists singing popular numbers over WNAX is Mrs. Don Gurney, familiarly known as Edith. Her rich soprano voice is in constant demand. Perhaps one of the hardest working men on the staff is Charlie Steinbach, trap drummer and vibraphonist. Then there is the voice of Uncle Phil, another of the Gurney brothers. Uncle Phil has been a farmer himself and tells the farmers something of his experiences and discoveries that may help in their work.

The men behind the guns are Harry Seiles and Ivar Nelson, the Radio engineers for WNAX.

KFOX Wins in Far West

SECOND only to KFKB in final standings of winners in the Radio Digest Gold Cup Contest, Station KFOX at Long Beach, California, is by an overwhelmingly large vote the Most Popular Station in the Far West.

Formerly operating as KFON, KFOX is listed as one of the five pioneer broadcasting stations on the Pacific Coast. From the time of its inception in 1924 it has grown from a studio personnel of one technician besides the owners to an important industry employing a permanent staff of 45. It is owned and operated by Nichols and Warinner, Inc.

Hal G. Nichols and C. Earl Nichols, two of the owners of the station, are pioneers in the broadcasting profession and were the original owners of the ninth oldest station to be licensed in the United States, KDQZ at Denver, Colorado.

Much of the success and popularity of KFOX is attributed to the policy of Hal Nichols, studio director, in giving the listeners a wide variety of entertainment, and to the "homey" atmosphere emanating from the studios. A genial informality exists at all times, which gives the listeners a personal interest in the program. Every one is called by his first name. Hal personally conducts many of the programs and possesses, to a large degree, that rare ability of making his audience "see" as well as hear the programs.

A variety of more than forty programs are heard from KFOX each day during its twenty-two hours on the air. These programs include the old time music, which was acclaimed one of the most popular forms of entertainment according to a questionnaire sent out from the station. From 20,000 of these questionnaires 8,000 were returned, an unusually high percentage.

One of the most popular features at the Long Beach station is Percy at the Telephone. This is considered one of the most original programs presented. Percival Aloysius is a shy, seemingly backward youth who calls people on the 'phone and recites to them some of his latest poetical compositions. This boy is really clever and his entertainment isn't of the usual stereotyped variety.

Canada's Popular CFQC

FARMERS of Saskatchewan, world's greatest wheat growing area, residents of Saskatoon, central city of this vast agricultural province, and thousands of other Radio listeners from more distant points are pouring their congratulations into the studio of CFQC, the Dominion of Canada's Most Popular Station.

From out the entire Dominion, stretching 3,000 miles from coast to coast, the spotlight of popularity hovered and finally turned its attention to this messenger of cheer and goodwill in Radio Digest's popularity contest just concluded. The pioneers of Radiocasting in this section of the continent, owners, announcers, technicians and artists of CFQC are receiving the handshakes of thousands of fans with justifiable pride and waiting the day when another Radio Digest popularity trophy will adorn the studio walls.

The voice of CFQC, while it primarily serves the agriculturists of the prairie west, is nevertheless versatile, and thus city residents of three provinces and several of the northern United States receive its bright and educational programs with equal enjoyment. Incidently, the best the Dominion has to offer in musical entertainment is carried to listeners by way of chain broadcasts. CFQC is linked with every chain broadcast in the Dominion and, perhaps, one of the greatest tributes the station and the city of Saskatoon have received, lies in the fact that recently the Canadian National railways chose Madame Helen Davies Sherry, Saskatoon prima donna and CFQC artist, to feature its coast to coast network.

CFQC has had an interesting career, and while the details of history are not always the most interesting, a word or two about the station's progress might not be amiss.

CFQC first took the air on July 1, 1923, Dominion Day, as a 50-watt transmitter. Radio was then, one might say, in its infant stages and the local station met with instant success. The next two years saw its output increased to 250 watts and finally to 500 watts, which is the present rating.

Originally plans were on foot to considerably increase the output but these were cancelled owing to the unsettled state of broadcast throughout Canada.

WHAT is the secret of CFQC's success? It is difficult to lay hands on any one feature which finally proves the popularity of a broadcasting station. More likely it is a combination of efforts

Cupid On the Air

(Continued from page 97)

the little fellow plays favorites? It seems that he has tossed his head, turned up his little nose, and declined to cast a dart in the direction of certain stations. Perhaps the situation has been exaggerated, and perhaps he's only biding his time, but at any rate some of the most important stations have confessed to being sadly slighted by Cupid.

We are led to this conclusion when we discovered another station, only opened last October, particularly favored by the little god. The station is KSAT at Fort Worth, Texas. Here three romances have developed in those few short months with a startling rapidity.

The station was new and all was sailing along smoothly. They were almost ready to go on the air. There was an attractive young woman, Elizabeth Munns, engaged as studio hostess—but not for long! Deane Davenport, formerly of the Universal Division of American Airways, made a business trip to the studios. And three weeks later, when the station was ready to go on the air, KSAT was in the market for a hostess. Miss Munns was now Mrs. Davenport and left for more domestic occupations.

About the same time, Mr. Arthur W. (Tiny) Stowe, station manager, signed up Miss Velma Dean on a life-time contract. Several years before Mr. Stowe had known Miss Dean and had persuaded her to go on the air over his station in Dallas. Miss Dean became well known as a blues singer and traveled far from the station in Dallas. Last summer she was headlined in the WLS Showboat that toured the country as the Southern Crooner. When the bill came to the Majestic Theatre in Fort Worth "Tiny" met Miss Dean again and a few days later they were married in Marietta, Okla.

The most recent romance that this station boasts is that of Pem Davenport, young pianist, and Evelyn Woodward, diminutive violinist. This was something of a whirlwind affair, the young couple merely taking the afternoon off to run over to Marietta, where the ceremony was performed, then back to the studio the next day.

BACK in Chicago again we find another station where Cupid has been busy. Nubs Allan, winsome little blues singer on KYW's staff, met Johnny Wolf, NBC star when he was playing with Art Kahn's orchestra at WGES. For a long time Nubs had wondered what made this band's tunes sound sweeter than any others that came over the air, and after a visit to the studio decided that it must be because the trumpet player had such curly, black hair.

Anyhow, it was love at first sight—violent enough to make Nubs send back the diamond to the young man to whom she was engaged (who didn't even play a harmonica) and thereby give Johnny a chance to do his stuff with the wedding band. The outcome of it all is a brown-eyed little miss named Joan, who started broadcasting (after hours mostly) just about four years ago.

It must have been his hearty laugh that made Lola Fischer of Davenport, Iowa, sitting before the loud-speaker, fall in love with Uncle Bob. You can't blame her at all, for it's the nicest, most contagious laugh you ever heard. Uncle Bob's real name is Walter Wilson, but he is simply "Uncle Bob" to the 470,000 youngsters who belong to his "Curb Is the Limit Club" and listen to his program over KYW every night.

Anyway, whether it was his hearty laugh or his kind, friendly voice, Lola was all ready to like Uncle Bob very, very much when she came to Chicago and met him through the good graces of a mutual friend. Not many months after they met they ran up to Waukegan one day and were married.

Since there has been a Mrs. Uncle Bob the safety club has increased about 500 in membership, for she takes care of all Uncle Bob's correspondence, and the youngsters love to get her letters.

HERE, here, what is this about a CBS executive losing an efficient secretary because the system moved into their new offices and studios on Madison Avenue in New York last fall? It happened this way. Among the managers of the various stations in the CBS network who attended the dedication ceremonies was one Gaston Grignon, manager of station WISN, Milwaukee.

Mr. Lowman, the CBS executive referred to, in showing the visitor about the new home of the system, introduced Mr. Grignon to his secretary, Miss Haggerty. Mr. Grignon remained in the city for three days and we are told that two of the evenings of those same days were spent at the theatre with Miss Haggerty. Be that as it may, when Mr. Grignon returned to Milwaukee he discovered he had left something in New York. His heart. There was only one thing to do about it. He put in a long-distance call for Miss Haggerty and asked her to return it to him.

Rumor has it that he called up every night for a month or more, or until such time as Miss Haggerty (who was not the type of girl to keep stolen property) agreed to return it to him in person. She did this last winter and, while Mr. Lowman of CBS has lost an efficient secretary, Mr. Grignon has acquired a charming wife.

It is really amazing to see to what uses Cupid has put Radio. For instance, there was lovely Mary Georgia Gleason, way down in Augusta, Ga., who had known Wallace Rushing of Millhaven, Ga., for some time. But they were "just friends" till Cupid and the mike took a hand.

Wallace, who had a weakness for puttering around with electrical gadgets, left Georgia to seek his fortune up North. Eventually he became a member of the engineering staff of WTIC, Hartford, Conn. In the wee morning hours when the Connecticut station was broadcasting a test program, Wallace got a chance to make an announcement of the call letters. It gave him quite a thrill, and he wrote to Mary about it. Mary listened in one early morning shortly thereafter and heard her fellow-Georgian's voice.

For her it was more than a thrill. It brought her to a realization of how she really felt about Wallace. And very soon the bells were tinkling merrily in an Augusta church. But, according to Mrs. Rushing, the honeymoon was not what a girl would call an unqualified success, inasmuch as Wallace insisted on sitting at the Radio during most of their honeymoon trip.

CUPID, of course, is not partial to southern climes or to these United States. Let's follow him across into Canada. The girl's name was Jessie M. A. Dickson, and she was a cute little thing, but of proud New England extraction. He was then just a Radio entertainer to her—"Faith" of Hope and Faith, a comedy and melody team broadcasting from CKCL. His real name was Joe Allabough, and he was one of those unusually good looking chaps with dark hair and rosy cheeks. They met at one of those informal little gatherings to which we all are invited from time to time, Radio entertainers and listeners.

The weeks went by and he forgot that he met such a person as Jessie Dickson, so fleeting had been their meeting. But she remembered, and every evening that Joe was on the air found Jessie before the loudspeaker. More weeks passed and came a day in the spring when three staff members of CKCL set out to survey one of Toronto's golf courses with the idea of broadcasting a tournament to be held there. A fourth person was wanted to make a foursome to play over the course, and Jessie Dickson was invited by the other young lady of the party. Then and there the spark was touched to the other half of the romance and Joe fell and fell hard.

Last Christmas Joe took Jessie home to Chicago to meet his parents. Things went so well that one Saturday night they eloped to Waukegan and were married. Jessie had to return to Toronto to pack up her things while Joe stayed in Chicago on a new job. Now they are together again, and Jessie says she loves it as well as Joe says he does, but Joe must sing to her over the air every day or she won't love him any more, for she first fell in love with him because of his voice.

We were just about ready to push back from our typewriter and call it a day, when there was an insistent tugging at our elbow. Apparently there was no one, but all the same our eyes strayed to the wall map and there on the California section was a little heart with an arrow straight through it. It seemed to be pointing to Los Angeles. And then we thought of it! KHJ has been simply bursting with romance this spring. The new studios may have something to do with it, and, at any rate, it seems as though few can withstand the dreamy pipe organ melodies of Wesley B. Tourtellotte, the balmy, zither-like atmosphere of the country round about, and the fact that summer is well on its way.

WHILE there are many budding romances about ready to burst into bloom, it remained for one of the instrumental and one of the vocal soloists to start things off with a bang.

Jeannette Rodgers, KHJ's prize staff flutist, and Robert Bradford, the studio baritone, were married—the first of the spring couples to take the fatal step this year. They just went away to a quiet spot to have the ceremony performed and didn't tell people about it until afterwards.

The little romance started when the two young people met at the studio when they began to play and sing at KHJ. Out in that country folks "want to go places and do things," so the romance madly raced along for barely two months before the peal of wedding chimes.

Some three and a half years ago KHJ was the scene of another romance. In fact, it was of importance to all Southern California, for it turned out to be a Radio wedding, and one of the first in that part of the country. "Uncle John" (John Stewart) Daggett, then KHJ manager, was the groom and his bride a young girl just out of high school, Marguerite Lynn Bunton by name.

He's led us a merry chase—Dan Cupid, from East to West, from North to South, and, of course, we haven't been able to anywhere near keep track of him. On the air and in the studios we've found him bobbing up unaccountably. And doesn't this little romantic journey leave you, too, with a feeling of pleasant expectancy?

which brings the result. From its inception CFQC has striven to provide both amusement and education. Through the medium of daily service programs its listeners are kept in touch with the world's news, grain and stock markets. The University of Saskatchewan, situated in Saskatoon, has willingly cooperated at all times in providing both educational and interesting lectures on all matters closely related to agricultural problems. Furthermore, in the realm of entertainment, it may be said that Saskatoon is one of the leading cities of the West in musical interest, and numbers in its population many artists of high rank. CFQC has chosen them for its performers.

Studio programs are varied in nature, one of the secrets of successful broadcasting, and range from jazz numbers, provided by the city's best bands and through recordings, wisely chosen old time selections to the works of the great masters. An efficient studio orchestra is maintained under the direction of Arthur McEwing, conductor and teacher of ability and well known throughout western Canada.

Perhaps the most important personality in any Radio broadcasting station, with regard to contact with the vast public which it serves, is the announcer. Especially on the prairies where Radio has conquered time and space, his voice is eagerly awaited as a welcome break in many a monotonous day. Stan Clifton is chief announcer and program director of CFQC; also a Radio technician of experience and ability, with a long record of service both in England and the Dominion. Clifton has gained for his station and himself an enviable position in the hearts of his western audiences.

CFQC is owned and operated by the Electric Shop Wholesale Supplies, Ltd., Saskatoon. Its managing director is A. A. Murphy, B. Sc., A.M.E.I.C., who is thoroughly conversant with Radio technicalities.

It is perhaps a foregone conclusion to say that civic pride will reward an effort which has drawn the eyes of a continent to the Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt. Lest that statement appear sweeping, let it be known that the files of CFQC contain letters from listeners whose distance from this section of the continent is measured in the thousands of miles.

And in the words of Stan Clifton, "CFQC is now signing off, to be with Radio Digest another year in the popularity race."

Marcella

(Continued from page 61)

"That what seemed to be the opening wedge to this stage career proved, instead, to be the beginning of a vicarious Radio career is only one more of those queer twists that fate delights in giving to the threads of our lives. A church in Westchester county decided to put on Gilbert and Sullivan's Gondoliers for their annual musical fete. Miss Garrett was chosen for one of the principal parts in this delightfully tuneful operetta.

"'When I told a friend of my grand opportunity,' Mrs. McNamee said, 'she remarked, 'Oh, now you will meet Graham McNamee! He has sung in those festivals for five years. You two will adore each other!' I sniffed rudely and said that I hoped never to set eyes on Graham McNamee. I had heard that he was horribly conceited. My friend only laughed. The first night of practice Mr. McNamee was not there and I was received with great warmth. The second night, as soon as I entered, I sensed a chilled atmosphere. I told myself that I was going to have to win these people all over again. The next moment I was seated next to Mr. Graham McNamee and forgot everything else. From that evening we were never any farther apart than we had to be. Within that week he confessed to me that he had put me under a heavy handicap with the rest of the singers by telling them that he was sorry I had been engaged for the part; while I had a fine voice and could play the part all right, I had the reputation of being horribly stuck up and conceited!'

". . . Mrs. McNamee said that she is always torn two ways when she is invited to go to a big game. 'I'm wild to go and have the fun, and it's pretty hard to refuse. But if I go, I miss hearing the broadcast and afterward when the crowd discusses it I miss points.' Only once was this difficulty solved. That was on the occasion of the New Year's game in the Leland Stanford stadium two years ago. The broadcasting company arranged that Mrs. McNamee, who accompanied her husband to California, should have a portable Radio in the stand.

"'They called it portable,' but it took two big detectives to carry it and made me feel very important. It was like television. There I sat and watched the game and looked at the gorgeous mountains and heard Graham give the broadcast that made people say that he must be trying to sell California real estate! He really is mad over scenery. And I nearly cried because he forgot to put in the definition of Sierra Madre that we had looked up.'

". . . Mrs. McNamee's only experience before the microphone was on the occasion when she did some pinch hitting for her famous husband one night in Omaha. They had flown in a big passenger plane from Kansas City. . . .

"As Mrs. McNamee describes it, 'The rest of the program was over, the musicians had gone and it was time for Graham to speak and he hadn't come. The air was tense. Millions of people were tuned in waiting to hear his speech. The program director was stalling. Finally someone whispered to me and asked if I couldn't talk until he arrived. At first I thought I couldn't. Then I said I'd try. I would describe our flight. I stepped in front of the microphone and didn't feel nearly the stage fright that I do when I am waiting for Graham to begin a World's series. I talked as long as I could and was just saying, 'I think that is all I have to say to you,' when I looked up and there stood Graham on the other side of the other glass partition where the audience sits!'"

* * *

Robert Finley, the blind "Bob" who is a soloist at KTNT in Muscatine, Iowa, is a rather remarkable boy, Bess. He has been totally blind since birth, and those who know him well say they've never seen him with a frown. He learns his songs from phonograph records or by some of the artists reading him the words, which he cuts on pasteboard by means of a slate that embosses dashes and dots. He reads with his finger tips with an uncanny rapidity while singing. He is a fine looking lad, 26 years of age, and is certainly deserving of the popularity he has won for himself.

* * *

The Nit Wits are, Alan, stage and real names, as follows: Chief Nit Wit, Bradford Browne; Lizzie Twitch, the cooking expert, Yolande Langworthy; Professor R. U. Musclebound, physical culturist, Harry Swan; Aphrodite Godiva, Georgia Backus; Eczema Succotash, accompanist, Minnie Blauman; Patience Bumpstead, the interior desecrator, Margaret Young; Madame Mocha de Polka, operatic slinger, Lucille Black; and Lord Algernon Ashcart, Chester Miller.

* * *

Remember Sarge Farrell, composer and guitar artist that the kiddies love? He was in the office the other day and reports that he has been touring the country making personal appearances before high schools and children's institutions. He has broadcast from 67 stations while on this trip, which seems to be something of a record. Yes, Sarge and Gerty (his guitar) are still going strong.

* * *

A man with many duties at the NBC is one Marley R. Sherris who, besides being an announcer, is night program representative, an accomplished baritone, and a reader. He is a member of the original Armchair Quartet. Before going into Radio he lived in Canada, where he had an extensive career in business and as a singer. His home is in New York now, and he is married, Hortense, but he's old enough to be, so I wouldn't worry about it.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

Simplicity for Brides

(Continued from page 59)

AT LARGE weddings where a large buffet table is used, the bride's cake may be placed upon a small table with rollers and brought in when the bride is ready to cut it. The center of the table then is decorated with a vase of flowers. When many guests are seated at the bride's table and it is inconvenient for the bride to cut the cake if placed in the center, it is well to follow this plan also. If your buffet table is large enough all the refreshments may be served from it.

It will be equipped with silver, china, plates of food and napkins attractively arranged so that the guests may help themselves. If there are many guests you may need several tables or one large one for serving the refreshments. Arrange these tables with a centerpiece of flowers and with the food placed to add to the general decorative scheme. You will need enough help in the kitchen to keep the plates filled, the soiled plates removed, the beverages hot and the table should always look attractive.

The wedding cake and the bride's cake are two important features of the wedding. The wedding cake is a dark fruit cake which is made at least a month before the wedding and frosted a day or two before it is to be used. It may be used as a centerpiece on the table on the wedding day, cut and served, or it may be cut and put into small white boxes and given to each guest. A tray of these boxes may be arranged on a tray at the entrance and the guests help themselves upon leaving. If the guests are seated to be served refreshments the boxes of wedding cake may be placed at each place as favors.

The first slice of the bride's cake is always cut by the bride herself. She serves herself and then the rest of the bridal party. If there are many guests the bridal party alone is served the bride's cake. In the cake are placed a ring, button, a piece of silver, a thimble and a horseshoe.

There are many suitable types of menus which may be served for the wedding breakfast, supper or reception. A wedding breakfast is served up to 12:30 o'clock. From 12:30 to 2:00 a luncheon menu is served. Up until 6 o'clock, after-

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noon party or tea refreshments are served. From 6 to 8 o'clock, a dinner is served and after 8 o'clock, similar refreshments to those served in the afternoon are served.

We are glad to hear that social customs are changing and that all functions are becoming simpler. We are told that in New York City the bridal table is often eliminated and the refreshments are simple and served from a buffet table. This should be welcome news for the bride who wishes to do the correct thing and yet not have an elaborate or expensive wedding.

Here are some menus for the wedding breakfast, supper or reception. Some are simple and some are more elaborate. There is no set custom which decides just what food or how many courses may be served. You may use your own discretion in this matter. Plan your menus to fit into your color scheme, the number to be served, the amount of help you have, the method of serving you choose and the amount of money you wish to spend upon the wedding refreshments.

MENU 1
Tomato Bouillon
Saltines
Chicken and Pineapple Salad
Olives Hot Rolls
Lemon Sherbet
Coffee Bride's Cake

MENU 2
Watermelon Balls
Broiled Lamb Chops
Buttered Peas Creamed Potatoes
Rolls—Jelly
Nuts—Raspberry Ice Cream
Frosted Mint Leaves Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 3
Bouillon
Chicken a la King
Celery Olives
Buttered Rolls
Jellied Fruit Ginger Ale Salad
Pistachio Ice Cream
Candies Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 4
Creamed Lobster, Anchovy Sauce
Asparagus Tip Salad Hot Rolls
Strawberry Mousse
Candies Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 5
Molded Chicken Salad
Olives Mayonnaise Dressing
Radishes Buttered Rolls
Frozen Pudding
Mints Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 6
Chicken Bouillon
Celery Olives Radish Roses
Creamed Mushrooms and Sweetbreads in Croustades
Small Buttered Finger Rolls
Molded Ice Cream (Bride and Groom, Lily or Slipper)
Mints Bride's Cake
Candied Rose Petals
Coffee

MENU 7
Caviar Canape
Slice Lemon Olives
Celery Radish Roses
Chicken Croquettes
Green Peas in Paper Cases
Crabmeat in Aspic Salad
Strawberry Ice Small Biscuits
Glacé Nuts Bride's Cake
Preserved Ginger
Coffee

MENU 8
Jellied Chicken Consomme
Olives Celery
Creamed Oysters in Timbale Cases
Avocado Salad Rolled Sandwiches
Wedding-Bell Ice Cream
Mints Bride's Cake
Coffee

We have included a few recipes which will aid you in the preparation of the wedding refreshments.

Bride's Cake

¾ cup butter
2¼ cup sugar
4½ teaspoons baking powder
3¾ cups flour
¾ cup milk
9 eggs
½ teaspoon cream tartar
¾ teaspoon almond flavoring

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, beating constantly. Mix and sift the baking powder and flour and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Beat the egg whites, add the cream of tartar and fold into the cake mixture. Add the flavoring and bake in a moderate oven 350°F. for forty or forty-five minutes. Frost with a white frosting and decorate. This recipe makes one good-sized cake.

Chicken a la King

1½ tablespoons chicken fat or butter
1¾ tablespoons flour
½ cup scalded milk
¼ cup scalded cream
½ cup hot chicken stock
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup cold boiled fowl
½ cup sliced mushroom caps
¼ cup canned pimentos
1 minced green peper
1 egg yolk

Melt the chicken fat or butter, add the flour and stir until well blended. Pour on gradually while stirring constantly the milk and cream which have each been scalded and the hot chicken stock. Bring this mixture to the boiling point, then add the salt, butter which has been cut in small pieces, the boiled fowl, which has been cut in strips. Sauté the mushroom caps in butter for five minutes. Add this to the mixture, also the pimentos cut in strips, and the minced green pepper. Bring to the boiling point again and add the egg yolk, which has been slightly beaten. Cook for a minute stirring constantly. Serve on squares of hot toast with almonds sprinkled over the top, in croustades or patty shells. This recipe will serve six persons and may be enlarged as you desire.

Strawberry Mousse

1 cup strawberries
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 pint whipped cream
½ cup chopped pecans
¼ cup macaroon crumbs

Mash the strawberries, add the lemon juice and sugar. Soak the gelatine in cold water and then dissolve over boiling water and add to the first mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray to freeze. When it begins to congeal, beat until light and add the whipped cream, pecans and macaroon crumbs. Return to the refrigerator or molds. Freeze until firm. This recipe will serve ten persons.

Raspberry Ice

1 pint canned red raspberries
⅔ cup granulated sugar
½ cup cold water
2 tablespoons orange juice
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
pinch of salt

Crush the red raspberries, add the sugar and cook for five minutes. Remove from the fire, add the cold water and run through a fine sieve to remove all the seeds. Cool and add the orange juice. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. This requires about forty minutes. Remove from the tray and whip until very light. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites and pinch of salt. Keep on beating until the mixture becomes light after the eggs are added. Return to the tray or put into molds and allow it to finish freezing without stirring. This will require about one and one-half hours. It may be served without freezing in a sherbert glass.

Jellied Fruit and Ginger Ale Salad

3 tablespoons granulated gelatine
4 tablespoons cold water
½ cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
1/16 teaspoon salt
1½ cups ginger ale
⅔ cup white cherries
2 oranges
4 tablespoons sliced canned pineapple

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, then dissolve in the boiling water. Add the lemon juice, sugar, salt and ginger ale. Cut the cherries in halves and remove the pits. Peel the oranges, separate into sections, and discard the membrane. When the ginger ale mixture begins to stiffen, fold in the cherries, oranges and sliced pineapple. Turn into individual molds and chill thoroughly. Two or three rubyettes are very attractive placed in the bottom of each mold. Place them in the mold first with a little gelatine. When t hardens, pour the rest in and chill. Unmold on a lettuce leaf and serve with a fruit salad dressing. Place the dressing in a small mound to one side of the molded fruit and on the lettuce leaf. This recipe fills ten to twelve molds.

Diamond Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

today, wins the Diamond Meritum Award. I shall save all seven of my votes and send them in together so that WENR and the Smith Family will get 75 votes."—Mrs. Frank Weel, Alexandria, Minn.

"I hope that I may be the first to nominate Marc Williams of KSAT. He is the man who gives the greatest service and the best entertainment. His wonderful voice, heard on the Sunrise Trail programs, is an inspiration."—Mrs. Charles Farrow, Elizabeth, La.

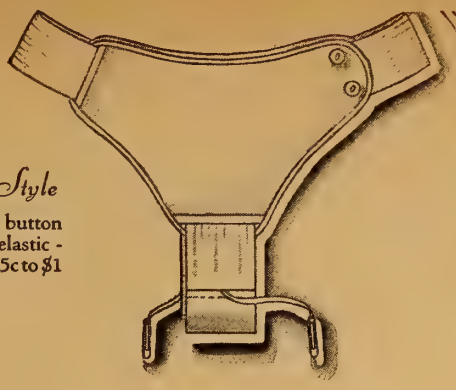
"Here is my nomination blank for the National Barn Dance at WLS Saturday nights. I have had my Radio for a year and a half and I haven't missed more than one or two Barn Dance programs in that time. All of the artists appearing on this feature are outstanding and do their parts well. I always listen until Steve Cisler says 'good night.' If WLS was on the air until Sunday morning I would listen to them."—Mrs. Joseph Denton, Valparaiso, Ind.

Dating her letter April 1, Adelaide Porter of Black Mountain, N. C., writes: "I am sending in my nomination for the Fleischman hour, the best ever, and it's no April fool joke, either! I am waiting for all the coupons to appear before I vote."

"Here's our nomination for Gene and Glenn at WTAM. They are our ideals

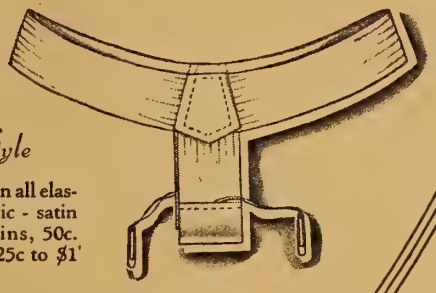
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Shield Style

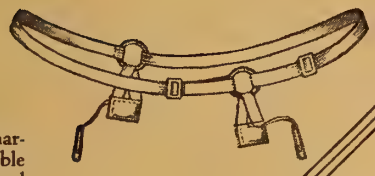
Shield style - button belt - wide elastic - taped pins. 35c to $1



Curved Style

"Shaped-to-fit" slip-on all elastic style - wide elastic - satin trimmed - taped pins, 50c. Other elastic styles 25c to $1

All Hickory Belts are ideal for use with any pad or protection you prefer

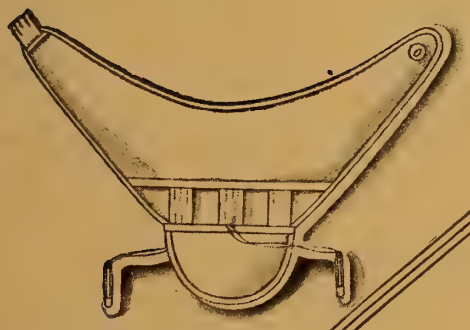


Petite Style

The Belt Petite - of ⅜ inch narrow rayon elastic - adjustable - with taped pins or patented clasps. 25c to 50c

Leading specialists approve and recommend Hickory Belts because they do not bind or in any manner constrain. They are correctly shaped to fit and are scientifically correct —hygienically perfect. They permit absolute freedom of movement—always dependable, yet gently secure. Ask your doctor. Of further importance—Hickory Belts are not limited to just one model. Hickory provides you with just the style and size which suits *you* best. All Hickory Belts—in all styles and at all prices—are perfectly shaped to fit.

An interesting and inexpensive test — which will mean much in health and comfort to you later—is to try several Hickory styles. No one but yourself knows so well which is the best belt for *you*. You can easily find out for yourself—once having done so, just remember *your* Hickory number. In superfine creations at $1—others as low as 25c.



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on the Radio, and we sincerely hope they will win the Diamond Award. Wishing your contest and our favorites all the success in the world."—Frank Rehberg, Maytree, Mich.

"As far as we are concerned Art and Billy Spreading are the most popular program. Art is Arthur Kirkham and Billy is Billy Emerick, and they are a scream and jolly good fellows."—Berye Crator, Newberg, Ore.

"I believe Charles Wellman of KHJ deserves the Diamond Meritum Award. Here is my vote for the best entertainer in the United States."—Arline Louise Bond, Los Angeles, Cal.

185 Programs Nominated

AT THE last minute before going to press the Contest Editor had received 185 nominations in the race to select America's Most Popular Program. Scores of nominations for each of a number of programs have been entered, but the fans are holding their votes to the last minute so that they may count for more in the support of their favorites. Read the rules and conditions on page 101 of this issue, turn to the front of the book and see the latest developments in the contest. Then clip the coupons at the bottom of page 3. If your favorite has already been nominated, it is not necessary to send in the nomination blank. You may send in the voting coupon now, or save it to send in with coupons in future issues, thus receiving a bonus as shown in the rules and regulations.

East	Station	Votes
Glenn Riggs	KDKA	5
Louie Kaufman	KDKA	7
Guy Lombardo	CBS	18
Mary and Bob	CBS	4
Paul Tremaine Orchestra	CBS	3
Gypsy Nomads	CBS	7
Mr. and Mrs. (Joe and Vi)	CBS	2
Henry Burbig	CBS	11
H. Salter and Orchestra	CBS	4
Norman Brokenshire	CBS	30
Grenadiers	CBS	10
Arabesque	CBS	12
Nit Wits	CBS	9
Interwoven Pair	NBC	17
Empire Builders	NBC	12
RKO Theatre of Air	NBC	11
Fleischman Hour	NBC	14
Amos 'n' Andy	NBC	42
Jack Albin Orchestra	NBC	5
Seth Parker	NBC	19
Atwater Kent Hour	NBC	8
Palmolive Hour	NBC	11
Smith Brothers	NBC	6
Graham McNamee	NBC	12
Floyd Gibbons	NBC	16
Rudy Vallee	NBC	15
Clicquot Eskimos	NBC	7
Vincent Lopez	NBC	10
Collier's Hour	NBC	16
Band of Thousand Melodies	NBC	24
Cheerio	NBC-WCAE	21
Two Troopers	NBC	6
Lucky Strike Orchestra	NBC	16
Jessica Dragonette	NBC	20
Maxwell House Melodies	NBC	9
Phil Cook	NBC	4
Seiberling Singers	NBC	5
Pickard Family	NBC	4
Bill Coak	NBC	2
Real Folks	NBC	3
Morning Showers	NBC	2
Roxy and Gang	NBC	8
Melodeons	WBAL	2
Alfred W. McCann	WOR	1
Albany Dance Hour	WGY	3
Hayden Quartet	WNJ	2
Enchanted Hour Ensemble	WTIC	6

South	Station	Votes
Fiddlin' John Carson	WSB	9
Old Dominion Orchestra	WRVA	7
W. K. Henderson	KWKH	66
Caroline Lee	WFLA	4
Bill Nye, Jr.	WWNC	2
Staff	WAPI	12
Frances and Harry	WREC	13
Staff	WREC	6
Beale Street Hour	WREC	3
Ray Bahr's Orchestra	WHAS	4
Diamond Oilers	WHAS	9
Grand Old Opera	WSM	12
Ed Poplin's Band	WSM	6

Middle West	Station	Votes
Staff	WDAF	4
Dr. Walter Wilson	WDAF	2
Smith Family	WENR	62
Marian and Jim	WENR	7
Edison Symphony	WENR	15
Staff	WENR	56
Mike and Herman	WENR	12
Weener Minstrels	WENR	45
Sunshine Hour	WENR	22
Paul McCluer	WENR	19
Gene Arnold	WENR	14
Smile Club	WENR	10
Al Cameron	WENR	2
Everett Mitchell	WENR	9
Utility Program	WENR	3
Variety Program	WENR	8
Henry Field	KFNF	17
Staff	KFNF	30
Andy Martin	KFNF	5
Coffee Club Program	KFNF	1
Edith Smith	KFNF	5
Gene and Glenn	WTAM	49
Staff	WTAM	17
Sunshine Hour	WTAM	4
Farm Hour	WAIU	4
Joe O'Toole	WJAY	15
Staff	WLW	6
Little Jack Little	WLW	11
Tony's Scrap Book	WLW	4
Aladdin Hour	WLW	7
Arthur Chandler, Jr.	WLW	2
Studio Party	KMOX	9
Willy and Lilly	KMOX	5
Staff	KMOX	14
The Anybodys	KMOX	12
Blue Steele	KMOX	6
Rambler's Orchestra	KMOX	8
Pat Barnes	WGN	10
Famous Operas	WGN	2
East and Dumkee	WGN	6
Louie and Weasel	WGN	3
Larry Larson	WGN	2
Amos 'n' Andy	WMAQ-NBC	74
Coon-Sanders	WGN-NBC	27
Hiram and Henry	WLS	6
Merry-Go-Round	WLS	5
Bardley Kincaid	WLS	11
Arkansas Woodchopper	WLS	8
Homemakers' Hour	WLS	4
National Barn Dance	WLS	94
Steve Cisler	WLS	45
Staff	WMAQ	7
Bill Hay	WMAQ	23
Three Doctors	WMAQ	18
Whitney Trio	WMAQ	4
Staff	WKRC	3
Jack Douglas	WJR	2
Harold Keane	WJR	5
Fitzpatrick's Scrapbook	WJR	4
Old Time Tunes	WOS	4
Pied Pipers	WTMJ	6
Margaret Starr	WTMJ	5
Emil Cords	WTMJ	2
Gypsy John	KMA	3
Cornpickers	KMA	6
Dixie Girls	KMA	11
Pat Flanagan	WBBM	30
Bobby Brown	WBBM	16
Thomas Patrick	KWK	7
Al Carney	WCFL	14
Morning Music Box	KMBC	30
Montana Flour Mills	WHO	18
Corine Jordan	KSTP	11
Mellotone Quartet	KFLV	8
Tillie the Toiler	KFEQ	3

West	Station	Votes
Staff	WFAA	3
Matinee Program	KFKB	7
Benny White	WIBW	2
McGree Sisters	KFKB	4
Dutch and Irish	KFKB	12
Staff	KRLD	4
Steve Love's Orchestra	KFKB	34
D. D. Denver	KFKB	14
Dr. Brinckley	KFKB	69
Old Timers	KFKB	7
Bob Larkin	KFKB	2
Sunrise Trail	KSAT	8
Master Singers	KFAB	3
Happy Jack's Orchestra	WNAX	7
John Sloan	WNAX	9
Rosebud Kids	WNAX	4
Staff	WNAX	12
Esther Smith	WNAX	30
Battery Boys	WNAX	5
Henry and Jerome	KGBZ	3
Cowboy Singer	KGBZ	6
Henry Peters	KGBZ	2
R. R. Brown's Radio Chapel	WOW	4
Nat'l Farm and Home Hour	WOW	5
Mark Williams	KSAT	6
Sleepy Times Gals	KSAT	4
Herb Cook	KCRC	3
Gage Brewers	KFH	30

Far West	Station	Votes
Em and Clem	KFOX	7
Percy at the Phone	KFOX	2
Staff	KFOX	12
Doris and Clarence	KFOX	8
Jimmy and Eddie	KFOX	5
Buttercream School Kids	KFOX	30
Hooligan Club	KFWI	5
The Ne'er Do Well	KFWM	4
Vagabond of the Air	KSL	32
"Simpy Fitts"	KFRC	5
Happy-Go-Lucky Hour	KFRC	6
Blue Monday Jamboree	KFRC	2
Charley Hamp	KHJ	9
Charley Wellman Orchestra	KHJ	11
Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie"	KPO	38
Rhythm Makers	KGER	8
Tom Breneman	KNX	6
Earl Anthony	KFI	4
Tom Mitchell	KFI	3
Art and Billy Spreading	KOIN	11
Rose City Beavers	KOIN	6
Staff	KOIN	14

The Turning Wheel

(Continued from page 29)

the crowd at the corner came her father. She hurried towards him.

"Please leave me," she begged her companion. "I am going home. I have taken too much of your time already. Forgive me."

LATE on the following afternoon, John Selwyn set out to pay a call which he had already delayed for several weeks. He found his way to a certain address in Hanover street, mounted to the first floor, and knocked at the door. A young woman dressed in black, with pins and needles stuck all over the front of her dress, threw it open. She stared at the visitor in surprise.

"The shop's downstairs," she remarked. "There's no one allowed up here. Madame is very strict about it."

John Selwyn's eyes traveled down the room. There were at least twenty girls sitting there at work—twenty girls with pale cheeks, and only one small window open. His conscience smote him because of those three weeks' delay.

"I am sorry," he said. "I came to make inquiries about a Miss Agnes Carton."

"Agnes Carton!" the young woman exclaimed. "Why, she left nearly four years ago. You'll find her at No. 55, Grosvenor street."

John Selwyn raised his hat and departed.

"I ought to have come before," he said to himself repentantly. "Perhaps it is too late."

He walked quickly to No. 55 Grosvenor street. The appearance of the place was a distinct relief to him. It was a neat little milliner's shop, clean and smart. He opened the door and found himself in a cool, handsomely furnished apartment, which to his inexperience seemed almost like the drawing-room of a private house. A young lady came hurrying forward.

"I am in search of Miss Agnes Carton," he announced. "I was told that I could find her here."

The girl was puzzled for a moment, then she smiled.

"Why, you mean madame!" she exclaimed.

"Madame?" he repeated.

"Certainly," the girl answered. "That was her name before she was married. Here she is. It is a gentleman, madame, who asks for you."

A tall young lady, very elegant, very stylishly dressed, and apparently very prosperous, came towards him with an inquiring smile. John Selwyn recognized her with a little gasp.

"My dear Agnes!" he exclaimed.

"Why, it's—it's John Selwyn!" she declared.

The assistant slipped discreetly away. They shook hands a little perfunctorily.

"I have just come to ask you to marry me," he announced.

She laughed heartily.

"Well, if that isn't just like you!" she nswered. "You haven't changed a bit."

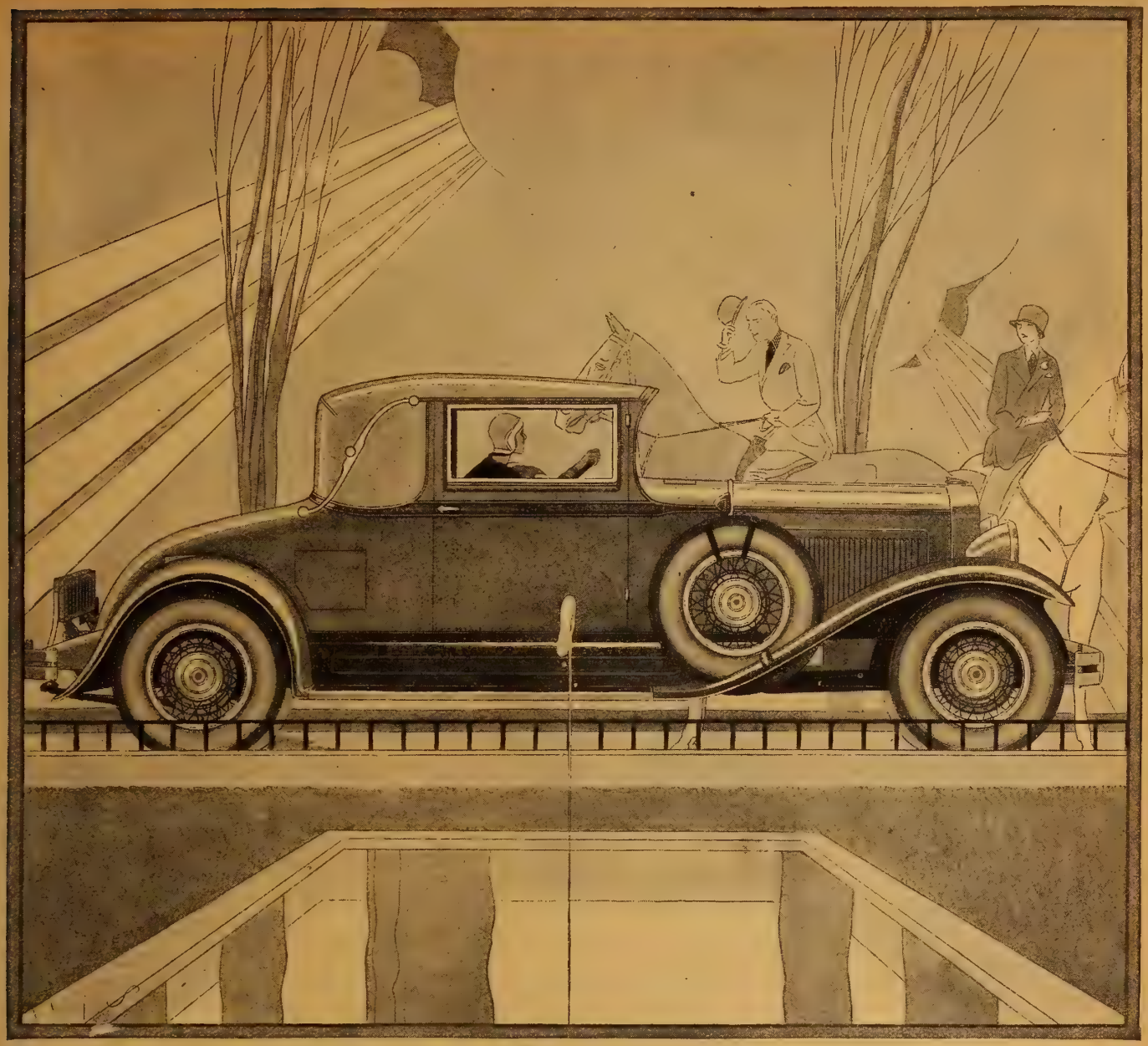
"I mean it," he assured her.

"BUT you're three years too late," she laughed. "The idea of going away like you did and never writing me a single line, and then walking in one morning and expecting me to marry you offhand!"

"I had no time for letters," he said. "I have been working hard."

"From your appearance I should say that you've been making money," she declared.

"More than I shall ever be able to spend," he assured her. "If only you'd waited!"



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She laughed again.

"Don't be foolish," she said. "I want you to meet my husband. He's such a dear. We should never have been able to marry, though, but for—"

A sudden change came into her face.

"Why, of course," she continued, "you were there. Let me tell you of my adventure. About a year after you left for America I was called down into the showroom one day and found a young lady there, looking at evening gowns. I was very tired—we had been up late the night before—and she was very impatient and hard to please. Well, I got trying on things for half an hour or so, and at last I fainted. I couldn't help it, but madame was very angry."

"And the girl?" he asked.

"Madame sent me away the next day, and I saw her in the street on my way home. She stopped her carriage and came up to me. I told her that I had lost my position, and she was so angry that she went straight back to madame and told her that she would never set foot in her shop again. Afterwards she sent me to Hastings for two months, and when I was quite strong again she lent me the money to start in business here. I am proud to say that in less than eighteen months I was able to pay her back every penny."

"But what about this husband?" he asked.

"You remember my telling you about Mr. Mallison," she said. "He used to travel in silks, and I saw him now and then at madame's. He called here when I started and was very attentive. In a business like this, you know, one needs a man."

John Selwyn laughed. He was astonished to find how relieved he was.

"That's all very well," he said, "but I consider you've treated me shamefully."

"You shall tell my husband so," she declared. "He'll be here in a few minutes."

"We'll all go out to lunch," he suggested.

"And in the meantime," madame said, "let me tell you something strange. Do you know who the young lady was?"

"How should I?" he asked.

"Do you remember sitting in Richmond park one Sunday afternoon when two people went by in a motor car—a man and a girl? We all stared at one another rather strangely, and you told me afterwards that the man was your employer."

John Selwyn stood perfectly still.

"I remember," he said. "Go on."

"That was the girl—Miss Rathbone—who has done all this for me," madame declared, with tears in her eyes.

John Selwyn sat down in one of the padded chairs.

"Upon my word," he said, slowly, "in those days I used to admit that I couldn't understand life. I don't understand it now."

LATE that afternoon he called at Berkely Square. Miss Rathbone was at home, the butler thought, after a moment's hesitation, but she had gone to her room with a headache, and was refusing to see callers. Selwyn persisted, and twenty minutes later she came to him in the darkened drawing-room. He was standing when she entered, and she did not ask him to take a seat.

"I did not expect to see you here again, Mr. Selwyn," she said. "Under the circumstances, I think perhaps you might have stayed away."

"I could not," he answered simply.

She gave a little start.

"Perhaps it was my father whom you wished to see?" she murmured.

"No," he answered. "It was you."

She came a few steps farther into the room. He saw then that she was paler than he had ever seen her. It was the beginning of trouble, this—the beginning of the blow which he had dealt.

"I do not know," she said, "what you can have to say to me."

"You look tired!" he exclaimed, abruptly. "Won't you sit down?"

She hesitated and then obeyed him, sinking on to a couch with a little gesture of weariness.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "I have come to thank you for your kindness to the woman whom I was expecting to marry."

She looked at him for a moment without comprehension.

"I mean the young lady," he reminded her, "whom you set up in Grosvenor street, whom you saw with me nine years ago in Richmond park."

She suddenly understood.

"It was she, then, whom you spoke of in the park yesterday?"

"Of course," he answered. "I was going to marry her. It was only right. She and I were sufferers together. We belonged to the same world. My prosperity was to have been her prosperity. You know," he continued, with a sudden smile, "even among the lower orders you can't sit in Richmond park with your head on a girl's lap for nothing."

"You were going to marry her, but you didn't care," she said, in a broken voice.

"I certainly did not care," he admitted. "I did not know," he continued, coming close to her, "that I cared for anybody. I did not believe that there was any room in my life for that sort of thing. I rather fancy I have been mistaken."

"It's horribly like the end of a story," she murmured.

"Not the end, sweetheart," he answered, drawing her close to him, "the beginning."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 43)

low, lying so utterly still that Temple muttered:

"Dead! The shock has killed him!"

While Temple scratched a match for his candle, Gateway lighted the small coal oil lamp on a table against the wall. The light revealed Andregg lying on his back among disordered covers, his face as white as death, the cold sweat still standing in glistening drops on his brow. Of the three men looking down on him it was Tom Blount alone who appeared to regard him with something akin to commiseration.

"Looks sick and weak and—and helpless," he said, staring in fascination. "Looks harmless and—and broken."

Gateway stooped very close, making the keenest and swiftest and most thorough of examinations of all that he could see. "Had a gun under his pillow," he said over his shoulder. "It fell behind the bed. Better make sure of it."

Meanwhile he evidently meant to make sure of other things. He began an immediate rummaging of the room, going through the clothes thrown untidily here and there about the room, taking time to mark in what feverish manner they must have been discarded. He dived a hand into pockets, kicked things out of his way, jerked drawers open and ransacked them hurriedly, yet expertly, tumbled out the contents of a suitcase and peered into closets. Also during his questing back and forth there was at least one article which went into his own pocket.

He fell silent after the search and watched Andregg stonily. And when the unconscious man showed no signs of stirring Gateway lost patience and went for a glass of water which he flung into the white, haggard face. Andregg at last with a preliminary sigh returned to a world of troubles. He stared dully a moment, looking questioningly from face to face. Then the faintest flush stained his sallow cheeks and he reared up in bed.

GATEWAY stepped closer and thrust his face close down to Andregg's, lower jaw set pugnaciously, his attitude from the first word that of the master who meant to dominate. The breath of his words fanned Andregg's face.

"You killed Herman Dicks. He was a friend of mine. You killed Mainwarning Parks."

"It's a lie!" screamed Andregg. "I know what you mean," his eyes bright with fright. "I don't have to stand any third degree from you; you've no authority—"

Gateway laughed at him.

"So you know what the third degree is, eh? Well, call it that if you like. We're going to have a heart to heart talk, you and me. I'm going to ask the questions. You're going to give the answers."

He turned away a moment to catch up a writing tablet on the table. He flopped it open, exposing a clean sheet of blank paper. This he put close to Andregg's evasive eyes.

"See that?" he demanded. "See it? Nothing on it now, but before I'm done with you it's going to be scrawled full and in your handwrite. Signed, too, in the presence of witnesses. A full and complete confession!"

Andregg's teeth, sadly in need of decent, ordinary care, were exposed as his lips drew back in a snarl. Still he made no answer. For Gateway held the tablet in his left hand and the right remained clenched, lifted a little, at his side.

"You killed Parks and Dicks. Parks for his money and, no doubt, for other purely personal reasons; Dicks because he stood in the way."

Andregg had grown very still, listening intently. He spoke now, defending himself excitedly.

"You weren't here or you'd know that's impossible. Didn't I run upstairs with the others when Parks called out—"

"So it was Parks then who yelled!" cut in Gateway quickly. "No one seemed sure; I thought so, and you confirm it! Thanks. As for running upstairs with the others, who says so? Just you. The rest will swear that the first they saw of you was when you were down on both knees beside Parks' dead body!"

Again Andregg listened intently. He licked his parched lips, pondered a long moment, then spoke again.

"And while I was upstairs," he sneered, "it seems I was also downstairs, blowing open a safe!"

"Ah, there I've got you, you gallows bird! Oh, you had everything nice and ready. You were alone in the house here for weeks, eh? And you knew what was up; that there'd be a fortune in jewels under the roof and that Parks would, without a doubt, come heeled in ready cash to make a handful of crinkly bank notes tempt some man to pry loose from some gem he had set his heart on. So what do you do? While you are all alone here you go to work. You have your charge of powder all set weeks, anyway, days ahead. You'd done some sort of a little piece of carpentering; that explains the tools you had in your bag!"

"Then tell me," panted Andregg, his body shaken under his attempt at control, "why I should kill Parks if I was after what was in the safe? Why I

An ORANGE was just an ORANGE until...

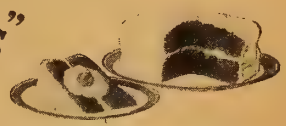


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"from Contented Cows"



Cornstarch Puddings

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), ½ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with ½ cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded with rest of water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.
BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.
CHERRY PUDDING ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ cup sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ½ tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. cherry juice, ¼ cup sliced maraschino cherries, ⅔ cup cocoanut, 2 egg whites.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, cocoanut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.



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Simply perfect for all cooking Try one of the recipes at the left. You will discover that Carnation does better cooking for the same reason that it is better for babies—because it is "homogenized." The butter-fat, instead of being in coarse fat globules as in ordinary milk, is ground up into tiniest particles and mixed evenly all through the milk. Hence the *cream-smoothness and butter-richness* of Carnation dishes.

Another thing—Carnation takes the place of cream in thousands of homes. Use it for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and cut your cream bill nearly two-thirds!

should blow up the safe when I was upstairs with the others, with no chance of getting what was in the safe?"

"Ask him," put in Temple, "what it was he picked up on the bathroom floor."

GATEWAY allowed himself a chuckle. "Don't have to ask; I know," he said, his eyes turned mockingly on Andregg's face.

Andregg started and stiffened at that, pricked by fresh alarm.

"You devil!"

"You'll think so before I'm through with you! I'm beginning to get you all 'round, Andregg-that-you-call-yourself! Oho, make you wiggle, do I? You've got a photo hung up in the rogue's gallery down in L. A., haven't you? Doctor? If you've been practising medicine, you could be railroaded for that. I don't recall your other monniker just now, but we'll get it in due course. Druggist, that's what you were before the ground began slipping under foot for you. Oh, you've got a record, and I'll get it in no time."

Andregg collapsed, falling back and covering his face with hands which trembled violently. Gateway tipped a wink at the mystified Temple and Blount. An eloquent wink it was, as much as to say: "I've got him where I want him, on the run with greased skids under him."

"Give me a drink of water," gasped Andregg lifting his white drawn face.

"I'l give you nothing," Gateway snapped, "unless it's a swat in the jaw—or a cup of water with salt in it! That is, until you've spilled all you know. Then you can have your water by the gallon—and anything else you ask for."

Andregg merely closed his eyes and fought with the tremors which threatened now to shake him from head to foot.

Gateway resumed, "I'll give you a choice. You can write your confession now, or an hour from now, if you want. At the most, twenty-four hours—and if you've lasted that long you'll have gone through a longer stretch of hell than I think you've got the nerve for! But don't forget for one split-second that I've got the whip hand of you! Know what I mean, don't you?" he ended with a snarl.

The sergeant coughed under his hand. Gateway whirled on him, snapping out:

"If you haven't got the stomach for this, beat it! I don't need any help!"

AT THIS moment Paul Savoy burst in on them, wild-eyed, face white and haggard.

"Who's here?" he demanded anxiously. Then, a glance about the room having answered for him, he exclaimed hurriedly: "Mr. Nemo! Where is he? Has anyone seen him?"

"Why, he went to bed hours ago," said Temple wonderingly. "You knew —"

Savoy spun about and ran out, calling over his shoulder:

"Come with me! Hurry; for God's sake hurry."

"What is it?" shouted Temple, and leaped forward.

From the hallway down which Savoy had sped came his troubled voice:

"Pray God it isn't murder again! And hurry!"

"Coming, Gateway?" demanded Temple, already at the door with Tom Blount at his heels.

"Not for a million," retorted Gateway. "Any time you want me you'll find me right here."

They ran on, following Savoy, Temple's candle streaming smokily. Gateway pulled up a chair and sat down close, yet not too close, to Andregg's bed.

"I guess there'll be no more murders pulled in this shack," he said confidently, "as long as I've got my eye on you."

But something of that confidence was shaken as Captain Temple came hurrying back, demanding:

"Your keys, Gatewood. His door's locked and we can't rouse him."

When they found Mr. Nemo's door locked, and knocked, louder and louder and then called out and had no answer, the three stood looking fearfully into one another's eyes which shone strangely in the uncertain candle light.

"Fool! *Fool!*" stormed Savoy. And, understanding his own ambiguity, he elucidated only to the extent of adding: "Fools, all of us, when we might have foreseen—where's an ax?"

HE WENT in haste, seeking an ax or hatchet, striking matches to light him on his way. In the kitchen he found both a candle and a broad bladed hand-ax.

"Stand back!" he commanded on returning.

"We're sure raising merry hell with Parks' home," snorted the captain, and was the first through as the splintered door gave way.

The candlelight but imperfectly illuminated an exquisite Kirman rug of soft gray with its tender pink bordering and its glowing roses; a silk-clothed table bearing tray with bottles and glasses; a cushiony chair and, at the far side of the room, an old four-poster bed. The bed coverings dragged the floor; the bed itself was empty.

The three men hastened through the room to a further door, closed now, but discovered to lead to the bath. There was no one there and they hurried on to still another closed door. It opened readily and they found themselves in the bedroom of Mr. Nemo's servant, Mohun. And here, fast asleep, they found Mohun himself.

Savoy hastened to wake him while Temple turned back into Mr. Nemo's room seeking some detail to point to an explanation of his absence. First of all he came upon a broken glass, discovering it by the sound of crunching particles underfoot; the fragments lay scattered between the table and the empty bed. Evidently the glass had fallen from the table's edge.

He sought on, not tarrying to read any message the broken glass might hold; gather your clues without delay, was Temple's motto, and decipher them when you've time for it.

"I say, Blount," he called. "Look, he went to bed, didn't he? He lay there a while with his lamp burning and smoked cigarettes, half a dozen of 'em; he had a drink or two, as witness the table drawn up handily and the glass that must have stood close by. Then, all of a sudden, he made up his mind. He jumped up, piled into his clothes—and sneaked out of the window!"

"If you've got all this right, sir," said Blount, his eyes round and bright with admiration, "then all I got to say is you could call that roughneck Gateway in and teach him his own trade."

"Clear as a crystal, Tom," said Temple earnestly. "Look for his clothes and you don't find 'em. Look now on the floor, under the window."

Blount looked.

"MELTED snow. He got the window open, and the wind whipped through, spraying snow on the floor; even the rug over yonder is damp. He went out, got his window shut—and has gone about his business, whatever that may be. He went fast and made no noise about it; even Mohun in the next room—I wonder if he's only playing possum? What Mr. Nemo does, I've a notion his right-hand man knows."

"Whether he knows or not makes no difference to me," snapped Temple. "I only know that that infernal blundering Savoy has happened to stumble just close enough to the truth to scare that rare white bird clean off."

"How's that, Captain?"

"Nemo has sneaked off somewhere, I tell you, and for reasons of his own. If we'd got an inkling of that and had watched for him, we might have learned something. Now what? We smash down his door, and he'll see that first of all when he comes sneaking in again. He will then realize that it's up to that devious Oriental mind of his to cook us up a nice little lie by explanation. We'll get the lie, and that's all we'll get."

"But how did Savoy—"

"Sheer guess work, blind luck," scoffed the other.

Now for the first time they heard Mohun's voice. Savoy had him awake and was firing questions at him. Temple and Blount passed back through the bath to lend their two pairs of incredulous ears to whatever Mohun might be of a mind to say.

Mohun, never so squat and ugly as now, sat humped over on the edge of his bed, looking up at the trio with queer intentness.

"HOW does it happen that, while we battered a door down, you slept through it all?"

Mohun blinked and considered.

"Maybe you are quiet at that, breaking a door," he said at last. He picked his words carefully; an odd inflection gave them a foreign flavor, yet one not easily labeled. He paused to ponder, then emphasized his thought by remarking: "The other men, they sleep like me."

But while he was making his contention those "other men" spoke for themselves, setting his argument at nought by beginning to trickle into the room. Laufer-Hirth and Will Little were first among them, the jeweler in an awkwardly donned overcoat and slippers, his secretary in flamboyant dressing gown and bare feet, both startled and alarmed. Beyond them one saw the shadowy forms of the huddling Filipino boys. And presently came McIntosh with a very business-like forty-five Colt in his hand.

"It's murder again!" moaned Little. "Oh, you'll see. This house—"

"Why should it be murder?" snapped Temple. "And where's your dead man?"

"Where are the others?" whispered Will Little, eyes staring.

The newcomer among them, McIntosh, shouldered forward then and demanded:

"What tipped you off that there was anything out of the way going on here? How'd you happen to get the hunch to break into this room?"

"I'd been thinking," Savoy returned coolly. "I'd intended going to bed and to sleep, but I couldn't get my mind off what has happened since we came into this ill-starred house. I realized that the game wasn't played out with Parks and Dicks down. Where would the essential, chief blow be struck? Where, indeed, if not at the man who carried with him the Flower of Heaven."

"But you heard what Mr. Nemo said," cried Mohun eagerly. "How he does not bring the jewel with him!"

"And we all know he lied," said Savoy, and others nodded.

"YOU mean, Savoy?" asked Temple slowly, "that you think Nemo has been the victim of the same sort of thing which happened to the others?"



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"Why isn't he here?" asked Savoy.

"I wish I knew! But you don't mean that he's been murdered, his body disposed of—"

"Where is he?" asked Savoy stonily.

"He's right! Mr. Savoy's right!" came brokenly from Will Little. "It's murder. It's the house of the mad man, Thraff Willcyznski! The house of the Opal!"

"Confound you, Will Little!" roared Laufer-Hirth, shaking him in both chubby hands. "Stop that nonsense! Stop it!"

"Let go of me!" cried his secretary hysterically. "You—you've got the cursed thing in your pocket. Go throw it into the fire; better, into the lake. Let it go down with dead men's bodies."

McIntosh looked on curiously.

"Better get that guy to bed," he advised off-handedly. "He's all set to fly to bits."

"It's an evil place," continued Will Little, his voice sounding far away and thin. "The Opal; it vanished years ago when murders were committed here. It came back with other murders." And suddenly his tones strengthened and grew clear as he pleaded vehemently: "Oh, go throw the infernal thing into the lake."

After that they simply ignored him. McIntosh observed that right here was the place for Gateway.

"Gateway's an ass," muttered Paul Savoy. "If he were of any account he'd be here, while the trail is hot."

Temple eyed Savoy curiously.

"Did you notice how Nemo stepped in when at the table I was set on making Andregg come clean with what he knew? How Nemo whispered in his ear? And how, later, they had their secret conference and Nemo then declared himself satisfied?"

"Oho! So it's both Nemo and Andregg, working together?"

"Well, and why not? I've felt all along it was a two-man job. Andregg's one, for certain. From what I know—*know*, mind you—of this mysterious Mr. Nemo, I wouldn't put it beyond him to be the second of the duo."

"What in the world are we to do?" asked Laufer-Hirth.

SAVOY laughed aloud and rubbed his hands.

"What's so funny?" snapped Temple.

"I was afraid at first that we'd find the most excellent Mr. Nemo dead in his bed," returned Savoy. "Now we know that it's no such tragedy as that. He's alive and well, without a doubt. But I very much suspect that he has lost his Flower of Heaven— By the way," eyes twinkling, "you've remembered all the while that most conveniently located house on the lake shore nearby?"

"I have that, and I don't need reminding, thanks. And McIntosh and I are on our way there just as soon as we can get properly dressed. If Nemo has gone that way—and where else could he have gone—there'll be his track from the water's edge through the snow."

"Exactly. Well, good hunting. But, lest you should miss it in the dark, I'll tell you of something. Of course you won't find any tracks in the snow at the other house. But, if you look carefully, you'll see a pier on the shore, and you'll find a steel cable reaching for it to the house itself—"

Temple gasped, then cried softly:

"How do you know?"

"I asked the Filipino boys if there wasn't some such arrangement and they cudgelled their brains, and told me there was."

"Why, that cable may explain everything—"

"No; I'm afraid the cable's no good, Captain. And so," with a queer flicker of his eyes, "I give it to you."

Savoy looked intently at Mohun.

"Shall we have a little talk now?" he invited.

Mohun stood stiff and solid.

"Me, I must think," he observed gravely.

"Good!" cried Savoy. "That's man's work. Sit down here where it's warm. I'll join you—at thinking. And, while the good Captain Temple, Tom Blount, and Mr. McIntosh emulate arctic explorers, maybe we, here, can get forward with this pretty puzzle."

"If anybody ever finds out who killed Parks and Dicks," began the Captain.

"Oh, that! That's easy enough, to tell you who your super-criminal is. All that we need think on now, Mr. Mohun and I, is: Where are the bodies? That's the only mystery; we've had no other mystery at any time. Good night, gentlemen," as the door slammed.

What will Paul Savoy and Mohun think about to aid in the solution of this enthralling mystery? What will Captain Temple discover about the cable? Where is Nemo, dead or alive? Don't miss the thrills in the next installment of Thirteen and One in the July Radio Digest.

Real Home Making

(Continued from page 78)

Wherever you look in the new Home-Makers' studios, you see evidence of a desire to serve. The long reception hall walls are decorated with colorful and amusing French and Chinese prints, correctly framed and hung. Joan Barrett will tell you with justifiable pride that not one of these pictures cost more than a dollar, including the frame, and, even nicer, she'll tell you where you can duplicate them for your own home.

There are fascinating details enough to satisfy the eagle eye of the most ardent home-maker. In the main foyer, for instance, the lovely crewel-work drapes are hung from decorative wrought-iron fixtures that look like medieval spears; in the kitchen there is the usual cabinet for pots and pans beneath and dishes above, but this one attains the proportions of a piece of fine furniture because it has open shelves, just like an old Dutch dresser.

The walls of the ultra-modern living room are hung with monk's cloth to take up any extraneous sound. But it is a very particular kind of monk's cloth, manufactured especially for the Radio Home-Makers by an enthusiastic Southern mill owner who had heard Mrs. Allen speak about the new studios. The material is very soft and pliable of a blue and silver checked design, which harmonizes beautifully with the blue and silver painted furniture. The most unusual detail of this room is the silver stencilled corners of the dark blue floor border, an original decorative note of Mrs. Allen's invention, carried out by Joan Barrett.

OF COURSE, the room that most intrigues my feminine heart is the combination boudoir and bedroom, from which the talks on beauty and health are broadcast. It is of an intimate size, unlike the other rooms which, are very large, resembling a fresh spring daffodil in its green and yellow color scheme. The window treatment is unusual and effective—yellow celonese voile is pulled tautly from top to bottom of the panes in the modern criss-cross style, while green and yellow monk's cloth fashion the tie-back drapes. The thing that "sold" the room to me, however, is the palest yellow organdie spread on the green wooden bed. It fits smoothly on top over a thin silk foundation and beneath the finely corded edges it hangs around the bed in fluffy scalloped petals. I'm not good at describing such things, but I assure you it is just like a lovely daffodil in the midst of a lush green field, which, in this case, is the deep-piled velvet rug.

And now we come to the Home-Makers themselves: Mrs. Allen, a charming hostess with the loveliest voice imaginable, who seems to know everything in the world; Grace White—she of the waffles and other delectable dainties—who prepares all the foods while Mrs. Allen describes them over the air; Joan Barrett, in her smart peasant smock, who can tell you all about interior decorating and France; Louise Baker, a tall, dignified lady with a melodious voice, who tells mothers how to bring up their young hopefuls sensibly and scientifically; Carolyn Cornell, whose clothes mark her the fashion expert that she is; Helen Chase, a beautiful contradiction of the old saw that beauty experts are always old, ugly women; and Janet Lee, whose petite youth would never let you suspect that she is up on such things as diet, etiquette and every imaginable form of entertaining.

There are lots of other Home-Makers, too, who don't come on the air but who do a thousand and one necessary things to make those twenty-six broadcasts each week the smooth, perfect things they are. But they all insist modestly on being background material, so you'll have to wait until another day to hear about them.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 57)

tice and less play, and, besides, in less than a week the lonesome little goat died. It was the fault of My Rosary. And when the goat was buried with honors and solemn ceremony and sung over by all the children of the neighborhood little Joe cried and refused to sing or to let them sing what had been his favorite song, My Rosary.

The second and third time that the Silver Masked tenor sang My Rosary, he was on his way to France to spoil a perfectly good war. By this time the childish incident was forgotten; his voice had settled into a rich tenor under the guidance of Charles Abercrombie, former court tenor to Queen Victoria, who had become White's teacher, and Joe was a private in the army and called upon to sing in the amateur shows of the famous 27th Division. In this outfit his buddy was Judson House also, today, a famous Radio tenor soloist.

Their transport ship was the Pocahontas. When halfway across, the doughboys insisted on a concert. Joe White could sing, and Judson House would play the piano. The first number on the program was My Rosary. Nobody knows whether it was the song that finally goaded a German submarine beyond endurance or whether it was planning to attack anyway. At any rate, the concert was informally postponed. The audition chose to repel submarines instead.

Later the same day, they tried again to stage the concert. Once again Judson House played the opening bars of My Rosary, and Joe White sang the first few notes. Again a submarine popped up.

The fourth and last time he tried My Rosary was in Beauval, France. A German plane flew over the sector and applauded by dumping a high-powered "ash can" square on the roof. It totally

On the Air or Off the Air—
Hear Them Whenever You Wish!

LISTED below are some of the many Columbia artists whose names and fame are household words in millions of radio-loving homes. Some of them are your favorites. You're sorry when their program ends, you anticipate their next appearance. Lots of times you'd like to hear them when they're off the air. And you can! Columbia records enable you to hear any or all of these artists when you want to, where you want to, and for as long as you want to—each exactly "like life itself."

Ted Lewis and His Band	Constantly sought for broadcasts, but as yet too busy in Keith-Albee circuit, musical comedy, and Warner Bros. films.	
Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra	Old Gold Hour	N. B. C.
Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians	Robert Burns Hour	C. B. S.
Ben Selvin and His Orchestra	Wahl Pencil Hour Kolster Hour Beginning Feb. 1st— DeVoe & Reynolds Hour	C. B. S.
James Melton	Seiberling Singers Palm Olive Hour	N. B. C.
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wrecked the impromptu concert hall. Nobody was hurt, but Joe White swore never again to sing My Rosary.

Obviously, Radio had no terrors for Joe White when he got back to America. His was the first voice picked up by Radio in England from the United States, when one of his concerts over WEAF was heard clearly in London in 1923.

When the Goodrich company went on the air, White was picked as the outstanding Radio soloist to grace their program.

The "Silver Mask" idea was Philips Carlin's, announcer of the program in its early days. One night, while on the air, Carlin waxed poetic about the silvery aspect of the troupe. "All the instruments are of silver," said Carlin. "Even the drummer has silver drumsticks, and the tenor wears a silver mask. He is a man of mystery; no one knows who he is!" Next day the mails brought 10,000 letters of inquiry. The singer has been the "Silver Masked Tenor" ever since.

The original performers were heard over NBC networks every week until October, 1927. Since then, they have toured the entire country in vaudeville—with their names in electric lights in all the biggest cities.

And now Joe White, the Silver Masked tenor, is back on NBC programs.

ROSALINE GREENE is a school teacher. She is also an author and dramatist, and the tomboy sister of a family of athletes. Three of her brothers are champions, and she managed the boys' track team at high school.

She left the New York State College for Teachers at Albany with the strangest honors ever conferred upon an embryo schoolma'am. Miss Greene finally took with her not only the usual degrees and honors, but also the unexpected rank of First Lady of Radioland.

Between classes she stole away to don grease paint and make-up, and played in the stock company at Proctor's in Albany, and in Troy. Classmates and professors commented on her striking resemblance to the new leading lady, but no one suspected the truth. And still she passed all her courses at school, *cum laude*.

Now the tomboy-schoolma'am-actress-author is leading lady of the air in National Broadcasting company dramatic programs, and the same Rosaline Greene who created for Radio audiences the classic characters of Joan of Arc and Josephine in Napoleon, two outstanding triumphs of the Eveready hour.

The year Rosaline Greene was graduated from State College a full-fledged school teacher, she was dragged off to New York and crowned "America's most perfect Radio voice." And it all happened by accident.

She was only a sophomore at State College when the invitation came from WGY offering auditions to members of the senior class. She was only taken along as supercargo, but Edward H. Smith, the director of WGY and creator of Radio drama, gave her a "mike test" along with the rest—and thereby became the discoverer of "America's most perfect Radio voice."

It wasn't proclaimed such at first: Smith merely recognized an unusual quality especially adapted to Radio, and she was the only one from the school invited back to play with the professional cast broadcasting The Merchant of Venice and other productions of the early days.

SHE found the subject fascinating, and wondered if a dramatic career was better than teaching school. But she completed her studies, "just in case," and meanwhile joined the stock troupe for additional experience. She was genuinely embarrassed every time a classmate or instructor commented on her striking resemblance to the new leading lady.

The year of her graduation she was feted at the Radio World's Fair in New York, and was formally awarded the silver cup as the possessor of "America's most perfect Radio voice." She left the WGY players to face the microphones of metropolitan stations.

Lee Shubert personally called upon "the perfect voice," and offered her the lead in his new production, Pearl of Great Price, at the Century theatre. She tried it for a while, but at the end of two months had made her decision. Radio should be her own personal field, with the Broadway stage or the little red school house to fall back on only in case of need.

Since her successes in the Eveready hour, Miss Greene has signed a contract with the NBC artists service to play only in dramatic broadcasts through National Broadcasting company networks. She is now featured frequently in programs ranging from pure melodrama to the musical offerings of the RCA hour, the fantastic sketches of The Silver Flute and the straight productions of NBC's Miniature theatre.

Meanwhile Rosaline Greene keeps her snug apartment near Riverside Drive and Columbia university, where she continues to study the art of dramatic writing for further Radio plays of her own. She rides in Van Cortlandt park and plays a slashing game of tennis, under the expert eye of her champion brother. Another brother, who holds swimming records, supervises her ocean dips near the family home on Long Island.

For traveling between the NBC studios on Fifth avenue and her uptown apartment, she rides the subway. "Every trip means a new idea," she says.

Planning Boy's Room

(Continued from page 58)

leg, stating it is stronger. He also advised they be finished in black and gold, as they could then be used elsewhere in the home. The table and chairs cost $125, unfinished, which does seem expensive, but I know it is not too much for such beautiful pieces. The stove is black and old ivory and the refrigerator ivory, faucets and soap dish at sink are black so I am puzzled. Will you please help me?"

"It seems to me that the merchant's logic is not all it should be, for the furniture that is bought for use in the breakfast room is not going to be transferred to any other section of the house. If it is selected for that place, then surely it will stay there and not go wandering about. With the green walls and floor in the kitchen I believe your own inclination to use ivory is quite right. Paint the table and chairs a rich, warm ivory and trim them with green, a fairly deep green, just between wall and floor color. You can use little flat seat pads of green on the chairs if you like.

"FOR curtains for the two windows why not get one of the very smart modern designs in a semi-glazed chintz or percale, something combining ivory and black and a little coral color. It need not necessarily include green. If the coral color is not too dominant the curtains might be edged with that same tone. If you feel the lack of green, perhaps a fine line of green on the edge will do the trick. Colorful china, black glass if you like, or the very popular combination of black and crystal will add a bit of sparkle to the table.

"As to the respective merits of gateleg or butterfly table, I think one is just as strong as the other. It is a matter of individual preference. In some cases the butterfly table looks heavier and is more comfortable because there are no extra legs to get in the way. On the other hand the gateleg is more graceful, seems to hold the leaf up more firmly and is seldom clumsy looking. Decide which one you like best and go ahead.

"In the kitchen you might add a little black stool, which would give a smart appearance and be a great convenience as well. You can use the same curtains there if the two rooms really seem like one, or you can use an ivory white curtain trimmed on the edge with green and black. You might even use green and white check roller shades for the kitchen windows, which would add a lively touch. Green and white and black in the kitchen, and green and white and coral in the breakfast room will give you two gay rooms that are livable and friendly to each other, though not just alike."

This gives you just a little idea of some of the problems that come to me. I am asked about houses inside and out, how to remedy this or that, what to do when the room seems all wrong and so on and on. They are all interesting and vital questions for, after all, what is of more importance than a comfortable, livable room? Listen in and learn all you can about making your home beautiful, for you will surely find some suggestions that are applicable to your own particular problem.

The Hunters

(Continued from page 19)

HAVING dismissed the alligator he turned his attention to the island, scanning the tree tops, and leveled stick again as he said half to himself:

"I'll bet a cookie they're in one or the other of those two big live oaks there—one or the other of 'em, I'll bet a cookie." He was obviously downcast about it, as one within sight of the prize yet unable to reach it.

"Water deep?" Bodet asked.

The question seemed to cheer Dorman. "Oh, no, not deep at all!" he replied brightly. "I've waded over twice when I was hunting alligators . . . It's just a step, you see . . . ." He rubbed his chin; then, hopefully and half apologetic:

"I tell you, Mr. Bodet. You can find. your way back without any trouble. You just go back to the car and make yourself comfortable. Don't wait lunch for me. Jim's got everything in the car. You see, I've been over there before and I'm used to it. No use your getting yourself all muddied up . . . ."

His shrewd eyes searched Bodet's face a moment. And Bodet couldn't help thinking of a youngster yielding to temptation with a somewhat uneasy conscience. Dorman chuckled softly and confessed:

"I'm an obstinate old devil—hate to be beaten, you see. I'm more or less on the shelf already. If I begin giving up, Lord knows how it will end. I've got a son and two sons-in-law up in Chicago, you know. They want to wrap me up in cotton batting—so I won't be in their way." He chuckled again. "If I was to let a little honey bee, no bigger'n the end of my finger, beat me out down here, why when I got back to Chicago those three wolves would swallow me in one mouthful. Bad tactics to begin letting go. But you go back to the car and make yourself comfortable."



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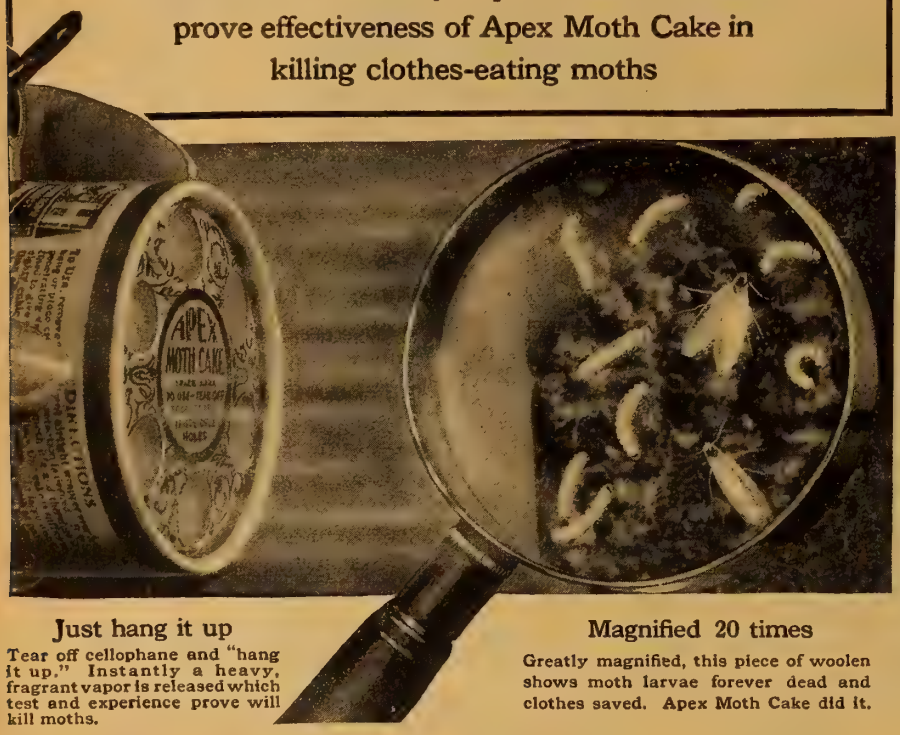
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"I'm only forty-four," Bodet replied. "What's to become of me if I begin letting go at that age? You show me the way over."

IT WAS clear that the answer pleased Dorman much. He beamed satisfaction at his companion, then surveyed the water.

"Guess one way over is as good as another. The water's shallower up there"—pointing to where a ridge of somewhat higher ground ran between mainland and island, as one could see because rushes grew thick all the way across. "But if you got less water up there you'd get more mud. I'd rather go in the open. In hot weather there's likely to be quite a few moccasins in a place like that. Probably wouldn't see any now; but there's bog holes—nasty walking. Best way's to plug right across in the open."

With that the man who was no longer very active stepped off into the muddy water, feeling ahead with his stick. They went slowly, their feet clogged with mud, the water finally rising to their hips. Two-thirds of the way over they saw a man standing in the brush ahead, peering at them. His color indicated a fraction of negro blood. He was a stoutish man with thick lips, in overalls and calico shirt; his aspect inhospitable.

"Ought to have a boat here," Dorman sang out to him; "good place for a ferry line."

Helter, beating tortuously through the woods, heard that hail. He thought he had got turned around again, for as he had it in his mind the location whence the voice came should be the water side and it did not occur to him that anybody would be speaking from the water. Silently cursing, he toiled toward the sound and gained the brush on the bank of the lake in time to see Dorman and Bodet climbing up the farther shore. They had left their coats in the car, wearing only overalls, dark shirts and caps. There was no mistaking the two figures; and sweaty Helter cursed again. If he had got there a minute and a half earlier he would have had a fair target at a range of two hundred yards, and he was now exasperated enough to take a considerable chance on getting away. But the two figures were disappearing into vegetation on the other bank.

Helter didn't know that the land over there was an island. It seemed to him that the mysterious business on which the two men were bent was carrying them farther into the woods. This jungle was a wonderful place for hiding and getting away; five yards in any direction would take a man completely out of sight. He must get near enough for a shot while Bodet was still in the woods. That was in his mind as he peered across the muddy water. Then a movement on the opposite bank, some distance away, drew his attention, and his eyes bulged.

THE 'gator on the mud bank had lifted his head and looked around. Finally his primitive nerves had received an impression that something or other, which might be inimical, was troubling the water and making a noise. Helter, turning his eyes in that direction, saw a big scaly form, with fearsome jaws, sliding smoothly into the lake. There was hardly a ripple. As Helter stared, popeyed, something like a big piece of bark came to view on the surface of the water—a nose, a long strip like the top of an old log, then two eyes under penthouses. In a moment the apparition sank. Helter's flesh crept. He looked up and down, and, off to the left, saw the belt of rushes between island and mainland.

That would be a place to get across.

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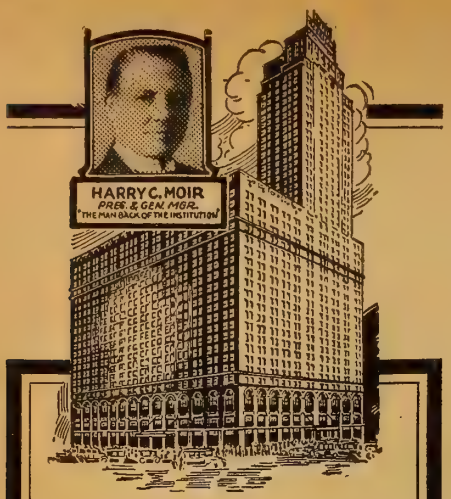
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It meant beating back some distance through the woods, for he was already below the crossing; but there was no help for it. On his own ground he had sufficient nerve, but not for anything would he have walked out into the water where that fearsome, scaly shape had disappeared. Besides, if he tried to cross here and they should happen to look out from the opposite shore he would be in plain view. Desperately he turned to toil back through the tangle of tough, impeding, pricking things, twisting this way and that to find a path.

At length, perspiring, he came to the belt of rushes. It was a repulsive place—hummocks of dank earth sticking up through the muddy water, overgrown with reeds taller than his head. He hung on the bank by a tree whose roots were half exposed, staring at it, his face puckered with revulsion. By now a great rage possessed him as though the man whom he followed had been maliciously tormenting him by these impediments—all so utterly novel to him. He felt as though he had got into a kind of hell where everything conspired to harass and retard and startle him.

He sucked in his lips, stepped over to a hummock, poised and sprang for another. It gave way like dough under his feet and he slid off, floundering, into a boggy hole. The water came half way from his knees to his thighs, his feet sinking far into the mud. He could feel its soggy grasp on his ankles, like a formless hand dragging him down.

THE mishap shook his nerves. An instant later he saw a sullen stir of the water, off to the right, as though something moved below the surface. His flesh shrank as though teeth were already fastening in his leg. He lunged forward and scrambled up on a hummock, first on his knees in the mud, then on his feet, and as he got to his feet he drew a heavy automatic pistol, dead black, the butt sticking out beyond the handle. A little later he wiped his brow with his left hand, his fingers trembling slightly, his nervous eyes glistening.

He was quite unreasonable now—panicky; but subconsciously trying to get his nerves untangled. Men he would have faced with courage—but these loathy, crawling, scaly things! With despair, he wished that he had never undertaken this, even for three thousand dollars net and upon a command.

Then a new depth opened within him and he felt an access of hate such as he had not known before; thirsting to kill this man. Killing became a sort of necessity, like breathing. To do it anyway—fire point blank at five paces and trust to luck—anything to kill him. For he charged all his perturbation up to Bodet.

It seemed that he had been in the woods for hours, toiling back and forth. To gain this reedy cover he had gone nearly a mile from the place where Bodet and Dorman had waded straight across—slow going, too, with all the twisting and doubling and climbing over obstacles. Bodet might get away from him unless he hurried. Quite unreasonable, like a drunken man, gun in hand, he lunged forward, climbing, wading, mud clogged, suffocated in the rushes, always with nervous eyes alert for an alligator or snake. He got across and reached out to a hanging limb by which to help himself up on the muddy bank.

THEN something long and brown moved on the bank under his eyes, swiftly forming itself into a coil, a diamond shaped head erect at the front, with darting tongue; a tail erect, oscillating briskly. There was a sound as of dried peas shaken in a box. Helter had

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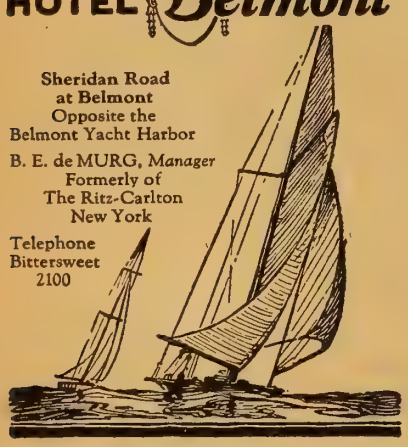
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FOR JULY—Many big things in the way of Special Features and Fiction—Don't miss this issue of Radio Digest.

never seen one before but he knew it was a rattlesnake, under his eyes. He leveled his weapon and fired quickly at the head. The snake leaped in a horrible convulsion, writhing and bleeding, and slipped off into the muddy water . . . But that shot! In the solitude it had roared like a crack of doom.

Helter cursed anew. Of course they would have heard that shot. Everything within a mile must have heard the roar; and after all he might have leaped back, out of the snake's reach, without shooting. Of course he must get away from the spot where his presence had been so advertised as quickly as possible. With that idea, helped by the limb, he sprang to the bank and lunged into the tangled brush, gun in hand, ready, peering ahead with nervous, glistening eyes and dripping with perspiration. It was infamous going, vines and branches impeding him, so that he had no free movement of his arms and legs. He lunged at it desperately, seething with unspoken curses.

The ground seemed clear to the left. He pushed that way. Then through the thinning screen of underbrush he saw a man in the little clearing; a dark, stoutish man with thick lips, in overalls and calico shirt, whose aspect at once appeared to be hostile. The heavy automatic pistol in Helter's right hand moved upward. A pistol shot again rang again in the still air.

FOLLOW the gangsters hunting The Hunter in foreign territory. These adventures, with many thrilling details, will be concluded in the July Radio Digest.

Youth and Pep at WACO

TED JENNINGS and his WACO staff orchestra have gone over with a bang in Waco. Their pep, and unfailingly good music have made this a very popular dance orchestra, and when the placards go out "Music by Ted Jennings and his WACO Staff Orchestra—that peppy bunch in person"—the crowd is assured.

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"Time to hit the air!" is the cry that goes up in the studio when Howard Simons walks in; he always gets there and begins tuning his banjo, just ten seconds before time to hit the air. He is the studio clock. Never was known to be over ten seconds early, so his arrival heralds the approach of the opening announcement. Si is one clever banjoist, and plays a mandolin in his own inimitable manner.

Louie Burns, he of the smart little mustache and sheik-ish atmosphere, is not only staff pianist but a composer. Louie has written some beautiful melodies and one of the jazzier numbers which is enjoying quite a little run in Texas, is his "Bug Shuffle"—just as peppy as it sounds. Louie's pet hobby is a woman—or she will be in another fifteen years; at present she is about the cutest little bundle of baby charms ever seen in any studio—and she's Louie's daughter, Patricia.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Radio Digest, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1930.

State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Cook, }

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. C. Rayner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Radio Digest, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, E. C. Rayner, McCormick Hotel, 616 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Harold P. Brown, 6361 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) E. C. Rayner, McCormick Hotel, 616 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois; George Seaman, 2350 Parkway, West Chicago, Illinois; F. T. Ryan, 510 North Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois; D. R. Seaman, 49 Cedar Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; estate of Joseph Seaman, 411 W. Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois; V. E. Huffer, Hotel Elms, 53rd and Cornell, Chicago, Illinois.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

E. C. RAYNER.
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1930.

(SEAL) Irene Lauer.
(My commission expires Sept. 6, 1932.)

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Radio Digest

July

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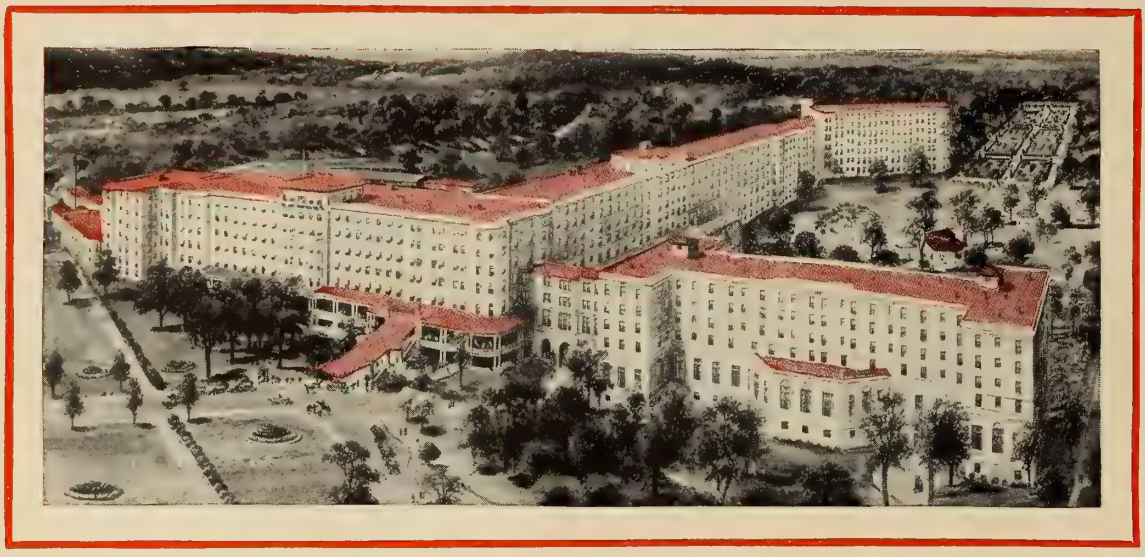
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CBS—N. Y.

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Takes Mike in Hand

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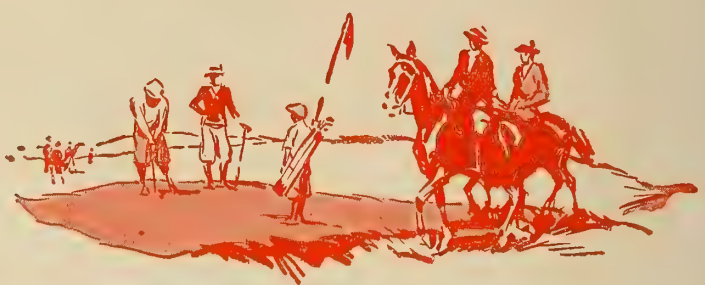


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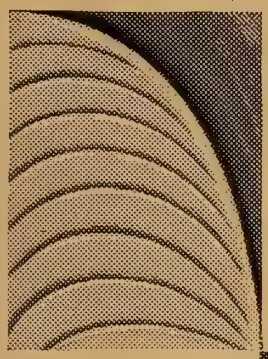
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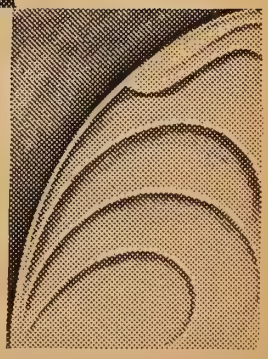
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E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown, Editor

July, 1930



AN accomplished vocalist with a lovely contralto voice, Veronica Wiggins may be heard regularly when the Gold Strand Crusaders broadcast their melodies over CBS.

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DEVORA NADWORNEY first won her fame on the operatic stage. As the contralto lead in Charles Skilton's American Indian opera "Sun Bride" she won further distinction over NBC a few weeks ago.



IF Betsy Ayres could not sing she could most likely act: she is evidently the artistic and apparently temperamental type and has the necessary looks. But she can sing and every Sunday evening at eight o'clock EST is featured over the NBC network.



YOU probably know Yvonne Larue of KYA as Babs of the team of Toby and Babs in the tri-weekly lively episode "College Daze." She was graduated from the University of Washington and is said to retain a good deal of the co-ed vivacity.

Editorial Office: Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Phone Superior 7323.
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Diamond Award Contest Brings New NOMINATIONS AND VOTES From Enthusiastic Readers—Everywhere

See Rules and Conditions on page 83

THEY ARE beginning to come in now with a vengeance—the nominations and votes for favorite artists, announcers and programs in the Meritum Diamond Award Contest as announced in the April issue of Radio Digest. From 185 nominations announced last month, the number has jumped to 256 at the present, and the end is a long, long way off. The pile of letters which accompanied the ballots lies on the desk before us, and we should like to read every one of them to you here on this page; save that the exigencies of time and space prevent.

Running through those which lie on top of the pile, one is able to get an idea of the extreme diversity which has prevailed in the voting—diversity as to the type of artist or program voted for, and diversity as to the reason for voting for them. For here is a gratifying fact: The majority of voters in casting their ballots gave the *reason* for their choice!

Already—and the contest is just beginning—there seems to be hardly a nook or corner of this wide land which has not a Radio favorite of some kind and wants to vote for him, her or it!

Picking up the first letter, we find that Al. Walker, Birmingham, Ala., entertains not the least doubt in his mind (and there are many who agree with him) that Coon Sanders and his Nighthawks are champion entertainers of all time.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

"I wish you much success, Coon!" says Mr. Walker, "for you have worked hard to become the success you are . . . You are doing more for mankind than can be explained. You'll get every vote I can corral for you!"

"The delightful humor of Joe and Vi," writes Algira Truska of 196 New York Avenue, Newark, N. J., "is unapproached by that of any other comedian or comedienne, regardless of fame, fatuousness or frivolity. With so many artists and programs, it is hard to make a selection of a favorite dramatist, humorist or musician. BUT, in the case of Joe and Vi it is different: when such boisterous facetiousness is conveyed into our homes through the medium of Radio, and with such a predominant abundance of unusual predicaments so compatible and appealing to our avarice for unique amusement, they must 'receive such typical and applicable laudations as these.'" (Whew!) Reduced to the least common denominator one would rather guess that the writer of that letter likes the artists in question—Joe and Vi. And there are lots of others who do, too.

Gene and Glenn on WTAM are the ideal entertainers of the Radio world for Mrs. Frank Rehberg, Maybee, Michigan.

In voting for the Willy and Lilly, the KMOX stars of St. Louis, Charles H. Foley, 5303 Landsdowne Ave., Kansas City, Mo., thinks these two entertainers are a better team than Amos and Andy, the reason being mainly that "having a woman character so cleverly impersonated together with the clever, snappy singing, makes Lilly and Willy's act not so dry as the Amos and Andy episodes."

From way down South in old Vicksburg, Miss., Mrs. L. A. Ledbetter, 912 Belmont St., wishes it generally known that the Interwoven Pair, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who broadcast over the N. B. C. chain should "take the cake."

"There are many good programs to be heard," says Mrs. Ledbetter, "but I could lose them all if Jones and Hare continued to give us such versatile entertainment."

And here, among these first few letters in the pile, is one from Anne Woods Hymel, 918 E. 104 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., which shows that among the favorites who broadcast, all are not merely fun makers. Mrs. Hymel thinks that the Pure Food talks of Dr. Alfred W. McCann of WOR, Newark, N. J., are earnest, full of important information and delivered in a most pleasing heart-to-heart manner. Best of all, Doctor McCann's food talks, when taken to heart and acted upon, do lead to improved health. Now that is what we call a most logical reason for voting for one's favorite!

"I tune in nearly all stations," writes Miss Ruth Palmer of Breckenridge, Tex., "but I always dial back to KMOX, St. Louis, to pick up 'Blue Steele.' Enter my nomination for him."

Here is a nomination for Harold Keane, the sunshine boy of WJR, Detroit. Although Harold is blind, he seems to radiate sunshine through the waves of the ether, according to Mrs. J. R. Franco, Detroit.

"Please let us have a picture and write-up of the Smith Family of WENR, Chicago," writes Miss Augusta Collins of Talequah, Oklahoma. The Smith Family's picture was carried

(Continued on page 61)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

*I Nominate*_____

*Station*_____
(Call Letters)
in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

*Signed*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Number **5**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

_____
(Name of Program) (Call Letters)

_____
(City) (State)

*Signed*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Advance Tips

WE ARE pleased to announce and introduce to you Mr. Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, distinguished author and journalist from West Virginia, who joins the editorial staff of Radio Digest. Mr. Eskew's latest book, "The Pageant of the Packets," is one of the current contributions of the New York publishers, Henry Holt and company. Book reviewers throughout the country have unanimously praised his literary talent. He will conduct Indi-gest, station features and contribute special articles.

* * *

And because of Mr. Eskew's special qualifications we have shoved over to him the mountain of manuscripts that came in for the Amos and Andy sketch contest. It was and is a big job—too big and too important to be decided hastily. But Mr. Eskew says positively that he will be able to award the prizes and announce the winners in the August number of Radio Digest.

* * *

Amateur literary aspirants have just about swamped us. Besides the Amos and Andy sketches we also received something like a thousand final chapters to the Dubronsky mystery story that appeared in the April number. The winners of this contest and the final chapter will be decided in time for the August number.

* * *

OPINIONS of representative negroes, including those of preachers, lawyers, doctors, barbers and just every day black folks concerning the effect of the Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts on the colored people of America will be printed in the August Radio Digest. Also new stories about the comedians themselves, in addition to the contest results. Keep up with Amos 'n' Andy in this series.

* * *

Evans E. Plummer, who has been writing and editing Radio subjects since the beginning of broadcasting, brings you a gossipy story of some of the old timers in Old Home Week in this issue. Next month he will tell you where Graham McNamee, Jessica Dragonette, Olive Palmer and many others are spending their vacations and what they are doing to spend them. It will be intimate and especially interesting.

* * *

When Will Rogers was a boy—well, that's promised to us to begin in the very near future. We have arranged for a series of articles about Will Rogers and we hope to have the first installment in August. The writer has known the cowboy philosopher ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper.

* * *

"Terror," and that is the title of a short historical story by Rupert Hughes which you will find in the Anniversary Radio Digest next month. Did you ever hear of the time when there were slaves in New York? Did you know that the city was terrified by the suspicion that the slaves were going to rise up, overthrow the whites and take possession of the city? Read about those tumultous times in the next Radio Digest. Remember, Rupert Hughes is the author.

Across the Desk

RADIO DIGEST has always maintained a jealous integrity in the award of its prizes. There are no wishes to be considered except the will of the reader and the pronouncement of his vote. The magazine can only fulfill its promise. Sometimes, to be sure, it has been secretly hoped that certain results would eventuate whereby the achievement of the winner would reflect a certain amount of prestige and glory on the doner. In fact, it has been known to happen that such hopes have come within bounds of reasonable expectation so that plans were formulated for a ceremonious presentation before dignitaries of state and nation. But the voters decreed otherwise. Their choice indicated a winner more or less remote from the bright lights. The rules were specific. Their decision was inexorable. The prize was awarded accordingly. Whatever of criticism or obliquy might fall on the winner outside the honorable compliance of the rules of the contest had no bearing on the just award of the prize. Radio Digest has had only one certain course to pursue. It has no protest, defense or apology to offer, not even a regret that it could not carry out the gala event that had been proposed.

* * *

Dr. Powers tells us in these pages that the darlings of the talkies are fairly tumbling over themselves these days to be heard on the continental programs. Now wouldn't you expect them to do just that! It's perfectly all right and as it should be. We must smile, one teeny weeny bit though, because it seemed to take them so long to wake up to what it was all about. How well we recall the embarrassed or perhaps a trifle bored accents of the great screen deities piping out at us from the loud speaker. Such inanities! Such condescension! "You have been used to seeing me but not hearing me, and now you hear me but don't see me, ha, ha, ha!" Idols with feet of clay! Profiles of the gods, clacking tongues! But mike walked right up on the stage hand in hand with the camera and gave orders. Skilled continuity writers have rushed to the rescue. The earth moves. The little discs and dials of adjustment click into place. Tranquil ecstacy resumes, the Talkie Stars are in their heaven and all is well with the world.

* * *

One of the things that the popularization of Radio has accomplished is to bring into existence a new technique of literary expression. And thereby is offered to aspiring writers a new field of endeavor. For readers it affords a new grasp of what the author has in mind—a device conceived and fostered for Radio dramatics.

In short, the new medium is the direct result of Radio and talking picture methods. As tangible evidence of this fact, a new book done in what might be termed "popularized continuity" has just been published by the Talking Pictures Publishing Co. of New York. Its author, H. J. Spivack, in a foreword, explains his endeavors as follows:

> In presenting this book to the reading public the author is making an experiment in an entirely new form in the new moving picture medium of sound. It is believed that the photoplay, now that it has achieved dialogue, can well take its place beside the printed play in literature, lying somewhere between it and the novel. This book has been prepared with a double purpose in view: The prompt book idea of the separate paragraphs for each action, movement and sound. Stage direction has been employed as an aid to the director, but the numbering of scenes has been avoided lest it confuse the reader.

In this way the author "sets the stage" so that the play may go forward in just the proper way to carry the tale. The new book (it is called *The Broken Melody*), is handled so that readers by the simple use of printed stage direction may "get" the scene as well as the talk.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

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The Youth, Radio

By M. H. Aylesworth

President, National Broadcasting Company

RADIO BROADCASTERS are a little bit touchy about one phrase so often heard. That phrase heard a dozen times a day from people outside of the studios is, "Well, Radio is just in its infancy." Relatively when one considers the development of such industries as steel making, transportation, and construction work, Radio is a mere infant. Radio broadcasting as we know it is just past its tenth birthday but it is a veritable gargantua among the industries.

While frowning upon the implication that the business is an infant the broadcasters admit and proudly admit its youth. It is one thing to be an infant—crawling aimlessly about, but it is another thing to be a youth stalking purposefully toward achievements and laughing at the idea of, "It can't be done because it has never been done before." The spirit of Radio is the spirit of youth. It is a spirit of try anything once. It is a spirit that combines imagination and vision, a love for hard work, and an unconquerable enthusiasm.

The persons who do the work in Radio are young in years and spirit. It is true that the age of the average employee of the National Broadcasting Company is many years below forty and it is likewise true that regardless of actual age each worker has the vision, ambition, and enthusiasm that is in harmony with the entire enterprise.

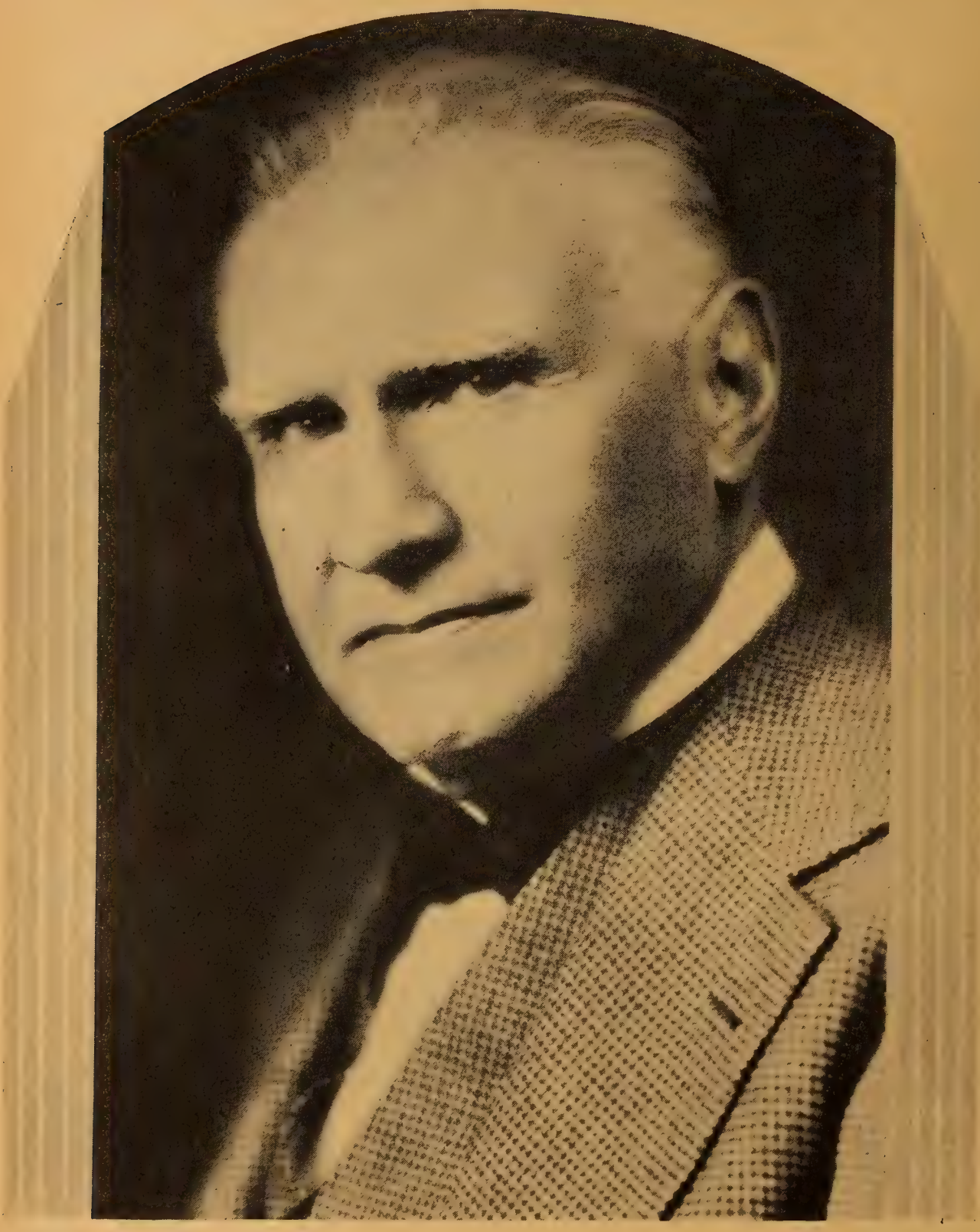
Youth is a creative age. It is an age when precedents are disregarded, old forms are scorned, and amazing experiments are conducted. Radio is an industry in which precedents are disregarded for there are no precedents, where old forms are scorned because they do not fit the new medium, and where amazing experiments are conducted because no man can predict the limits of the force that makes broadcasting possible.

It took vision and youth to launch the series of arduous experiments and tests that culminated in the international exchange of Radio programs.

It took courage and vision to take a Radio transmitting set thousands of feet above the earth in an airplane and to broadcast successfully from that point.

It took faith and foresight to invest millions of dollars in the thousands of miles of specially engineered wire lines that make possible network broadcasting.

It took every virtue of youth and some of youth's criticized recklessness to do what has been done in the past ten years to create the greatest system of giving to all the world the best in education, the best in culture, and the best in amusement and entertainment.



WALTER DAMROSCH, premier of American maestros, was the first composer of an intrinsically American opera. He is a born musician. He is fond of people. His Radio school thrills him. On the opposite page David Ewen who told you about George Gershwin brings you a close-up view of Dr. Damrosch.

Aids Your Music Appreciation

Walter Damrosch Enthused Over Radio Facilities by Which He Teaches 5,000,000 Young Americans in One Class—Study of His Personality

By David Ewen

TWO years ago, Walter Damrosch was approached with two flattering contracts. Acceptance of one precluded, of course, acceptance of the other—and both were of a sufficiently attractive nature to encourage considerable vacillation. One of them came from the offices of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, offering him the enviable post of principal conductor at a still more enviable salary. The other was sent to him by the National Broadcasting Company of New York, where he has been identified.

The one appealed strongly because it brought with it the prestige of conducting the world's greatest and most celebrated orchestra; the other offered an infinitely larger audience than any concert orchestra could and, therefore, brought with it limitless educational possibilities—possibilities which Walter Damrosch, ever the messenger of good music, was keen enough to perceive at once.

Instinctively, however, Damrosch was far more attracted to the educational possibilities of the Radio than to prestige. For prestige no longer held that glittering attraction for this silver-haired, pleasant-faced musician who, at twenty-three, conducted in one of the greatest opera-houses in the world, who had been friend to Liszt and Wagner and who, for forty years, had walked at the side of musical immortals. Prestige no longer seemed so enticing, especially since he had already so very much of it. And so, a signed contract was returned to the National Broadcasting Company—and the Philharmonic had to satisfy itself with a gentle and benign refusal. Sincere regrets were mutual.

DAMROSCH loves leisure and yet he is always busy with a day that is chronicled with active work. His habit is to arise at 7, dress precisely (with preference for a plain yellow tie) and start out for a stroll through Central park. He walks for an even hour before sitting down to a hearty breakfast. Then comes the morning paper and at 9 o'clock he is ready for business which begins with the mail. He reads every letter sent to him by Radio listeners from all sections of the country. Callers are received at 11 o'clock—embryo philharmonic conductors, composers, interviewers, young musicians trying-to-get-along and social representatives. Afternoons are devoted to quiet study and reading. In the evening he goes to a concert, a theatre or is at home with congenial friends. Mr. Ewen presents you with a most intimate introduction to this great maestro who was one of the first of the most distinguished artists to recognize the art of Radio.

Today, Damrosch will tell you—and his pleasant smile will emphasize the fact that he speaks truthfully—that he has never regretted this decision; that, on the contrary, his work in the field of the Radio has given him far more happiness than it would ever have been possible for him to attain even at the head of such an orchestra as the Philharmonic. If you care to listen, he will recite to you a series of figures, figures which mean so very much to him that he has engraved them indelibly upon his memory and that he is always spouting at the slightest encouragement, figures which, in truth, speak far more eloquently than any words.

It is estimated that 8,000,000 people throughout the country listen in every Saturday night to his weekly broadcast. As the head of the Philharmonic, if he were to conduct every one of the 100 concerts the orchestra gives during a season and to a capacity audience of 3,000 at each concert, *he would have to conduct 26 years before he reached the audience he reaches during one Saturday night broadcast!*

This, of course, does not include the 5,000,000 children who listen to him eagerly in schoolrooms every Friday morning. And when one remembers—Damrosch will continue as an enthusiastic epilogue to his enthusiastic recital—that these concerts are listened to, for the most part, not by trained music-lovers, but rather by novices, people who are now being introduced to good music for the first time, then do we realize the true importance of his work. Through the microphone Damrosch is making America a country of music-lovers!

WALTER DAMROSCH is now sixty-eight years old—and except for his silver hair, age has not left any fingerprints upon him. He has the indefatigable energies, the buoyant enthusiasm for his work, the zeal and the ideals of a youth. And he looks as young as he acts. His skin is smooth and healthy; his eyes are bright, sharp and kind; his physique impressive. He dresses immaculately. His yellow tie (he has a preferance for bright one-colored ties) blends with his blue suit, which is always neatly pressed; his shoes are always shined—dark black with decorative perforations in the front. He seems, indeed, to be in the very prime of life.

He comes from a family of musicians. Dr. Leopold Damrosch, his father was one of the greatest conductors of his time—the founder of the New York Symphony Society and the Oratorio Society of New York the first conductor of Wagner at the Metropolitan Opera House, a musician of international repute. His older brother is Frank Damrosch (christened by none other than Franz Liszt) who is now head of the Institute of Musical Art, New York. He was born, not in America as so many believe, but in Breslau, Germany, and on the day of his birth the foremost musicians of Germany were at his home to commemorate the event. Richard Wagner was supposed to be the godfather but at the last moment Wagner demurred because, having christened another son of Dr. Leopold, a son who died shortly afterwards, Wagner firmly maintained that the same misfortune that followed him throughout life would curse whomever was near him—and so he would not blight the life of this newcomer. A substitute was hurriedly procured—and the babe who was supposed to have been called Richard Wagner Damrosch was now named Walter.

When Walter was five years old his family migrated to America where Dr. Leopold hoped to attain a musical connection equal to that of his acquaintance, Dr. Theodore Thomas in Chicago. They lived in a small and cramped apartment on 23rd Street near Third Avenue and Walter was sent to Public School 40, on the same street, to acquire his early education. It was shortly after his arrival in America that he made his debut, somewhat inauspiciously to be sure, as an orchestra-member. His father was at that time rehearsing Schubert's "Die Hausliche Krieg" and a passage in the March of the Crusaders required the crash of a cymbal.

To hire a man merely to crash a cymbal once was, of course, out of the question—and so Dr. Leopold enlisted the services of his bright six-year-old son. For hours the father trained Walter how and when to crash the cymbal and then, at last, he felt that young Walter had learned his lesson well. At the performance, however, something inexplicable occurred to shatter all of Dr. Leopold's confidence in his son. The excitement was of such a great strain to the young musician that, when the strategic moment arrived for him to crash his cymbal, his hands simply would not move. He saw his father give him the signal once again, looking at him with fire in his eyes—but nothing, not even the greatest effort on Walter's part, could raise those two stiff hands to crash that cymbal. After that performance, Dr. Leopold mumbled angrily that Walter would make a far better shoemaker than musician in later life!

IT REQUIRED a tragedy to give Walter his first great opportunity to reveal his talents as conductor. Dr. Leopold Damrosch died in 1885, in the midst of launching the first Wagner cycle at the Metropolitan Opera House. A hurried substitute was needed and young Walter, then in his twenty-third year—known to all of them to be a good musician with a sound training—was asked to take the baton for a short while until a permanent conductor could be found.

But there was found in his baton something of the power and magic of Dr. Leopold's conducting and so the bewildered officials happily and unanimously decided that the son was fully capable of carrying on the work of the father.

He was offered $8,500 a year—and he accepted eagerly. His unique success as the head of the Wagner forces at the Metropolitan soon inspired him to continue his father's work in other

(Continued on page 69)

WILL ROGERS TAKES MIKE in HAND

Famous Cowboy Humorist Laughs at Wild Bulls and Crazy Horses—Tin Ear Mike Makes Him Sweat and Chew Gum

By **Dr. Ralph L. Power**
Special Representative of Radio Digest

WILL ROGERS, the fearless wise-cracking genius of the age takes mike in hand—AT LAST! And there's murder in his eye.

He stalled, he wouldn't, he ducked and dodged, swore to high heaven he would have nothing to do with the bloody thing, money couldn't hire him, and all that—but at last it got him. Will Rogers and Squibbs tooth paste!

Poor William. At last he has met his Waterloo. The homely philosophic sage has clasped hands with royalty and has hobnobbed with the elite. He is equally at home in Palm Beach, Florida, or Palm Springs, California.

Before the footlights nothing daunts Professor Rogers. He can grasp an educated pen in his pudgy fist, or coax along an intelligent typewriter, and produce gems of human literature. When it comes to lassooing wild cayuses or taming garter snakes he is undoubtedly without a peer.

But when it comes to the microphone . . . Oh, boy, he's lost, and how.

You can dash around to the corner newsstand and buy a paper with Will's daily dope in it, or maybe a magazine in which he exposes sundry glances at the world's famous. Or you can blithely trip into the town picture palace and see Will's noble physiognomy in his first picture, "They Had to See Paris," and possibly his latest, "The Connecticut Yankee." If the mood just can't be shaken off, you can go to the village library and read one of his books.

BUT even if you do any or all of these things you will discover nary a line about his Radio performances. So this little yarn will tell you something about the human side of this fine American who always does things in a large way—gum chewing, rope throwing Will Rogers.

No matter how much he writes and talks about airplanes, he can't use one to get in the middle of the metropolitan area, so he rides in the family motor car, one of 'em, at least.

You know Will used to live in Beverly Hills. If you read up on history you will find that he was mayor. In back of his mansion was a low rangy stucco building with red tile roof.

"Come on out in back, boys, and see the barn," Rogers used to say to visitors, and they'd go back into the fine up-to-date structure. But, instead of cow ponies or cattle, there would be a flock of motor cars.

Will would shut his eyes and chant . . . eenie, meenie, minie, mo . . . open the orbits and pick out one to use for the day.

But some time ago the noted philosopher-humorist sold the place and moved down towards the ocean where he has a ranch in Santa Monica Canyon. Of course, it wasn't much use to stay around Beverly Hills. Will swelled the population of the town until it got in all the papers and the census gave it a big boost.

Then the realtors put up large signs "Will Rogers Lives Here" to let the tourists know it was a good place to settle down in. So, having been mayor with no local honors left, and the folks settling 'round about too close for comfort, Will herded his kin on a cart and rode down to Santa Monica Canyon.

Maybe he'll get into politics in Santa Monica and run for mayor there. If he does, it will be in a large sized way. First he will run for official dog catcher, then for truant officer and gradually work up the scale of political plums.

JUST at the present moment the ranch is getting settled and only the help stay there regularly. "Just goin' to build a little shack there this summer," confides Will, so we can rest assured that his new home will not run over a couple of million dollars and with not more than thirty rooms and sixteen baths.



"Did you ever notice that when you hear about the Prince of Wales falling off his horse the horse falls too? How ken you blame the Prince?"

Right in the center of the rancho he plans a polo field, for polo to Will Rogers is about like golf to the rest of us. He takes his game seriously and every few Sundays he plays at the Uplifters Club field down near the beach. And of course a good many of you who read this will remember that exactly a year ago he played in an exhibition game in Los Angeles at night time in the Coliseum during the electrical pageant of the Shrine Convention.

While this story is being written his boy is playing at the Uplifters Club and the old man is cheering wildly from the little grand stand.

Perhaps I ought to stop the story long enough to explain two things. The chambers of commerce will want me to explain that the word "realtor," means real estate expert, and thus definitely setting aside any and all rumors that it is a word taken from el toro, the bull.

Then let me say, for my own satisfaction, that anything in Southern California with more than two things is a rancho. In the early days of the dons it took at least 40,000 acres to call a land grant a rancho.

But nowadays two acres make a rancho, two banana palms a banana rancho, two chickens a chicken rancho . . . but why prolong this. You must get the idea by now or you never will.

So, to go back to the story. The past few months Will and his family have had a little bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I wouldn't want to get the manager of the hostelry thinking that I believe his place isn't quite ritzy, but the fact remains that Will's bungalow isn't so very much.

It is a small five or six-roomed affair . . . one that could conceivably be rented for about forty dollars.

THE Rogers heirlooms are crowded in the place just now and not the least is his pet collection of paintings and statues of cowboys and range life. He has spent a round sum of coin to gradually gather the assortment from various places. Works by Russell are chiefly featured, and I hope Will leaves provision for sending this collection over to the Huntington Library and

Art Gallery when he no longer needs it, for the material forms the nucleus of a genuinely worthwhile collection.

The children have been going to school, of course, in the winter months, so this make-shift bungalow life has served its purpose. But they will soon go to the rancho. That is where they have been spending the week-ends all through the spring and the place from which Mr. Rogers sets forth on a Sunday night for KHJ, the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System for his Sunday night talks.

I'd like to be able to say that he nonchalantly signals Jevnes, the chauffeur, squeezes into the rear compartment of the imported machine and speeds silently along the smooth highways and byways for which the golden state is noted.

But as a matter of fact, Mistuh Rogers does nothing of the sort. He jumps in a two-year-old car that has seen much mileage and better days and steps on the throttle and chugs away. Of course he has some extra fine cars, but he likes to take the older models and drive himself.

If you arch your eyebrows and mutter anything, Will says sort of sheepish-like, "Lousy old boat, isn't she? But, say, you oughta see her go."

So at last we have him on the way to the big city. Will, after all, is intensively, almost fiercely, interested in people. True, he frequently isolates himself for days at a time to keep his distance from curious sightseers.

BUT Broadcaster Rogers takes keen delight in studying facial types . . . the whims and fancies of folks . . . their apparent trends of thought . . . what they eat . . . how they dress . . . how they spend their time.

How could he write so simply and yet so enlighteningly on problems of the day without being of and among just folks? On the way to the city he doesn't think of his notes or the speech for, he says "'Tain't no use. I wouldn't remember it nohow." But he does look around and sees the ritzy hot dog stands fashioned in architectural style of old Normandy, the gasoline stations designed to simulate feudal castles, the ice cream palaces built to resemble the Eskimo igloos, the wayside orange drink stands erected to look more or less like a real orange . . . and all the other sights that the billboards do not hide. And so he is finally up at the corner of Seventh and Bixel streets at the Don Lee building . . . an eight-story affair with a couple of sub-basements given over to Cadillacs and LaSalle sales and service.

Does he amble into a parking station? He does not. The family bus is all right on the side street and anyway it's insured. Still, for fear you may think him too frugal, he winks an eye and says, "You needn't think I'm the fellow who spanked his cow so as to get whipped cream."

Into the building he walks briskly and takes the elevator to the second floor. Once in awhile he walks up, but mostly the lift is ready and palpitating to go. Invariably he steps down the stone stairway on the return trip.

On the second floor he wends his way carefully through the cars on the showroom floor and peeps around to see what's what and who's hooey. If the station manager is around he says "howdy," and then goes into the studio a full half hour before time to go on.

YOU ought to see the way they rig the place up for him. He doesn't stay put, so they place two condenser microphones on stands and let him stay between them. He can look into either or neither and yet his voice carries out okeh.

Directly in front of where he stands a music rack holds his notes. Then in front of this there is a table on top of which a piano bench rests and on top of that a desk lamp to shine down and light up the manuscript pages.

In case you want to know what the studio itself looks like, I'd say it is about 15 feet wide and a bit more than twice that in depth. At the end is the organ loft separated by an ornate black and silver grill. The studio decorations are lavender and a jade green.

There are deep, plush carpets, inverted lighting, a Theremin, and a baby grand and upright piano. In such surroundings you'd think Will would be at home. But he isn't.

Don't think for a moment that he would admit it. Never. "Never felt more at home in my life. Great place this," he says, but it's pretty hard to believe it.

"You see," he says, "I have all week to think up these gags and when Saturday night comes, just before the weekly bath, I sit down at my rusty old typewriter and punch out these here notes by the one finger system. Maybe you think I'm not good on that typewriter. Man alive, I can make that machine talk.

"Then I don't have to think about it any more until I get up here in old KHJ."

All over the county broadcast men are ready and waiting. The zero hour, or whatever it is they call it, approaches. In KHJ's rooms two telephone men are waiting. They have tested and have been in touch with New York. The lines are all clear. The program goes out directly from KHJ and at the same time goes to the Columbia chain . . . breaking off at points to various stations west of Chicago, while from there it goes to New York and goes back to the stations.

AT ANY rate that is the way it has been explained to me. The original scheme used to be for the broadcast to go to New York and then come back, and I believe this is still the case in some of the network events, but for the Rogers program, at least, this "tricky" method, as the engineers call it, works out rather well.

So Will by this time has about twenty minutes. Witness the scene . . . he madly chews gum generously provided by the gum magnate . . . taps the carpet with his feet . . . stands before the microphones . . . begins his speech for rehearsal, at this time being along in studio "A" with the doors locked, but he never takes the precaution to look in the organ loft for a possible audience.

So he recites to himself. At crucial moments he arches the eyebrows, still chewing choice morsels of gum. Every third minute he changes the script by making a mark or underlining some paragraph. Through all this the rakish hat stays on.

For mannerisms he places hands on hips . . . then in pants pockets . . . still later in coat pocket, reversing the process during the rehearsal and also on the broadcast.

More mannerisms . . . rubs left eyebrow with left hand . . . scratches right ear vigorously . . . pinches nose nervously . . . and goes through these motions five times during time on the air.

"Naw, sir, I'm never nervous," says Will. But he tells the announcer to keep everybody out and the doors locked. However, about five people at a time can peek through the curtain on the door.

The first night Will was downright nervous. The cues were missed, and the first and last part of his speech missed the air. "Most important," says Will. "You gotta hit 'em a punch at the beginnin' and end. Awfully sorry those folks didn't git to hear it all."

Freddy Rich and his orchestra played the overture, or whatever it is the symphonic dance orchestra is supposed to play for the big shots of vaudeville like Rogers. Rich, by the way, played for the King and Queen of England so nothing would do but that he must play for Will, too.

THE orchestra is well along to the end of its twelve minutes of playing. Will looks wildly around the sheltered, cloistered walls, at the deep plush carpet, the futuristic decorations on the wall, at the furniture fashioned in modernistic trend.

On the first night of the series he gasped once, gulped twice, fluttered his hands in a silent gesture of despair and finally waddled to the door and beckoned to a group of studio habitues and the idly curious to come on in and get an earful, to say nothing of good-sized eyeful.

So in they trekked. That was what he wanted. He could look 'em over and get reactions, he thought. But they applauded so wildly and generously that the announcer had to shush them up for the commotion created confusion, sounded terrible over the air and shortened the actual program.

So they stayed shushed. Since then Will does his talking in solitary confinement. "I don't want folks to think I'm highbrowing 'em," he says, "but you know they get in here and sit still and dumb . . . no facial expression at all.

"I spring a good gag and they're afraid to laugh. So I think it's no good and feel bad all over it. It affects my expression, that's what's the matter."

Maybe it is, but just the same Will has a pretty bad case of microphonitis. He's afraid of poor little mike who wouldn't hurt him a bit even if it could.

The last broadcast of the series he's going to have in studios B and C, he says, where they can crowd two or three hundred people in to see the show. "Then I'll watch their faces," he explains, "just like at the show and if my line doesn't go over I can switch around and make 'em laugh. But this here microphone, you can't tell how it's goin' over.

(Continued on page 68)

NEXT month Radio Digest will begin a series of close-up views of Will Rogers by a writer who has known him all his life. You will see him and watch his development from a ten-dollar-a-month cowboy to a five hundred dollar a minute Radio broadcaster.

Read About Will Rogers in August Radio Digest

Amos and Andy JOIN the SHOW

Some of Their Early Experiences on the Stage as Told by Joe Bren Who Hired Them

By Ann Steward

WHY is it that one feels kind of a shivery intoxication when treading close to the pathway that has led others to adoration and great fame?

Still you could scarcely say that Joe Bren is really famous. I only knew that it was his executive acumen—or perhaps a God-given instinct that caused him to pick Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll out of the crowd, teamed them together, and that from this contact there came to be Amos 'n' Andy, the most popular Radio show ever produced.

Joe Bren—not Amos 'n' Andy—was the man I had come to see. Who was Joe Bren? I didn't know—just one of the big guns of the Music Corporation of America. But he had discovered Correll and Gosden—and Correll and Gosden were Amos 'n' Andy. How had he come to do it? How did it happen? What could he tell about it? Did they just naturally take to each other right from the start? What—what—how?

"Mr. Bren, will see you in a minute. Please sit down."

"Thank you." I was in Mr. Bren's office on the nineteenth floor of the Masonic building, near Randolph and State streets, Chicago. It was a large and rather luxuriously furnished room. In the subdued light I could see the man I assumed was Mr. Bren talking on the phone at his desk. I gave a momentary glance to the moving, surging scene far below the window and then turned to a red leather chair. It was restful and suddenly I felt at ease.

The receiver clicked slightly and Mr. Bren faced me inquiringly. "You want to see me?"

"Mr. Bren, I understand that you are the man who brought Amos 'n' Andy together. If that is so, I should like to hear about it." I saw that time was precious to this busy man and that direct questions would please him most.

"Yes, I was more or less responsible. What in particular do you want to know about it?"

"Perhaps it would be best to tell me how you met the boys and then what happened." I was giving a big order, but it was amply filled. And this is Mr. Bren's story in practically his own words:

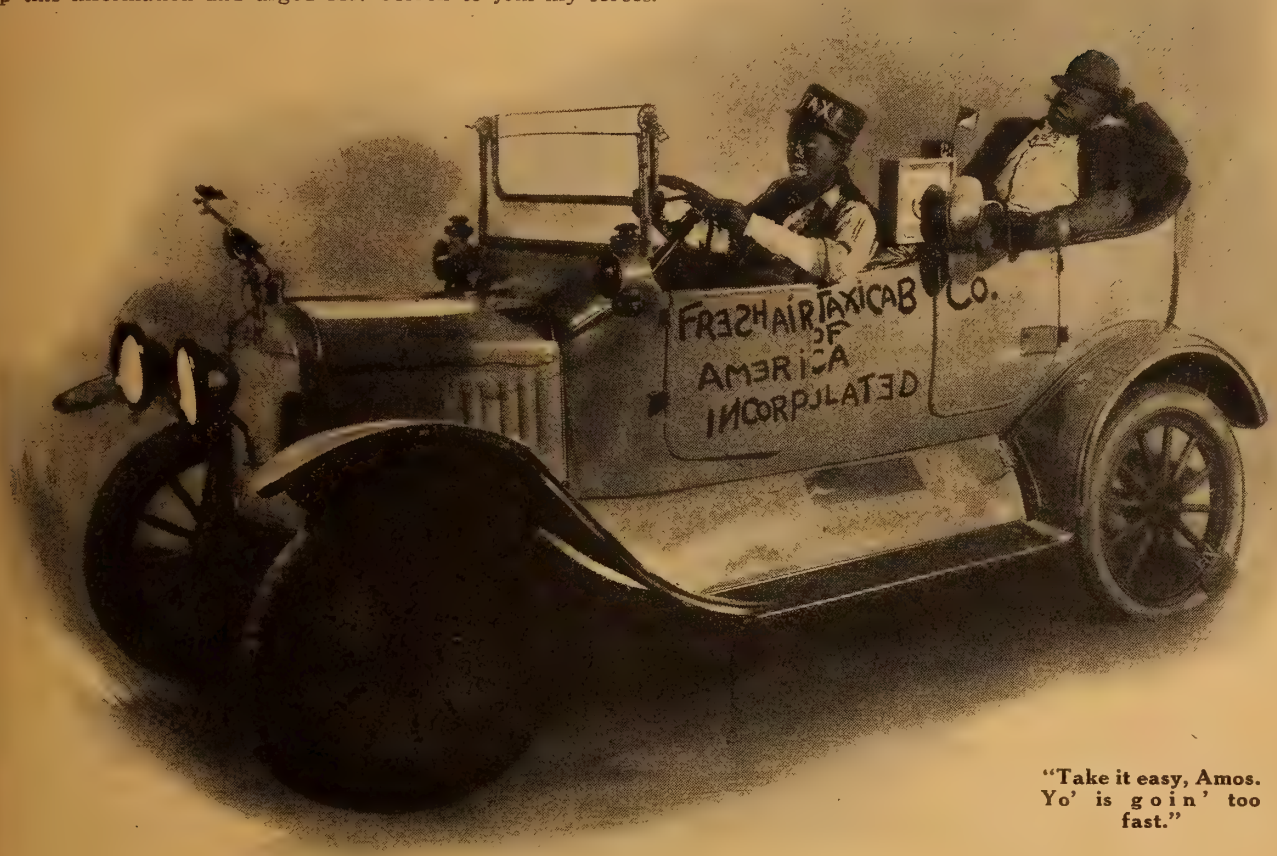
"ABOUT eleven years ago I was in business as a manager of home talent shows. I had under my direction, young men who traveled the country and were called producers. It was their duty to enter a town where a show was to be given, arrange for the talent amongst the people of the town, line up the show itself, produce it and then go on to the next town



"Eight milliun, nine milliun, 'leven milliun"—"How much is dat, Andy? Ain't yo' skip a milliun or two?"

and repeat the same procedure. When unusual talent was discovered amongst the amateurs, the producers usually wrote to me and I investigated the matter. If the performer proved especially good, I would add them to my troupe of regular performers or producers.

"One of these letters came from Davenport, Iowa, telling of a man by the name of Charles J. Correll who was a wizard at the piano and who had some acting ability. I followed up this information and urged Mr. Correll to join my forces.



"Take it easy, Amos. Yo' is goin' too fast."

He accepted and came to Chicago with the railroad fare I wired to him. I put him to work on his arrival and instructed him, in the meantime, to put on plays and in short to become one of my producers. He was a clever fellow and one of the finest men I have ever met. He learned the busines easily and soon found himself on the road producing shows for me. From the very first, he was successful and popular. His easy good nature got him across more hard places than I have time to tell of and made him a host of friends as well.

"Just about this time another communication reached me from Richmond, Virginia, telling of the extraordinary ability of a man by the name of Freeman F. Gosden. I repeated my former procedure and soon found that Gosden was also an able producer and another man of the highest type. He was especially clever as a black face end man in minstrel shows and his negro dialect was enviable. I put him down as a chap who would make something of himself before long, but I never foresaw the lasting brilliance of fame that surrounds Amos 'n' Andy.

"I put Correll with the straight theatrical productions and his work there was more than laudable. It might be interesting to know that he was so well liked wherever he went, he found himself the recipient of a host of wonderful gifts from the towns folk. Sometimes he would come back to Chicago looking like a walking pawn shop, covered with watches, rings, pins and other gifts. Each article was an expression of good will from the people he worked with, but it never went to his head. He was always pleased, but his natural role as a hard worker was never deserted.

"SOMETIMES mayors, senators, governors and men who have since distinguished themselves in the affairs of the world, would take part in the shows Correll produced, but these big men shared alike with the lesser known people under Correll's management. When they were doing good work, they were left alone, when they made a mistake they were called to account in no uncertain terms, but they took it good naturedly. I might say that Charles Correll has reprimanded, bossed and called down more famous people than most of us shake hands with in the space of a lifetime. But it made no difference to him. When he was working there was no class distinction amongst the people with whom he worked.

"Gosden was very much the same way. However, he had many funny experiences, due to his inability to play the piano. One almost got him into serious trouble, but when I recall it, I can't help laughing. It shows Gosden in his true light, earnest, eager to please and forever funny, no matter how serious the situation. He was to produce a show in Taladega, Alabama, a little town just a few miles from Birmingham. On his arrival in Taladega, he searched immediately for a piano player. That was always his first move, for he would rehearse with the pianist in the afternoon and that evening he would begin practice with the home talent. Of course, if the pianist was poor, he was practically handicapped from the start.

"In Taladega it seems there was a peculiar scarcity of people who could manage a piano and the only possible applicant was a young lady who was not so good even though she was the best available. That evening after the practice, Gosden was talking to a group of townsmen about the show. Someone asked him how he liked the pianist.

"'Oh, she's terrible—simply awful,' Gosden replied and immediately received a gentle kick in the shins from one of his listeners. 'I mean she's pretty bad,' he amended.

"A burly fellow glowered at him and asked: 'What did you say, young man?'

"Again the kick in the shins. 'She's not so good,' Gosden replied, smilingly.

"'What do you mean?' growled the amateur strong man menacingly.

"After the faithful, friendly kick had been received, Gosden said: 'Oh, she'll do.'

"'She's no good, huh?' The pugnacious customer began to roll up his sleeves and thrust out his square jaw.

"The answering kick from the solicitious listener was by no means gentle. Gosden swallowed a yell of pain. 'Say, she's the best piano player I ever had. She's wonderful—great!'

"Wreathed in smiles the big one departed with a chuckled, 'that's better.'

"Gosden wiped the sheepish grin from his face and turned to the energetic administrator of shin kicks. 'What's the big idea?' he demanded crossly, rubbing the sore leg.

"'Wal, that guy was the girl's brother. He's a tough one and he would have killed you if you had said anything bad about his sister.' Gosden looked speculatively at the broad back



"Taxi, mistah? Whah yo' wanna go? De fresh air don' cost no mo'."

retreating down the street and rubbed his chin reflectively.

"'Aw, she's not so bad,' he was heard to murmur.

"THE SHOW went on in time and Gosden escaped from Taladega with no broken bones. Thereafter, it might be well to remember, he took great pains to investigate the probability of interested relations before he publicly slandered any of the talent. Had he not, I am afraid there would have been no meek Amos to annoy Andy.

"But Correll and Gosden not only saved the day for themselves often enough, they did several good stunts for me. One time the boys and I were together playing a show in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Just after the show went on a tornado with all the accompanying stage affects burst into town with angry persistance. The lights went out, the storm raged and the audience was panic stricken, but Correll and Gosden took matters in their own hands and saved lives as well as the show. For one hour they cracked jokes, sang songs and entertained generally to a crowded gathering of terrified people in a pitch black house. When the storm had blown itself out, the show went on. Correll and Gosden slipped back into their parts and five minutes later no one would have known that anything unusual had happened. Good troupers, they were.

"Well, about this time, I put Correll in full charge of the theatrical line and took Gosden with me to Nashville, where I was planning to add a circus department to my routine. Neither one of us knew a thing about circuses, but when we got there, we put on a brave smile and promised a full fledged circus to the inhabitants of Nashville.

"That night we went to our hotel room—we used to bunk together on these trips and sit up half the night discussing our plans—and Gosden smiled at me gloomily. 'Well, Joe, we promised them nothing more impossible than the city hall, why not throw in the hotel and make a real splash?' I don't remember what I replied but it was sarcastic and indicative of very low spirits. Undismayed, Gosden drew up a chair, leaned back and grinned, 'Let's go, Joe. We can do it, we only have to find out how. Now, we can—' and we were deep in plans, no matter how inadequate they proved to be later on.

"We put on the circus in time and, though it was a big loss to us, we stuck to the idea and Gosden figured out our mistakes. We worked on circuses for a long time and finally we found what we could do and what we should not try to do. The main and most important result was that Gosden was put in charge of the circus department and he made a big success of it. Never in my contact with the two boys, and I had plenty of it, did I have a disagreeable moment. They were always optimistic, good natured and resourceful. Needless to say, they were my two best men.

"I SOON found that they both had a bottomless fund of human nature information. We used to write many skits, plays and acts together and what we wrote was always sure fire. Though both the boys were naturally clean minded, it was then they learned that only clean humor would be allowed in the shows, and that only the clean stuff was worth using in the long run.

"Sometimes men would come to them and say: 'Listen, I know a grand gag, it's a little off color, but it's good. Once there were two traveling salesmen, see?' They'd listen respectfully to the joke and then they would reply: 'Sorry, we can't use that unless Mr. Bren at headquarters passes on it. We'll telegraph him, if you like.'

"Of course that was only a stall, because they knew as well as I what was acceptable and what was not, but that reply usually called an end to the matter. The joke never went on, and I don't think either Correll or Gosden ever, before or after their work with me, put a slightly suggestive joke before the public. That is one of the things that is outstanding in their Amos 'n' Andy. It's always good clean humor that no one criticizes and everyone with a normal mind can get a chuckle out of.

"My own two kids won't go to bed until Amos 'n' Andy are on and off the air. It makes their bed time rather late, but that can't be helped. I don't care what those two black face comedians say, in character or out, my kids can take it all in, laugh and go to bed, so much the better for what they have heard. I'm sure parents all over the country feel the same way as I do about it. Clean fun is always acceptable everywhere. It's something I have always maintained in my own business, but I don't want any one to feel that I want credit for that or any other feature of Amos 'n' Andy. My influence may have been helpful, although they had the goods before I ever saw them.

"But to get back to my story. All this time I was working with the Shriners and Elks. Practically all of the things I put on, shows, circuses or minstrels, were either Shriner or Elk performances. It was through the two brotherhoods that I really came in contact with the boys, you know.

"Well, I made plans to put on a show in Minneapolis which was the outstanding lodge in the country, the outstanding Elk lodge, I should say. Their Glee Club was the prize winner that year, 1920 or '21, I think it was. Nevertheless, it was one marvelous Glee Club. I planned to use this chorus as a background to the minstrel show in which I was to use my very best performers. Correll and Gosden were the end men and I led the orchestra. It turned out to be a wonderful show, too.

"MINNEAPOLIS took the show so well, I decided on a course which, though at the time seemed pretty much of a gamble, turned out to be one of the best pieces of business I had done up to that time. The Elks National convention was to be held in California that year and I decided to take my Minneapolis show intact to California, Glee Club and all, and give four performances there during the convention. Those shows were to be gratis. The expenses for the trip, I hoped to make by giving the here and there along the route, both out and back.

"We chartered a special train of fourteen cars for the whole thing, which was a big expense, but it was the only possible way we could attack the job ahead of us. It was a splendid season. We scraped through finances rather well and we came back from California with real cheer in our hearts. One memorable experience with the boys, I cannot help but relate. I don't think their past financial difficulties will have much bearing on their present. While we were on the trip, I used to settle my expenses immediately after the show every night so that I would know just where we stood. The performers used to line up outside of my office car and wait anxiously for their money—we never knew just how much or how little it would be.

"After three or four of these pay days, I learned to expect Correll and Gosden at the head of the line, always broke, always cheerful, always ready to spend their whole earnings each day and trust to luck for their next day's meals. I don't think that I ever saw the two boys at that time when they weren't either broke or about to be broke. Of course it is a very different story now, but never once did I hear a word of complaint out of either one of them. They took what was coming to them and when that was gone they waited patiently for the next stipend. They very seldom made an important touch for cash.

"And then soon after that came the Radio and its popularization. It was the beginning of the end for our road shows. Even then, I don't think I foresaw what would happen to my two best end men, and perhaps if I had, I wouldn't have been so eager and ready to push them into their first Radio appearances which so quickly changed their careers. Although I should hate to think back now and realize that I had deprived America of two of its most popular and best liked comedians.

"But it's remarkable how unexpectedly and quickly things happen. It is popularly known that the boys first appeared over WEBH then owned by the Herald and Examiner newspaper. That is not exactly true. I had made an appoint-

ment for the boys to give an audition before Mr. Boneil, who was the manager of the station, the Thursday of that particular week, but they went on the air for the first time earlier in the week. We were playing in Joliet the first part of that week. There was a Radio station there then, so small a one that I don't even remember the call letters. At that time, when Radio was really in its infancy, the studio managers were often hard put to it to find people who could and would broadcast. They often asked players in shows or vaudeville to appear before the microphone to fill up the gaps in their programs. So it was through this medium that the boys first went on the air.

"THE MANAGER of the Joliet station came to me and asked me if I had any talent that I would care to loan him. With the future audition of the two boys in mind, I offered the services of Correll and Gosden, for I realized it would give them a chance to familiarize themselves with playing to an unresponsive mike. Of course, the boys were more than glad to grab at any chance to get on the air and they went, calmly serene, to the little Joliet station to put their voices on the air for the first time in their lives.

"They only knew one song well enough to put on the air, so they sang that. It was a medley starting with some sort of a verse about everybody happy or something to that effect and then swung into a number of popular songs of the day. Correll played the piano and Gosden strummed the banjo. They seemed to have mike sense naturally and they went out very well. The Thursday of that week they played and sang the same number for Mr. Boneil and it was the song that put them on the air every week through that spring and summer as Correll and Gosden on WEBH.

"I think most everybody is fairly familiar with what happened after that. The fall of their first year on the air, Correll and Gosden conceived the idea of Sam 'n' Henry and WGN accepted it with some misgivings, perhaps, but accepted it nevertheless. I had nothing to do with this skit. Correll and Gosden originated the idea, wrote their own lines and planned their own methods of deliverance. I knew of the plan and the boys consulted with me, but Sam 'n' Henry and the subsequent Amos 'n' Andy belongs to them alone and entirely.

"The day after WGN accepted Sam 'n' Henry, Gosden walked into my office with his characteristic smile and remarked: 'Well, Joe, I guess we've struck oil.' He said it simply and quietly, without the slightest boastful swagger. Little did any one of us realize how deep and full that oil well was destined to be.

"While at WGN the boys continued with their singing as well as the Sam 'n' Henry act. Their programs were all tremendously popular, but after a while they gave up so much singing. Prior to their break with WGN they held a weekly feature called the Pepper Party that was mostly dance music interspersed with bits of their own humor, they did the announcing and some of their songs. But Sam 'n' Henry demanded more and more of their time and they finally gave everything else up in favor of the comic strip of the air.

"FOR a while at WMAQ the boys put on a clever minstrel show. Of course, they had all the experience they could use to draw from and they did their job particularly well, but Amos 'n' Andy will always be the best work they have ever done, and if anyone thinks they don't work, try it some time.

"No, I don't think there is any limit to the length of time Amos 'n' Andy will be popular. It will live as long as the boys care to have it and it will always be clean, human and funny. I don't hesitate to say that Amos 'n' Andy are the most popular entertainers on the air and I predict that their place as a feature will never be usurped by anyone.

"The people are beginning to look on Amos 'n' Andy as friends and intimates. You may hear someone say: 'They've been awful the past week.' But go over to their house and if ten-thirty comes in the middle of a potential grand slam at a cent a point, the bridge game is overlooked while the Pepsodent Tooth Paste feature wanders deliberately into the room and presents Amos 'n' Andy for fifteen minutes. It happens in the best regulated families.

"I want to say a word about Correll and Gosden themselves. Each has always been the highest type of man. They haven't forgotten old friends and acquaintances. They still drop in on me and talk over old times. Their success has certainly not gone to their heads, and that proves more than anything does, the kind of men they are. Some are quoted as saying that they don't realize what they have done. They realize, but they don't go around with their heads in the clouds over it. The public only sees the gravy, but they do the work, and when two men work as hard as they do, they aren't apt to be completely unconscious of or bewildered by success. It was coming to them and they're taking it like men. All in all, they are the two finest men I have ever worked with or, for that matter, come in contact with, and I have seen a good deal of the world's population."

As a last question, I asked Mr. Bren: "Do you think Correll and Gosden will ever run out of material for Amos 'n' Andy?"

"No. They will never run out of material as long as there is news in the world. They use current events of interest in their sketch, such as the census takers, for instance, or income tax worried them a short time ago and so on forever. If there is a war, they will enlist their colored characters and continue the sketch. You might as well ask if there is a chance of Sid Smith running out of material for Andy Gump. It isn't possible. As long as the Tribune wants Andy Gump, Sid Smith will write it. As long as the air wants Amos 'n' Andy, Correll and Gosden will write it. And it looks as if these features grow more popular each time one turns around. No, I think Amos 'n' Andy are here to stay. We'll hear from them for some time, I should say."

And so ended my interesting conversation with Joe Bren, the man who knew them when—, the man who worked with Correll and Gosden before they were immersed in the intricacies of the lives of two colored boys and an appallingly open aired taxi cab.



"I is Andrew Brown, president of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated."

Amos and Andy's Dialect—Is It Real?

Going over the hundreds of papers submitted in Radio Digest's Amos and Andy Contest has been an illuminating affair. Probably the most interesting phase of the business has been the diversity of dialects which the contestants put into the mouths of Amos and Andy. And that automatically brings up the question of whether Amos and Andy, in their nightly "spiel" over WMAQ, speak real negro dialect or not. We have some letters on the subject.

"If Amos and Andy would only speak *real* negro dialect," writes Miss Margaret Johnston of Brunswick, Ga., "the illusion of sho' 'nough colored folks talking over Radio would be greatly enhanced. For my part, I have never heard negroes (and I was 'fotched up' among them) talk as these two comedians talk."

Similar protests have been received from dwellers in Virginia, Louisiana, Mississippi and elsewhere. Particularly do the correspondents say that "Andy" Correll's use of the letter "r" in place of "d" (*regusted* instead of *disgusted,* for example) is out of place.

Now that we're on the subject of dialect, just what *is* the genuine brand? There are four distinct types of negro talk spoken in the United States. One—which we can dispose of at once—is the usual stage dialect. It is as unreal and artificial as possible, the blackface comedian usually saying "ah" in place of "I," and similar fictitious words. Then there is the straight ordinary brand of negro dialect, such as is spoken by the negroes who hail from Virginia, Tennessee, Carolina and the Mississippi Valley. This is by far the most prevalent. Varying somewhat with the locality from which the negro comes, it is recognizable wherever spoken by real

(Continued on page 95)

The Experiment of STEPHEN GLASK

An Ironmonger, and a Lady—Could They Meet Socially?

An Unforeseen Circumstance Adds Complications

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by **Joseph L. Sabo**

SIR AUSTEN MALCOLM was sitting in the middle of the public seat, his legs crossed, his attention entirely engrossed by the small volume of poems which he held between his shapely and well-manicured fingers. He had the air, perhaps justifiable, of being perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings. He was dressed in all respects as a country gentleman of studious tastes should be. From the tips of his polished brown shoes to the slightly rakish angle of his Homburg hat, he was entirely satisfactory. His air of patronizing the seat upon which he had ensconced himself was also, perhaps, in order, as it was he who had presented it to the town.

At his feet—he was sitting on the summit of a considerable hill, crowned by a plantation of fir trees—was an old-world market town, a picturesque medley of greystone buildings, red-tiled, melodious, without a single modern discordancy. Beyond, yellow cornfields and green meadows rolled away in billowy undulations to a line of low hills fading into a blue mist. It was not a landscape, perhaps, to excite rapture, but it was typical English country, serene, well-ordered, peaceful.

Up the hill, a little breathless, climbed Stephen Glask, a young man of somewhat pleasant appearance, humbly dressed, as fitted his station, but carrying himself with a certain not unbecoming ease. After a moment's survey of the view, he sank with a brief exclamation of content upon one end of the seat occupied by Sir Austen Malcolm. There were other vacant seats not far away—and the baronet was obliged to uncross his knees. He turned and glanced at the newcomer. Sir Austen was, without doubt, as his appearance indicated, the great man of the neighborhood; but he was a reasonable person, and his glance was not one of annoyance. It was not, however, altogether free from a certain mild surprise; he was accustomed to a great deal of respect from the townspeople. He was perhaps satisfied to observe that this intruder was a stranger to him.

"QUITE a climb up here, isn't it?" the newcomer began, affably.

The voice was pleasant enough, but its affability seemed to Sir Austen Malcolm a little uncalled for. He answered without removing his eyes from the pages of his book:

"It is certainly a considerable ascent."

The young man very properly remained silent. The affair might reasonably have ended there. A slight liberty had been taken and a slight rebuke administered. Sir Austen should have gone on with his reading and the young man, after a few moments' uncomfortable reflection, should have passed on his way. As a matter of fact, however, things turned out differently. Sir Austen Malcolm, after a vain effort to return to his former train of thought, glanced a little irritably towards his interrupter. Entirely unabashed, the young man smiled blandly at him.

"Awfully good of you to give these seats," he remarked, in a conversational manner.

"You know who I am, then?" Sir Austen inquired, dryly.

The young man's eyes twinkled.

"Doesn't every one in Faringdon know Sir Austen Malcolm by sight?" he answered.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," Sir Austen declared, with some slight emphasis on the last word.

"Naturally," the young man admitted, briskly. "I have only been here a week or so, and you have been up at Oxford most of that time, haven't you? My name is Stephen Glask. I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. Bad egg, I am afraid, unless things alter."

SIR AUSTEN dropped his eyeglass and polished it for a moment. It was quite absurd, of course, but he was conscious of a feeling of positive toleration towards this young



"Why you're the new ironmonger!" she exclaimed.

man, for which he was entirely unable to account.

"Johnson, I am afraid, neglected his business sadly," he said. "He unfortunately developed bad habits towards the close of his career."

"Drank a bit, you mean?" Stephen Glask remarked. "Poor old chap! I don't wonder at it. You all of you bought your things from the Stores, sent to London for your cartridges, and got your gas from Swindon. Glad I've met you, Sir Austen. I am a local man now, and I want some of your trade, please."

Sir Austen stiffened a little.

"My chauffeur buys his own gasoline," he said, "and my cartridges are specially filled for me by my gunmaker. As to domestic articles, my sister keeps house for me."

"I'll call in and see her," Stephen Glask declared promptly.

Sir Austen opened his lips—and closed them again. Why should Eve be deprived of an encounter with this extraordinary young man? It would certainly amuse her. It might also be good for the young man! Sir Austen resumed his reading without remark. Mr. Stephen Glask, however, had not finished with him.

"Poor stuff, that," he pronounced, nodding his head towards the volume which his companion was perusing.

The latter stared at the young man, this time in real surprise.

"A POETASTER," he remarked, with faint satire, "as well as a specialist in hardware?"

Mr. Stephen Glask was unabashed.

"I've read those verses, if that's what you mean," he answered; "and you'll think the same as I do of them when you've finished. There are a few pretty thoughts—the snowstorm in the cherry orchard, for instance; but most of the things are too florid, and the fellow hasn't a single original metre. It's the music of Swinburne and Keats to an inferior and uninspired setting—*vide* the *Athenæum*."

"You find time to read the *Athenæum?*" Sir Austen inquied, slowly.

"And the *Iromonger's Weekly Record*," Stephen Glask admitted, cheerfully. "I have a catholic taste in literature. Good afternoon, Sir Austen. I wish you'd speak to your chauffeur about the gasoline. I'll call in and see your sister myself about the other things."

Mr. Stephen Glask strolled off, not by



"And I do hope," he begged, "that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson."

any means an unpleasant figure to watch, although his blue serge suit was ready-made, his boots thick, and his cap shabby. He was certainly a most original young man, and an exceedingly difficult one to put in his place. As he disappeared Sir Austen suddenly smiled; his eyes positively twinkled.

"I would give," he murmured to himself, "a great deal to be at home when he calls on Eve."

Sir Austen returned to his very delightful home about an hour later. He passed up the beautifully kept avenue, lined with handsome shrubs, and adorned with a wonderful border of scarlet geraniums, entered the long, whitestone house through some open French windows, looked in vain into one or two of the charmingly furnished rooms, and finally made his way out again into the gardens.

ATTRACTED by the sound of voices, he crossed the tennis-lawn and turned into the paddock. Here he came to a sudden and stupefied standstill. Eve, with her sleeves rolled up and a mashie in her hand, was obviously receiving a golf lesson from—Mr. Stephen Glask!

"Look out, Sir Austen!" the latter exclaimed, pleasantly. "We're approaching on to the lawn there, and you're just in the line."

Sir Austen stepped mechanically out of the way. He was too surprised to make any remark.

"Lucky thing I happened to call in just now," the young man continued, with satisfaction. "I chanced upon Miss Malcolm just as she was developing the very worst possible fault in golf. Now, a little more over the ball, please," he went on, devoting his attention to his pupil. "Wrists quite stiff, and the heel of the club well on the ground. Learn this stroke and shorten your swing a little, and you'll be a scratch player in a month. Now, then."

The young lady—she was exceedingly good-looking, and much younger than her brother, of whom as yet she had scarcely taken any notice at all—gave herself up once more to her task. Her instructor, who greeted her efforts with only a moderate amount of approval, finally took the club from her hand and himself played a few masterly shots. Sir Austen, who was beginning to recover himself, joined them.

"APPARENTLY," he said dryly, "you are a young man of many accomplishments."

"Oh, I like to understand something about the things I sell," Mr. Stephen Glask answered, carelessly. "We used to get through a lot of golf clubs at my last place. I am so glad to find there's some sort of a course here. I can get the agency for Merton's clubs—best irons in the world—and I shall order a mashie down purposely for Miss Malcolm, if she'll allow me."

"I should love you to!" the young lady exclaimed eagerly. "You seem to know exactly what I want, Mr. — Mr. —"

"Glask—G-l-a-s-k," her visitor interrupted. "The name's being painted up today. And you won't forget the other things you've promised to buy from me, Miss Malcolm?"

The girl smiled at him in a somewhat puzzled manner.

"Certainly not, Mr. Glask," she assured him, stiffening slightly. "I will speak to the housekeeper. I am sure—we are always most anxious to procure things locally when possible."

The butler opened the paddock gate and walked towards them. Like everything else associated with the Malcolms, he was a most correct and dignified appendage.

"Tea is served, miss," he announced.

They all turned together towards the house. The young man, who had lingered for a moment to pick up the golf balls, walked between them. His ready-made clothes and many other slight evidences of his station were there, but never in this world did any young man seem so unconscious of them.

ON their way out they had to pass the tea table. Stephen Glask was obviously hot with his exertions. Sir Austen glanced stealthily at his sister, and found his sister stealthily watching him. Sir Austen coughed. The slight smile which had flickered for a moment at the corners of his lips vanished. He spoke with perfect gravity.

"You must let my sister give you a cup of tea after your exertions, Mr. Glask," he said.

"Yes, please do stop," she begged. "It is so hot this afternoon."

The young man accepted the suggestion without hesitation. Further, he accepted it quite naturally and, as a matter of course. He sat in a wicker chair between the brother and sister, and consumed bread and butter with an appetite which he took no pains to conceal.

"Rather scamped my luncheon today," he remarked. "I was busy opening some cases—a new sort of lamp, Miss Malcolm. I hope you'll let me show you when you come in. Do you mind if I have some more tea?"

Then, without any warning, the vicar's wife descended upon them. Mrs. Randale was stout and middle-aged. Her complexion was florid, and she wore a *pince-nez* which seemed always balanced on the extreme tip of a rubicund nose. She greeted Austen Malcolm and his sister with the easy familiarity of old acquaintance. It was just about this time that a long-dormant sense of humor in the former leaped permanently into life.

"AND WHO," the newcomer asked, smiling graciously, "is our young visitor? We see so few strangers in Faringdon."

"This is Mr. Glask—Mrs. Randale, our vicar's wife," Eve hastened to explain. "Mr. Glask cannot properly be termed a stranger. He has come to live in Faringdon."

Mrs. Randale's features exhibited the liveliest interest. She also seemed a trifle puzzled.

"To live here!" she repeated. "How delightful! But whose house have you taken, Mr. Glask? Curiously enough the name seems familiar."

"Have you been in the town this morning, Mrs. Randale?" the young man asked.

"I—yes, I have been in the town," Mrs. Randale admitted.

"That's it, then," Stephen Glask declared, helping himself once more to bread and butter. "I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. You very likely saw them painting the name up."

Mrs. Randale was not used to shocks; neither had she any idea how to deal with situations. Consequently she stared at this cheerful young man with her mouth open, and she looked neither agreeable nor a lady.



"A poetaster," remarked Sir Austen . . . "as well as specialist in hardware?"

"Why, you're the new ironmonger!" she exclaimed.

The young man smiled genially.

"And I do hope," he begged, "that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson. I may as well tell you at once that I shall expect your custom, Mrs. Randale. Miss Malcolm has promised me hers."

AT THIS precise moment Sir Austen strolled away, with a muttered excuse about fetching some matches. Eve always insisted, however, that she heard his chuckle as he went, and loved him for it. Mrs. Randale was still unable to cope with the situation.

"I leave such matters with my husband, Mr. — er Glask," she said. "By the way," she added, as the thought struck her, "you are, of course, a member of the Church of England? I do not remember to have seen you in church."

"To tell the truth," Stephen Glask explained, agreeably, "I haven't been anywhere yet. I've scarcely been in the place three weeks, you know. Mr. Wills, the Wesleyan minister, has just ordered a cooking range from me, so I did think of looking in there next Sunday night. I've got that order, though, so I don't know that I need bother. Call me Church of England, if it makes any difference, Mrs. Randale. I am all for business."

Eve's face had temporarily disappeared behind the shelter of an illustrated paper which she had picked from the lawn. She had met the young ironmonger's eye, and there was something there which was certainly most out of place.

"I am afraid that I can make no promises, Mr. Glask," Mrs. Randale said, stiffly. "We deal with the members of our congregation so far as possible, but we prefer to believe that it is their religious impulses, and not their self-interest, which brings them to worship."

"Capital!" Stephen Glask declared. "Good sentence, that. You're quite right, Mrs. Randale. We'll leave my church-going alone for a time. It will pay you to patronize me apart from that. I want you just to notice my prices, and the way I'm going to cut oil—especially kitchen oil.

"I'LL guarantee to save you a good deal a week before you know where you are. You'll excuse me now, Miss Malcolm, won't you? I must hurry along, or there will be no one to close the shop. Good afternoon, ladies!"

The young man took an easy and not ungraceful leave. Mrs. Randale stared after him blandly.

"Eve!" she exclaimed. "Why on earth — what on earth — your brother, too! Sir Austen — the most exclusive man I ever met! For goodness' sake explain! Has Austen turned socialist?"

Eve was wiping her eyes.

"I don't know, she murmured, weakly. "Austen found him on a seat on the hill. He tried to sell him gasoline and cartridges and household things. Austen told him I kept house, so he called in here and stayed to give me a golf lesson."

Mrs. Randale became very severe indeed.

"My dear Eve," she said, firmly, "Austen ought to be ashamed of himself! No wonder the lower orders forget themselves! Austen, too, of all men; the most punctilious, the most aristocratic person. He ought to be ashamed of himself!"

"He is good-looking, though, isn't he?" Eve faltered, still wiping her eyes.

"Who? Austen!"

"No, the ironmonger!"

STEPHEN GLASK pushed his assistant out of the way. He had seen the pony-cart stop outside, and he was behind the counter, ready to greet Eve, when she entered.

"Good morning, Miss Malcolm!" he exclaimed heartily. "I am glad to see you. I thought you'd be coming in one morning."

Eve looked at him steadfastly. She wore a fresh white linen dress, a charming straw hat wreathed with flowers, and white buckskin driving-gloves. Her shoes and stockings were, as usual, perfection. She looked exactly what she was — a thoroughbred young Englishwoman with an unusual knack for wearing her clothes; a trifle spoilt, a trifle supercilious. The young man behind the counter was wearing the same ready-made suit of clothes, his hair was tumbled, for he had been in the cellars, and there was a smut upon his cheek. She fully meant, when she came in, that he should be abashed, and she was a young woman of resolution. Nevertheless, although she looked at him for several sec-

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"So you've come after all!" he exclaimed. "I'm to be forgiven then?" She gave him her fingers and smiled . . .

Effect of Pinch Hitting for

FLOYD GIBBONS

By H. I. Phillips



Famous New York Sun Dialist (left) and Floyd Gibbons.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Following is the deposition of H. I. Phillips, more or less known as a Radio announcer and substitute for Floyd Gibbons. Mr. Phillips also conducts "The Sun Dial" in The New York Sun.

THEY tell me I spoke, or nearly so, on the Radio. In the Literary Digest hour . . . or something. I can't say, personally. I dunno anything about it. I remember being escorted down a cold corridor, taken through a little green door into a brilliantly lighted chamber . . . there was a chair . . . I sat in it . . . I don't recall being strapped. . . . Then everything went black, your Honor!

My name is Floyd Phillips . . . beg pardon . . . H. I. Gibbons. . . . No, that can't be right, either.

The following is a true confession:

A fellow called me on the telephone. He said his name was Sullivan. He was an official of the National Broadcasting company, he said. He wanted to know if I would take Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest program. I looked at the calendar. It was too late for April Fool's day. I asked him to repeat what he said. He said: "Will you take Gloyd Fibbons's—my mistake—Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest hour?" I said: "I can't."

He asked me why not. I said I was busy every night taking the place of Amos and Andy. He said they don't amount to anything. I said I know, but if I ever give up being Amos and Andy I will be Graham McNamee.

(At this point the confession was halted while the accused took a glass of water.)

"Well," he said, "will you take Harry Gibbons's—excuse it—Floyd Gibbons's place first and then go on with your Amos and Andy? Floyd comes first, anyhow?" I had never thought of that before.

I SAID: "How about Rudy Vallee?" He said: "What do you mean about Rudy Vallee?" I said: "I take Rudy's place, too. I thought you knew it." He said he didn't know it for a fact. He said would I manage to take Floyd Gibbons's place as a special favor? I said as a favor to who? (Or to whom? I'm not quite sure about that.) He said as a favor to the Literary Digest. I said what's the matter with Gibbons? He said he talked so fast last night he stripped his gears. I said how do I know I won't strip my gears? He said what difference would it make? He had me there.

* * *

I said: "How much do I have to pay?" He said you don't have to pay. He said we pay you. This sounded interesting, if true. I came up for air and asked: "How much do you pay me?" He said $500. I said no. Not a cent less than $300. He tried to argue with me. I stuck to my figure.

I didn't realize I had done a great wrong at first. Not until the day before the first broadcast. Then I got nervous. I couldn't sleep, eat or drink. I lost thirty-five pounds between sunrise Sunday and sunrise Monday. I thought of running away

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AND SUCH IS FAME

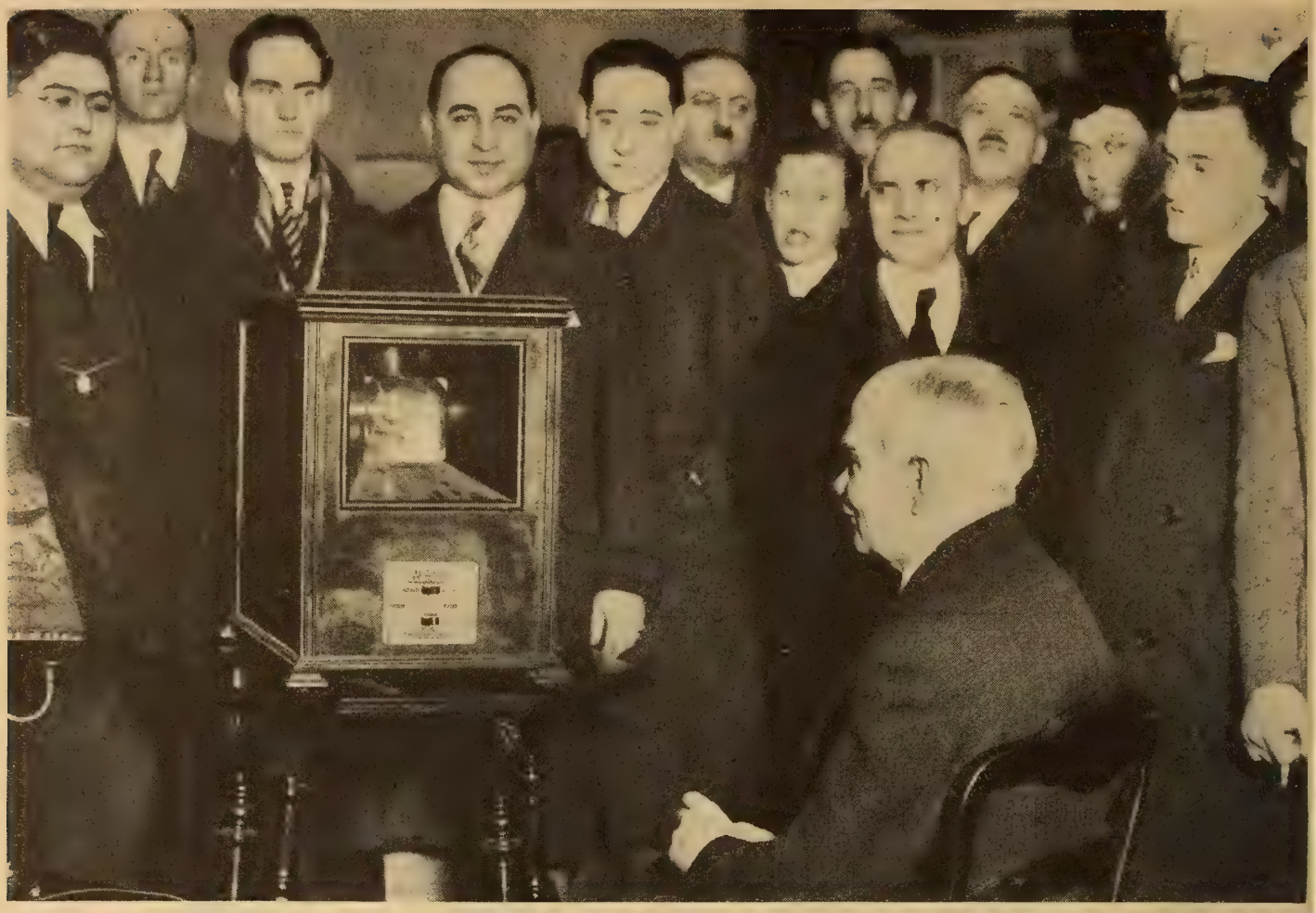
Senor Cugat Scans the Radio Scene and Selects These Three for His Pen This Month

Sir Walter Raleigh as Alfred Shirley sees him. You hear Shirley doing Sir Walter in one of the continental hook-ups.

Elsewhere herein you'll see a photo portrait of Grantland Rice, the great sports writer, but this is the way Cugat sees him.



The angular pen of Senor Cugat gives straight lines to Miss Ann Leaf, who for the past several seasons has delighted New York audiences with her WABC organ solos. Now she is on the Columbia chain and Cugat finds her famous.



When we begin going places and SEEING things by air our first set will look something like this one used by Dr. DeForest.

It Won't Be Long Now Until

WE'LL BE SEEING THINGS

By Doty Hobart

"BABIES will be born from glass bottles within the next hundred years. This ('ectogenetic birth') is neither incredible nor, indeed, impossibly remote. Research shows that the connection between the mother and the child is purely chemical and there is no reason why one day biologists should not be able to imitate that chemical connection in the laboratory."

This startling prediction is made in all seriousness by the Earl of Birkenhead, British scholar and diplomat, in his new book, "The World in 2030." The Earl makes a great many other predictions of the progress we may expect along scientific lines. While the above is unquestionably the most startling of the lot he has something to say which will be of interest to all Radio fans. He claims that television in natural colors will be with us long before the century mark is reached.

About the time the Earl's book came out Joseph Burch, transmission engineer of the Jenkins Television Corporation, at a hearing before the federal Radio commission, made the prediction that *baseball games will be heard and seen over the air by means of television within the year!*

Lieutenant E. K. Jett, engineer for the commission, testified, at the same hearing, that he did not share the optimism of Mr. Burch and indicated that he considered television in the experimental laboratory stage as yet.

Between the statements of the two engineers and the Earl of Birkenhead I became all steamed up about television. Never having witnessed either end of a television performance I determined to go on a scouting expedition. I wanted to find out "what all the shouting was about" and give the readers of Radio Digest a first hand report on what present day television has to offer the general public.

AT THE laboratory I visited I was escorted to the transmission room of Station W2XCR. (For the uninitiated let me translate W2XCR. W stands for United States. 2 means Second District. X is for Experimental. CR are the call letters of the station.) The transmission equipment, to the eyes of a layman, is quite similar to that of a Radio broadcasting outfit, though I suspect an electrical engineer would be able to point out a few hundred details which were quite dissimilar. One feature which caught my attention was the humming or droning sound always present in the control room during a television broadcast. This sound, absent in Radio control rooms, varies in tone according to the density of the light waves created by the subject broadcast. The control operator told me that he could tell by the pitch of tone the number of persons in the close-up scenes being broadcast. This ever-present hum of course does not reach the television receiving set as that machine picks up only the electric impulses carrying light rays. The television receiving set is practically noiseless when in operation.

From the transmission room I was taken to the broadcasting studio where I met the chief announcer for Station W2XCR, John Glyn Jones, and the program directress, Miss Irma Lemke. It was afternoon and a program of silent motion pictures was being put on the air. This I learned was the usual daylight broadcast. Every evening a program of living entertainers, whose vocal and instrumental efforts are microphoned as well as televisioned, is sent out. The microphoned part of the program is sent by wire to a nearby Radio broadcasting station for air transmission. This means that anyone owning both a Radio receiving set and a television receiving set can see as well as hear the broadcast.

AS THE motion pictures are visioned by specially constructed machines the studio proper was not in use. However, for my benefit, Miss Lemke took up a position in front of the big studio television camera while I peered, with much curiosity, into the business end of a receiving set. The image I saw was unquestionably a reproduction of the features of the dark-eyed Miss Lemke. For a moment or so the image smiled at me. Then, to my great astonishment, the image started making faces at me! Returning to the studio I learned that Announcer Jones had been kidding the young lady, who, in the spirit of self defence I suppose, had resorted to face-making. I must say that it recorded perfectly. Only I wonder what those owners of television sets who happened to be tuned in on the program thought? Believe me, this test I witnessed proved one thing; that when television comes into its own the concert artists who now enjoy the privilege of removing collars and ties when appearing before the mike will be out of luck.

The motion pictures which are now being broadcast from Station W2XCR are all short subjects of the silent variety with subtitles. In the laboratory there is under construction a projector for the broadcasting of any standard make of talking pictures. Who will finance the rental of these films for broadcasting? Will the picture producers permit their films to be broadcast? Those are questions which at present are unanswerable. In the early days of Radio the question of who was to finance the broadcasting of expensive sound programs was asked. This problem was solved when the commercial advertiser used the microphone as a medium of sales promotion. The answer to the two above questions in some way will be found as soon as public demand forces the television broadcaster to give it something other than experimental programs.

DURING the month of April Station W2XCR installed a broadcasting studio and a reception room in Lincoln Park, New Jersey. In the reception room several television receiving sets were in operation. The studio officials named the quaint stone building housing the studio and reception room "The World's First Television Theatre." The public was invited to come and witness both broadcasting and reception of television. The public came and so did many men with scientific minds. For one week the "Standing Room Only" sign was hung right along beside another which read, "The Line Forms On the Right." Every night a three-hour program featuring Broadway stars, lecturers, aviators, concert singers and instrumentalists was broadcast from the theatre while in the reception room General and Mrs. Public saw and heard the program in reproduction.

Among those who appeared before the pick-up camera were Eunice Howard and Larry Bolton of musical comedy fame, Ruth Elder, Clarence Chamberlain, Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins and Major George Vaughn. To Earl Carroll, the well known producer of the "Vanities," goes the distinction of perpetrating the first television kiss. And the young lady who assisted in making the distribution of this feature on the airwaves possible was Doris Lord.

Anticipating your many questions regarding this new art now making its bow to a startled public, I will try to give you my honest opinion of television as it exists today.

Is it practical? Yes. But it still is in its experimental stages. I would say that television is in much the same stage of development that Radio was in prior to the memorable broadcast of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in 1921. The only broadcasters in 1921 were amateurs and experimentalists. Television needs to broadcast an outstanding event of national or international importance to awaken public interest. All that is necessary to make it forge ahead is a little push from the ultimate consumer.

How many television stations are in operation today? I do not know the exact number but there is hardly a section of the country which is not covered in an experimental manner at least. Stations W2XCR, Jersey City, and W3XK, Washington, are on the air several hours a day.



Home of the first Radio Vision Theatre, Lincoln Park, N. J., where practical television had its birth.



Sir Hubert Wilkins, the polar explorer, his bride and Miss Ruth Elder, aviatrix, on a Radio Vision program, witnessed by Radio Digest correspondent.

HOW does one tune in on a broadcast with a television receiving set? In much the same way one tuned in a Radio program in the early days. At the studio I visited the announcer gave out the following statement: "This is Station W2XCR, Jersey City, New Jersey, operating on a wave-length of 147 meters by authority of the federal Radio commission. We will open our program this afternoon with a test picture so that you may adjust your receiving equipment. As soon as this picture has been broadcast the announcement of our regular program will be made."

Yes, these are the days of television pioneering—but it won't be long now before we'll all be seeing as well as hearing via Radio.

Just the other day someone popped a question at me that made me sit up and take notice. It was a simple question. Just the sort of query I imagine has been asked by thousands of Radio fans. Here's what it was, "How old is Radio?"

Can you answer it? I couldn't at the time it was thrown at me. And it took a lot of digging to unearth the data which finally gave me the answer, or I should say, answers, for there are three.

As you probably all know, Radio is the child of wireless telegraphy, not a step-child either, but the legitimate off-spring of a very hale and hearty parent. So, if you would know the age of the family tree, the exact date of the planting of the seed, we will have to confess our inability to make a positive statement. However, this much I can say, that in 1867 "James Clark Maxwell, of Edinburgh, read a paper before the Royal Society, in which he laid down the theory of electro-magnetism and predicted the existence of the electric waves that are now used in wireless telegraphy." This is quoted from the Year-Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1867) one answer to. "How old is Radio?" can be "At least a hundred years old!"

If your question refers strictly to broadcasting, the answer can be made quite specific. "Radio broadcasting is between twenty-three to twenty-four years old." The answer to this is based on the date of the first experiments of Dr. Lee de Forest to broadcast phonograph music and music furnished by an electric organ.

FOR the third answer I am assuming that you mean, "When were receiving sets manufactured for the general public and placed on the market." Here you have it—September, 1920! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1921, that purchasers in any appreciable numbers were really attracted to this new-fangled plaything. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the thrill they got out of those first crystal sets. And the headphones. The hours we spent with those things on were as a string of DX pearls!

We had no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcasting studio was in those happy days. All we knew was, "There's music on the air and we're hearing it." And the announcements!

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INCOMPATIBLE

Parties, Clothes, Little Rifts, Mistaken Motives, False Conclusions—Disaster

By Dana Gatlin

***Illustrations by* O. J. Gatten**



"That was a silly feeling," murmured Amelie.

THE actions and reactions of marriage are beyond any psychologist's prophecy and perhaps young people in love know as much about it as anyone else, though that is saying little. But when Sid Fletcher and Amelie Boyd got married there was an auspicious agreement between the principals and all the world, their world, as to the happiness before them.

Everyone termed it an ideal match. Everyone liked Sid Fletcher; he was the unassuming, companionable "good fellow" that people find it easy to like. Had plenty of ability, too, and everyone felt he was rich in that sound responsibility that is the best backing ability can have. He was an up-and-coming young engineer, already marked for success at making money, who had practically welded his technical knowledge and abilities on to a solid business base; it was while he was in the Long Island suburb supervising a big construction con-

tract for his company that he met Amelie, a daughter of one of the "old families" of that section, one of those highly respected families which have nevertheless a little "gone to seed" with dwindling fortunes.

Amelie was unusually pretty, beautiful even, in a softly sparkling way—darkish hair with bright chestnut lights, large eyes also dark and bright, and a complexion which her outdoor pursuits seemed to enhance rather than mar. And she was not only lovely to look at; even matter-of-fact, prosaic people were moved out of their usual ruts of expression to try to say things about her lovely nature and gracious charm; how she was not just like the other girls; how "fine as silk" she was; how others might be as pretty—though not many of 'em—but she stood out from all the rest.

And above all the obvious suitabilities of the marriage, these same prose realists were moved with everyone else to believe this couple would live happy ever after because they were so tremendously, romantically, in love with each other. Such suitability and such a big love-affair was a combination Fate does not grant very often.



Bess was the professional vamp of the club . . .

SINCE the beginning of time poets have sung of love and men have tried to define it and analyze it. But little do words ever tell of that ecstatic tumult which two can create for each other. The things that can happen at the sudden meeting of eyes, at the touch of a hand—when merely to be in the same room together is to surcharge the air with invisible and tingling currents, is to feel the air thicken with invisible and fluttering pinions. Strange enough; strangest to the lovers themselves. But it is enough, for them, that the shining wonder exists. And for these two, Sid and Amelie, that spring they met, the Spring was like a call to them and they had to answer. At first it was enough just to be together, to meet by day and to know, by night, that the same great canopy of stars roofed them both in the same hushed world. Then, after awhile, this wasn't enough. And then came the moment, breathless, importunate and never-to-be-forgotten, when he gathered her into his arms—when she knew that all her world was bounded by his arms and he knew he held heaven and its stars. All the reverence in Sid's honest soul went out to his sweetheart, and in deep, genuine humility, he wondered that he had been able to win her.

When they set up their home in a delightful little house, a short distance out of the town and overlooking the waters of the Sound, it would seem that every good fairy had come to help weave a spell of blessing. It wasn't a big house and it was furnished without any extravagance, but Amelie had succeeded singularly in imparting to it her own sweet charm. Every room, every object, every vista seemed mutely but eloquently to say: "Here is a home—here is Amelie's home." But it was not of herself she was thinking as she worked to build that little shrine of beauty and comfort and rest; she was thinking of Sid; she wanted to make a sweet place for him to come home to, wanted to make it good enough for his amazing goodness.

AND as for Sid, always inarticulate where his emotions were concerned, what coming home to this home meant to him, during that first halcyon time, was the climax of the unutterable. At night, the clanging city and the tension and problems and buzzings of the working day behind him, just to enter the door and to stand with her within those dear familiar walls, just to sit at table with her—then some strange alchemy seemed to transmute to gold the most ordinary things.

One evening as he sat with his pipe by a window, watching the dusky Sound with its lights like spangles on satin, she came into the room and spoke some trivial thing, putting her hand on his shoulder.

He caught her hand and held it against his cheek, pressed it there tightly. Then, with a half-embarrassed little laugh, he said:

"D'you know, I had the funniest feeling just then—a kind of kink, for a minute."

"What was it?" asked Amelie.

"Oh, I don't know—it seems silly." He sounded somewhat sheepish, being ever slow and shy at revealing his emotions; but he held tightly to her hand. "When you came in just then, when I heard your step and your voice, all of a sudden it sort of flashed over me how it would be if you *never came*. If I were just sitting here, alone, and knowing that you wouldn't be coming—not coming at all! For a second the feeling gave me a sort of turn."

"THAT *was* a silly feeling," murmured Amelie, the fingers of her free hand stroking back his hair. "I'm very much here!" Then, wonderingly: "It's not like you to let your imagination run away like that."

"I know. But it got me—for just a second." Then suddenly he caught her to him, held her close. "Oh, Amelie!"

That was all he said, but the husky vibrance of those two words, the jealous intensity of that embrace, with mute eloquence told her many things; it told her how utterly unbearable was the thought of her not always being there where he could see her and hear her; told her how amazingly barren now appeared those past days, once deemed happy enough, before he had had her; and told her how, henceforth, her love would be the one lamp to guide and cheer him down the otherwise dark path of Life.

And Amelie, divining all the things he did not say, holding him even dearer for this panicky little "kink" which was so unlike him, answered only with a closer pressure to him that spoke more than many words.

This was the way they loved each other, what their mere presence meant to each other. And sitting there in the soft summer darkness, while the soft night and the walls of their little home seemed to creep tenderly close to fold them in, they built dreams, as young lovers will, and talked in hushed voices of wonderful things to be. . . .

THIS exquisite happiness continued essentially theirs for several years; even after they had made the inevitable discovery that the most perfectly mated pair in the world are not perfectly matched at all points, that deep unities do not give the same tastes at all points. Their tastes in society and social life were not the same, and that is a pretty big item to differ on, but for long it did not matter; and then, neither of them could have told how or when, it began to come up, this

difference, as if it did matter. Little rifts and politely suppressed and soon forgotten chills and strains began—and as time went on these did not get better, and periods of alienation were not as soon over nor quite as fondly compensated as of old. When you have heard more about them you will understand, except that it is always hard for lookers-on to comprehend other people's blind foolishness—or one's own, for the matter of that!

Our pair were far from being able to fathom what was the matter with them, though a wise observer would have helped pretty clearly in working out the problem; seeing that they truly loved each other, he would have been a long time suspecting that such childishness could make grown-up, seemingly reasonable people so much trouble. He might have set them right if he had been such a miracle of tact that he could safely "butt in" at all. But there was no one intimate enough even to suspect there was trouble. They had been too all-sufficient to each other in the early time to have other close intimates.

BUT they did have a "set"—the Country Club crowd. It was not an untowardly "speedy" set—in its liveliness and sophistication and extreme modernity merely typical of the kind of people who make, and who aim to make, their special suburb a "peppy" place to live in. It was a "peppy" age; but Amelie chanced not to care for "pep." She liked dancing and golf and riding and bridge, but this endless and fevered pleasure-questing she considered abnormal, frittering, inane. And these people, too, with their familiarities, with their unreserved, free-and-easy contacts giving opportunity for continuous and broad gossipings, these people seemed to her pretty shallow and futile. Though, as they were the people Sid's business and their general position and fortunes naturally threw them with, she was content to play with them—when such gayeties were in order. And had a fairly good time, too.

But, after two or three years, Sid was showing more interest in the Country Club crowd and all its doings than he had at first. Amelie saw that he really enjoyed them—and with a pleasure of enjoyment that disturbed her increasingly. He had waked up just about that time to the way he could put business over by fraternizing with these rich men of the club, and he told Amelie they must go out more—it was good policy.

"And," said Sid, "it's not only good policy, but it's good for us. We mustn't get so taken up with each other that we have no sociability. And I like the bunch myself."

"Then I'll have to like them, too," said Amelie.

"Don't you, anyhow?"

"Oh, yes, only a little of them goes a good way with me," she smiled on him.

BUT he knotted his brow and looked oddly discomforted for a moment. "I know how you feel," he said, "but they liked me and I like them." And then he swung out of the room, and there was a faint discord sounding somewhere. What *about?*—both of them were rather miserably wondering this. For surely they were not going to care, at this late date, for a variation of taste that they had always known well enough!

Indeed the bunch did like Sid; and, yes, they liked Amelie, too. That is, the men liked her, and the women liked her well enough. Men not only admired her looks and charm, but called her "square"—a word they do not use about many a woman they admire for quite other reasons. The women admitted her charm, but they divined some subtle reserve of spirit, something withheld and inaccessible under that gracious veil. The women, amongst themselves, said that Amelie Fletcher "felt herself superior."

One thing every one was sure of was that the Fletchers were the happiest married couple in sight. And every one had been right. But Amelie felt they had ceased to be right long before any doubts came to outsiders.

But there was no friction of any kind.

. . . On a June evening when the Fletchers had been married nearly seven years, Amelie, sitting waiting for Sid and watching the sun sink beyond the Sound, for the thousandth time asked herself a thousand unanswered questions.

THE sun was stretching a carpet of ruddy gold across the water; the lawn with its brightness and long stretching shadows told of peace and leisure and beauty; the soft liquefaction everywhere which comes on a summer evening, and the branches and leaves responding gently to the gentle evening breeze—the friendly trees which had kept them company for seven years! The breeze touched the curtains, stirring them, making them, too, seem somehow extra companionable. And behind her, all around her in the darkening room, she had the sense of dear and intimate and familiar things. Her home and Sid's—the home they had built together.

She was in a mood that almost ached in its yearning tenderness. Sorting out some odds-and-ends she had come upon an old photograph of Sid—taken when he was scarcely more than a boy, before she had known him. It was rather funny-looking in the way old photographs, with their *passé* clothes and hair, are funny-looking; but, gazing at those honest boyish eyes and that honest boyish smile, she had felt a sudden wistful tug of loss because she had never known the boy of the photograph—regretted, lamented the years before she had known him. And that rush of tenderness toward the boy she never knew brought with it a wonderful feeling of tenderness toward the Sid she did know—toward the Sid who shared this home with her, Sid her husband.

With an odd sort of hunger she wanted to see him just then, wanted him to come home. Hard that he must be late tonight—he had phoned that a business conference was detaining him in the city till a later train; some rather important man from out of town. Specially disappointing that he must be late tonight, but, her softened mood lingering, she sat by the sunset window waiting for him; thinking of him.

THINKING of him she glanced round the familiar room; then pulled her chair a little nearer the window and leaned forward to the familiar vista of lawn and trees and water. What memories inanimate objects can gather into themselves! Everything she looked at spoke of Sid—seven years here with Sid, seven years this very June.

Seven years. . . .

Those first days and weeks and months seemed to rise again before her. Those first days of ecstacy and sweetness unalloyed. Before the little complications of everyday living, little difficulties and contentions and readjustments, all seemingly inevitable, had begun to mar that first blinding glory of their love. Love! A strange, baffling, inexplicable thing was love—so woven of ecstacy and torture! A thing beyond reason and without coherence. Of a sweetness more poignant than anything on earth—and of an all-devouring despair that consumes every hope and dream in your heart. Without coherence and beyond all reason. Bringing happiness, of course—endless little quivering fights of happiness—but bringing unhappiness, too; oh, such terrific unhappiness.

And then, for the thousandth time, she asked herself why all had changed—and not merely changing from spring to summer; she knew there was a change that was inevitable, and that true lovers took the changes of Love's seasons with-

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California's Own Son's Son



The gentleman about to light his cigar is none other than Tom Gerun, director of the famous orchestra known as "California's Own Sons." His suave melodies have been broadcast regularly from KFRC in San Francisco, KMOX in St. Louis and now KDKA has command of his air appearances. It is said of Tom and the boys that they are the only dance organization so far that has managed to wheedle an extra half hour daily from KDKA, but they can get around anything. Their dance rythms are that kind.



Dick had slipped the will in his pocket.

THE CABIN'S SECRET

By Marie K. Neff

(From the original Radio production by Carlyle Emery, heard every Friday night at 10:00 to 10:15, central standard time, from the Chicago NBC studios.)

"WELL, the worst is over, Dick!" exclaimed Julia Patterson to Dick Marston, her fiance.

"The climb certainly was steep. I'm just panting for breath." She looked all around and finally spied a path.

"Here's the path we must follow and if I remember correctly it's just about half a mile from here."

Julia and Dick followed the jaggy path over the ledge and into a virgin forest. For a moment they almost forgot their mission, so entrancing was the beauty of this mountainous sanctuary. The stately evergreens interspersed with the graceful boughs of the oak swaying in the breeze, the tiny Indian Pinks dotting the moss and the startled twitter of birds made a picture of harmonious melody. The very atmosphere seemed to call for meditation, and as Julia and Dick stopped to glance around in admiration they sensed a contentment which abides only in nature.

Arm in arm they walked on until they came to a clearing. By this time twilight was just hovering over the horizon and on the edge of the clearing a small cabin was discernible. Julia's hand tightened on Dick's arm.

"There it is, Dick! It seems as if it were only yesterday that daddy sat on that little stoop with me beside him and told me stories about the forest birds. We'd watch the trees when the wind played through them and sometimes it just seemed as if they really were embracing one another. This place is full of the most beautiful memories." And as Dick watched her he knew that in this brief time she was living over again the days of her childhood. Breaking from her reverie, Julia realized it was getting late.



Marie K. Neff

"Dick, we must hurry."

HE TRIED the door and found it unlocked. As he pushed on it the wood, rotted by many winter snows and spring rains, seemed to separate from its nailings and the hinges hardly held. Their nostrils were filled with an odor of age-old mustiness.

"Oh, Dick! Hurry! Do light a candle."

"Just a minute, dear," and the flame of a lone candle lit up the weather beaten shack.

Julia surveyed her surroundings.

"The atmosphere has changed. It hardly seems that this is the place in which I played and romped when a child. Why, it's taken on an almost spooky glimmer in the candle light. Just look at the dancing shadows on the wall."

Dick looked at her with an almost pitying smile on his face. It was sad to think that age had disillusioned her memories.

"So this is where your dad used to come when he wanted to be alone? My! It's a regular hermit's abode, isn't it? It doesn't look as though a soul had been here for years."

"Dear old dad! My memory of him is the dearest possession I have. He built this cabin up here twenty years ago — just after mother died. I was just a baby then. Mother is buried up here, you know, and dad used to like to come up here and be near her—alone."

"How strange that your father didn't leave a will. You say

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"Received a letter from the Hired Hand," said Ev Plummer to Bill Hay (left) as they met in Dutch Room of Hotel WMAQ LaSalle. Many shadow faces of old favorites were their guests.

OLD HOME WEEK

Radio Veterans Sit at Memory Feast and Bring Back Familiar Names of Yesterday

By Evans E. Plummer

"WELL, hello there, Bill Hay," I almost shouted as I spied the beaming Scotch face of WMAQ's commercial manager and the nightly introducer of Amos 'n' Andy strolling down Madison Street toward me. "Seems as if I hadn't seen you for months—not since we bunked together down at the National Association of Broadcasters convention at West Baden Springs Hotel last September.

"How've you been feeling since they subtracted your appendix?"

"First rate, Ev," the burly and burry voice that first made itself famous at KFKX, Hastings, replied. "And how have you and the wife been? We shouldn't let a dirty little thing like the Chicago river separate us so long. How about having lunch together? Have you an engagement?"

"Bless you, no," I answered. "That's a capital idea. Just headed out for lunch alone when I spotted you. They keep me pretty busy writing Radio yarns for The Herald and Examiner, but I always manage to take time to eat. The wife and family are great. I trust Mrs. W. G. is likewise, and that her lemon fluff pies are still up to standard."

"They sho' are, check and double check," Bill replied. "Mrs. Hay has been feeling quite well lately, thank you. Let's drop down to the Dutch Room here at the Hotel LaSalle."

And so it was that a pair of Radio's old timers went to lunch together and reviewed times gone by for Radio Digest's *"Old Home Week"* issue.

"YOU know, Bill," I said, "I had an interesting letter the other day from Harold Hough, the 'Hired Hand' and 'substitute announcer' of WBAP, the Fort Worth Star Telegram. I asked Hal Brown, the editor, to wire Hough and ask him to write a piece about his activities of late. I have his reply in my pocket. Listen to this:

"Dear Mr. Editor:

"I see where you have also caught the fever of asking someone to write for you. You sound just like one of the present-day Radio announcers who say, 'Please write and tell us what you think.'

"Last night I got out the old crystal, dusted her off a bit and listened through the night's entertainment. Immediately following the signoff, I commenced to write letters as requested by the cream puff, silver throated batch of announcers. I'm still writing!

"These days you don't need a loud speaker. All you need is a typewriter. Every once in a while you hear a little music, but mostly it's listening to an appeal to write for something. Even the Old Fiddlers—of which the woods are full, and who in the old Dark Ages of Radio a few years ago charged the studios in such tremendous numbers—even they have given way to the modern age of Radio correspondence.

"As I look back and note the vast improvement in the present-day broadcasting, I can't help but congratulate the pencil and pen manufacturers, to say nothing of Uncle Sam who sells 'em the stamps. We may not have advanced very far in enter-

tainment, but we have certainly made great strides in penmanship. A lot of Radio listeners who have forgotten their letters have had to get out the old copy and spelling books before they could enter the Battle for the Samples. If all the stations were to shut down for thirty days, Uncle Sam would have to take off half his mail cars, so there's no question about the educational value of Radio.

"As for me, except on a few special occasions, I haven't annoyed the fans over the country for a year or two. I backed away from the mike before they shoved me away. It just seemed impossible for me to get the right sort of lace on my tonsils, which would enable me to pet and purr in the present-day style of coaxing for mail.

"Somehow or other I rather reckoned that the duty of the Radio announcer was to try to tell the listeners what the birds in the studio were going to do next, but modern advancement soon showed me that I was entirely mistaken, so I have retired back to the boiler room, waiting for the wave of Chesterfieldian Grammar to subside. Maybe I can get back and maybe I can't, but some day all of the Radio fans will have the writer's cramp, then maybe there won't be any more Radio, and when the station is dark, I will probably be asked to reurn and take my place at the mike. Therefore I have hopes.

"And say, I can remember way back in the Dark Ages when even the reliable old Radio Digest told us more about programs and circuits and less about angles and curves.

—The Hired Hand of WBAP."

"AIN'T that sumpin'? You know, Bill, I've always had a sneaking idea that Harold Hough was as good or better a wisecracker than a certain other fellow by the name of Will Rogers. I'd sure like to get them cracking at one another some day and see which one would win. Radio always was sort of an avocation with Hough. His big job is treasurer and circulation manager of the Carter Publishing Company which publishes the Star-Telegram and other papers. I'm not surprised he has so little time for Radio these days."

"That reminds me," said Bill, "of Leo Fitzpatrick, once the Merry Old Chief of WDAF, the Kansas City Star station, who used to make whoopee with Coon Sanders' Nighthawks on their late pickups. He's vice-president of WJR, Inc., of Detroit now, although he's seldom on the air. As half owner in the station I hear he is doing quite well for himself. The Patt brothers, too, who took charge of WDAF after he left, have been working for him at WJR."

"And say, Bill, you know of course about 'Tot' (Lambdin) Kay, the drawly 'Little Colonel' of WSB, the At-lan-tahhh Jun-nul? He's still piloting the Radio affairs there but there has been a big change. He got married a year or so back. And now, I hear, that fruit jars full of sweet corn are a thing of the past. In the meantime Tot's proteges have been showing that they had good training. Look at Bill Munday, the Atlanta Journal sport writer and broadcaster. He's quite a crutch for NBC these days."

"Have you heard from the 'Solemn Old Judge,' George Hay, lately?" Bill asked.

"I sure have. Brown wired him for me too. You know, of course, that he's been director of WSM, Nashville, ever since he left WLS, and that puts him right back in his old stamping ground, for he first made his name for himself at WMC, Memphis, before WLS imported him. I'll read you his letter:

"YOUR wire arrived just a little while before I was scheduled to take a trip to Dallas for the opening of the 50,000-watt transmitter of WFAA and WBAP. You asked for some greetings for your 'Old Home Week' article which is being prepared by my good friend Evans Plummer.

"Tell him, Buck Rayner and all the gang at the Radio Digest that there is a very warm spot in my heart for all of you. Mr. Plummer will remember that we had quite a time in the Fall of 1924 at the finish of the first Radio Digest Gold Cup contest. Buck, no doubt, will have fond memories of the presentation in New York. (*George Hay won the cup in 1924.—Editor's Note.*)

"Radio is progressing so rapidly that the best we can do is to try to keep up with it. There isn't much doubt in my mind that it is the biggest publicity medium in the world today. While we are all young in the business, let's pause a minute to pay our respects to the old boys who did some excellent pioneering—the Hired Hand, Lambdin Kay, Leo Fitzpatrick, Bill Hay, first at KFKX, later WGN and now WMAQ and NBC, A. W. 'Sen' Kaney who helped KYW along and is with NBC in Chicago now, Graham McNamee and Phillips Carlin in the old WEAF days when they read the whole list of chain stations tied in, Milton Cross at WJZ, and many others.

"Most of the boys had to work single-handed back in those days. They not only announced the programs, but they got them up, wrote the stories, ad libbed the announcements and, in a pinch, had to supply the entertainment themselves.

"Radio Digest was the first paper that offered any solace to the poor old Radio announcer. We saw pages on pages of pictures on how to make up an XYZ circuit with an ABC transformer in it, but the program was an incidental feature. Of course, they were right. But gradually the boys and girls who appeared before the microphone came into their own.

"Let's take off our hats to the old timers, but let's also be sure to keep on with the good work so that we may be able to live up to the old proverb, 'And the air shall be filled with music, and the night shall be filled with song,' or whatever it was that the Old Prophet wrote. —George D. Hay."

"WELL, Bill, I might as well read this telegram from Orson Stiles, director of WOW, ever since it first came on the air as WOAW, and a letter I have here from E. H. Gammons, vice-president of WCCO. I asked Mr. Stiles about Lester and Harold Palmer, the two announcing brothers. Here's what he says:

"LESTER PALMER PROMINENT OMAHA MUNICIPAL JUDGE STILL ON WOW'S ANNOUNCING STAFF STOP HAROLD PALMER WELL-KNOWN YOUNG OMAHA LAWYER.—ORSON STILES."

With that combination The Woodmen of the World station should be able to stage a good mock trial broadcast, and I'll bet Lester Palmer has his hands full fixing tickets for the station operators who somehow always have a weakness for watching meter indicators and speedometers swing over as far as they will go."

"WOAW was where Gene Rouse made his name, wasn't it?" Bill asked.

"Gene really started at WAAW, Omaha," I answered, "but WOAW soon picked him off. Since leaving Omaha he announced for and directed WJJD while Bob Boneil had the duplicate position at WEBH when both stations were under the management of The Herald and Examiner. Then in September, 1928, the paper merged WEBH with KYW and KFKX and made Gene chief announcer and, of course, he's still with us in that capacity. Boniel was put in charge of the artist's bureau but soon afterward resigned to become commercial manager of WTMJ, Milwaukee.

"Remember the old days when WLAG, Minneapolis, 'The Call of the North,' came rattling in so strong? Eleanor Poehler was director of the station and she had a good announcing voice. Paul Johnson was another popular figure in the Northwest Radio circles. His announcing voice set many a feminine heart aflutter. First he was heard over WBAH, then WLAG, next WCCO and finally KSTP. He was studying medicine and Radio was only a part-time job with him. You know Gammons, don't you? He writes:

"'Regarding Eleanor Poehler and Paul Johnson, I can tell you little about either. Both are out of Radio. Johnson completed his medical course at the University of Minnesota about two years ago, is married, and I believe serving as an interne in some hospital, although I don't know where. Mrs. Poehler, I hear, has not been well, and has retired from any kind of public activity during the last two years.'

"YOU know Bill, when Harold Brown asked me to rake my memory and see how many of the old favorites had left the mike, I thought I had an easy assignment. Instead, the more I investigated, the more I learned were STILL AT THE MIKE or perhaps more or less directly still connected with Radio.

"I uncovered a few old timers, however, who have been absent from the waves for some time. There are the Harmony Girls, Ruth Carpenter and Grace Ingram, for instance. Last time I saw or heard them they were entertaining right here in the dining room. Since then they've been doing a lot of vaudeville trouping for Radio-Keith-Orpheum, but their contract doesn't allow broadcast appearances. Incidentally, I saw a harmony girl team at the Granada theater the other night billed as the 'Harmony Girls' and for an instant was thrilled to the core until I saw they were not the originals.

"Then there's the Ford and Glenn, Gene and Jack affair. The former duo was started off on its way to fame by WLS, and after they left there, Jack and Gene took the vacant place. Well, all of a sudden Jack Grady lost his voice. Paralyzed vocal chords. That misfortune broke up the team. Ford and Glenn, hearing about it, invited Gene into their act.

The three toured the stations a bit and the next thing I knew Ford Rush was out. All I can learn is that he and Glenn just got tired of one another. Anyhow, Glenn and Gene are now headquartering at WTAM, Cleveland, and packing the theaters when they make personal appearances. Ford is in Chicago right now 'for an extended loaf' he says. But I think he's looking for a new buddy. He and Bradley Kincaid did a double the other night at WLS and sang old hymns. Jack Grady, incidentally, is still unable to work, but I hear that treatments are bringing his voice back gradually.

"SPEAKING of lost voices, remember Lew Farris? Who doesn't! He was one of Radio's first travelling entertainers. Worked for a music publishing house and, he claims, visited every broadcasting station in the United States, Canada and Mexico. And he was tall as he was travelled. Stood six feet eight inches in his sox and appropriately billed himself as 'The Eiffel Tower of Radio.'

"Here's an excerpt from a letter he wrote to Radio Digest about six months ago:

" 'I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but the war played H—— with a lot of us. I am an inmate of the National Military Home, Sawtelle, Calif., fighting the old T. B. Lost my voice and haven't talked above a whisper since January, 1929, but am a long way from "out." Am feeling fine, beating the old bug, and expect to be back before the mike in a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang. The little Pink Wife is still the best Pal I ever had and joins me in sending you and Buck Rayner and all our old friends the best. Address is, besides just the Home, Annex 2, R58.—Lew Farris.'

"But when I tried to learn by wire a week ago how he was coming along, the institution said he wasn't there and didn't know where he had gone. Perhaps this 'old home week' story will draw a line from him. Here's hoping he's licked the 'bug' and is microphone-bound once again!"

"Say, what's become of Harry Snodgrass, the 'King of the Ivories,' who used to twist all dials to WOS when he and Announcer Witten got together?"

"I've conflicting reports, Bill. One source told me he was prospering as proprietor of a music store somewhere in the South. Then just the other day an Associated Press story came through saying Harry was running a chili parlor at Girard, Ill., and that he was open to a network broadcasting nibble, providing he didn't have to do his turn from New York or Chicago, which cities he admits he hates."

"Lee Sims, the other ivory masseur who does so well, is hanging his hat in the WBBM cloakroom these days, and of course you know he's teamed on the air, in vaudeville, and likewise for life, with Ilomay Bailey, a tall, good-looking soprano.

"SPEAKING of team splits, here's one. Recall the Ray-O-Vac Twins, Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan? Haven't heard them lately, have you? Well, the boys signed their separate maintenance papers about sixteen months ago. Billy went to work here in Chicago for the Cudahy Packing Company in its advertising department. Russ remained professional and took a fling at the B. & K. Publix theatre circuit with no microphones in shouting distance.

"Well, less than six weeks ago who should I see but Russ Wildey in the KYW offices with Freddie Fisher, songster for the past several years on the station. Now it's Russ and Freddie, piano-song duo, on KYW Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons. They're going big, too.

"Say, I heard a bit of news about Wendell Hall, too. You know since he left the production job for Majestic hour, he's been away from the mike entirely. Living in Wilmette, Ill., and doing a bit of magazine scribbling. Well, a friend of mine told me just last week that it looks as if the Judson Radio Program Corporation Chicago office were about to employ him on the manufacturing end of commercial programs.

"That's where Jack Nelson is, you know. Jack, the pioneer announcer of WDAP, 'We Delight All People,' and later WJJD, was with the Kastor agency here as broadcast executive before the Judson connection, you remember. And of course you know that he collaborated with two other chaps in writing the Broadway melodrama, 'Remote Control,' a play woven about a broadcasting studio. Understand the movies bought film rights to it for $50,000.

"Speaking of movies reminds me that N. Dean Cole, the one-time popular announcer of WHO, is away from the Radio mike, but close to one hitched to a talkie recording machine. He's with Warner Brothers' Brooklyn studio.

"And two of Jack Nelson's buddies, Paul Neal, who operated WDAP for a long stretch, and Ralph Shugart, once the 'sheik' announcer of WDAP and later engineer for WJJD, are well fixed in the technical end of sound films in Hollywood. Neal is a 'mixer' with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer while Shugart is manning mikes on the Paramount lot.

"That seems to me like quite a few have deserted radio," Bill remarked.

Wait, the list is longer than that. I still have to strike out Harold W. Arlin, KDKA's pioneer voice, Nate Caldwell, originally billing himself the "Joy Digger" and warbling ukelele ditties, and Val MacLaughlin, "Sandman" for the children of WOC, WOAW and WLS.

Arlin was one of the first to see that there "was no future in Radio." Given an opportunity to enter the commercial end of Westinghouse, he deserted the KDKA studios for their Mansfield, Ohio, branch in December, 1925, and hasn't been back since. Wonder if he shouldn't have stayed in the game?

Nate Caldwell, after putting the worn ukelele in its case, in turn became announcer for WBBM, KMOX, WBBM, WTMJ and WBBM. He sort of revolves around WBBM, as you will note. But during the past year he has quit the applause mail to get on the producing end. At this moment he is broadcast adviser for the Blackett-Sample-Hummert agency here and an expectant papa.

Val MacLaughlin got to liking the children so well that she married R. P. Van Zile, Fada Chicago branch manager, and set about to raise three of her own. Right now I am informed by Stuart Dawson, WIBO director and cousin of the lady, that she feels she has tended her own children long enough and is looking for a radio outlet to find others to tell bedtime stories to.

Talking about Nate reminds me of Charlie Garland and Charlie Schultz, "the (2)80-pound tenor". They are rather mike shy these days. The pair have a Radio skit for the stage which keeps them quite busy and has had no trouble getting bookings. And Fred Jeske, another whoopee lad who tamed down to singing and announcing. Know where he is? Well right now you can tune him in on WTMJ, Milwaukee. He has been vibrating between there, WBBM, WGES and WIBO these past few years.

Say, I saw Harriet Lee's picture on the May cover of Radio Digest. That reminds me—the old girl duo of Mae and June, once so beloved by WLS fans, is no more. Mae's right name, of course, was Harriet Lee and June's was Juanita Rae. Juanita married John Brown, WLS staff pianist, but that didn't cause any trouble. What split them was Harriet's being engaged by CBS New York sudios. Result was that Juanita is now one of the "Chicagoettes," a girl trio which may be heard harmonizing in the Publix movie theaters here. Harriet has been featured on a number of Columbia programs. Nearly every week she is scheduled for the Paramount hour on Saturday nights along with Paul Ash and his troupe, and they show her off at the Paramount theater, too.

Incidentally, Paul Small is one of the Ash troupe. I can remember when he first plugged songs years ago at the old KYW Hearst Square studios. His right last name is Lougher. Why he changed it is interesting. Here's the story.

Tommy Malie used to be a partner of Little Jack Little in years growing fainter in my memory. A team split up caused Jack to look about for a new partner, and Paul Lougher was elected. To make a good team name he adopted the name "Small" so the act could be known as "Little and Small." Mrs. Tea Little decided Jack could do better all alone, except for her, so when she married him and had the right to make suggestions, she took over Jack's management, budget, etc., and put Paul Lougher-Small out "at first," so to speak.

But they both got ahead, together and separated. Where Tommy Malie is no one knows. Some say he is still singing down East.

The wedding bells stop some of the girl stars, and others go right on ahead. There doesn't seem to be any sort of rule. There's Marie Tulley, of WENR fame, and Ruth Etting, who was started on her way by WLS, to prove my point. Marie left Purdue university with a diploma, a good voice and knowledge of the piano. She was one of WENR's most popular stars. Well, when cupid changed her last name to Fendley, Marie deserted the mike and is now home-making down in Danville, Ill.

Ruth Etting, few people know, was already married when she came to Chicago from David City, Neb., a little city about ninety miles from Omaha and seventy from Lincoln. I think her first Radio bow was at WLS. Meantime her main purpose in life was to complete a course in stage costume design at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Her blues songs were still clicking at WLS when she finished her course and took her 112 pounds of blondness and blue eyes to the "Marigold Gardens" and other night club shows here and began creating costumes for them.

One night they needed another chorine in a show, so Ruth obligingly stepped in as a chorus girl at $25 a week. She stuck. Already she was quite popular on the Radio. Paul Ash, then here at the Oriental, spotted her and put her on his stage. She decided stage costume designing was all right but being a stage star was better, so she signed for vaudeville and movie tours from coast to coast and began making phonograph records. Radio didn't see much of her those days.

Her next big break came when Flo Ziegfeld heard one of the records, summoned her to appear before him, and starred her in the Follies of 1927 and 1928. Then she blossomed out in "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor and now she's right hand lady to Ed Wynn in his latest edition.

The networks nowadays have a habit of getting her to "guest star" on some one of their big commercial hours, so of late she has returned to her first love, the microphone.

"Say, Ev," Bill remarked, "what ever became of the 'Silver Masked Tenor,' one of the first big favorites of the chains?"

Joe White is his right name, he's married and has three children. Just added the third last month—a boy named Graham after McNamee. Since Goodrich quit the air White has been a sustaining or non-commercial star on the NBC payroll. He is featured in at least one program a week out of WEAF with a limited Eastern network. I'd like to see him on some big program again, wouldn't you?

Godfrey Ludlow is another old favorie who is just coming back into the spotlight, although he's not been off the NBC chain. If you will remember, he was "Don Amaizo," the wandering violinist, "wizard of the bow and baton" as the continuity said. The sponsor went off the network and onto wax transcriptions, taking Ludlow's skill and the Amaizo character along. But now a very similar continuity brings Ludlow to the fore again. He's cast as a struggling young violinist in the

(Continued on page 90)

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

Gangland's Gunmen Trail

The HUNTERS

Man-Eating Alligators, Rattlesnakes and Bullets Add to Mystery

By Will Payne

Illustrations by **W. H. D. Koerner**

"GO GET Bodet!" demanded the gang chief in Chicago. He talked to his gun team of Helter and Colisemus—a ratty pair of killers familiar enough with Chicago alleys and cellar holes to shoot, run and get away.

"An' what do we get?" demanded Helter.

"Four grand," said the chief in the language which they understood to mean four thousand dollars.

"What's phoney about it?" asked Colisemus.

"Nothing phoney, kid. You gotta travel. This Bodet is the key witness in our case and they have him stashed in the jungles down in Florida, see? You got to go down there an' knock him off. No bungling, a clean job an' you'll get your jack on the barrel. Bodet is a big heel an' we gotta get rid of him."

They found Bodet at the Bocaganza hotel, but it took four days to get him into any kind of a position for a target. And then Bodet went out with the old millionaire Dorman, also a guest at the hotel, for a bee hunt. Helter and Colisemus trailed the two men into the swamp as they set up their traps to catch wild honeybees, let them go and trail them to their hidden hives.

Helter and Colisemus followed them in a rented car. Helter, lean and sallow, took up the trail on foot. Colisemus patroled the side road waiting for the sound of guns, a quick dash from the underbrush and a fast run into town and away. But it was a strange game to Helter. His path was beset by alligators and rattlesnakes. He discovered Bodet and Dorman carried no firearms so there could be no alibi of an accidental shooting. Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a good shot. He plodded through mud and slime to get at them from another direction. Suddenly he found himself face to face with a stout dark man in a calico shirt who eyed him suspiciously. He had no time for argument. A gun cracked.

BODET and Dorman stood beneath a giant live oak—one of the two whose lofty tops Dorman had marked from the open. He had come to it a few minutes after they climbed up on the bank of the island. For twenty feet or so around the huge trunk the ground was quite clear as though all the smaller growing things respected the monarch and stood back from him. The shaggy trunk upbore a world—huge limbs as large as trees of a half century growth spreading far over the jungle, and still other limbs, the size of young shade trees, springing from them. Looking up, it seemed a forest world, spreading far and towering into the blue. Long curtains of gray moss hung from the lower limbs; birds flitted.

Where the lowest great limb branched from the trunk there was a blemish—a long, gnarled crack, to and from and around which winged dots were darting. Toward that spot Dorman was looking with an expression of deep satisfaction.

"Yes, sir," he repeated presently, with a little sigh of content, "there's the hive; that's our tree." After looking his fill he went forward and laid his hand on the trunk as though feeling of it gave him some mysterious pleasure—verifying the testimony of his eyes by the sense of touch.

They had been afoot more than three hours under a genial sun or in close places where there was little breeze. Perspiration dripped from Dorman's big hooked nose and glistened on his tanned cheeks. They were in mud and water up to their hips; their shoes squelched at every step. They had been pricked with thorns, scratched with brush, hanged in vines. They had come through poison ivy, past snakes and alligators. At the end they had found a hole in a tree, in an island jungle, with some bees buzzing about it.

Looking up at that delectable reward of their labors, Dorman got out a crushed paper package of cheap cigarettes, offered one to Bodet, lighted one himself and smoked, in satisfaction, like a man whose race, for that day, had been won.

"Splendid tree," he commented . . . "Well, I suppose we best go back to the car now and get some food—and a drink of water. I am dry . . ." Apparently it occurred to him that his companion might not find the reward of their labors as rich and complete as he himself found it. He chuckled and laid a hand on the companion's shoulder.

"I'M AN obstinate old cuss, you see. It would have stuck in my craw to beat the band if I'd given up just because those little devils flew over a couple hundred yards of muddy water . . . More you know of bees the better you'll like 'em; but it spoils the joke if you let 'em fool you. Gotta find 'em every time you set out to or you wouldn't be fit to associate with 'em—see? We're good friends with those bees now; they couldn't fool us. Professional bee hunter chops into the tree and gets the honey; but I can buy plenty of honey—tame bee honey's better anyway. I want to find 'em. Keeps a man out of doors—in the woods where he ought to be . . . Well, we set out to find a bee tree and we've found one. It's been a fine day for me."

The last statement seemed to imply a question and Bodet answered in utter sincerity, "One of the finest!"

"Good!" said Dorman. "Everybody satisfied, including the bees. We'll go back to the car and have some grub—and a drink. I am dry." He looked at his watch. "Half-past one now, but that's plenty of time for a hunter to eat."

They waded the lake, struck through the belt of timber, recovered their pole and box and started across the half mile of open, burned over land between the timber and the drainage ditch. Then they heard a shot back of them and to the east.

"Dunno what anybody'd be shooting over there now," Dorman commented. "Swamp hawk, probably."

They walked on a few moments and heard another shot. That was all from that direction; but a little later Dorman remarked, "Hello! Company coming."

Six men in a body were advancing rapidly toward them from the drainage ditch. It occurred to Bodet that they looked militant. As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes which suggested that he meant business.

Bodet and Dorman wore only heavy shoes, overalls, dark shirts, caps. Anyone could see at a glance that they were unarmed, carrying only a pole and a little box. The man who had stepped forward glanced at those objects and asked brusquely, "That your car back there?"

"Yes," said Dorman.

"Bee hunting, eh?" said the man.

"We found the tree, too," Dorman assured him; adding, not without vanity, "over on the island."

BODET caught a surprised glance among those who formed the background. The man ahead rubbed his chin and replied: "Island, eh? See anybody over there?"

"Why, we saw one chap," Dorman explained. "Quadroon or something like that, I take it. Surly sort of customer, looked as though he might bite. I thought maybe we were poaching on his preserves so I asked him if he had any claim to a bee tree there. He said he hadn't and I told him we were going to find one and he could come along if he wanted to and claim the honey. He did follow us to the tree. Then he went off somewhere. That's the only man we saw. Heard a couple of shots back there a minute ago."



Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a good shot.

The sultry-eyed man rubbed his chin a moment and remarked: "We heard the shots, too. We're hunting some ourselves. Not bees—moonshine. There's a still over there. Wonder you didn't get plugged or cracked over the head and tossed into the water for alligator meat. We're down here to clean up this country. It's getting pretty hot, too. We cleaned up a still north of here last night and had to shoot two of 'em. One of my men shot, too. It's getting pretty hot and ugly all around. We're going to clean it up if it takes a regiment. They know it now, and they're ugly. Wonder you didn't get plugged. Better keep on the other side of the ditch and don't mind if you hear some shooting."

The men moved on. A moment before Bodet had seen the chauffeur on the embankment by the drainage ditch, as though looking for them. But he now disappeared. Dorman moved toward the ditch very thoughtfully and after a moment he made a sort of confession:

"Guess there is moonshining around here. I've heard so anyway. Moonshiners, now . . . I knew an old fellow in Tennessee—crafty old chap . . . Oh! I suppose he'd shoot if you attacked him, or if he was afraid you were going to—same's a bee or a snake, you see. Anything'll strike when it's afraid. But otherwise he was an agreeable old chap . . . Then some of 'em, I guess, are ugly customers—don't mind knocking a man over."

HE LOOKED around at Bodet rather uneasily as though there might be some misgivings in his own mind and he needed to justify himself. In that spirit he explained: "But we go openly, you see. Any idiot can see at a glance we're not armed. If we did run into a moonshiner he'd be a fool if he didn't see we weren't after him. There was that chap on the island. I thought pretty likely he had something to hide—looked surly and suspicious. But we just went right up to him in the open and spoke friendly and there was no trouble at all . . . The devil! Why, if a man's going to sit down and think up all the things that may hurt him he might just as well crawl in a cave and pull the cave in after him! Seems to me the only sensible way is to go openly about your business wherever you want to go—and probably nothing at all will happen. Eh?"

Bodet saw that he was trying to apologize for having led his guest into danger. So the detective laughed from the bottom of his heart and clapped his companion on the shoulder, repeating, "It's been a fine day!"

When they reached the car the chauffeur had the seat cushions on the ground for them and the luncheon hamper was open. But he was much annoyed when he found they had been to the island, and let his employer know it in broad hints as he sat to one side for his own luncheon.

"Wouldn't catch me on that island!" he declared, shaking his head. "It'd be the very place for a still. Too easy for 'em to shoot a man in the brush or knock him on the head and dump him into the water for the alligators. If I was to do it, I'd call it reckless!"

With care Dorman selected the largest dill pickle, speared it, laid it on a sandwich and extended it to the chauffeur, saying, "There's a fine pickle for you, Jim." The chauffeur was especially fond of dill pickles; but he would not let Dorman know whether or not the bribe softened his heart.

They ate leisurely and lighted pipes, gossiping wood lore. Then they hushed, in a sudden arrest.

"By George!" Dorman exclaimed. "Shooting for fair!"

They had heard three shots, in quick succession, from the direction of the island.

COLISEMUS also heard those three shots. Nearly five hours had then elapsed since Helter left him to follow their quarry into the woods afoot. In the dingy little car which they had rented at Bocaganza for the adventure, Colisemus had cruised slowly up and down the brick road, always listening for a shot, always looking off to the east, expecting to see Helter's slim figure gliding out from behind a clump of palmetto. Hours passed, the high sun shedding down strong rays. Colisemus was hungry, having eaten nothing since a hasty early breakfast, and he was tormented by thirst. Moreover, for miles this narrow brick road ran through woods or swampy wastes, a ditch on either side of it, with a poor farm house at long intervals and now and then a rough, sandy branch road suited to a team and wagon but dubious for an automobile. Only at a rare farm house, or such a branch road, was there any place to turn a car around without danger of going into the ditch or getting stuck in the sand.

Presently Colisemus was plagued by the notion that he was becoming a conspicuous object steadily cruising back and forth along that highway—other cars passing him every now and then. Perhaps people at the occasional farm houses were noticing him also. That was bad. And what had become of Helter? What was happening? Why this monstrous delay? To avoid being too conspicuous, he lengthened his beat, going farther both to the north and to the south before turning, finally covering six or seven miles.

Not far south of the burned over tract stood one of the several poor farm houses—a warped and unpainted frame dwelling with ramshackle outbuildings. A man and a well grown boy were at work there, building a primitive lean-to shed at the end of the barn. There was a well in the yard with a little rusty iron pump and a tin cup. At the hitching post in front of the gate stood a bony and melancholy horse, drowsing in the heat, attached to a topless buggy. But it was the well that fascinated Colisemus, for he was parched with thirst. Pulling up at the side of the road he went into the yard and called out to the man:

"Can I have a drink?"

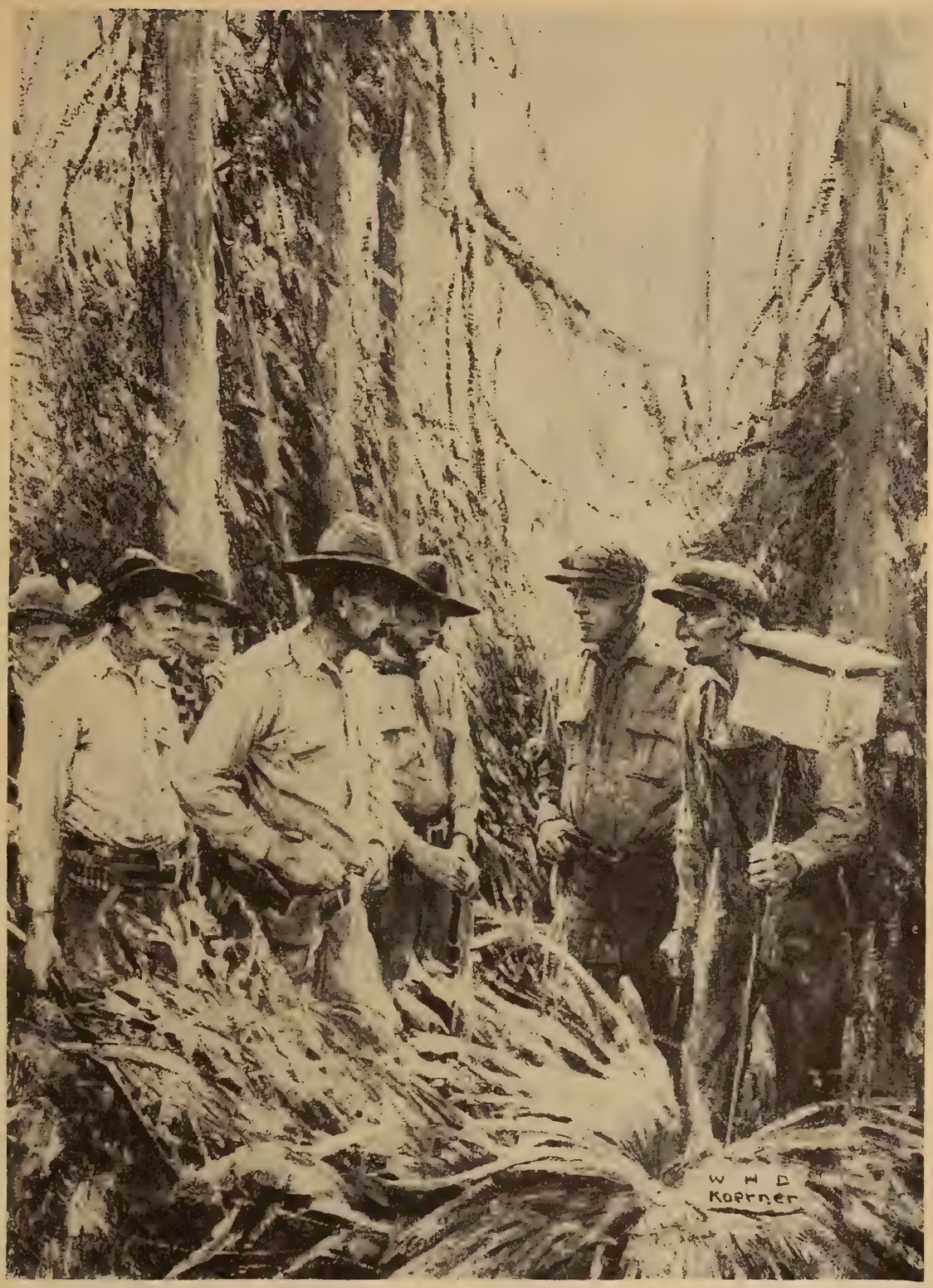
"Help yourself," the man called back.

Stooping to the little pump Colisemus filled the tin cup twice and wiped his wet lips with deep satisfaction. Acknowledging the hospitality with a "Much obliged," he returned to the car and drove away.

THE man—lank, round shouldered, sun baked and with a mat of short grizzled beard—had scarcely looked at him, being busy with his rude carpenter work. But the boy had been more curious and observed to his father, as Colisemus drove away: "He's got one of them automatic guns. I seen it in his hip pocket when he was pumpin' —a big one."

His father, who was evidently of a grim habit, replied casually: "Them as wants newfangled shootin' irons can have 'em. If I gotta shoot I'll take a double-barrel shotgun and two fingers of buckshot. Where's that saw?"

Colisemus drove on to the northern limit of his beat and so missed the two first pistol shots which Bodet and Dorman had heard from the island. Coming south again he was much irritated and perplexed. Why this endless delay? And he had been cruising up and down this road for hours. People must be noticing him—although there were only a few people to notice anything. Coming south again he passed another of the poor farm houses. A sun-bonneted woman in the dooryard looked up at him curiously—he thought. Certainly they were beginning to remark him. Fifty rods south of this house one of those dubious wagon tracks branched off into the woods. It led southeast—that is, in the general direction of the man hunt. Colisemus decided to follow it for a short distance at least. That would get him away from this main road. He turned off the brick and in a moment his wheels sank in the dry, loose sand. Before he could shift gears the engine gurgled and died.



As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes.

He started it again, opening the throttle, trying to go forward in low or to back. With every attempt the convulsed little car merely sank deeper into the sand. The radiator was boiling when he gave up and climbed out. On his knees, with his hands for a scoop, he dug the sand away from each of the four wheels—hot and maddening work, for the sand ran back into the tiny excavations like water seeking a level. At length, it seemed, he had the wheels sufficiently free so that by a powerful effort in reverse he might get back to the brick. He climbed into the car again but the self-starting apparatus refused to function. Evidently something had given way under his violent attemps to pull out of the sand. He looked under the car seat and found a starting crank; but his attempt to get the engine going with that was futile also. The machine had broken down.

COLISEMUS, running with sweat and tormented with thirst again, stared at it in a kind of furious incredulity. Had it been alive he would have beaten and strangled it with joy. There it stood under his eyes, a dingy black contrivance with every appearance of a mechanism that will go. Only twenty minutes before it had been going. Its rear wheels were not five feet away from the good brick road. Yet it simply wouldn't go—although even at this moment Helter might be leveling his pistol to fire; then scurrying to the road, his neck depending on finding a car there . . . But it simply wouldn't go! The colossal stupidity of that congested Colisemus's brain. The thing had simply got to go! Yet it wouldn't! A slight trembling affected his big frame; he yearned to fall upon the car with this iron crank and beat it . . . Why had he and Helter been so canny? Why hadn't they spent more money to hire a better car?

A small brand new green car came along the brick road and stopped. It contained only the driver, a lean and coatless man whose leathern face was deeply wrinkled. He surveyed Colise-

(Continued on page 88)

PROUD Hollywood, Becoming Mike-Wise, Has Made a Rush for the Broadcasting Studios for Big Time on the Listeners' Circuit

TALKIES

Eighteen Months Has Wrought of Picture Stars Toward Radio— Radio Syndicates Indicate

By Special



Ramon Navarro started it with Pagan Love Song.

TALKIES are taking to the air with a new rush. Film celebrities vie with one another to make the best speech, sing the sweetest song, play the hottest instrumental tunes. But it was not always thus.

In the early days of public broadcast, the stars of filmland took a long time to find out what Radio was all about. They showed station favoritism for a newspaper tie-up. Nowadays you can hear them, however, from practically any of the stations at one time or another.

Among the people who got their first broadcast experience in front of the old button or carbon microphone in our studio was Frederick Warde, distinguished interpreter of Shakesperean roles; Eugene Biscailuz, then county undersheriff but now chief of the state motor patrol; One-Eyed Connelly, professional gate crasher; Harlan Fengler, racing driver; Jack Dempsey, pugilist of parts; Georgia Bullock, then police judge; G. Gordon Whitnall, director of the City Planning Commission, and others.

But the movie talent predominated. For two or three years we had the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars to introduce and let



Alexander Grey and Bernice Claire singing from Movieland over the continental system stimulate the desire to see and hear them on the screen.



Luscious Clara Bow is a natural when it comes to Radio. When she snuggles up to mike audiences are thrilled. Her voice has a magnetic lure.





Vivienne Segal (above) was first glorified by Ziegfeld and one of the very good reasons why visiting buyers paid $8 for eye treatment at the Follies. Her excellent voice is now broadcast from Hollywood.

Mary Brian has been making pictures for years—sweet, dependable and always attractive but not so prominent until she became acquainted with mike.

TAKE THE AIR

a Miracle of Change in the Attitude Merging Interests of Sound Pictures and Huge Entertainment Trust

Correspondent

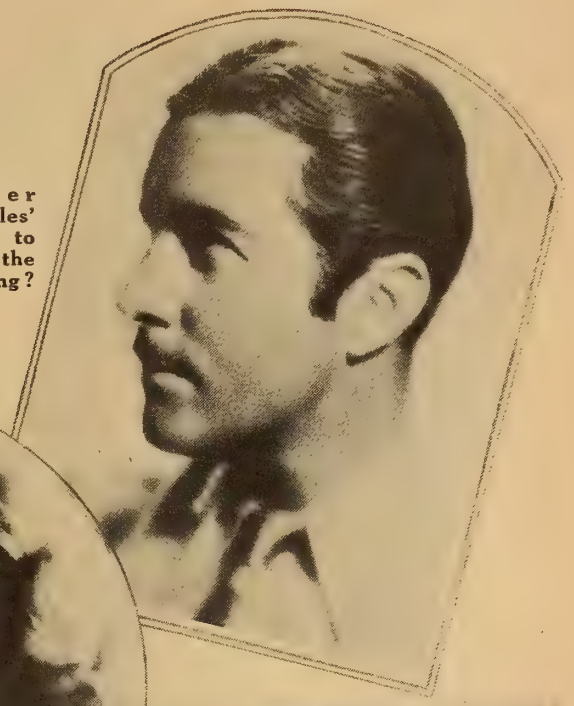
them lisp a few feeble words through the air.

What a change has come about in the last few years . . . almost the last few months. Poor, old, much-maligned Radio gets a tender hug and caress from its old-time rival and is eagerly welcomed into the fold to help make more dough for the gouty gentlemen who do business in the crevasse known as Wall Street, in Gotham town, in the far, far East.

Radio experience has been a tremendous boost to screen celebrities and would-be stars. In earlier days they were plumb foolish . . . blowing kisses to their friends over the air . . . chanting platitudes about "wish you were here, dear public," "oh, my, I'm thrilled," and other meaningless phrases.

BY THIS time, however, they take the Radio much more seriously. Perhaps the box office angle has something to do with it. At any rate, their boss says "get them on a Radio program," and it's done.

Stars are reaping a much richer harvest through their talkie performances than in the silent films. Good speaking and singing voices enhance their value considerably. And in the



Remember John Boles' skyrocket to fame in the Desert Song?



Remember Bart Wheeler (left) and Bob Woolsey in Cucoos? Their air venture entitles them to membership in any local branch of the great American Radio Cucoo club.





Nancy Carroll has just been going through her Most Wonderful Year with one success after another. The fans cannot see her enough, so she broadcasts regularly.



Lovely Marilyn Miller, star of stars of Ziegfeldom, has made her bow to the Radio audience and been accepted as one of the air divinities.

Being married has not put any serious crimp in the career of Joan Crawford (above), who is the beloved wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She comes to you on the screen and then purrs to you from invisible clouds of Movieland.

process of course it was but natural that a few should fall by the wayside.

There was Elinor Glyn. Born in Toronto, educated in England, one must address her by the French title of "Madame." Ritzy to the extreme in dealing with us in the studio, her initial Radio efforts bored the audience to distraction through the use of flossy words, extreme emphasis and provincialism of speech.

Renee Adoree was a trifle better. Then, too, she didn't have to depend on the speaking voice, so she played a tiny ukulele and sang a couple of French songs. They were folk songs, but the audience thought maybe they were risque, and so, not understanding them, thought they were the berries sure enough.

Carmel Myers was terrible when she sang something about the lonely old shack! But she was very modest about it all, and was one of the few who really could stand constructive criticism. You ought to hear her now. She has been taking vocal lessons for three years and does extremely well.

In the juvenile line little Baby Peggy was about the most unspoiled in the field of youngsters in the films. Some of her Radio work was too mechanical. She did everything exactly as the parents admonished her. But at least she was simple and natural and never had a silly smirk on her facial expression like some of the child performers of today.

Little Johnny Fox was the easiest of the boys to handle for microphone work. It is surprising how these kids have certainly grown up the last few years! Johnny now lives with his mother down below in Highland Park (which the writer can see as these lines are being written) in a little cottage on top of an overgrown hilltop.

He has graduated into long pants and has been going through high school. No, he didn't chaw terbacca in "The Covered Wagon," nor has he picked up the habit since then.

THE ORIGINAL mike appearance of Marion Davies was widely heralded for our little studio. We made extensive preparations by thoroughly cleaning out the tiny quarters and showering the place with so many flowers that our expense accounts were drained flat for some time.

"We," includes the able technician, Bert Heller, who later bought the old KWH, jazzed it to 500 watts and called it KPLA. He passed away early in life before his career was really started.

Then there was our promotion manager, David Swing Ricker, who was well groomed for the arrival of the famous visitor. Swing, too, has passed to the great beyond after an eventful and hectic career.

By this time the old KWH was off the air and we were running as a remote to KFI. After anxious moments of waiting, Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, mushed in with a lady whose face was covered with a black veil. The introductions were made. She did a fair job at the speech.

But, alas, it was the wife of the late Holbrook Blinn, famous actor, who doubled vocally for Marion although since that time Miss Davies has actually condescended to make a Radio appearance once or twice.

We had pretty good luck with scenario writers, particularly Carey Wilson and Eve Unsell (Mrs. Lester Blankenfield). Both had an extended series on how to write scenarios. Perhaps it didn't encourage anybody to start writing, but it did a lot of good if it discouraged some.

Then there was Herb Rawlinson. He used to play the much maligned uke out at Universal in '10 or '12. So he tried it over the Radio several times. Of course it was awful, but Herb was so frank in saying that it "really wasn't so much" that folks didn't seem to mind.

There were more than a hundred in all who broadcast from the old place. Lew Cody was never known to tell a new story in those days but the old ones were so ancient that to many they were new.

Ralph Lewis would nervously pace up and down the room. Hobart Bosworth would pester us with questions on Radio deportment. Anna Q. Nilsson was a big flop the first time because of nerves. So also was Adela St. Johns, a Cosmopolitan writer. Adolph Menjou must have anticipated television for he was awfully fussy about his personal appearance.

Francis X. Bushman took the most pains of all to have something new every time. This was likewise true of Monte Blue, Milton Sills and Bert Lytel. Then there was the late Larry Semon, who liked to gag in front of the mike; Norma Shearer, who was always somewhat dazed and nervous; Betty Blythe and Katherine McGuire (now Mrs. George Landy).

HOLLYWOOD did not take Radio seriously until a year or eighteen months ago. Whether in the studio or later at premieres which were broadcast, a score would pass in review before patient old mike, all saying the identical thing:

"So glad to be here. Wish you were here, too." "Oh, I'm so thrilled. Isn't this too wonderful for words." "Do you know, on the screen you can see me, but can't hear my voice. And now you can hear me speak, but can't see me. Isn't that so funny? Ha-ha-ha."

Then the announcer would repeat, kind of sotto voice, "So glad to have you with us. Thanks."

This kept up for hours at a time. The audience was bored to tears and distraction. They ceased to dial in for the junk. Radio editors began to pan the broadcast of premieres and Radio appearance of stars.

Thus, although Will Hays refused to be drawn into the controversy, public opinion molded a little sense into a few publicity agents. They began to write some pseudo-continuities and to scribble out notes for the talks.

Things began to be on the up-and-up. The public learned to tune in again. Talkie magnates learned the box office value of Radio propaganda. The subtle method of having the stars as guest artists grew in proportions to real, honest-to-goodness talkie star programs.

Few, if any Radio artists, have had much of a break in the talkies. A good deal of this is traceable to the fact that they lack the poise and the general histrionic ability of the professional.

But certain it is that the film people have learned a wealth of experience from the Radio activity. Their talkie duties have helped them become amenable to discipline in the Radio station, and inversely their Radio work has made them considerably more valuable on the film lot and at location.

So this has been the gradual evolution of how and why the talkies have taken to the air.

The talkie stars now, instead of being tuned off, are eagerly awaited by a large sized country-wide audience, which has already become familiar with their faces and voices through the screen.

THERE is KFWB's First National-Warner Brothers hour on Sunday nights with a galaxy of stars and starlets at 8 p. m., PST. The station, owned by Warner Brothers, also has frequent appearances of stars during the week.

Then there is the Paramount-Publix hour, originating at KNX in Hollywood, and switching from time to time to the stage in New York. This hour has shown conscientious effort at arrangement and presentation.

A new series is the Del Monte program over NBC each Saturday night with stars from some current production. I am told that by the time this reaches print KHJ will have a program each Saturday to send eastward for a year . . . 11:15 p. m., Eastern daylight time . . . to include all the talkie song hits and theme numbers a month or six weeks before public release. The program plans also to have talkie stars and composers on the hour.

The "Voices from Filmland" series from the M-G-M lot during the winter months on Mondays was a good one while it lasted. So, too, was the M-G-M Wednesday night frolic at KHJ which has been off the air for some time.

Hal Roach has an informal tie-up with KFVD and Our Gang, Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chase, Harry Langdon and others of his crew take a petite microphone bow every once in awhile.

The RKO hour over NBC is another national broadcast of film, as well as stage celebrities, and perhaps Warner with its new Brunswick amalgamation may go on the air in a big way as it did with its Monday night cross-country Vitaphone hour a year or more ago.

Paramount has sort of an informal hook-up for KNX, 5,000 watt-er which does a continuous ballyhoo act about going up to 50,000 watts, but never seems to get around to it. The station, though, doesn't make a specialty of using film talent for its programs, though it does take the Paramount-Publix Saturday night hour along with KHJ, both in the Los Angeles area.

WARNER BROTHERS KFWB has the run on the coast's film talent. Its old standby, Bill Ray, has gone to KGER, Long Beach 1,000 watt broadcaster, and something seems to be missing from KFWB for he has announced all the film talent and theatre premieres at the station for the past four years. Gerald King's good judgment in bringing talent to the studio deserves credit for much of the KFWB prestige.

Sunday night at eight (Pacific standard time) KFWB has the First National hour and it brings plenty of celebrities to the microphone. Oscar Straus, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier," conducted the symphonic group on one of the programs. Sigmund Romberg has aired his talent there, too, as well as another librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, the "sweetheart team," Alexander Grey and Bernice Claire, Alice Gentle, operatic soprano, and many others.

Most of the stars who get a break in the talkies, and who double up for the Radio, are new ones. But some of the older people are still in the picture and a majority of them got their start on the legitimate stage years ago.

In between is the group which has been in pictures from the very start . . . people who, without previous stage experience, have followed the pictures from the early days of the flickers.

When Los Angeles had only two high schools (there are now a score of senior high schools) some of us used to ride horseback as extras on Saturdays . . . Universal and Biograph having started. Louise Fazenda, with long braided hair, was still in school and she went right into pictures on getting out. Then there was Myron Zobel, who later went back to Cambridge, and now publishes a film magazine. And Zion Myers who does a

(Continued on page 87)



OLIVE PALMER certainly is getting slimmer, you must admit by observing this, her most recent portrait. She's more youthful and at the same time a trifle more sedate. Palmolive has cleaned up since it started broadcasting and Olive Virginia Rae Palmer certainly deserves some of the credit by use of her immaculate voice.



BERNICE CLAIRE is another exquisite bit of screen femininity won for Radio from the talking pictures. We selected this from half a dozen poses, each as alluring as the other. Bernice is heard singing for the First National Pictures from KFWB, Hollywood, over a continental network of stations. Color here—ruby lips, pearly teeth, eyes!



ARMIDA—and that's all we know concerning the name of this dark-eyed maiden. She is the newest star of the singing screen and is a protege of Gus Edwards, famous "star maker." She is also one of the NBC featured artists of the RKO Hour. Any correspondence school detective would deduct from appearances that she's a real senorita.



BARBARA NEWBERRY is gifted with many extraordinary charms. But you see her here without her legs, which Florenz Ziegfeld has pronounced the "most beautiful legs in the world." Aside from that Barbara can charm you with her voice and wit during the CBS Homemaker Club Fashion Show and she can pose just like this.



SUE FULTON is a Radio singer whose sweet soprano voice is known just about as well in Florida as it is in her home town of Wichita, Kans., where she is both staff artist and program director for the enterprising station, KFH. Miss Fulton sings in opera and she sings just because she is usually happy and naturally that way.



BARBARA MAUREL knew that she had music in her soul when she started out for a career and thought it must be the piano. Then she discovered that she really could sing. She began cultivating her voice and made rapid strides to fame as a concert artist. You hear her now as the contralto soloist with the Philco Symphony on CBS.



MARIE GERARD started out on her growing Radio fame as Marie Opfinger. Opfinger was a stickler for a majority of the fans. The first ten letters she received had it all the way from Off-finger to Fingeroff. So she decided she would become Marie Gerard, which was a lucky combination. You hear her on the Kodak Hour, CBS.



At the left we have Andy Sanella, the flying conductor, who leads the famous Empire Builders orchestra, NBC, New York. He operates a steel guitar, saxophone, baton and his own airplane. He began with a sax. His first boss offered him $50 in gold to discard it. He refused and later helped to make Paul Whiteman famous. You never can tell about those things.

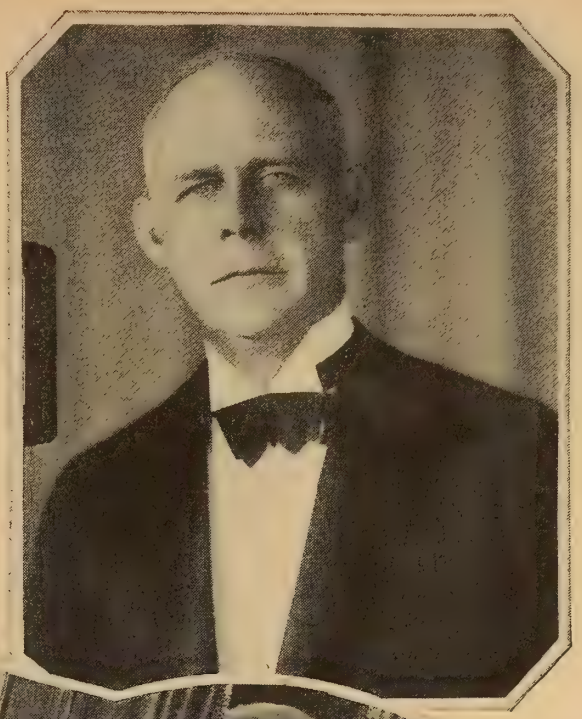




When the little freshmen at the Ohio State University become fretful and peevish at sundown the university broadcasting station WEAO brings them the Glad Lady, pictured above. Instantly cares of the day vanish. The Children's Hour at WEAO has spread far beyond the campus. When the Glad Lady is just herself they call her Dorothy Stevens Humphreys.



Angels descend with heavenly music at the Truth Trinity Church, Oakland, Calif., every Sunday morning. And here they are. (Above—not to the right.) They sing at NBC studios in San Francisco, then fly across the bay in time for choir at Truth Trinity. They are the Arion Trio. At right is Harry Horlick and his A & P Gypsies who come to you from the New York NBC studios. Angels too? Ask Doggonit Henderson.



He drinks to you not only with his eyes but with Coca Cola, for he is none other than Grantland Rice, the Big Sports Writer and Speaker of the Coca Cola hour. Keen, analytical, alert—you can look into his face here and feel that when he speaks he speaks with authority.



Alas that such charm and beauty should be swathed in black mystery! 'Tis Rheba Crawford, the Angel of Broadway, who strayed into Hollywood. She started out to win sinners by Radio and found Ray Splivalo, who won and married her. Now she lives in a castle in the hills with her own private studio connected with KFWB.





Introducing Mr. and Mrs. and Mr. and Mrs., or as the CBS correspondent says, "Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, the only living stage stars who have retained the use of prefixes throughout their career meet the 'Mr. and Mrs.' who are favorites on the Graybar hour and are known by no other name." At left: Billy Carlino, Charles Magnate and Dave Boyd the Cotton Picker minstrels on the Dutch Masters hour.



Ann Leaf (left) stands (when she does stand) just under five feet. She plays the mighty CBS organ. Every day she acquires some new nickname. Little Organ Annie, Mitsey, Sweet and Low are among the best.



Guess everybody has heard these four. They're the Roxy Gang quartet. From left: George Reardon, baritone; Carl Mathieu, first tenor; Frederick Thomas, basso, and John Young, second tenor. You recognize the names.



Sometimes we yearn for something from the heart that is true. Then what pleasure it is to listen to these young high school students, Lucy and Pin, over WJJD. Real characters in a sketch, Kids Again.



Eventually the greatest come to you through the air. And now Toscha Seidel, who stood a little aloof, in a series of concerts over the Columbia System. Adele Vasa shared the program with him. And of what avail summer skies and fair weather to allure from such a combination!



"Please, Uncle Bob, make a noise like a goldfish." That's one of many curious requests that come to Uncle Bob at KTSA, San Antonio. He's a star at imitating. Some of his associates in the picture from left: Cousin Jules, Don McGinnis, Aunt Betty, Uncle Mark and Uncle Bob.



America is proud of its Bills and Berthas who are typified in this Bill and Bertha (left) in the Perkinsville program over WLW. They not only proved that two could live as cheaply as one but saved $500 the first year of wedded life.



Above is the real Mrs. Stephens, seamstress in the Thompkins Corners Real Folks program, NBC, New York. Her real clothes, real face, but not her real name, which is Elsie Mae Gordon. She also plays the part of the school teacher.



Folks, reckon youh-all likes them caow boy ballads an' sich, thet yuh gits over the big air ranges. Well, sir, these here fellers is the Hill Billy Boys that canters-like over the NBC trail from Frisco. The feller in the center is Charlie Marshall, foreman o' these here hands.



What does a man think about after his 104th birthday? You could have found out by listening to Henry Homewood from Shenandoah, Ia., who was 104 last March. One thing he thinks about is his pipe which he has been smoking since Lincoln first ran for office.



Dale Wimbrow, black voice comedian at CBS and Virginia Gates, continuity writer, listen in for color effects for future broadcasts.

THIRTEEN and ONE

Will Little Thinks He Sees a Ghost as an Unexpected Guest Comes to Life In Nemo's Bed—a Haunted House

By Jackson Gregory

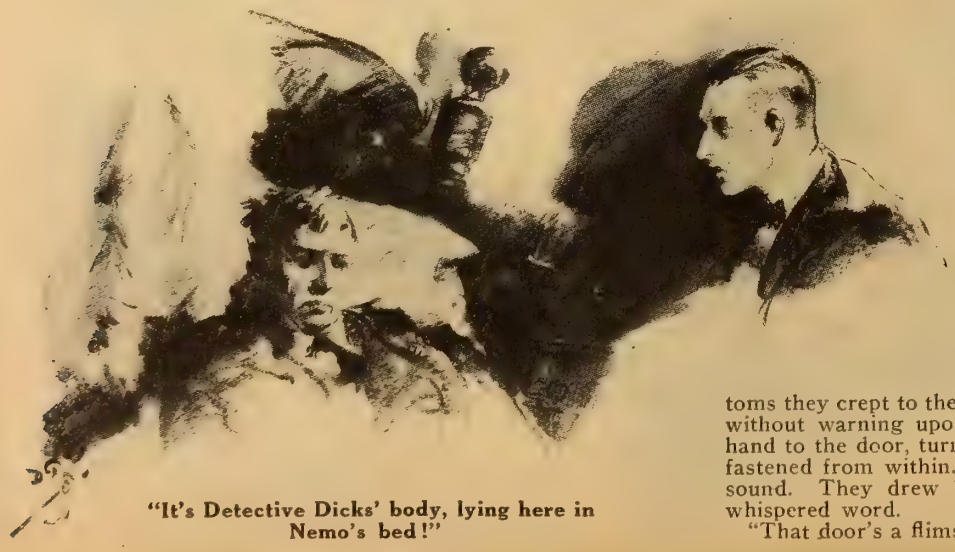
***Illustrations by* Dudley Gloyne Summers**

PRECIOUS stones, including the Nonius Opal, and the famous gem from the Orient known as the Flower of Heaven, and a million dollars in cold cash had brought together an unusual assortment of connoisseurs and adventurers. They were assembled in the storm-bound mountain retreat of Mainwaring Parks at Lake Tahoe. Including the servants there appeared to be just thirteen persons beneath this roof on that momentus night. As the guests dispersed to their various rooms there was a cry of murder. The host and his bodyguard were found dead or dying. An explosion in another part of the house sent the guests scurrying from the room. They found the safe robbed. Returning to the scene of the tragedy it was discovered the bodies of the two murder victims had been spirited away. No trace could be found of either of them. Two detectives mysteriously appeared from out of the night. Gateway immediately set upon Dr. Andregg and promised to get a confession from him. Then it was found that Nemo, another of the guests had disappeared from his room, leaving no trail. Several of the guests, headed by Captain Temple, prepared to hunt for him at a vacant cabin some distance away. But Paul Savoy, who strangely had predicted the arrival of the detectives, laughed and said they would not find their man.

"All we need think on now," he said, "is: Where are the bodies? . . . Good night, gentlemen." The door slammed, and the searchers departed into the night.

IT WAS all very well for Paul Savoy to sing out his cheery: "Good night." But no consummation was to materialize from the wish. It was a thoroughly bad night for several of the household; especially Andregg, who lived through a night of horrors. Gateway exerted pressure cunningly, crushingly, cruelly, and he was past master of administering that incredibly hideous treatment known so widely as the Third Degree.

Laufer-Hirth spent hours again with his hands full, ministering to Will Little. The secretary had made his fight against weakness and had his finger nails in the edge of victory, poised above the abyss of terror, when the new shock of Mr. Nemo's disappearance had come to play havoc with his young victory. He sincerely believed this grim and sinister old place was haunted by dead men and by the spirits of unlucky stones.



"It's Detective Dicks' body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"

He begged, he came close to futile threats in his desire to have Laufer-Hirth rid himself of the opal.

"It's bad luck, I tell you!" he shrilled. "We know there are strange, unexplained influences hanging about many precious stones. . . How did the thing come on the table downstairs? Who put it there, and why? . . . Go get rid of it; else you'll be next to go. You or I . . . For God's sake!"

Laufer-Hirth took the thing out of his pocket and stared at it with a most peculiar look in his eyes. Superstitions? Will Little shrank back and fell to shivering as though with a chill that bit to the bone. Laufer-Hirth shambled away, going into his own room. He was gone not over three or four minutes but when he came back he announced, "I've hid the thing." And from his look and tone it might have been gathered that he, almost as fervently as Will Little, was relieved.

NOTHING, it appeared, would drag Gateway away from his present post at Andregg's bedside.

Temple, McIntosh and the sergeant bent their heads against the night's wild buffetings. They carried two flashlights, a bunch of keys, an ax, a handful of candles and a fresh supply of matches.

Somewhere, far above, beyond the thick massed clouds, day was breaking when they came to the beach in front of the empty house.

An hour and a half after they had left the home of Mainwaring Parks they were stamping the loose snow from their arctics on another veranda, dark and bleak and piled high with drifts. They sent their two circles of light dancing here and there until the outlines of door and window were revealed. The window was heavily shuttered; blown snow, caught by an inrush of the wind, had been swept up over the threshold of the door. The three men began seeking signs of Mr. Nemo's passing here on the roofed veranda; but even here, had he come this way during the night, the spraying sleet must have obliterated all traces.

McIntosh held a light focused upon the keyhole while Captain Temple's numb fingers fumbled with the key he had inserted.

The door, heavy and inclined to drag at an outer corner, creaked dismally. The three stepped in, shoved it shut against the wind, and began a hasty striking of matches. The dark in here, having the effect of being aided and abetted by a thick, musty atmosphere, was like a weight on their spirits. Ghostly little spurts of flame rose from the match-ends; a more genial yellow glow spread out from the three candles which they had lighted.

"Smacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding his candle high and staring about him interestedly. "I think we're going to find something. Something dead and cold and unlovely."

"WHAT'S that!" whispered the sergeant, suddenly rigid, leaning toward the gloom, chin thrust out.

One clutched another and altogether pointed. It was the thinnest, palest line of light under a door at the end of the hall.

On tiptoe and as noiseless as phantoms they crept to the closed door, being of equal mind to burst without warning upon their quarry. Captain Temple set his hand to the door, turning it ever so softly. He found the door fastened from within. The three put their ears close; never a sound. They drew back at Temple's urge, listening to his whispered word.

"That door's a flimsy affair. . . . The three of us rushing

it, it'll go down like a paper screen. . . . Ready?" They blew out their candles, stuffing them into their pockets to be unhampered. "If the door holds, then give it the ax. . . . Nemo'd be off and away with a full minute warning."

They drew close again, then hurled themselves in a compact attack, like one man, against the door. It creaked and splintered, yet held. They drew back and struck again and went through.

BUT they came into no such light as they had expected. There was the tiniest of wood fires burning in a fireplace; its glow had yellowed the line under the door, but did not banish the dark, rather making a murky gloom of it. At first they feared that their man had fled, or had already gone when they charged toward him. But a moment later they saw him.

In that first instant he was standing against the farther wall; his back was toward them and his hands appeared to be at his face. They had but the most fleeting of visions of him . . . and then he was gone. Close to where he stood was a window; it was closed but not shuttered. Here, perhaps, he had entered; here he vanished. There was a leap and a lunge, a shattering of glass and their quarry was quarry no longer. And what they had seen of him was merely a crouching form.

"It's Nemo!" the captain contended sharply. "After him!"

They threw up the window and went through, dropping several feet into loose snow.

A moment later McIntosh, straightening up, pointed to their own former track, the one they had made coming here from the Parks house.

"He's taken the only open trail," he announced. "Headed toward the house we just came from."

They found no other furrow than that of their own making. Head-bent against the wind, protecting their lights all that they could, but forced repeatedly to wipe the glass clear of blurring damp.

THEY went forward hurriedly, yet watching to make sure that Nemo had not striven to trick them by making a leap far out to the side. But the track led straight on, and brought them to the front steps and on up to the door.

"And now," grunted Temple disgustedly, "we've had a pretty chase just about for nothing. We'll find a very placid, serene and noncommittal Mr. Nemo smoking a cigarette by the fire, and lifting a pair of crooked brows as much as to ask if we've been enjoying ourselves."

The fragrance of coffee greeted them. "Guess it's pretty near that time o' day," said McIntosh, and they went to the dining room. At the table were Paul Savoy, Laufer-Hirth and Mr. Nemo's man, Mohun.

"Nemo came in just now, not over fifteen minutes or so before us," Temple spoke abruptly. "Where is he?"

Mohun looked at him stonily, leaning across the table.

"You see him?" he asked, his voice grown quick and sharp.

"Didn't you?" snapped the captain, growing mystified. "Haven't any of you seen him?"

They shook their heads.

"Then who did come in?" he fairly shouted at them. "We followed some man here; we saw his tracks; he came in at the front door. Who was it?"

IT APPEARED that no one knew. If any man had entered, he had done so unseen.

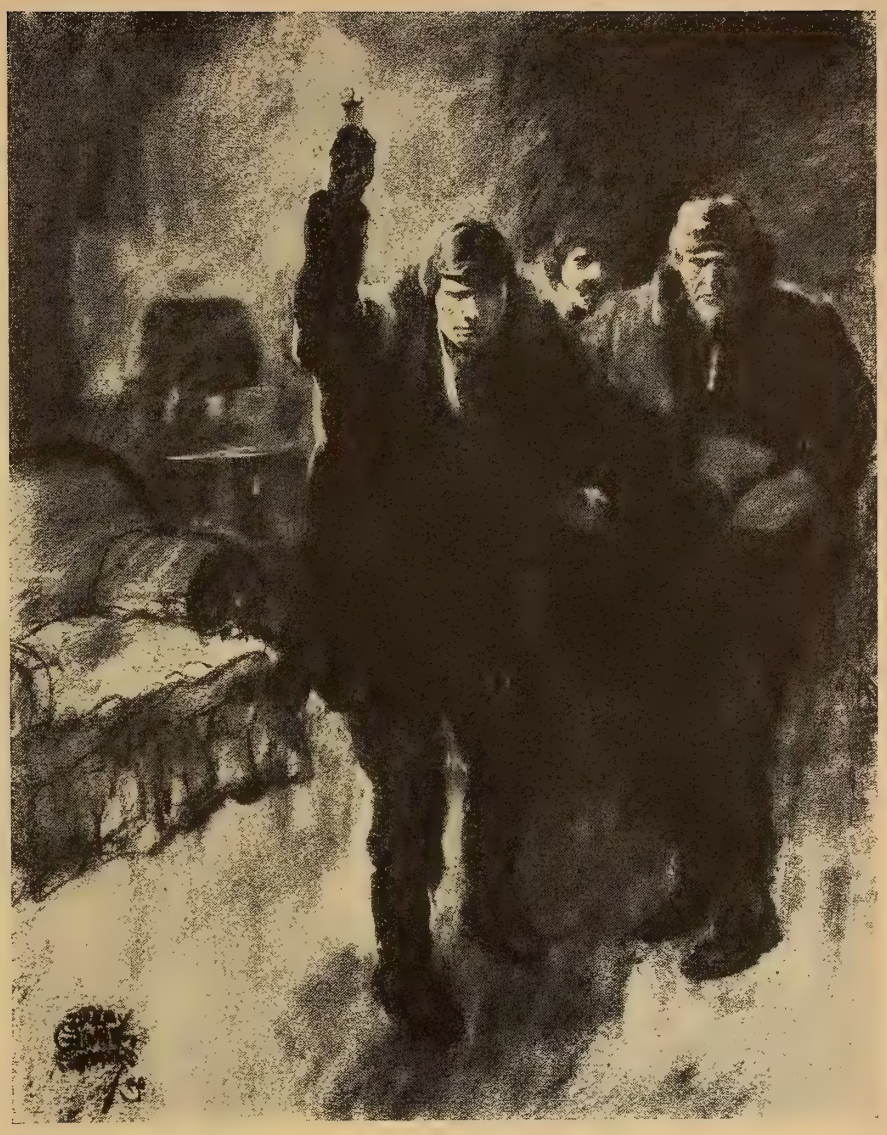
"That's pretty thick," growled Temple. "He has slipped in quietly and perhaps gone to his room. If he pulls the blank face when I find him, I'll . . ."

The three hurried through the house toward Nemo's room. From a remote room they heard a voice, high-pitched and shaken; Andregg's voice in supplication or menace. Gateway, evidently, still stood by his torture rack. And presently they reached Mr. Nemo's room.

"And there he is," Temple gasped, for all along he could not greatly believe in his own prediction. "Pretending to be asleep and to know nothing of any night's escapade."

He whipped back the blankets . . . then fell back with a sharp ejaculation of amazement. Tom Blount and McIntosh thrust forward. Then from Blount burst a shout which went echoing crazily through the old house and brought men running.

"It's Detective Dicks' dead body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"



"Smacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding the candle high and staring about.

Gateway, hearing the cry, stepped as far as the door, and bellowed out orders:

"Keep someone in the room every second. Someone come here and tell me all about it. And don't touch the body or anything about it; when I can get free to come in there I'll grab up clues by the handful."

IT WAS Captain Temple, looking perplexed and therefore angry, who reported to him. Beyond Gateway he saw Andregg, sitting on the edge of his bed now, half dressed and looking white and shaken and sick.

"Tell me," rasped out Gateway.

"It's Dicks' body, all right," growled the captain. "Don't ask me how it got there. . . Maybe the damned house is haunted."

Gateway scoffed. Temple told what he could, including a sketch of their visit to the other house, their pursuit of the man they had found there, of his conviction that it was Mr. Nemo.

"He came in at the front door; that's all we know. We looked to find him in Nemo's room . . . and found the body of Detective Dicks instead."

Andregg leaped to his feet, crying out excitedly:

"I'm not the guilty man! . . . With me in my room, look at the things that have happened: Nemo gone . . . Dicks in his place . . ."

"Shut your mouth!" raged Gateway, whirling on him, "I've said all the time that you were the murderer . . . and you are! If you have an accomplice, the Chink or one of the wops, that doesn't let you out."

He turned again to Temple, saying bluntly:

"This bird is beginning to break, and he's going to break fast. This happening brightens him up a bit, but he'll relapse all the faster when it's over."

"You must be crazy!" Temple said shortly, going back to Mr. Nemo's room.

PAUL SAVOY lifted his brows sharply, muttering under his breath:

"So Andregg's no doctor! If I'd known that in the beginning! Well, it all fits in." And then abruptly he took charge in the room. In a quiet, lowered voice he called to the others to come out; Dicks was barely conscious, it appeared, and would certainly require absolute rest. They must discuss this thing; give what first aid they might; then manage somehow to get a physician.



Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.

WILL LITTLE, queerly fascinated, drawn by the very horror which repelled him, evinced a more morbid curiosity than any of the rest of them. He had stopped at the broken door at first, drawn two ways. His face was white; beads of sweat gathered and trickled down his face. Step by step he drew closer until at last he stood over the bed looking straight down upon the still form of the detective.

Then, all of a sudden, a wild yell burst from him and he turned and fled from the room. They heard him dashing upstairs, heard his incoherent and meaningless jibbering, then the slamming of his door.

"Your little friend is on the raw edge of insanity," said Temple, looking gravely at Laufer-Hirth. "You'd better figure on some way of getting him out of . . ."

"My God!" It was Tom Blount, staring and pointing. "Look! He's alive!"

And now they saw what had precipitated Will Little's panicky flight. The eyes of Detective Dicks were wide open; they turned slowly; they rested, full of dull question, on face after face.

Temple shouted excitedly.

"He needs a doctor; send Andregg."

"Doctor?" cried Gateway. "Andregg's no more doctor than I am. Dicks would be better off with the cook treating him."

"You're all right, you know, Dicks," said Temple, rather more tactful and sympathetic than any had looked for him to be.

Dicks, without the strength to nod, closed his eyes briefly to indicate agreement.

"Do you know who struck you?" asked Temple.

Dicks, with an obvious effort, shook his head.

"Or who . . . attacked Parks?"

Again the effort to say, "No."

"You know nothing at all about it, then?"

"No."

"That's quite all right, Dicks," said Temple cheerily, his disappointment well hidden. "Get a little nap now if you can. One of us will be with you all the time, and a doctor's on the way."

"Whatever he says," called Gateway, "let me know, and I'll know how to use it on Andregg."

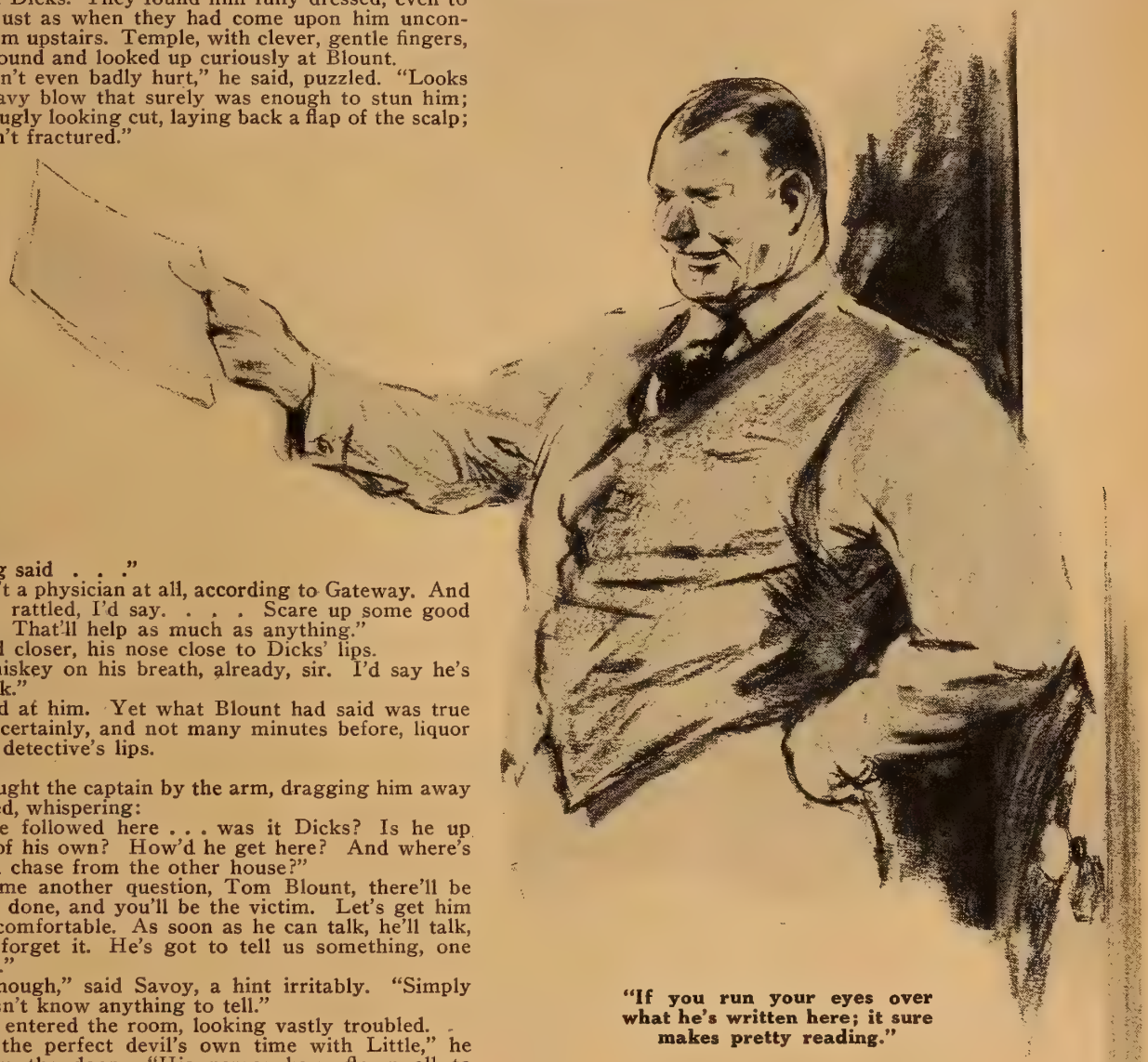
"THAT man Gateway," observed Savoy disgustedly, "misses his century as well as his calling. He should have served

as handy-man for the Inquisition. Andregg is no more guilty than . . . than Gateway himself."

Laufer-Hirth hurried away in quest of his secretary, to quiet him with the good news that Dicks was alive and that there was nothing spooky about the matter.

Temple, as having had considerable experience with accidents and their first aid treatment during his expeditions into the out of way parts of the earth, with Blount an able assistant, was left in charge of Dicks. They found him fully dressed, even to shoes and tie; just as when they had come upon him unconscious in his room upstairs. Temple, with clever, gentle fingers, examined his wound and looked up curiously at Blount.

"I'd say he isn't even badly hurt," he said, puzzled. "Looks to me like a heavy blow that surely was enough to stun him; and to make an ugly looking cut, laying back a flap of the scalp; but the bone isn't fractured."



"But Andregg said . . ."

"Andregg isn't a physician at all, according to Gateway. And he was excited; rattled, I'd say. . . . Scare up some good whiskey, Tom. That'll help as much as anything."

Blount leaned closer, his nose close to Dicks' lips.

"He's got whiskey on his breath, already, sir. I'd say he's just had a drink."

Temple stared at him. Yet what Blount had said was true enough. Most certainly, and not many minutes before, liquor had passed the detective's lips.

BLOUNT caught the captain by the arm, dragging him away from the bed, whispering:

"The man we followed here . . . was it Dicks? Is he up to some game of his own? How'd he get here? And where's the man we did chase from the other house?"

"If you ask me another question, Tom Blount, there'll be another murder done, and you'll be the victim. Let's get him undressed and comfortable. As soon as he can talk, he'll talk, and don't you forget it. He's got to tell us something, one way or another."

"He won't, though," said Savoy, a hint irritably. "Simply because he doesn't know anything to tell."

Laufer-Hirth entered the room, looking vastly troubled.

"I'm having the perfect devil's own time with Little," he announced from the door. "His nerves have flown all to pieces. He's carrying on like a crazy man. I . . . I'm actually afraid for his reason. If anything else happened—even if it was only a stray black cat, or if a picture fell from the wall, he'd just go up in the air and explode."

"Better get him to promise to stick close to his own room," Savoy told him crisply. "For something else is going to happen."

He spoke with such assurance that he caught and held their questioning eyes.

"Peering into the future again, Savoy?" Never more ironical had Temple succeeded in being.

"YES!" responded Savoy, certainly never more waspish. "Something else is going to happen."

"You know what this coming event is?" From Laufer-Hirth over his shoulder.

"Look here, Amos," he said soberly, possibly not hearing Laufer-Hirth's question. "Don't you think you can prevail on Little to stick close to his own room? One of us can bear him company; does he play chess? Cards, anyhow. And . . ."

"I don't know; oh, Lord, I don't know." Laufer-Hirth mopped his troubled brow. "I'll go and sit with him."

All day someone remained with Dicks. At an early hour it had been thought best to move him to another room, since the door of Nemo's room had been ruined, and quieter quarters were obviously required. He appeared very weak, but grew visibly stronger; at Temple's orders broth was prepared for him. But he was troubled with no further questions as yet, his answers to the earlier ones satisfying all that there was little or nothing to be learned from him. He began to look as though he it was who wanted explanations.

Temple and Blount and McIntosh, having the strongest personal interest, searched and searched again for some little sign to point to the answer of the question that perplexed them: "Who was it that they had chased from one house to the other?"

"You realize, of course," Savoy queerly, "you've heard of the original owner and builder of his place? A certain Thraff Willcyzinski?"

"If you run your eyes over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading."

"MAN alive!" A soft whistle followed McIntosh's exclamation. "Why, that old coot, mad as a hatter, belongs to a past generation. He ought to have been dead twenty or thirty or forty years ago."

Savoy smiled crookedly at him.

"That's why I spoke as I did. Just whom or just what this apparition of yours is. . . ."

"Oh, I say, laughed McIntosh. "For a *deus ex machina* you are not going to give us a ghost, are you?"

"Just to think of Thraff Willcyzinski," pursued Savoy, one of his dreamy moments upon him, his eyes fixed in the way they knew so well upon the star sapphire ring, "is refreshing. Mad; a murderer long years ago; vanished. Hasn't it dawned on you that any man with so crooked a mind as to construct so vast and crooked a house, must inevitably have indulged in secret rooms?"

"Nothing new there," said Temple. "Blount and I have been looking for just that sort of thing."

"Of course. Couldn't help thinking of that. A mind like

(Continued on page 65)



Drive up to the curb in Darktown with your motoradio set to a blue program and you wont be lonesome long.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE

"Stay Home and Listen to the Radio" Has Been Changed to "Take Your Radio as You Go"

By Colonel O. N. Taylor

"How about this spelling—you make it all one word, 'Motoradio'? asked the Inquiring Reporter of Colonel Taylor.

"Quite right, suh. 'Motoradio' is what I have in my car, suh, an' I assure you it is correct."

* * *

MIGHT as well start this tour with the inevitable story about motor Radio and get it over.

Here goes!

Pat: "I see they are equipping all the new Fords with Radio sets now."

Mike: "Sure, begorra, and why?"

Pat: "So they can get out-of-town!"

* * *

And now that that is over we might say that the craze for Radio equipped automobiles hit the higher priced vehicles first, and the flivver class is apt to be the last to take up Radio on wheels on a large scale. On account of the gas tank being right behind the cowl, most of the ready built sets cannot be installed there as there is not enough room for the receiver proper and the speaker.

* * *

But flivver or not, Radio is being taken for a ride! It is going bye-bye! The day is near when the guy who goes to trade in his old bus will tell the salesman that he has new tires all around, only 20,000 miles on the speedometer, 600 hours on the Radio, and new tubes in every socket.

* * *

Of course there are a few hindrances to motor Radio. Some legislators, perhaps the grandsons of the boys who introduced the 10 mile an hour speed laws and the one about motorists being required to stop their engines and dismount upon meeting a horse-drawn vehicle, have tried to get bills through prohibiting Radio equipped autos from using the highways. They say such contraptions detract the driver's attention. The same solons should introduce similar motivated bills forbidding the use of cowl ventilators when flappers in silk dresses are riding in the front seats.

* * *

Then there is a bit of wifely objection. When I announced to the other three-quarters that our (and I don't mean an editorial "our") car was to be equipped with a Radio set, she howled.

"Can I never get away from Radio? You have five sets now and one is always going when you are at home, in your office or at the summer cottage. Now I suppose I will have to listen to squeaky sopranos between those three points."

* * *

Well, she does and likes it! After the set was installed she had but one cutting remark to make. Our car is a bit loud in appearance, I admit. A Mexican torquoise blue with orange wire wheels and pipings. Riding home through a park the first night with the Radio banging out a band playing "The Billboard," that march that reeks of the circus sawdust, she had this to say:

"I hope you are satisfied. First you get an auto that looks like a band wagon and then you have to go and install a calliope in the thing so it will sound like one."

* * *

BUT, my, how Radio adds to the pickup of a car. Just try driving up to a stop light near a telephone exchange about the time one shift of "excuse-it-please" girls have given their seats at the wrong-number-board to another shift. Tune in

your set to a lively dance tune. Boy you have to fight them off! Of course there is a drawback there, too. They usually want to follow the music through the air and streets to its source and the best music seems to come from places where the cover charge is equal to the price of a new set of B batteries. (That's also an argument for getting a powerful motoradio so you can drag in music from another state.)

* * *

A little cruising around will acquaint you with the best spots around town for good reception. Usually these places are on the outskirts of the city, down shady, unfrequented roads formerly used by horse and buggy riders and dubbed "Lover's Lanes."

Get a girl real interested in Radio and suggest a trip to one of these places in the interest of Radio science. When you arrive there tune in one of those dreamy crooners, and let little Rudy Vallee advance your cause.

Reception is usually best on clear moonlight nights.

* * *

But don't get into the jam a Chicago boy did while on one of these scientific expeditions.

He had a great big date with a little bitty girl whose motto was "home by 11 every time."

Accordingly he set his auto clock two hours slow and called for the miss. They motored to the "best reception" spot and started their "scientific studies."

Time passed.

More time passed.

Then she turned on the dash light and noted that it was only half after nine. The light went off and the boy friend turned the dial in search of the recommended crooning music.

He got it. And as he and she were about to obey the command of a soprano singing Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," the melody stopped and an announcer bent on giving public service disturbed the quietude of the sylvan parking space with:

"The correct time is now 11:30."

"You big bum," cried the little bitty girl. "You have fixed that clock again. Take me home."

"You are wrong, dearie, that announcer is in Atlantic City."

"Oh, yeah, since when was there two hours difference between Chicago and Atlantic City? WPG has been pounding in to our house too long for me to swallow that stuff. Tune that set to a station playing 'The End of a Perfect Day' and see how good your reception is at 60 miles per hour headed in the direction of home."

* * *

AND another tip!

Do not leave your Radio set running tuned in to a baseball broadcast when you draw up to a curb on a business street and get out to buy a cigar. If you do, one of two things, and maybe both, will happen to you. You either will be pinched for blocking traffic on the sidewalk or you will return to find an interested mob hanging all over your new chrome plate and ready to commit mayhem if you drive away with the score tied, the bases full and two outs in the ninth inning.

* * *

Colored districts are also good places to stay away from when parking with running Radio. Pickaninnies need only a wisp of music to start them dancing and once started a race riot is apt to start if you attempt to drive the music away.

* * *

Ralph Langley, Radio engineer, points out a curious phenomena brought about by Radio in automobiles. Through the use of such you can hear the same band concert twice.

Try this on your auto Radio.

Drive up to a position on the windward side of a band stand from whence a broadcast line is running. Tune your receiver to the station broadcasting the band. Listen! You hear the band almost the instant the music is created because the Radio wave bringing you the music travels at the rate of 180,000 miles per second. A few seconds later you hear the same music after it has traveled through the air on slow sound waves.

* * *

RECEPTION is often effected when driving between two large steel framed buildings. At one point on Washington boulevard in Chicago is a sign—"Zone of Quiet—Hospital." My Radio always obeys this sign and volume diminishes the minute the car reaches the sign and does not come up loud until the car has passed out of the zone. Although we tell the uninitiated rider that the Radio is a sign reader and believer, the real cause is the steel structure of both the hospital and the building across the narrow street.

* * *

Pat Flanagan, sports announcer for WBBM and CBS, who broadcasts all Chicago Cub games, whether at home or abroad, tells me that he is receiving more letters every day from radio-ball fans who have caught him on the fly.

Then there is one told by Bob Kaufman, former automobile and Radio editor, and now president of K-B Motoradio, one of the pioneers in this radio-as-you-go business. In fact, I think Bob deserves credit for starting the craze.

* * *

"IT WAS during the big spring blizzard that hit Chicago and a business man driving a Radio equipped auto got stalled in a snow drift on the outer-drive," tells Mr. Kaufman. "Several blocks away he could see one of the park commission snow plows slowly working its way to him through the snow. So he decided to sit and listen to a Radio program pending its arrival and his release. He tuned in a local station just in time to hear a news announcer reading the opening quotations on the New York stock exchange.

"Having many holdings he proceeded to listen to what had been a dull market up to that day. What he heard was far from dull. Unusual activity in certain stocks had placed his own holdings in jeopardy. He shut off the Radio, locked his car and hit off across the park for a drug store. Reaching there he 'phoned his broker a selling order. When he finally got back to his car and free of the snow drift, he again tuned in market reports and found that the stocks he had just sold were on the toboggan. But his selling order had been received in time and his motoradio had saved him thousands."

* * *

A travelling salesman who keeps his car in the same garage where mine is stored tells me his experience with Radio on wheels.

"You'd be surprised how it helps me in business," he said. "I am a cigar salesman and have a route of rural stores. During the summer these shops are all equipped with radio sets pulling in baseball broadcasts, and baseball is the topic of the counter crowd.

"I tune in the game when it comes on the air and keep it on as I travel. When I hit a store I can enter talking about the progress of the game. I am right up to the minute on the play and can enter right into the conversation. This pleases the proprietor and it is much easier to sell a man who is thinking along the lines you are talking than it is to come in and interrupt him with 'what's the score?'"

* * *

IN THE White House automobiles (oh, yes both Mrs. Hoover and Lawrence Richey, one of the President's secretaries, have sets installed in their cars but do not want much said about them for fear they will be drawn into the controversy between manufacturers and officious state motor officials) the speakers are located inconspicuously in one corner of the tonneau. These sets are of the earliest design. Now days most of the speakers are located up under the cowl.

Cowboy Weston, world's champion billiard player, has a convertible cabriolet with radio equipment in which he has radio-ed as he tours all over the country. He used to have his speaker attached to the top of the car. One day, it being balmy, he opened the top and folded the top back. He then turned on his radio set and the result was terrible. He had forgotten to detach his loud speaker and he smashed it beyond repair! Now his speaker is under the cowl.

* * *

Most modern types utilize an antenna concealed in the top of the car. Fine copper wire mesh is used in most cars. In mine, a sport phaeton, I find that I can fold back the kaiki top containing the aerial and not injure it or interfere with reception. Batteries, of the B and C type are concealed beneath the car, being reached for replacement through the floor boards in the rear compartment. Juice for the A battery comes from the storage battery of the car. By setting up the generator charging rate there is no danger of running down the battery. Use of a Radio set does away with the need of burning the lights on long daylight runs. Just switch on the set and turn that heretofore wasted "juice" into music.

* * *

Radio sets on cars are great temptations for the night forces in public garages. They have a way of jumping the current across the lock switch. You can prevent this by taking a tube home with you or installing a very secret switch on your B battery line.

* * *

There seems to be no directional effect on standard motoradio sets. I have failed to notice any fading or gaining in volume when tuned to a station no matter in what direction the car was headed or at what speed it was driven.

* * *

This is contrary to experiences with portable and semi-portable sets operated in automobiles. I remember in the early days of Radio, setting out in an automobile to deliver a superheterodyne loop set to station WTAS, several miles west of Chicago. Paul Neal, then a Radio engineer and now one of the guys who record squawks in Hollywood, my companions and I were not familiar with that section of the country. We got on the wrong road and could not locate the station. It grew dark and we knew we had driven far enough west to hit the station but could not tell whether we were north or south of it. Paul conceived the idea of hooking up our cargo and tracing the station with the loop. We found the signals from the station we were seeking to be coming in from either a northeasterly or southwesterly direction. We knew by the speedometer that we were far enough west so we doubled back, taking the next cross road to the north and eventually locating the station.

(Continued on page 65)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

BERNARD BURKE, the snappy-eyed youth you see here, and the twentieth century arrived on this sphere almost simultaneously. Perhaps that's why this fair-haired announcer-singer at WTMJ has managed to keep up with the ever-changing entertainment trends of the times, so remarkably.



Back in the days when one of Edison's cylinder talking machines was the marvel of the neighborhood, Bernard was imitating the rhythmic steps of the dance-loving negroes in his native town of Natchez, Mississippi, and piping, in a childish voice, the spirituals they sing.

As his limbs became longer and his voice waxed stronger, he was sought out for a place in the church choir, then the accepted place of "nice people" who were blessed with good voices.

But Bernard wasn't satisfied. He wanted to get to New Orleans, center of the southern show business. Here he won a place with the St. Charles Stock Company, which landed him definitely behind the footlights. He played in "The Gingham Girl" in New York and on the road, and with Violet Hemming in Chicago in "This Thing Called Love."

The little boy who copied the shuffle-dances of the Mississippi darkies became Roy Lane, the hoofer, in the road show of "Broadway." Next he went on a vaudeville circuit with May Irwin, comedienne. Then the lure of the microphone got him, and we certainly can't say we're sorry. How about it, little Miss M. R. A. K.?

* * *

Al Carney is heard regularly over WCFL, Mrs. Empson, and you will find a little story about him on page 60 of the May issue; also a story about Harry Snodgrass. Harry is no longer on the air. Ted Poister is still at WTAM as you will note in the story on page 61 of the June issue.

* * *

Help! Help! Where is Cecil Wright, last heard over KTHS? Help!

* * *

Brad Browne has had an eventful life and a pleasant one. He was born in North Adams, Mass. His father was the end man in a minstrel show, and most of his relatives are musically inclined.

A banjo was the inspiration that sent Brad on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world. He used to plunk away on a banjo, nearly as large as he, back on the farm in North Adams. Then from the banjo, he went to plunking on his father's piano. Here is where he first began composing original music. His musical ability made him the "life of every party" and it was not long before he was in great demand.

But his life did not move along directly into a musical career. He tried his hand at a variety of thing before eventually finding himself in Radio. A floorwalker in a department store, pin boy in a bowling alley, a law student at Georgetown University . . . these are a mere fraction of Brad's past experience. And you know the rest.

This is to introduce Phil Stewart the announcer who joined up with KYW this spring and caused *quite* a rumpus . . . Oh, but we weren't going to tell about that! Phil was born in Glasgow, Scotland, some twenty-seven years ago—all of which makes him an honest-to-goodness Scotchman. But a very attractive little lady on the staff at KYW confided in me that he has become amazingly Americanized, paying luncheon-checks for the studio fair-sex and sharing cigarettes without a wince.

We started to tell you the secret and



Phil Stewart

we can't quite resist, at least *hinting at it.* Fan letters have come pouring in asking all about the new announcer whose voice is *just like, . . .* and here again we are forced to stop out of respect to the wish of Mr. Hogan, general manager of KYW, who has asked us not to tell. However, we *can* say that his voice is very similar to that of a certain famous Scotch announcer who is heard from another Chicago station in connection with Amos 'n Andy broadcasts. But ssh . . . ssh. Even if you do guess, don't tell anyone.

When he came to this country about seven years ago Phil entered the theatrical profession and was successful on the vaudeville stage. Some time later his Radio debut was made over WJAS in Pittsburgh, Pa.

In case you haven't heard this disturbing voice, you must listen in on the Merrymakers some afternoon or on one of the various evening programs.

* * *

Donna, my dear, don't you know that WJR doesn't seem to like us (me) very well. They won't accept Marcella socially, or something, and that is why I can't oblige with the pictures you want. And to answer your other question, please don't worry about Rudy Vallee. I haven't heard any rumors that should disturb you.

You asked about Myrtle Spangenberg, Alyce. This blond, winsome WTMJ soprano soloist, my dear, helped to rock the Radio cradle in Milwaukee. Seven years ago a local department store set up the first broadcasting station in Milwaukee. It was a one-horse affair and they needed artists to help put it across with the public. At that time Myrtle, who had studied voice in Milwaukee and Chicago, was singing in theatres throughout the state.

She consented to warble over Milwaukee's first Radio broadcasting station. The venture was a success. Myrtle liked Radio. Soon after, when The Milwaukee Journal affiliated with Marquette University to operate WHAD, Myrtle joined the staff of that station. She has since followed through with Radio and is heard, as you know, on many WTMJ programs.

Myrtle is single, has blue eyes and golden hair, is five feet five in height, and is more apt to be laughing than not. She has three important hobbies—music of all kinds, fan mail and dancing. And the pet peeve of this singer—can you blame her?—is a cold in the head!

* * *

Here's a bit about Jack Shannon, hilarious Master of Ceremonies at WOR. His hobby is Boston terriers and he is the owner of ten prize winners. He is often seen taking his daily constitutional accompanied by four or five of the little animules.

* * *

Sorry, Agnes, but you will have to wait for the story about Freddy Stone. But it's coming.

* * *

Richard Pavey, announcer and singer at WLW, is popular. And, to be more specific, he is popular with two types in particular, the elder members of the Radio audience, and the very little, i. e., the very little girls. Elderly people find comfort in his voice and little girls find romance. They name their dolls for him.



Classic programs are his favorites, perhaps because he was educated to be a grand opera singer. He might well have been, too, had not his eyes failed him, necessitating the wearing of heavy glasses that he could not lay aside even for the hours he would be on the stage.

As it is, he uses his beautiful baritone voice on some WLW programs, and sings in the quartet of one of the largest Cincinnati churches.

Listeners invariably picture him as tall and blond. Sad to say, however, he has a bay window. It's not a very large one, and somehow it seems to fit well with his dignity and that meticulousness which is an intrinsic part of him. He is very satisfactory to look at. He has brown eyes, brown hair, and a mustache.

For Pavey, nothing in the world matters but his wife and his two-year-old baby, a beautiful little boy who has shown no tendencies toward becoming a Radio announcer.

Norman Nielson of KFRC is a good looking, agreeable young chap of about twenty-six years. He originally hailed from the East, and says that after high school he was slated for Pennsylvania State College, but, as Norman puts it, the slate must have gotten cracked, for he found himself in a railroad office instead. It was hardly the thing he wanted, however, so he soon traveled across the country to San Francisco, where he took up the study of voice.



His first job on the stage was in comic opera, with Hartmann and Steindorff. He was with them for three seasons then went into musical comedy and played all through the West for four years. The last two years of this period he was managing and producing for Wilbur Cushman. After that was a year's engagement on the Orpheum circuit, then KFRC.

Norman says he likes Radio work better than the stage. But there's a reason—it allows him a permanent home, and that's very important, in view of the fact that Norman has only been married a little over a year.

* * *

Help! Help! Where is Irving Bergman? Mrs. L. D. says he was at WEBR up until recently, but where is he now?

* * *

Yes, Marie, the Strolling Guitarists are none other than Jim and Bob of WENR and they are heard regularly from that station now.

* * *

Thank you, Mrs. J. A. C., for the information about John and Ned.

* * *

A tall, slender young man of some thirty odd years walks briskly into the studios of KFRC. There is an intent expression in his eyes; his hair is very blond—he is, in fact, an ideal Scandinavian type. You've guessed it, Tome Ito, it is Robert Olsen.

Bob is so idealistic and serious that he is always busily occupied with his affairs and is so busy indeed that he always walks fast to keep up. But don't think that he isn't a nice person to have around, for he is a good natured, decidedly likable fellow with a sense of humor.

His popularity is no doubt due to that sort of tender quality in his voice that people just can't resist. And he is making Victor records, you know.

Bob and his wife were married before either of them were twenty, and they must make a very nice contrast together, for she is as dark as he is fair. There are two youngsters, Bob Jr., 11, and Betty, 10. And those who are really in the know, say that their's is an ideal marriage.



In his college days at Georgetown University he was engaged in drama and glee club activities, also publicity work. These were really fore-runners of his later life for before entering the field of Radio Bill was an advertising and publicity man; and up to the present he continues his dramatic work, from time to time giving recitals in Pittsburgh.

Then there is his war record to his credit, too. During the World War Bill served his country for thirteen months in the United States Navy, receiving his training at Newport, R. I. Forgot to say that Bill was born in Albany, New York, and received his early training and high school education in Schenectady, a regular eastern lad.

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marcella is very sorry to state that it is quite impossible for her to furnish her readers with the home addresses of their favorites. She admits to being a gossip but refuses to become a telephone book.

* * *

Can't tell you, Mrs. Brinson, what has happened to the Happy Go Lucky Office Boys. Does anybody know?

* * *

How would you like to have (that is, if you happen to be a man), a dressing room with racks for 100 shirts, 100 neckties; a fancy barroom reached by an aluminum staircase; a bed to live in, equipped with book-shelves, light switches, Radio panel? If you would, just think of William S. Paley, 27-year-old president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He has 'em.

* * *

Beg Your Pardon

The Ashley Sisters have NOT gone to KMOX as stated on this page in the June issue. We had it on good authority that they were, but when all was said and done, they couldn't bear to leave Chicago, so are still at WLS.

* * *

Many thanks to all the kind people who have written in about Ed and Mom. It seems to be a firmly established fact that Ed is none other than Smilen' Ed McConnell of WTAM. And "Mom" wasn't his wife, ever. This partnership business evidently broke, some way or other, and that is what got us all worried.

* * *

For your information, F. T. C., Marcella Roth is no longer at WSMB and, as far as we know, is not on the air at present.

* * *

No, no, no, Helen, Mat Tompkins, Seth Parker and Luke Higgins are not the same person. Not any of them, or all of them—no dual personalities here.

* * *

After five years as musical director of WLS, Don Malin has left the Radio field and has become associated with the R. J. Wiese life insurance agency of Chicago.

Coming to WLS in 1925, after editorial work on farm papers, Don adapted his hobby of music to the job of designing Radio programs. In Chicago Radio circles he attained a reputation for his choral music presentations.

Steve Cisler, chief announcer, has succeeded Mr. Malin to the post of program director.

* * *

Did you know that

Anson Weeks has been in New York taking Guy Lombardo's place at the Roosevelt Hotel while Guy was in Chicago? And that Ted Fiorito has, in turn, been taking Weeks' place at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco? Weeks will return to San Francisco for the Summer and Fall season and Fiorito will be back at the Congress by Fall.



And *more* romance! This time cupid ensnared an attractive young dramatic artist and a sports announcer. The girl was Peggy Dale who conducts the Homemakers Hour over WBRC down in Birmingham, and the man, Jack Skeavington, formerly sports writer for a Louisville daily and announcer over WHAS.

Now they're married and both at WBRC, of course. It looks as if Jack was a pretty smart boy taking a real "Homemaker" for a wife, and although Peggy is now Mrs. Jack Skeavington she is still simply "Peggy Dale" to her Radio friends.

Cheerio—so many people have been writing about him that I did my best, and almost to no avail, for this immensely popular individual who broadcasts an early morning inspirational program six days a week through the NBC has been successful in throwing a complete veil of mystery about himself. He absolutely refuses to tell anyone his real name, not even the high-ups at the NBC.

He's a zealous old fellow, somewhat fanatical, who takes his mission to do good in the world quite seriously. He is "Cheerio" just for that reason (to do good in the world), receiving no personal compensation for this role. He started the Cheerio program about four years ago with the idea of reaching the bed-ridden and shut-ins with a form of mental setting-up exercises. And that his idea has been a big success is evidenced by a recent total of 52,000 letters in less than thirty days.

* * *

Jack and Jimmie, sometimes known more formally as "Corlies and Gillissie" are entertaining at the Tea Garden Cafe in Detroit, so if you want to see them and hear them in person, there they are. On the air they're heard through WGHP.

* * *

Can't you just tell that Bill Farren is a bridge shark? I couldn't figure out why he had such a preoccupied expression, then when somebody told me about bridge, I knew. This Junior member of the Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA who is professionally known as William A. Farren is interested in many, many other things besides bridge, however. Take swimming, f'r instance, or tennis, or recitation work, or announcing.



* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

Express Your Own Personality

Individuality and Simplicity Major Factors in Creation of Beautiful Home Interior

"HOME MAKING is a creative art. It turns a barren house into the family center of beauty and culture. It pervades the home with a spirit in keeping with the times and gives to it an atmosphere of beauty, peace and culture, behind which the mechanics of housekeeping are hidden." Such is the definition of home making given by Ida Bailey Allen, head of the Radio Home Makers Club of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

With this conception of home making in mind Miss Conradt-Eberlin is preparing a series of articles for Radio Digest in which she presents some of the most important factors in artistic home making. This month she interviews Miss Joan Barrett, youthful interior decorator, and brings us a fascinating story of how to create a truly artistic home interior. — B. M.



While the little sewing girl puts the finishing touches on the curtains Joan Barrett broadcasts the process.



This pleasant room is the reception hall at the Radio Home-makers Club.

By Eve Conradt-Eberlin

LET'S begin our study of the new era of inspired home-making with the interior of the house, under Joan Barrett's direction. Joan is still in her twenties, but that doesn't hinder her in her work as the interior decorating expert of the Radio Home-Makers Club. She received the basic training for her career right in her own home, a beautiful colonial mansion, mellowed with tradition and memories, and furnished with lovely early American furniture that her great-grandmother had chosen together with her husband, long before he marched away to join the Union Army.

"We were fortunate," says Miss Barrett, "because the atmosphere in our home came there naturally. But, though everyone can't have an ancestral hall, we all can give to our homes the appearance of a place that has really been *lived in.* That's the first quality to strive for when furnishing a house."

After studying the technical details of color, arrangement, period styles, and the like, Miss Barrett went to Europe to learn about the very old and the very new in furniture and decoration.

"It is too bad," this young expert said to me, "that we have acquired such a snobbish attitude toward antiques in America. Considering that the population has at least quadrupled itself since the early days of our country, there can't possibly be enough genuine old pieces to go around.

"Of course," she hastened to add, "reproductions can be exquisite—so perfect that only the connoisseur can detect them. But it is the avalanche of

cheap and unauthentic early American, Queen Anne, Georgian, and so forth, that I want to warn everyone against. They are in bad taste and are making our homes standardized and uninteresting. The clever homemaker will avoid these, selecting instead the things that suit her personality and the personality of her apartment."

THE first thing to do, according to Miss Barrett's advice, is to look about your room—or house—and study the setting carefully. Do you feel the atmosphere you have created fits your personality? Does it spell *you,* so that at the first glance one would know you live there? If not, let's change it.

You have some favorite color, for instance, that always creeps into your clothes. That color suits you, it adds to your charm. Where is it in your home? Put it there; make it the background color. Now, what about the other colors? Do they harmonize? If you are not quite sure, Miss Barrett advises you to invest a few cents in a color card, which are sold in paint shops and art departments.

Now, about the placing of the furniture. Does it make sense? Does it have meaning? The most comfortable chair, the one you burrow into when you want to read, should be placed so that the daylight pours all around it. Take it out of the dark corner at the windowless side of the room and see if it won't look just as well near one of the windows. The couch or divan, on the other hand, can go on the opposite side, where it will be out of the sun's glare when you want to rest.

Keep small tables near chairs, so that one doesn't have to jump up every time he wants a cigarette, a magazine, or some place to set a glass. Give the most conspicuous place to your most prized possession; put your desk in a quiet corner where you can work undisturbed. The chairs should be grouped in a friendly manner—not so far away from each other that guests have to lean uncomfortably forward to hear what you are saying at the other side of the room.

Now, let us take into consideration the nicknacks scattered about on tables and shelves. Clear spaces are restful; many small objects distract the attention. There are only two reasons for the inclusion of small, dust-gathering articles in the decorative scheme—sheer beauty or usefulness. "A beautiful ornament, something so exquisite that it quite takes the breath away, deserves a place all to itself, enhanced by a carefully chosen background," says Miss Barrett. If you have nothing that deserves this distinction, let there be harmony and reason in the objects you have on display. Again, *express your own personality.*

ASH TRAYS, cigarette boxes, and other useful things should be sparingly used for decorative purposes, and they must always harmonize with the general feeling and color scheme. Keep the overflow in a handy drawer. Empty vases are sad things that should be hidden away, but flowers, fresh and fragrant, are the most charming decoration for any room. Not just any old flower in any old vase, but carefully chosen blossoms, daintily arranged in the proper holder. Artificial flowers must be fresh and true to nature if they are to be used, and then just a few in an appropriate bowl, used to brighten up some dark corner, are enough for any home.

The question of lighting is, of course, of paramount importance. Ceiling fixtures, chandeliers particularly, are usually superfluous, except possibly in the diningroom and large reception rooms. In the average room, wall brackets are the only stationary fixtures necessary—and in the smartest homes today these are done away with, too, in favor of lamps, and candles for the dining table. Avoid all garish, overdecorated fixtures and lamps. "The plainer the smarter" should be the byword of every home-maker in everything she does. Attractive lamps, in every conceivable color, shape, material and style can be purchased inexpensively, everywhere, today. Both bases and shades can be made at home by the clever home-maker.

Walls come next in Miss Barrett's inventory-taking. Look about and study yours carefully. Is the color restful, bright and clean? If the walls are paneled, is the furniture placed carefully to avoid ugly lines? If they're papered, is the design a worthy background for your furnishings? If you are not entirely satisfied, visualize what the walls should be to make the picture you are trying to create harmonious and colorful. If you do not care to go to the expense of professional labor, you can remove old paint or paper and redecorate the walls quite easily, yourself.

AND NOW comes one of the things Miss Barrett feels strongest about. I wish you could have been with us to see how sincere she was when she said, "If your pictures mean nothing to you, take them off the walls at once. Better a bare wall than one hung with a heterogeneous collection of prints, lithographs and paintings that awaken no response in you. Expensive 'art' is no excuse. Throw it out, too, if you don't feel a little happier for seeing it there."

Here's the way to get your pictures. Go out into the highways and byways—study the pictures you see on display in shop windows and galleries. When at last you find one that you *want* to own, make it yours by hook or crook. You'll find an amazing collection of inexpensive French and Japanese prints, etchings, dry points and mezzotints, colorful illustrations of all sorts, among which there will be some you will want to live with. Buy them, have them correctly framed, and then hang them carefully in the places you feel they belong. Don't worry about the "rightness" of your choice. If your pictures please you, they are "right" for you.

Now, let's sit down quietly and contemplate the windows with Miss Barrett. She says: "Study the view from each room, because upon it depends the sort of draperies you want. First, the outer hangings; whether they are of silk, cretonne, glazed chintz, or any other material, do they have a direct relation to the rest of the room? Keep these rules in mind: A dark floor and rug, and then more and more light as you ascend to the ceiling; the walls lighter than the floor but the window hangings darker than the walls, without too much contract."

IF the window is short, a valance placed about a foot above it and just hiding the top will make it look larger. If it is so huge that it dwarfs the room, a deep valance from the top of the window will shorten it. If the proportions are good, the most decorative hangings are two straight pieces of material, sewed onto rings, hanging from an ornamental rod, using no valance or edging. If the draperies are arranged on a pull cord, you can do away with window shades, which are ugly and collect a great deal of dust.

"If you have a superb view from the window," Miss Barrett continued, "don't use glass curtains, but let the hangings suffice. Then, be sure to keep the panes spotless. If there is no worthwhile view, you'll need window curtains, of some soft, monotone material, many shades lighter than the hangings, though dead white is seldom attractive."

The very prettiest glass curtains I have ever seen are those Miss Barrett used in the modern livingroom at the Radio Home-Makers Club. They are made of fine celonese voile, as soft and shimmery as the finest silk. One large, straight piece, about two and a half times the length of the window, is folded over a narrow rod at the top of the window, and then shirred right below the rod. Take one side and draw it down tautly, gathering it on a rod attached to the window sill. The other side is gathered in the same fashion to the other side of the rod, giving a lovely criss-cross effect.

I recommend this treatment with all my heart, for it really adds beauty to the room.

LAST of all, I want to talk to you about something that means a great deal to both Miss Barrett and me—and you, too, I hope. Books!!! To give a room that atmosphere of lived-in-ness, which Miss Barrett is so emphatic about, nothing is so helpful as books—adding color to the room from built-in open shelves; in a trough under an end table at the side of a comfortable chair; between a pair of handsome bookends on a divan table. Don't buy your books "by the yard," according to the colors of their backs. Consider the contents only and then set them in place haphazardly, mixing up the various colors so that no one color will dominate. Books you love, books you want other people to love are the sort you want around you.

"Probably the most thumb-worn volumes in my house," Joan Barrett told me, are two copies of *When We Were Very Young,* those charming poems A. A. Milne wrote for his little son, Christopher Robin. There's a copy—where do you think?—stuck down between the cushion and arm of my favorite chair, in the livingroom, and one copy on the night table next my bed. That's 'my' book and it has crossed the ocean several times with me."

I tell you this little story just as Joan told it to me because I want to convey to you the atmosphere of a real, lived-in home she created for me by telling this story. A book down in the side of a chair—just that seems to reveal her home to me.

When you have books around, your friends will brouse among them; they reveal you like nothing else will, they help to make friends and they add a touch of reality and beauty to a room which nothing else can impart.

Next month Miss Conradt-Eberlin will tell of her chat with the beauty experts and why they believe personal beauty is as important to the home-maker as beauty in the home. In the meantime, if you have any questions to ask regarding your decorating problems, write Miss Conradt-Eberlin in care of Radio Digest, and she will pass your letters along to Miss Barrett to receive professional advice.

Who Killed Dubronsky?

Swamped with a flood of "last chapter" theories the judges were unable to give a decision as to winners of this contest this month. The prizes will be awarded and winners announced in the

AUGUST RADIO DIGEST



PARADE OF

NEWS and Other Items of Interest About Artists, Announcers and Programs in All Parts of the Country.

Six O'Clock Finds Nearly All Boston Tuned In

A FRACTION over 96 percent of the approximate 250,000 radio-owning families in Greater Boston are tuned-in to the broadcast programs of the Boston radio stations after six o'clock each evening," according to the interesting statistical information says John Shepard, 3rd, executive in charge of The Shepard Stores Stations WNAC and WEAN, following his receipt of result of the first unbiased radio survey ever completed in the United States. Mr. Shepard continues:

"In the eight years that our stations have been serving the public, there have been many radical changes in programs, music, talent and even in the equipment. All through these years we have been guided, in presenting our programs, only by the letters and requests of a minority group, as to the likes and dislikes of the radio public.

"We have long appreciated the need of some sort of a research to collect valuable facts which would greatly assist our staff in arranging programs to please all the radio audience.

"Recently the opportunity presented itself and the survey was started with a crew of trained, bonded investigators, who came to Boston from an outside city, not knowing for whom they were gathering the data. After two months of strenuous effort, during which they interviewed one out of every 20 radio-owning families in the area comprising 15 miles in and around Boston, their report is now made available.

"As far as we can learn there has never before been a survey of this type conducted anywhere in the country. We were particularly anxious to learn the approximate number of radio-owning families in this district. The hours when the radio is most popular with the average listener—the programs most enjoyed—the types of programs generally preferred, and comparative figures to determine the high and low peaks of radio reception, were among the outstanding phases of broadcasting which we have endeavored to gather through the radio analysis.

"Compiled at an enormous expense the information which has been made available through the survey throws a new light on many angles of broadcasting, in which we have been previously guided largely by good common sense and judgment.

"In carrying out their task the research staff grouped the Greater Boston audience into occupational classes—7.96 percent engaged as merchants, professionals, executives, manufacturers, etc.; 73 percent skilled workers, salesmen, city-living farmers, small business merchants and those retired; 18.90 percent the families of laborers, domestics, clerks and non-employed.

"One especially interesting fact revealed in the study is this: During the evening when there is a wide choice of stations from which to draw, the type of program apparently plays a greater part in the selection of stations than does the station itself.

"Thirty-three percent of those families interviewed expressed a first choice of stations in answer to the following question: 'What broadcasting station do you prefer—that is, if all stations were to be closed except one, which would you choose?'

"It is most gratifying to the personnel of Station WNAC to learn that more than 62 percent of the above group expressed a preference for the WNAC programs while 17 percent spoke in favor of WBZ and WBZ-A, and 16 percent were supporters of WEEI. Miscellaneous stations scored a four percent vote in the poll.

"Ninety-seven percent of the entire radio audience is tuned-in to favorite programs of the air between eight o'clock and midnight, the analysis shows. On Saturday evening the audience is found to be 81 percent, which would be about the average for any specific night.

"The early evening audience (that is, from 6 to 8 o'clock), is very nearly as large as when the radio is carrying its peak load. This percentage is 96.29.



Harold Clyde Wright, at present with Roxy's gang, is the most recent of the Radio stars to get a fat contract to make talking pictures.



A jolly group of music makers known to Radio fans as the Merry-Makers. These boys make merry over WBAL every Wednesday evening from 6 to 6:30 (EST). Left to right: Sol Sax (pianist and director); Philip Crist and Edward Jendrek, tenors; Elmer F. Bernhardt and John Hedeman, baritones and Nathan Cohen, xylophonist.

THE STATIONS



INTERESTING PLANS for Future Station Activities. What Artists are Most Popular. Other Facts and Figures

"One surprising revelation (particularly to broadcasting officials), is that the afternoon audience is larger than that of the morning. While the difference is slight, it had always been our opinion that the morning audience was the largest of the daytime hours. The analysis shows that the after-luncheon audience is 50.63 percent as compared with 45.63 in the morning.

"The research report also revealed that seven percent of the total listeners are tuned-in for the after-midnight programs once each week, and four percent follow this practice twice weekly.

"The report discloses that popular music—that is, dance and jazz selections—are exceedingly popular with one-quarter of the entire audience. However, fourteen percent of the listeners favor good music of all kinds. While thirteen percent chose variety there is a twelve percent group who express a choice for the classics.

"Stories, drama and semi-classical program follow in their order. Sketches, dialogues and monologues are popular with 2.81 percent of the fans, while vocal music and comedy sketches are also in the two percent class. Old-time music shares the one percent class with lectures and talks."

* * *

Two extremes for you. Last Winter Harry Jordan sat in his cabin in the frozen wastes of northern Quebec and wrote to WTIC requesting the dance tune, "Turn on the Heat. About the same time Julia Doyle was vainly swinging a palm leaf fan in the tropical heat of the Canal Zone, and wrote asking for Canadian Capers. Both heard one of the Mary Oliver concert broadcasts from the New England transmitter.

* * *

WHAT is said to be the largest pipe organ ever built exclusively for Radio use has been installed in the studios of WCCO, the Minneapolis station of the Columbia Broadcasting system. It is a three manual instrument which is the result of four years of experiment.

Amateurs in Demand for Radio Entertainers

By Robert Reinhart, Jr.

Master of Ceremonies for the "Checker Cabbies"

A MONTH ago a single column, one-inch ad appeared in the Radio section of one of New York City's evening newspapers. It stated, in simple language, that Radio talent was wanted, and those possessing it should apply to room so and so at a Fifth Avenue address. The following day, the little office looked like the "bread line" in San Francisco after the fire, back in 1906.

Why do we seek Radio talent when there are hundreds of artists available at any Radio station? Why do we delve into the realms of the amateur, rather than the professionals? The answer is—professionals are sometimes too professional. It is a known fact that vaudeville entertainers and the theatrical business, in general, is in a bad slump.

That the talkies have hurt vaudeville and that there are literally thousands of acts that are idle and awaiting booking is a known fact on Broadway. Wouldn't it be easy to grab one-half dozen of these acts, that have been so successful on the stage, and bring them into Radio? What is it that makes a Radio personality so different from any other type of entertainer?

To begin with, as a general rule, everybody prefers the male to the female on the Radio. This is due to the difference in their personalities. A woman's personality is sometimes in her eyes, in her smile, in the movement of her hands, in the changes of expression. A man seldom resorts to these motions or gestures. His personality is usually his voice and so when Radio came into its own, man was at home.

All the pretty smiles and the eye-pleasing ways of the woman were lost on the Radio. Actors and actresses, who have made great successes on the stage, have sometimes proved "flops" or "busts" on the air program, and until television comes in, they are absolutely "out."

Even Rudy Vallee's voice is absolutely lost on the stage. If you heard him at the Paramount, New York, and happened to be sitting further back than the tenth row, you had to strain your ears to hear him, and at that he was using his megaphone. On the Radio he can whisper and his crooning style makes many a feminine heart leap. David Ross, the small boy with the big, deep voice, sounds resonant and powerful through the receiver and his diction is perfect. Yet, in speaking to a hall full of people, his voice does not carry.

If you go to a show once or even twice a week, you hear a few songs and a few gags and the chances are most of them will be different. Sometimes you hear the same song repeated and you are somewhat annoyed.

On the Radio, you are actually going to two or three shows every night and so before the week is over you probably hear every new song and many of the old ones. But then, you are listening in on the Radio. The second or third week you are just bound to hear the same songs and perhaps some of the same wisecracks. The songs you will forgive but the wisecracks never.

That brings us back to the vaudevillians—they prepare one act, and that same twenty minutes goes on three times a day for as many years as they can get booking. All they have to do is to learn a few little gags and a few songs and they make their livelihood on it for years.

How different is Radio! If you are on a weekly program which is sponsored between 8 and 8:30 every Tuesday, that means that every single week you must prepare a complete new program. Find new gags. Learn and sing new songs. That is one of the reasons why we seek new talent from the ranks of the everyday passerby.

Certain requirements make it impractical for Johnny Doray and Mary Sola to be heard as vocalists on two or three



The breaking waves dashed high, all right, as Ray Wilkinson and his midshipmen docked their good ship WDEL, of Wilmington, Delaware. We are unable to determine just what sort of craft that is—a gondola or a Mississippi steamboat; but it makes a striking picture anyway.

different programs every week. Of course, this is the musician's harvest. Concussionists, saxophonists, cornetists, pianists are permitted to run from one program to the next, but for these it makes no particular difference. They are good musicians. As the general set-up and arrangement of one band is always a little bit different from the next one they can get away with it.

Good Radio talent is wanted. It is needed. New ideas are required but remember, it has taken many years to build the theatre, and Radio with its over-night mushroom growth has done pardonably well. Television, of course, will change the color of the entire situation but I have reason to believe that television will not be practical, for general purposes, for at least five years, which brings us to the conclusion that we have a lot to do before 1935.

Fourteen Years Old and a Seasoned Radio Broadcaster

STILL under fourteen and a seasoned Radio broadcaster. That is the record of little Evelyn Rubin, 1206 Hoe Avenue, the Bronx, New York. Recitations and dramatic readings are Evelyn's specialties; and it is said that her character studies and poems are so well told and in a voice so remarkably musical and resonant for a child of her age that she has become a favorite.

Starting as a talented child often does, by surprising and entertaining her parents and relatives by her recitations and mimicry at home, Evelyn Rubin, when barely nine years old, made herself famous in school for her dramatic ability, taking parts in plays and entertainments. However, it was not long before her talent was recognized as not being ordinary, and a relative, realizing this, brought her to the attention of the National Voice Forum.

A teacher in this school arranged for young Miss Rubin to recite before a large audience at the Labor Temple. This proved to be the first step towards the actual recognization of her talent, for as a result of this debut, Evelyn received a scholarship to study for two years at the National Voice Forum. While attending this school, Mme. Bell-Anske, one of her instructors, wrote a series of plays for children. These were performed at the Hekscher and Klaw theatres, New York, with Evelyn taking the leading roles. At the end of this two-year course, the faculty decided to allow Evelyn to remain at the school for further instruction for as long a period as she desired without cost to her.

It was while she was studying at the Forum that Evelyn became interested in Radio work, and applied for an audition at WPCH. Her audition proved satisfactory and she was given a half-hour period on the air for poetry recitals. While on WPCH, she was invited to broadcast from WABC, and her excellent programs from these two broadcasting stations led to broadcasts from WMCA, WJZ, WEAF, WGBS, WKBQ and WCDA, New York.

Just before her eleventh birthday, Evelyn was selected to play the part of "Lena" in "Playing With Love," the play by Arthur Schnitzler which was presented at the Cherry Lane Theatre by the Players' Cooperative. This was the first time she had ever appeared with a professional "grown-up" cast. She was the only child in the play, taking the part of a little Viennese girl of her own age. Her performance was reported by the newspapers to have been without the slightest appearance of nervousness, her tones well rounded with a keen feeling for the dramatic meaning of her lines.

Although her life thus far has been quite different from that of the average youngster, Evelyn's parents never allow her professional interests to interfere with the normal home and school training the average little girl of her age receives. Until she was eleven, Evelyn attended school in the Bronx. Last year her mother engaged a tutor for private instruction; but this year she is attending the Professional School for Children in New York.



Few youngsters can boast a record comparable to this little girl's. She is Evelyn Rubin and at fourteen has broadcast over eight stations — WEAF, WJZ, WGBS, WKBQ, WCDA, WPCH, WABC, WMCA. She is besides a junior member of Eva La Galliene's Civic Repertory Theatre Group.

Evelyn's chief worry now is her middle name which is "Stella" (a name not to her liking) and her red hair. When interviewed, Evelyn revealed that her ambition was to be a dramatist, and with the good start she has already made, it is most likely that her dream may some day be realized.

Evelyn Rubin is now thirteen years old. She is actively engaged in Radio work, and besides is the youngest member of Eva La Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre Apprentice Group.

Osborne Has Wide Musical Experience

WILL OSBORNE, lyric tenor, a featured guest artist on Major Edward Bowes' Capitol "Family" broadcast, is a native of Toronto where his father is a well-known organist and teacher. Mr. Osborne received his education both general and musical, in that city and is a graduate of St. Andrews College there.

He began his musical activities by directing the college band which is noted for its excellence. Mr. Osborne has had an eight-piece orchestra for several seasons and has attained considerable success throughout Texas, the Middle West, Canada and also abroad, in Germany. He has only been singing for the past four years and his work is very similar to Rudy Vallee's—in fact, eighteen months before Vallee first came to Broadway Will Osborne was touring the West and Canada with a similar organization and interpreting modern melodic themes in the Rudy Vallee manner. For the past six months he has been making an enviable name for himself on Broadway.

Mr. Osborne not only has a voice of great clearness and range but is also a professional pianist and drummer. He is an exclusive Columbia recording artist and is the composer of many successful songs of which the two most popular are perhaps "Beside an Open Fireplace" and "I Know We Two Were One." He is a great favorite over the air.

Radio On the Outposts

RESIDENTS of the Magdalens, a group of islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence more or less cut off from regular channels of communication, particularly during the winter months, are now getting a daily news service through the Radio department of the C. N. R. Each afternoon these people, who total about 8,000 and whose principal occupation is fishing, receive a summary of the Canadian press bulletins broadcast through CNRA, Moncton, N. B.

He Is Real Minute Man

GUY FRASER HARRISON, although he serves in no emergency military organization, conductor of the Rochester Civic Orchestra, has earned the title of "Minute Man." There's a reason. Not long ago he went to Buffalo on personal business and left on the return trip to Rochester several hours before he was scheduled to conduct an important commercial program in the Sagamore Hotel Studios of WHAM. A few miles out of Buffalo he noticed that his oil pump was not working properly and, being an artist rather than a mechanic, returned to the Bison City.

The difficulty was repaired, and once more the shores of Lake Erie were left in the distance. Rain fell, froze on the windshield, covered the roads with ice, and Guy Harrison, sliding from one side of the road to the other was forced to drive cautiously. The miles slid by, practically speaking, and the hours slid with them, the time for the important program drawing nearer. As the clock said seven-fifteen, William Fay signalled for silence in the studio, turned on his "mike," and launched into his opening announcement. As the closing words of his discourse reached the air, Guy Fraser Harrison slipped into the room, dropped his driving gloves, raised his baton, and with the opening chords of the overture, a sigh of relief went up from all concerned.

New Schedule of WJSV

THE broadcasting schedule of Station WJSV, Washington, D. C., these last few weeks has undergone radical changes. This station's entire broadcast now emanates from their new studio suite located in the Doniphen Building, King and Columbus streets, Alexandria, Virginia, that quaint and historical old city just a few miles out from the national capital. For lo! these many years Alexandria has been a mecca for tourists. Much of the younger life of George Washington was spent in the old city's quiet precincts. The placid Potomac in which he fished and went swimming washes the shores of Alexandria. A very short distance away is Arlington Cemetery and the historic Lee mansion. But, says J. P. McGrath, manager of Station WJSV, the bulk of the visitors these latter days seem to be coming to see the new studio quarters of his station.

"Our new schedule," says Mr. McGrath, "calls for the opening of the morning program Monday through Saturday at 9 a. m., concluding at 1 p. m. Then we resume our broadcasting at 2 p. m. and continue straight through until the sign-off at 11 E. S. T.

A Glimpse Into the Radio of Tomorrow

OBSERVERS of broadcasting say that the day is not far distant when countries will be exchanging microphone artists in much the same way that institutions of learning are opening the doors for students of other nationalities. They point out that the extended and intensive study of short waves is but an indication of the efforts of a desire to further international good will.

New Yorkers, they declare, are fortunate, because the metropolis is the mecca of every ambitious artist; that real talent always finds its way to that city, and that it never lets go of them until their usefulness is gone.

Listening to metropolitan artists adds fuel to the flames of every novice's ambition as well as that of the more mature broadcaster. Fabulous tales are being told in the hinterland of the compensation paid to Radio stars. This is partly responsible for the rush. Fame is another agent and so is the desire to study under internationally known teachers with studios in the big town.

WOR gets its share of the incursion. Among the latest arrivals is Hilda Boyd, who for three years was the staff mezzo-soprano of WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

Famous Conductor of Atwater Kent Hour

WILLEM MENGELBERG, director of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, the oldest symphony in America and one of the oldest musical organizations in the world with a continuous history, is another of the internationally famous conductors to be heard on the Atwater Kent hour.

A native of Holland, Mengelberg displayed such musical genius at the age of six that he was entered as a music student in the Cathedral school of his native city of Utrecht. He wanted to be a pianist but this ambition was submerged when he became, at the age of twenty-one, musical director of the City of Lucerne, Switzerland.

In Lucerne he conducted orchestras and choruses, taught music, composed and did all sorts of municipal musical chores. He returned to Holland to become conductor of the Amsterdam Concertgebuow orchestra which he soon developed into one of the outstanding symphonic organizations of the world.

After service in Hamburg, London, Paris and other European music centers, and as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic of New York, he came to America as director of the National Symphony orchestra. When that organization merged with the Philharmonic he became one of the conductors and later its principal director.

Visitors Entertained at N B C Studios

Special to Radio Digest

NEARLY everyone who visits the New York studios of the National Broadcasting company for the first time, is amazed at the number of people actually present within the studios to witness important broadcasts.

Those familiar with Radio at all have come to regard a studio that is "on the air" as a double-barred, sacrosanct chamber where even angels fear to tread.

"How is it then," they ask, "that witnesses are permitted inside while some of the biggest programs are being staged for networks from coast to coast?"

The answer is simple—as usual. Scientific preparation.

Individual stations, as a rule, do not permit visitors to penetrate within the actual broadcasting studio even during purely local programs. In most cases they provide comfortable reception rooms for the friends of the broadcasters, and sometimes even install soundproof windows so that visitors may look in without disturbing the artists.

But their studios do not compare either in size or equipment with the soundproof chambers in NBC's New York headquarters. Here provisions had to be made for commercial sponsors of big programs to witness the entertainment they were paying for. And with the sponsor, some of his directors and even a few friends must also be accommodated.

So there was nothing for it but to work out a method of accomplishing this without sacrifice of quality on the air.

First, a lavish reception floor was fitted out just for visitors, and double-plate windows with air space between looked down into the studio without permitting a sound to penetrate inside. But this only provided for casual visitors and friends, and did nothing to solve the more important problems of arranging for witnesses inside without danger to the program.

IN DESIGNING the studios, plenty of space had been allowed beyond actual requirements, thus making physical allowance for "supercargo." Still, the engineering problem remained.

So acoustical engineers went to work. Theirs was the task of plotting sound-characteristics of the rooms, and attempting to discover which parts of each studio might be used to seat an audience without danger of quiet rustlings or scraping of feet reaching the sensitive "ears" of the microphone.

The sound experts succeeded. They felt the acoustic "pulse" of every inch of floorspace inside the studios, and marked those portions which had best be reserved for performers and orchestra, and chose parts of the room which were relatively "dead" to seat an audience, if audience there must be.

Then special drapes were hung around the audience space to make these sections still more sound-absorbent, and the experiment was made. A party of sponsors was admitted, and by the exercise of ordinary care, did not cause an extraneous sound to reach the microphone.

Gradually the practice was extended, to admit the chosen few who had access to those who could secure them the prized cards of admission. Now an audience is present at nearly every big broadcast, and special steps have been taken to regulate the impossible number of weekly applications for room inside.

It is not uncommon to seat as many as 400 people in the studio during the broadcast of the Palm Olive Hour and programs of that nature.

But all temporal dimensions of space have their physical limits, and the size of the studios after all automatically regulates the number of those to be admitted.

Comes to WTAM Direct from University

WHEN it comes to playing music for Radio broadcasting, Emerson Gill, who is now heard regularly on the air from the Hotel Hollenden Show Boat through WTAM, should be in a position to speak with authority. For there are few dance bands which have put in more hours in front of a microphone, or have been heard by more Radio listeners than Gill's.

Beginning way back in 1924 when Radio was looked upon by most people as the mystery of mysteries, and when chain broadcasting was yet unheard of, Gill has been playing regularly, season after season through Cleveland stations.

He came to Cleveland direct from Ohio State university with one of those collegiate bands. Gill is an outstanding example of the modern successful dance band leader. A few years ago it wasn't necessary for dance musicians to know much about music. Jazz was a sort of haphazard affair that depended largely on its novelty to go over.

Gill himself when seventeen was a member of the Toledo Symphony orchestra. Virtually all of his men could today step into symphony organizations without any difficulty.

He does all of this in first rate fashion.

The backbone of the Show Boat orchestra has been together for nearly five years. One man, Pinkie Hunter, baritone and guitar player, and Gill recently celebrated their fifth anniversary together. Five other members of the orchestra have been with Gill more than three years, and the rest of them for two years.

The winners of the Amos and Andy Radio Digest Contest which has attracted much attention these last two or three months, will be announced in the August issue. Be sure to get your copy and read the results of this most interesting matching of ideas on what the two colored buddies would say to another under various circumstances. Amos and Andy—read about 'em in the August Radio Digest.



Youngsters of station WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla., enjoy a real sho' 'nough circus. Here are the elephants, the camel, the big tents and the animal keepers, and we have no doubt there are plenty of peanuts and red lemonade in the offing.

In Behalf of Butter

***By* C. B. Kingston**

EVERY day from 12:45 to 1:00 o'clock the listeners to station WNAX, Yankton, South Dakota, hear the voice of D. B. Gurney, familiarly known as "D. B." in the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and parts of Wyoming and Montana.

Says John de Pagler of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Co., Yankton, South Dakota: "The territory covered by WNAX is largely dependent upon the dairy industry. In our efforts to increase the sale and consumption of butter we are broadcasting unique programs over WNAX.

"About seven weeks ago D. B. viewed with some alarm the decrease in the price of butter-fat and butter. Realizing that if this decrease continued, it would hit the prosperity of the Middle West quite severely, he started a series of talks, choosing as his topic, 'Butter Is Better.'

"This series of talks was an experiment, but D. B. hit the nail on the head and the dairy industry, represented by the farmers and creameries of the Middle West, urged him to continue his talks along the same line. Nothing loth, D. B. hammered away, urging people to use more butter, urging the farmers to deliver cream in better condition to the creamery, urging the creameries to make better grades of butter.

"The results of this campaign were quickly felt. In a short time no less than five hundred towns reported that butter sales had soared.

"WNAX organized the 'Butter Is Better' club and are urging listeners to become members and pledge themselves to banish butter substitutes from their tables and their stores. Dairymen pledged themselves to improve conditions on their farms; to improve sanitary conditions around their dairy cows and separators, and in delivering cream to the creameries, and are undertaking to deliver cream of low acidity and high quality. The creameries are competing with each other to manufacture butter with a score of ninety-two or better, and with all, the effect of this campaign has been most valuable.

"We are putting on two fifteen-minute programs from WNAX between 1:00 and 1:30 every day except Sundays, featuring two of the progressive creameries who are helping WNAX to fight for better butter and less butter substitute. These programs consist of old time music, put on by an organization which we know as 'The Hired Hands.' It consists of Happy Jack O'Malley, old time fiddler; Hazel Olson, at the Baldwin piano; Oscar Kosta, of the Rosebud Kids, on the banjo; Harry Brown, with a mandolin or guitar; and, quite frequently, John Jensen comes in with the fiddle.

"Harold Clark, manager of the WNAX hatchery, sings specially written songs and usually your correspondent joins in with him and everybody has a good time. On one occasion, we had the Gurney quartet. It consisted of D. B. Gurney, president of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Company; Chandler Gurney, secretary and treasurer; Charles Gurney, advertising manager and purchasing agent, and E. R. Gurney, the WNAX Philosopher—with 'yours truly' leading the quartet."

Goldsmith Has Prepared for a Radio Career

A SON of the Middle West, Lee Goldsmith, General Manager of Station WCKY, Covington, Ky., bids fair some day to win a coveted honor, the medal awarded yearly by the American Academy of Arts and Letters to the best Radio announcer. Goldsmith already has been nominated for the competition won last year by Milton J. Cross, and Goldsmith's friends believe that another year or two will see him at the top of the ladder to his chosen profession—Radio executive work.

Unlike the majority of Radio executives, Goldsmith prepared carefully for his career before he entered the field. He received his A. B. degree at the college of Emporia, Kansas, and took a special course in public speaking at the University of Cincinnati.

Then located in a small town in Kansas, he listened to virtually every station in the country over a period of several years, before going to Denver, where he walked into KFXF, hung up his coat and told the proprietor he was going to work there.

Denver listeners liked Goldsmith, but Goldsmith preferred Cincinnati, where he had passed many enjoyable months as a student, and one day he received an offer from station WSAI. He came on, and was employed; but the station was sold a few days later, and Goldsmith lost the opportunity to settle there.

A year later a new broadcasting station was constructed in Covington, Ky., and opening night, last September, found Goldsmith in charge, although identified on the air only as the "Kentucky Colonel."



Charles Onan, Station WDAY, Fargo, past master on the guitar.



Here we have Miss Estelle Ruth, organist at Loew's Theatre who broadcasts a daily organ recital over WFJC between 12:30 and 1:00 p. m.

Skillful Organist at WFJC

WE ARE indebted to the Kentucky Blue Grass Region for many things —the fine horses, the good liquor and the charmnig and accomplished women. Among the last named include Miss Estelle Ruth, organ soloist and accompanist, who broadcasts daily over WFJC, Akron, Ohio.

True to her Kentucky birth and rearing, she loves her husband, home and children first. But to these she adds her professional love of music and is enthusiastic in her broadcasting of church, theatre and Radio music.

Withal, Miss Ruth finds time between her two jobs of homemaking and broadcasting to play around with her youngsters, of whom she is justly proud.

College Boys Run KOB

***By* Louise Rutz**

THE most powerful college or university broadcasting station in America is operated and announced entirely by college students. Under the guidance of a faculty director, Prof. Evan Carroon, who is also head of the department of electrical engineering in the college, students of State college, New Mexico, compose the entire broadcasting staff of KOB.

The station has four licensed operators on the student staff, one first commercial, one second commercial and two broadcast limited license holders, with an operator and assistant operator on duty whenever the station is on the air. The chief announcer, as well as the four operators, is a student in the electrical engineering department. Of the five additional announcers, two are women who put on special features of interest to women. One of these young ladies is a senior in the college home economics department. Announcers are selected by competitive trial in which a board, composed of members of the faculty, act as judge.

Students are, of course, paid for their services and thus enabled to earn a portion of their expenses or to add to their spending money while in school, as well as to their knowledge and experience. Marshall Beck, chief announcer, and Harry D. Pickett, chief operator, both seniors in the school of engineering of the college, have paid expenses through school by their service with KOB.

The Radio staff members are also active in student affairs. Marshall Beck has been for two years business manager of the student newspaper and student leader in the band; Harry Pickett is a football letter man; Albert E. Coldwell, another operator, is president of the honorary engineering fraternity of the institution; Hart Tolbert, assistant announcer, is student athletic manager; and other operators and announcers hold other student positions.

Diamond Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

in our May issue together with an elaborate write-up. But we'll probably have something else to say about them later.

Selecting another letter from down in the pile, we find that Miss Mildred Drabek, 204 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill., heartily approves of the cheerful and merry manner in which Everett Mitchell of Station WEWR does his announcing.

From out at Kenosha, Wis., comes a letter from Christine Hvass, giving her highest approval to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, which she considers superior to any artists on the Radio.

And so on, *ad infinitum*. The pile of ballots increases daily, and with it increases the pile of letters accompanying them. Picking a favorite from the hundreds of Radio artists is not always an easy matter. There are so many artists at each station, and so many stations. One must exercise a considerable amount of judgment and selection to decide upon a favorite artist or program. But the Radio public is willing to take the time to do it, apparently; to decide upon its favorites and send it its votes that those favorites may win the Meritum Diamond Contest Award. Let the nominations and the votes come right along!

Miss Usselman a Favorite Over WDAY

TALKING pictures disclosed new fields of activity and endeavor for thousands of players. For thousands of attaches of many picture houses it meant the losing of one's job. Particularly was this true as regards the pianists and organists in the movie houses. Pictures—the silent ones, that is—had depended so much on the skill and talent of the organist! But in one fell sweep, with the coming of talking pictures, even the most skillful lost their positions in most cases.

There was one young organist, however, out in the Northwest who did not lose her place at the Public Theatres at Moorhead and Fargo, North Dakota. And that was Miss Eildegarde Usselman. She is one of the few who were retained. It is said that the reason for her remaining at Publiv was simply that her audience, who had come to look for her excellent thrice-weekly broadcast over WDAY, would not hear of her leaving. Formerly Miss Usselman was a pupil of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.

Ever since the inception of WDAY, however, she has been broadcasting. That was eight years ago, and her "public," which is invisible but none the less real and discriminating, enjoy her more every day. Too bad they cannot see her! We think you will agree that it would add to the pleasure of listening to her.

Of course, one can't judge absolutely from a photograph, but we'd say offhand Miss Usselman is a symphony in blue and gold!



You are now looking at an accomplished little performer on the organ over Station WDAY, Fargo, North Dakota. She has won an enthusiastic audience by her noonday and Sunday night concerts. Part of Miss Usselman's training was received at the hands of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.

Ralph Elvin Disclaims All Special Talent

IT IS too bad Diogenes is dead. That wise old Greek philosopher, who used to travel up and down waving his red lantern and broadcasting his quest for an honest man, should be alive today. Because if "old Diog" were among those present, he could end his search. He would need only to knock on the door of Radio station WKBF, in Indianapolis, and ask for Ralph Elvin.

Radio announcers are supposed to be a temperamental lot, especially those who are addicted to sport broadcasting. 'Tis said they love to tell, in interviews, about how hard they worked to develop their "technique," of the fierce struggles they endured while climbing to recognition, and how they "love their art." But when the interviewer leaves an opening of that kind for Ralph Elvin, of WKBF, all the reporter hears is a jolly "horse-laugh."

"O, ye-e-ah," says Elvin. "Well, as for me, that stuff is the bunk. I got into Radio announcing by accident. I haven't any special 'technique'—wouldn't even recognize a good one if I met it on the street. And while I 'love my art,' it is the nice fat little checks that keep the love-fires burning.

"Luck, that's all. My first appearance was by accident. It took place about three years ago when a banker friend met me on the street and asked me if I would go to a fight that night and read an announcement for him over the Radio concerning the R. O. T. C. I said I would. The sport announcer for the station broadcasting the fights let me do it, then remarked that I had a good Radio voice, one of those harsh ones, I guess, that the microphone picks up easily. He asked if I knew anything about boxing. I confessed that I did, and enjoyed fights. He said he hated them, and would I like to come down the next week and assist him. I 'lowed' I would. During a preliminary scrap, as I was sitting there listening to him, he got called away suddenly from the ring. He said: 'Here, take this and go on.' Just like that, with no warning. There was nothing for me to do but start talking. Fortunately, I didn't get scared until later, when it was over. But some people listening, liked my line and wrote to that effect. Since that night I have sat at a ringside, somewhere, at least once a week.



He claims he got his Radio start by accident, does Ralph Elvin, expert sports announcer for WKBF, pictured above.

"So it was all luck, as you see. First, reading that announcement; next, having a voice that carried, and third, being lucky enough to have people like my stuff. The last part still is the big mystery to me.

"My football announcing started the same way.

"So there you are. Luck, first, last and all the time."

* * *

Mart Hays of Portage, Wisconsin is a proud man—proud because one of the country's greatest men has recognized his, Mart's, pride and joy and the means of his livelihood, his fiddling. You see, Mart and his wife are a famous fiddling team, known in those parts as Si and Mirandy. Mart has played in 44 fiddlers contests and has defeated over 600 artists with the bow and resin.



"Now doan' you spill dat gingah ale!" admonishes J. G. Patterson to Billy Banks in their weekly skit over WHK, Cleveland. To the Radio audiences these two blackface performers are Pop and Fizz.

WTMJ's Shopping Guide Aid to Purchasers

WHEN Miss Milwaukee and her mother plan a shopping tour they tune in first on the WTMJ Radio shopper, on the air from 9 to 9:30 each morning, for advance tips on where to go. Busy housewives and frivolous daughters cannot be expected to spend an entire day hunting the marts of trade for bargains. Instead the wise ones tune in on the Radio Shopper and learn just where things may be obtained at moderate prices.

With pencil and pad the fair sex hugs the Radio, prepared to jot down the desirable bargains and places where they are to be had. Perhaps daughter needs a new permanent. The Radio Shopper mentions several shops where she is sure the work is excellent and the rates reasonable. Maybe mother is in search of a new frock or a winter coat for which she has just a certain amount to pay. After listening to the WTMJ Radio Shopper she sallies forth to get what she wants.

The Radio Shopper even offers invaluable aid in meal planning. Mother tunes in on the bargains in fresh vegetables, fruits and rare fowls. She steps to the telephone, takes the Shopper's suggestions and the articles are delivered.

Hundreds of letters are received by WTMJ's Radio Shopper each week from women who tell her how much she has helped them with their shopping problems. Listeners over The Milwaukee Journal station who do not live in Milwaukee are privileged to call or write the Shopper and she will do all their purchasing for them.

In her daily rounds of Milwaukee's smartest shops, the shopping reporter has an opportunity to observe and forecast newest fashions. She predicts that with the new feminine styles and sweeping skirts, short hair is really doomed. A few smart young things may cling to their shorn locks but they will soon be won over to lengthy tresses, she says for the bobbed head is slightly incongruous with the fitted, formal frocks which spell 1930 chic.

The keynote of all her findings is that it's smart to be feminine. Women are once more reverting to laces and lingerie touches, ruffles, flares and flounces. The styles have more individuality today than ever before, for each woman expresses her own personality in her apparel.

For evening WTMJ's Radio Shopper predicts a gorgeous formal winter of rich, costly apparel and stunning jewels. Evening gowns will be decidedly decolette and hems will sweep the floor all around. Gloves, an indispensable accessory of the new mode, are smartest when they match the evening gown. Richly trimmed wraps, or wraps of costly fur will be seen at all smart gatherings.

"Be ornate, be feminine, be individual and you will be chic and charming in 1930" is the advice of the Radio Shopper.

* * *

The Radio Joy Boy who announced for WIL some time ago is again scheduled on programs at that station. Billy Lang is well known in theatrical and vaudeville circles and worked for several years in the team of Lang and Ray.

* * *

Episodes of Winnie and Bert, heard from WHK Saturday evenings, tell a story of two young people which measures up admirably to the drama of everyday life. These numbers are written and directed by Gordon Higham.



The Versatile Roy Cowan has many things to occupy his time. By profession he is an advertising man.

WFAA, Dallas, Has Staff of Accomplished Artists

SOME men are camera shy who have no cause to be. Others are all too anxious to have their faces shown when there is really no particular reason for it. Adams Colhoun, popular announcer at WFAA, belongs to the former class. He has had only two photographs taken in the last eight years. One is reproduced herewith. The other one was taken in 1922 on the occasion of the birth of WFAA at Dallas. He may be camera shy, but the mike does not seem to worry him, does it?

Composing the Bel Canto Quartet, masters of harmony, at WFAA, are an undertaker, a surgical instrument worker, an optometrist and a full-time musician. In the order named they are Fred Shelton, first tenor; T. K. Johnson, second tenor; Marcel Jones, baritone; Martin Thomas, basso. Their diversity of activities does not prevent their being in perfect harmony when it comes to broadcasting. Ask anyone who listens to the programs over WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

With WFAA also is Roy Cowan, who is said to have one of the most pleasing Radio voices in the Southwest and to have a recognized dramatic ability. Mr. Cowan, special announcer over WFAA, has charge of the commercial programs. By "trade" he is an advertising man. His decided leaning towards dramatics has been shown in the performances of the Dallas Little Theatre for several seasons. Between times he finds opportunities to direct WFAA's Southwestern historical dramas every Tuesday night. Then, of course, there is some routine announcing thrown in for good measure.

* * *

A philosopher said,

The discontented man can find no easy chair.

Be seated, won't you?

R. W. Emerson Plays

Hugest Pipe Organ

WLS Instrument, Larger Even Than Mormons' Mighty Organ, a Fearfully and Wonderfully Made Instrument

THE world's largest pipe organ, played by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is being heard in daily programs over WLS each afternoon, except Sunday, at 2:30 o'clock. On Sundays the organ is heard in a classical concert at 3 p. m.

Located in the Chicago stadium, the mammoth organ, exceeding in size even the noted instrument of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, possesses several striking characteristics. Its six manuals and 864 stops are built into a console weighing ten tons. Five separate organs with a central mixing room are suspended among the steel beams of the Stadium's roof, 91 feet above the floor. Between the organ lofts and the console a distance of nearly half a city block intervenes.

A volume equivalent to twenty-five brass bands of 100 pieces each is the possible output of the Stadium organ. Every known musical instrument, from an ancient Egyptian oboe down to the modern saxophone, has its tone represented on the keyboard combinations. A unique system of communication, perfected by T. L. Rowe, WLS engineer, enables Emerson to hear the microphone's output of music and to talk with the monitor operator at the same time.

If you can imagine a score or more of brass bands crashing out the same tune at the same time, blended into a perfect harmony so that you think it is the music of one band only, then you can grasp somewhat the terrific volume of melody that pours from this gigantic instrument at WLS, Chicago, with R. W. Emerson at the keys.

Among the features Emerson introduces into his programs is a trip through "Pipeville" in which novelty effects of the organ's combinations are used.



The Fine Quarters of WOAI, San Antonio, Tex.

New Program Over WJDX, Jackson, Miss.

MUCH local talent has been developed in the Radio world since WJDX, at Jackson, Miss., went on the air December 9th. Two new local programs of interest were recently added, the newscasting twice daily of the Jackson Daily News, and the weekly health talk on Saturdays by Dr. Felix Underwood, director of the state board of health. Local music and dramatic organizations are given every opportunity to appear before the microphone, developing many embryo artists. One night a week is devoted to talent from the four colleges within an eight-mile radius.

* * *

Ray Martinez, diminutive director of KFWB's concert orchestra and a master of the strings, has had Cecil Crandall, his first violinist, with him during the past twelve years. When the two team up in a violin duet there's a harmony that echoes more than a decade of unbroken comradeship.



Adams Colhoun, sometimes known as the Voice of WFAA, was not aware that this picture was "being took." It is just as well for Adams is notoriously camera shy.



A featured item on WSM'S Golden Art Hour at Nashville, Tenn., is this fifteen-piece orchestra known as the Golden Artists who, every Wednesday evening at nine present a series of the latest dance numbers. It is said that this orchestra is so up-to-date that the dance pieces heard over it frequently are heard for the first time by the listening world.

Didn't Know He Could Sing

***By* Marigold Cassin**

ONCE again the old story about "hiding your light under a bushel" has been revived. Radio is a great little field for that sort of thing, you know. Consider the things checked against us in the way of saxophone players, mouth-harp blowers, and sopranos; not to mention the spinsters who are telling mothers everywhere how to raise their children. All of which has nothing to do with Paul Feddersen.

WOC found him in Belle Plaine, Iowa. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feddersen of that city, and probably did the usual things when he was a youngster. He went to Iowa University and to Northwestern, and all that sort of thing, and had the idea that he was going to be a jeweler, once upon a time. But all of that is changed now.

When the Central Broadcasting Company assumed the ownership and operation of WHO at Des Moines, and our own WOC here in Davenport, it became necessary to add various members to our staff. That's where this chap Feddersen came into the picture. And the best part is that he was really hired to announce, and nobody knew he could do anything else. We realized that he had a most pleasing baritone speaking voice, and promptly let it go at that.

He'd been with us for about three weeks, perhaps, when a letter commenting on some program or other, found its way to the head office, by virtue of a paragraph which read, "If that is the Paul Feddersen from Belle Plaine, why doesn't he SING?"

That seemed worth investigating, and what a lot that investigation disclosed! Here, in our midst we were harboring a future celebrity, if we were to judge from things he had already done. For that baritone voice not only speaks, but it sings! The interview brought to light the fact that this most modest young man had been seriously studying voice for about eight years, first with one of Iowa's veteran teachers, Ernest A. Leo, and now with one of the most sought after instructors at the American Conservatory in Chicago, Elaine DeSellem. In the National Federation of Music Clubs Sesqui-Centennial National Contest in Philadelphia, in 1926, he walked off with third place in the baritone class . . . quite a victory for a youngster only twenty years old, competing with singers from all over the country. In 1927 and '28 he won first place in the Iowa State Atwater Kent Audition. In 1929 he sailed out and came back with first place for Iowa in the National Federation of Music Clubs "Young Artists Contest." Land knows what he'll do in 1930!



Paul Feddersen, who sings as well as announces.

Be that as it may, that's probably enough about what he's done. It's what he is DOING that probably concerns him more, right now. That sympathetic quality he has in his voice has made him popular with our elderly fans, who dote on having a boy whom they can "adopt" into their homes. And, as you can guess from the photo, there are reasons why he should be equally popular with the younger set!

"The Memory Book," broadcast at 3:45 CST on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, features Mr. Feddersen's pleasing baritone, and you are most cordially invited to tune in, and meet him!

Instructs Announcers

VOICE quality may prove the key to success, in the opinion of Virginia Sanderson, head of the speech arts department of the California state teachers college in San Jose and part-time instructor in speech at NBC, San Francisco.



"We all know that personality plays a large part in the winning of success," Miss Sanderson points out. "After all, voice is no mean part of personality and to it we can lay many failures as well as successes."

Virginia Sanderson has undertaken the instruction of Radio announcers of the National Broadcasting company staff in San Francisco. Each week Miss Sanderson devotes 45 minutes to the NBC announcers, giving them instruction in speech with stress laid especially upon diction, pronunciation and tone.

"Radio is shaping the speech of America," Miss Sanderson insists. "It is the medium which will give us a universal American tongue replacing colloquial English. That is my chief reason for becoming interested in Radio."

* * *

One of the most popular year 'round featured programs from KNX is the Sunday afternoon concert sponsored by the Los Angeles Park board.

Radio Takes a Ride

(Continued from page 51)

Oh, yes, I mentioned up above that Mrs. Taylor is now sold on the idea of Radio ala motor. Here is how that happened!

The other morning while trying to drive from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to Chicago within the two-hour space occupied on KYW by Hallowe'en Martin and her musical clock (7 to 9 CSDT) the old buggy blew a condenser in the distributor two miles north of McHenry, Illinois.

I left the car standing and the Radio going and Mrs. Taylor listening, while I hiked into town to wake up an ignition man. When I finally returned and told the lady that we would have the car towed into town and take the train to the city, she smiled.

"Don't miss the train," she said. "I must get into Field's today to get one of those beautiful cross-fox scarfs, Hallowe'en Martin just told about over the Radio. They are on sale today only, she said."

And thus Radio going bye-bye took my pocket book for a ride because it told the missus how to go "buy-buy."

It's all very well to have the loud speaker concealed beneath the cowl, but the time is coming when we will have to build in the television screen. Where, oh, where shall we put it? There must be room for at least one more opening on the dash. It should be convenient for the driver so that he can keep one eye on the road while he views the scene with the other. Will someone page that great specialist of the age, Chic Sale?

Floyd Gibbons

(Continued from page 18)

to sea or something. Monday morning a terrible thing happened. I picked up a page of Literary Digest figures and tried to them them aloud. I couldn't pronounce thirty-four thousand. . . . It came firty-thour houand, or hirty-four thousand. I developed a pronounced stammer. I got panicky and called up army recruiting headquarters. I thought I would enlist for service in China or some place. The army didn't answer.

* * *

Well, at 5:30 Monday afternoon I started for the broadcasting building. I developed a hard cough. Just outside the building an old nasal trouble came back. I went into a drug store and asked for the best cough drops. The clerk kept saying, "What, sir?" I said: "I want some cough drops." He said: "What, sir?" I said: "Cough drops." He said: "I can't understand what you say." . . .

* * *

I SAID to myself, as I reeled into the street, "Here, I can't say cough drops so a clerk can understand me AND I AM GOING INTO THE TOUGHEST SPOT ON THE AIR AND TRY TO TALK TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE." But I went into another drug store. This time I had no trouble. I just pointed. I got six boxes of cough drops. All colors. I ate them all on the elevator going to the broadcasting room. I was introduced to a lot of Radio attendants. They all spoke in very deep voices. It was very annoying. Messrs. Rainey and McGregor asked me who I was. I told them I was the Palmolive hour. Maybe I was. My mind is not very clear.

* * *

The Court: "What happened next, Mr. Philbons . . . Mr. Gibbips . . . Mr. Phillips?"

Mr. Phillips: "A man said 'he can't be the Palmolive hour. The Palmolive hour is in Room 786 playing poker.' Then it all flashed over me. I said I made a mistake. I am not the Palmolive hour. I am the Volstead Amendment. I have been hired to give the returns in the billion mallet—million ballot, I mean, vote on whether the Literary Digest should be modified, enforced or merged with Bishop Cannon. They said: "Why didn't you say so in the first place." I said this is the first I knew of it.

The Court: "Go on in your own way, Mr. Gillips."

Mr. Phillips: "Well, four men came for me and led me down a narrow corridor to a dark chamber. One of them said: 'This is the room.' They gave me a lot of instructions and signals. A fellow named Torgerson threw a switch. He talked like a man at the bottom of a well. He said: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear from one of America's great department stores . . . Mr. Hi Giblips.'"

The Court: "And then what?"

Mr. Phillips: "That's all I remember."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 49)

Thraff Willcyzinski's would be all pitted and pocketed with hidden cubbyholes; he'd create himself a dwelling like an old cheese. That's just what he's done here. *If,* of course, *if* the 'dangerous man who would balk at nothin' is Thraff Willcyzinski . . . or even his ghost."

Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway, waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.

"A COUPLE of you come along with me and witness a signature," he invited them. "I've got Andregg's full and detailed confession."

Paul Savoy tossed up his hands hopelessly. Blount and Temple were speedily following Gateway to the other bedroom.

The two looked wonderingly, in silence and not without a twinge of pity, at the wreck lying in Andregg's bed. Gateway had put him through hell seven ways. Andregg was in truth broken; an abject, quivering, whimpering thing, not a man, for the very essence of manhood was gone from him.

"One little stroke of the pen now, my gallows-bird," said Gateway, flamboyant again on the scene of his dominance, "and you're back in heaven. Sign; these men will sign, and you'll be floating on nice white clouds again with all the little birds singing."

Through Andregg's eyes they could see his spirit grovelling. "Just a scratch of the pen, and you get what you want," laughed Gateway, whose bright, hard eyes, wide awake to so much, were stone blind to anything piteous and pitiable here.

Andregg could not sign swiftly enough. Gateway unpocketed and tossed to the bed a small packet . . . the needle shot home. Andregg sank back with a long, quivering "Ah!" What though he had signed his life away? He had his drug.

"HE'S happy now," said Gateway and took up his precious sheet of paper. "I don't mind," he added to Temple, "if you run an eye over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading. I've got a little job to do meantime. I'm off for a look at my pal Dicks."

He took the paper, folded it nicely and put it into his pocketbook, lighted a cigarette and was off to look in on Dicks. The others glanced at Andregg with mingled feelings. He lay back on his pillows, his eyes closed quiet now and composed. They left the room in silence.

"Gateway is pretty much the brute," observed Temple, "but he knows his business."

Paul Savoy looked up with eyes full of disgust as they returned.

"Well?" he demanded of them. "I suppose he had his way and forced the poor devil to sign a page of lies!"

"Yes, he put it across. Andregg admits everything."

"Naturally! Lock a drug addict up, shut him away from his drug, reduce him through hours of torture to a state bordering on insanity. Dictate anything you like, then ask such a man to sign it and of course he'd sign."

"You're inclined to be rough on Gateway, Savoy. Oh, he's a roughneck and a tough specimen, I admit; I guess further a man has to be who's in Gateway's trade. But the confession is genuine enough; the definite detail of it proves that. Gateway's got the right man."

"FINE!" cried Savoy, astonishing them, and sprang to his feet! "Fine! And of course Gateway has the million dollars now?"

"He has not, but will," snapped Temple. "Andregg explains that, as he explains everything else. He got the money, but he was foxy and tied it up with a handkerchief, and threw it as far as he could from his window, out into the snow. It would be simple enough to get it later, when the trouble blew over; if even he waited to spring and a thaw, or to full summer, he'd get it all right."

"I like the idea of tying a handkerchief about it," smiled Savoy. "Did he say if he chose one with his initial, or at least a laundry mark in the corner?"

"Don't be . . ."

"Oh, I'll try not. But let's go on. It'd be interesting to know just how Gateway and Andregg worked out the disposing of the two bodies!"

"His confession leaves no loophole of doubt," said the captain stiffly.

"Oh, certainly not! . . . Well, well. And, of course, Gateway the thorough didn't forget, did he, that article which Andregg was seen to snatch up from the floor besides Parks' body?"

"It was something which Andregg himself had dropped in his attack on Parks and . . ."

"Not a cuff-link, by any chance?" asked Savoy innocently. "Not a link of watch chain or . . ."

"IT WAS a fountain pen," snapped the captain. "A rather peculiar affair which would easily be identified . . ."

Savoy jumped up, laughing. "I've got a hunch now; a wild, wild hunch. But I'm a fond lover of the long shots of life. Come along with me; let's see if by any weird chance there's anything in it. I don't promise, this time, mind you."

Captain Temple, always interested in Savoy's odd moments, went with him with never a word, the sergeant bringing up the rear. The way led straight to Mr. Nemo's room from which Dicks had been removed to more satisfactory quarters. Savoy was almost running by the time they got there. They were stopped abruptly by Mohun standing guard at the broken door.

"The master is returned," he said curiously, seeming in some strange awe. "In his bed. He sleeps. I cannot wake him."

"Drunk?" was Temple's harsh expression as he looked upon the sleeping Mr. Nemo.

"Looks like it. Dead drunk!"

Savoy came close and for a moment looked down on the white face intently. Mr. Nemo seemed scarcely to breathe. Savoy bent closer; he even caught up one of the lax hands, seeking the pulse. There was but a faint flutter.

"DRUGGED! Get him out of bed; jerk him out! To his feet, man; walk him up and down. It's poison, all right; an overdose of opium or something of the kind. Mohun, get some strong black coffee, quickly. Of course he'd be drugged; like Mohun was when we had such trouble waking him, only Nemo's had a bigger, more dangerous dose. On his feet with him; keep him moving. Work his legs; his arms, too. Try to encourage respiration," Savoy instructed them. "The danger, the only danger there is, is that his coma will deepen steadily, merging slowly into the deepest of all comas."

Mr. Nemo's secretary returned with a cup of steaming liquid.

"Here, help me get a bit of coffee down him; then we'll walk him again. He's pretty far gone, but we can pull him through yet."

"I'd like to know how you know it's opium or morphine or that sort of thing?" said Temple between whiles.

"What else should it be?" queried Savoy. "What with Andregg's drug on hand, what also with Nemo's own stuff . . ."

"You mean he's a hop-head, too?"

"The use of the drug is common in the East as you, a great traveller, know better than I. You know also that there they remain masters, not slaves, of the dream-stuff. No, I don't say that this man is a hop-head; that would be to put him in the same category as poor Andregg. But he uses it, of course. . . . How else was he so quick to guess Andregg's secret!"

"You mean . . . you don't mean . . ."

"WHEN you hectored Andregg at the table, demanding to know his secret, asking what it was that he had picked up by Parks' body, you will remember that Mr. Nemo invited and secured a private explanation? Easy enough, since already he knew! He had but to whisper in Andregg's ear, 'Opium,' and Andregg was ready to tell him. That made them akin . . ."

"But it was a fountain pen!"

"Cuff-links and watch-chains!" snorted Savoy contemptuously. "Not to say ships and shoes and sealing wax!—Here, let's take shifts at this business; we're likely to be a long while."

They kept no track of the time but knew that it was a long, long while before consciousness returned to their patient. Still they walked him up and down; they had the windows wide open by now and the wind blew freely across them, stinging them with cold yet filling the room with tinglingly fresh and vigor-inspiring air. They heaped overcoats upon Mr. Nemo's wiry form; they enwrapped him on top of all that in blankets; they marched him on and on and still on.

When at last, certain that victory had been won, they allowed him a brief rest, letting him sit on the edge of the bed from which they meant to snatch him into action again at the first sign of any relapse, all eyes focused on him full of question. And they were met by a look in his eyes which was like a mirrored reflection of their own: Question.

HE BEGAN speaking sharply, addressing Mohun in a tongue unfamiliar to all save these two. With a first sudden evidence of muscular strength Mr. Nemo whipped up his two hands and began tearing away the wrappings in which he had been swathed. Swiftly he bared his chest; his hands slipped down, inside his shirt, to his waist. A look of fearful rage distorted his features.

"It is gone!" he cried wildly. "The flower of Heaven is gone!"

They sought to remind him that he had told them that he had not brought the Flower of Heaven with him; he swept their words aside, he sprang to his feet; tossed out his arms; sent a shrilling voice to ring throughout the old house. Then all of a sudden he collapsed, dropping back to the bed, his face hidden in his shaking hands.

"It is as the master says," said Mohun. "The Flower of Heaven is gone. The master wore it about his body. Desecration has happened. He has called out the Curse of Curses. The man who has dared shall die!"

"What I want to know," announced Temple impatiently, "is how Nemo was spirited away, or if he went of his own volition. And how he got back, evidently without having anything to say in the matter himself."

"EXACTLY," said Savoy with his queer smile. "He was drugged, of course. How? In the wine he had at his bedside; just as Mohun was, only more thoroughly. He was then picked up and carried hence, my dear captain. Also, he was gathered up into a pair of good strong arms and brought back. Really, it's quite simple, you know."

True Adventure

AN AMERICAN orchestra leader of national fame was picked for a victim by a murderous gang of racketeers. He was to be held prisoner with the suggestion that the Radio listeners should ransom his life for $20,000. The plot failed. The name of the leader and complete story will appear in the

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RADIO DIGEST

"There are times, Savoy, when I could strangle you with all the joy in life," said Temple. "Simple? Hmf! Who in the world . . ."

"You'll remember, my dear sir, that I've warned you once or twice already that this is the house of a mad man. Despite your searching, there remains somewhere the hidden room, and does not Mr. Nemo's room suggest itself by this time as being connected with the concealed chamber? Dicks and Mr. Nemo were so simply removed and so simply returned to this bed."

Mr. Nemo lifted his ashen face from his trembling hands and listened avidly. Weak as he was, he began asking questions. He drank copiously of the hot black coffee which Chee-foo himself brought fresh from the kitchen; a flicker of light came back into his eyes.

"In my own country," he said coolly, "I have had some experience with cunningly contrived hiding places. Mohun will look as I direct him. If there is anything, we shall find it quickly."

"There's a door of some sort," said Savoy confidently. "That you will find it so readily, I doubt. Why, man, it would take a full convention of architects to gauge the possibilities in that direction of this crazy old building! You'd want a week to measure, to gauge thicknesses of walls and widths of halls and rooms."

"PATIENCE, if needed, shall not be lacking," Nemo promised.

"An insane man," resumed Savoy, meditatively, "with the cunning to construct such a mechanism, would want something complicated. No, I doubt if you'll come at his secret at all . . . unless you use an ax on walls, floor and ceiling, as we've used it on a door or two. And, with a little patience all this havoc becomes unnecessary. We're not far from the answer to all our questions; why not sit down and wait?"

"And let things go on happening?" challenged Temple. "With, as you more than hint at, a murderous mad man running wild? How do we know what will happen next?"

"We cannot even guess . . . unless, of course, we use our wits."

"Do you mind telling us what that means?"

"Of course," Savoy laughed at him. "Captain Temple's treasure, the Seal of Napoleon!"

Temple ripped out a thoroughly hearty oath.

Stephen Glask

(Continued from page 17)

onds with uplifted eyebrows, she failed. He returned her gaze with bland and pleasant interest. She turned away, biting her lips.

"I want some kitchen lamps," she said; "a saucepan, if you have the sort we use; and a few other oddments. I should like, too, to compare your prices for oil."

For a quarter of an hour Eve was overwhelmed with a sheer flood of eloquence. At last the young man paused for lack of breath. His assistant, a son of his predecessor, was listening, rapt in admiration.

"I seem to have bought a lot of things," Eve remarked.

"YOU have bought just what you wanted, and you have given no more for anything than you would have done at the Stores," the young man replied, with conviction. "Don't you bother any further. I'll see that you get the things all right. And you shall have the full cash discount if I get the money within a month."

"I pay all the household bills on Monday mornings," Eve explained.

"Quite satisfactory," Stephen Glask declared. "Going to the golf tournament to-morrow, Miss Malcolm?"

She looked at him in precisely the manner in which she was accustomed to look at Simpkins the grocer — only it didn't seem to produce in the least the same effect.

"I always go to the golf tournaments," she answered coldly.

The young man nodded.

"They've asked me to play," he remarked.

"Are you any good?" she inquired a little eagerly.

He smiled at her confidently.

"Fairly so," he replied. "I very nearly went in for being a pro."

She abandoned for a moment the attitude which she had thought well to assume.

"Then do play!" she begged. "We want to beat Fairford. They are horribly stuck-up about their golf, and the two Sinclairs always play for them."

"What, Charlie Sinclair?"

Eve stiffened again.

"It is Lord Riverstone's second son," she answered, "who is the title holder."

"We'll see about that," Stephen Glask declared.

"Well?"

He looked steadily into her eyes. Eve felt her cheeks burn, and snatched up her gloves from the counter. "Good morning, Mr. Glask," she said. "Please see that the things are delivered today."

"And thanks ever so much for the order, Miss Malcolm," the young man replied, briskly. "Hope to see you again soon. If I play in the golf tournament I promise you I'll do my best."

EVE and her brother exchanged stealthy glances—then they laughed. Sir Austen seldom laughed. Just now he was laughing long and heartily. The young ironmonger had beaten Sinclair with great ease. He was now walking round the ground with Evelyn Randale, the vicar's daughter, and it was evidently no fault of hers that they were on their way towards the pavilion.

"I don't know what we shall do with your young ironmonger," Sir Austen declared. "I expect we shall end by asking him to dinner."

"My young ironmonger, indeed?" Eve returned, indignantly. "I like that! Who found him first, I wonder, and sent him to the house?"

"I never told him to give you golf lessons," Sir Austen protested. "I simply sent him to acquaint you with the price of oil."

"He's sold me more than we can use for three months," Eve murmured, weakly; "told me the price was certain to go up."

Once more their eyes met, and once more they laughed. Then Stephen Glask strolled up to them.

"I kept my word, you see, Miss Malcolm," he remarked.

"I noticed it," she admitted.

"Thank you so much. You see, as I told you, I nearly became a golf pro instead of an ironmonger. By the way, there's a matter about one of those safety lamps, Miss Malcolm, I should like to explain to you. It's a question of wick."

Sir Austen turned away. His sister hesitated for a moment, but finally remained.

"A question of wick?" she repeated, demurely.

He looked at her with a smile which she was beginning to find delightful.

"After all, need we bother about that?" he begged. "I am a privileged person for this one afternoon. Even Mrs. Randale has shaken hands with me! Couldn't we sit down for a little time over there?"

She glanced toward the seat. It was in a shady spot and had an air of seclusion about it. Really, the whole thing was too absurd! Lady Riverstone was watching, and Austen, and—

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered, "if you want to. I don't know that anything much matters."

AUSTEN MALCOLM and his sister dined tête-à-tête that night. Dinner was a meal served at Faringdon House with some formality. The round table, small though it was, glittered with fruit and flowers and glass. Eve wore always a low necked dress, and her brother seldom descended to the informality of a dinner jacket. The butler was assisted by a footman and the trimmest of parlor maids. Nothing was scamped or done hurriedly. The Malcolms, a county family of real antiquity, believed in themselves and in the things which they represented. Even Austen, with his Fellowship at Oxford, his long and leisurely travels across the world, believed in Faringdon House and the things which it represented. No Malcolm had ever committed a real indiscretion.

Dinner was concluded with the service of coffee. The servants left the room. Through the open windows brother and sister looked out over a grey terraced front, across flower bordered lawns, to a lake and wood beyond. The night was warm, and the moon was shining from behind the trees. Austen lit a cigarette and broke the silence, which had been a little unduly prolonged.

"With reference, my dear Eve," he began, looking fixedly at the end of his cigarette, "to this young ironmonger. You will not mind discussing him with me for a moment or two?"

Sir Austen carefully avoided looking at his sister, but for all that he was somehow conscious of the deep flush which had stolen into her cheeks. She bent over her finger bowl. Her eyes were very bright. She was perhaps angry.

"THE fault, of course," he continued, "was entirely mine. I have been sometimes accused by my critics of being deficient in a sense of humor. The coming of this young man has justified me to myself. He really was irresistible. He criticised the volume of poems which I was reading, and tried to secure my custom for gasoline in the same breath. He put me in such a position that I was compelled to offer him hospitality here, and a few moments later he was trying to sell crockery to Mrs. Randale—Mrs. Randale, of all persons! In all my life, Eve, I have never known anything so completely and absolutely humorous."

She suddenly looked up at him.

"But is it funny, after all?" she demanded. "Why is it funny? Why should we conclude, because he is a tradesman, that—that there is humor in being forced into recognizing him—for a time—as an equal? He talks as though his education were equal to ours—"

"And he has a price list of saucepans in his pocket," Sir Austen interrupted, "which he is perfectly willing to discuss with anyone likely to become a customer, at any moment."

Eve sighed. Her own lips were beginning to quiver.

"He certainly does seem interested in his business," she admitted.

"He is one of the over-developed products of our modern system of education," Sir Austen remarked, didactically. "He represents just a foretaste of the difficulties with which the next generation will have to grapple. I really think, for his own sake, it would be kinder—you understand me, I am sure, Eve—if we were to abandon, both of us, that—shall I say?—spirit of latitudinarianism with which we have regarded this young man. To put the matter plainly, I think it would be better if he were kept in his place."

Eve was looking out of the window. Her face was expressionless.

"I have no doubt that you are right," she said, calmly.

"By the way," Sir Austen continued, "Hensham is coming down tomorrow for the week end. You will be glad to see him?"

"Of course," she answered.

She flitted away into the gardens, a few minutes later, and Sir Austen went to his study. She passed through the rose gardens to the laureled walk bordering the path which led to the hill, and at the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting.

She hesitated when she saw him and glanced half fearfully towards the house. He vaulted lightly over the iron railing, however, and she had no time to retreat. She looked at him for a moment. She was half fluttered, half frightened. She was frightened because she had come, frightened because she had wanted so much to come.

"Mr. Glask," she protested, "you mustn't come in here—you mustn't, really. If my brother were to see you he would be terribly angry."

STEPHEN GLASK looked puzzled. "But why?" he asked. "I have been to your house before as a guest. Why should I not be here now? I want to talk to you. I have something to say—indeed, I have something to say."

Once more she looked nervously behind. The figure of the young man stood out so boldly in the soft, clear twilight. He seemed to have no idea of concealment—he did not even lower his voice. There were two alternatives before her. One was to pick up her skirts, turn towards the house and run; the other to take that little turning to the left and walk with this rash intruder along the laurel bordered path. She hesitated; so once did her great namesake.

"Please come!" he begged, suddenly lowering his voice. "Won't you?"

She forgot altogether that she was a Malcolm. She felt curiously weak—and she went. They pased down the sheltered walk, between the rose bushes and the drooping lilac blossom. She was ashamed and frightened and happy. His attitude was not in the least correct. He was leaning over so that his lips almost touched her hair.

"I think," he said softly, "that you are the sweetest thing that ever breathed."

His fingers clasped hers.

"You mustn't!" she murmured. "Oh, please don't! I—I trusted you."

He released her at once.

"But I love you," he whispered. "Don't you know that?"

For a moment she was angry—angry with Fate, herself and him.

"You must not talk like that," she declared. "You ought to know that you must not. It is wrong of you."

"Because I am an ironmonger?" he asked, with a slight twitching at the corner of his lips.

"Yes!" she answered, fiercely. "Because—oh! how dare you be an ironmonger!"

He laughed outright. This time she was really angry. She slipped along a dark path, and before he could pursue her she was on the lawn, the center of a little halo of light streaming out from the house. For more than an hour Stephen Glask remained lingering in the shadows.

But Eve did not return.

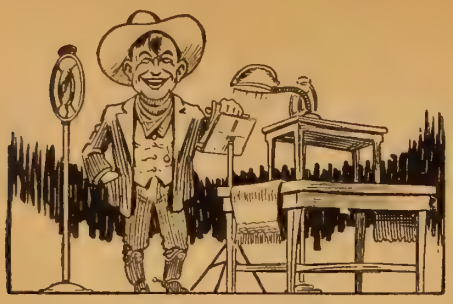
Hensham arrived on the following evening, and at dinner time they talked about books. In his way he was a very important person—editor of a well known review and reader to a great firm of publishers.

"Enderby's the man my people are going for just now," he remarked, as the little party of three lingered over their fruit and wine. "Of course, theirs is the commercial point of view, but I must say that for once I am with them. I find his novels the most interesting fiction of the day."

Sir Austen nodded approvingly.

"Enderby writes excellent English," he pronounced. "His stories, too, are wonderfully lifelike."

"THAT'S because he's so thorough," Hensham continued, cracking a walnut. "A month or so ago we had a tremendous discussion on the effect of a sense of humor upon instinctive and hereditary snobbery. Enderby had a theory of his own, and he was so keen upon it that he has buried himself somewhere in a small country town, turned himself into a tradesman—an ironmonger, I believe—to make experiments. That's going into the thing thoroughly,



isn't it?"

There was a brief but very intense silence. The brother and sister sat looking at one another.

"Does Mr. Enderby—play golf?" Eve asked, calmly.

"Rather!" Hensham replied. "He was champion of Middlesex. I really wonder in what part of the world he's hidden himself. We shan't hear a line from him till he turns up with his new novel."

Eve rose slowly from the table and made her way through the French windows and across the shadowed lawn to the laurel walk. At the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting. He stepped forward to meet her eagerly.

"So you've come after all!" he exclaimed. "I am to be forgiven, then?"

She gave him her fingers and smiled sweetly into his face.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that it is snobbish to keep you out of sight because you are an ironmonger. You can come and sit down with my brother and his guest and drink port with them. Then if you have anything to say, later on—well, he can listen."

Stephen Glask moved forward readily enough, but he was puzzled.

"I hope Sir Austen won't be rude to me," he ventured, with obviously affected uneasiness.

Eve drew a little closer to him.

"It depends," she said, demurely, "upon the effect which his sense of humor may have upon his inherited and instinctive snobbery."

Will Rogers and Mike

(Continued from page 9)

"You know, this Radio is a mighty fine thing, I guess. But it isn't 'xactly like the show. At the show the folks pay to get in and they want to be entertained. But on the Radio, besides them as really wants to hear you, there are some that just about dare me to entertain 'em. So you get all sorts of people on this microphone idee."

SEVERAL months ago Rogers said that there wasn't enough money to make him give a series on the air, although, of course, he had made a good many single broadcasts . . . one of which a remote line was even strung to his former home and a mike placed in the library.

So I thought we ought to find out why he suddenly changed his mind. "I'll tell you," he readily said. "You know those isolated talks of mine were all right, but not for a regular diet. You know, if I talked about subjects of the day, same as I do in my little newspaper pieces, I'd have to talk about prohibition, the senate, disarmament conference and tariff every week. People would soon get tired of that.

"That's why I never wanted to give a long series. But one day I got the idea of giving a series on personalities. You know some folks would like all of the talks and others would like some of 'em. I liked the idea and sold the scheme to a sponsor for the series. That's all there is to it."

But we left him rehearsing his act . . . a trifle nervous and fidgety. Six-twelve, Pacific standard time, New York signs over, the loud speaker in the studio over which he has been hearing the initial part of broadcast is silenced, the red light flashes . . . instantly Will is all attention.

He keeps the lid on all the time during the talk. At the very beginning it is pulled down to the eyeglasses. Gradually, as enthusiasm increases, the brim gets pulled up in front . . . in back, too . . . finally it assumes a rakish angle and totters on one side. Some day I'm afraid he will toss it up into the air when he gets excited.

On goes the talk . . . he looks at the clock . . . he glances at his watch . . . head nods or shakes as he wants to give especial emphasis to some point . . . gives a couple of schoolboy gestures by way of variety. Pretty soon the talking is over and he calls it a day . . . rushes down to the car and back



home to take his shoes off and lounge around the parlor until bedtime.

I think Rogers' Radio technique is a little different from most others. He only makes his notes and talks from those. A carefully prepared message would be stilted and would sound unnatural. His first instinctive thoughts are the best. If you hear him pause, and say "er-er" a couple of times it isn't because he is trying to make you think it is ad lib stuff; it really is.

WILL apologetically explains why he does this radio stuff for a living. "Just a racket, young man," he says, "a nice, genteel racket. You know I'm just trying to get along"—whereupon he goes home, clips a few more coupons, and chews more gum.

While he still persists in saying he is never nervous on the air, the plain truth of the matter is that he is. We may as well forgive him his microphonitis—even the mightiest suffer from it. I think if the truth were told neither does he like the people to peek in through the window. "Makes you feel like some sorta wild animal on exhibition," mutters Will.

What does he look like? Well, it wouldn't be Will Rogers without a bow tie. Then there is the soft felt hat. Old, I'd call it, but I suppose he has another at home . . . dark grey suit . . . clean shirt with attached collar . . . no vest . . . swallows hard and tries to look dignified as a plush horse, but totally without success . . tugs at hat brim to pull it down over eyeglasses.

Is Will Rogers a bit temperamental? Yes and no. What happened to his efforts at phonograph recordings or electrical transcriptions when he walked out of the recorders, well, that's just another story, and it doesn't have anything to do with this brief narrative. There must be two sides to the situation. Perhaps he was justified and was not temperamental, as some believe.

But I think what some people believe is his temperamentalism is merely a certain nervousness which is inherent in his makeup. What makes him continuously chew gum? He doesn't get any more for it. The gum people have already paid him for the testimonials. He doesn't have to endorse the gum and then chew it all up to earn the cash. I think it is because it relieves a certain amount of tension, occupies his time and acts as a sort of sedative, just as stale tobacco smoke soothes the nerves of some others.

This bit of nervousness, to my mind, is an integral part of his makeup. Without it, perhaps, he wouldn't be Will Rogers. So it doesn't seem to me to be temperamentalism, but just plain, ordinary nervousness. Will wants people to like him, and the fear that they may not keeps him on edge at times.

I don't think, either, that he is at all antagonistic toward Radio as having been largely responsible for the lessening of the power of the legitimate stage. He is somewhat past middle age and has tolerance.

OF COURSE, his stage days go back to his first vaudeville engagement on the old Hammerstein Roof garden in '05, and his many years with Ziegfeld's Follies, as well as writing, lecture and picture work.

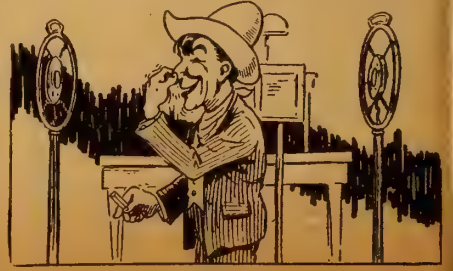
Many of the old-timers of stageland never quite get over the feeling that Radio is a young upstart. Although the Rogers family doesn't do so very much listening to broadcast programs, still I don't think the head of the clan is antagonistic towards it.

As a matter of act, now that he has a receiving set both at the rancho and in the bungalow at the hotel, Will is getting to be something of a fan. He didn't listen in often until he "discovered" Amos 'n' Andy a few weeks back.

"Do you know," he says, "I listen to those two boys 'most every time they are on the air now. They have a human touch and the gags they tell are not forced ones . . . just a couple of ordinary individuals."

How much does he get for these weekly broadcasts? Well, I didn't have the nerve to ask him. My guess would be about $5,000 for each 15-minute talk, and how it must hurt him to make out the income tax.

He tells me the brief notes he makes on Saturday nights are the only thing he uses for a memo and these are not written out at length. This apparently means that when the sponsors announce that they will have the entire series available in booklet form that stenographers have been taking down his remarks at the other end of the line and the publishing will be done in the east.



"This here six o'clock isn't so good on the Pacific coast," vouchsafes Rogers. "Of course, it's ten o'clock on the Atlantic coast, and maybe that's a bit late, just as six is early here. The Midwest, where it is eight and nine o'clock, gets the best break."

This plain-spoken philosopher upsets KHJ'S administration whenever he is on the program. Scores flock to the building, but seldom get a glance at the famous personage, for he gets there early and stays a few minutes late. Only a handful can glimpse into the studio via the medium of the curtained glass panel in the portal.

THAT his audience in and around the Southwest wants to see him at the microphone, and that the switchboard of KHJ is swamped with calls when he is on the air is pretty sure proof of his continued popularity. His fan mail is prodigious. It comes from all sections.

I venture to assume the role of prophet just long enough to foresee that Rogers' present series, which will just be coming to an end as this gets off the press, will be a revelation to the sponsors, to the chain network and even to Will himself.

His Radio talks seem to have struck a popular fancy, even more than his daily writings in the newsprint. I don't mean by this that anybody could take his newspaper pieces and speak them over the Radio and get away with it. Not a bit of it.

The thing that gets Will Rogers over on the broadcast racket is not entirely what he says. It is just as much how he says it . . . the very evident sincerity, the spontaneous way he has through it all . . . the instinctive mannerisms that all geniuses are supposed to, and do have . . . and the fact that, no matter how wordy he may get, there is always a messags of genuine sympathy and human understanding.

It's all right with us, Will. Lock 'em out of the studio, jot down notes on the cuff of your best shirt, chew up all the gum on the market, get temperamental or not, as you wish . . . and scratch the ear all you want to.

There will only be one Will Rogers . . . just as history will record only one Al Jolson, one Lydia Pinkham and two Smith Brothers.

Music Appreciation

(Continued from page 7)

directions, too. And that same year he assumed the conductorship of the New York Symphony Society—a post he held with unique success for forty years.

The rest, of course, is history. The leadership of Wagner's operas was relinquished a few years afterward and from that time on, until 1926, he devoted all his efforts and zeal to the New York Symphony Society. His achievements as conductor of this orchestra were many.

He gave the first American performances of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, of Tschaikovsky's Pathetique Symphony, of Wagner's "Parsifal," in concert-form (the last act of which was sent to him in manuscript as a gift from Wagner), Mahler and Bruckner, symphonies of Vaugham Williams and most of the "moderns."

He was the first American conductor to receive an invitation from a foreign country to bring his orchestra abroad—and his overwhelming success in Paris and London in 1919 clearly showed that he was now a world-figure in music.

He was the first composer to create an intrinsically American opera, The Scarlet Letter, based upon Hawthorne's celebrated novel. He was the first conductor to penetrate into the West with his symphony orchestra, in an attempt to spread good music among those aborigines—and although he often encountered disagreeable incidents such as the one in Nebraska, where an interested music-lover in the balcony insisted upon spitting upon the bald heads of the bass players, his trips were successful and it was nothing unusual for a clumsy farmer to accost him at the end of the program, as one did in Fargo, North Dakota, and express his enthusiasm in these robust terms: "God dammit! I don't know why I like this music—but I do!"

But whenever Damrosch is asked what his greatest distinction is, he will smile sweetly and simply answer: "My wife, Margaret, of course—the daughter of James G. Blaine, the great American statesman — my friend and advisor for more than thirty-five years!"

DESPITE the fact that Damrosch treasures leisure above everything else in the world, he is really a thoroughly busy individual. He arises at 7 o'clock each morning (it is a lifelong habit with him), takes a brisk walk from his home at East 61st Street, New York, to and through Central Park for a full hour, indulges afterwards in a hearty breakfast and a thorough perusal of the "New York World," and then, at nine o'clock precisely each morning, he is ready for the day's work.

First of all there is the mail to attend to and despite the fact that he receives something like 10,000 letters each week he reads them all assiduously and personally answers those that require reply.

Then there are the musical manuscripts to look through; hundreds of them come to his desk each week from aspiring young composers who seek criticism, advice—and recognition. At 11 o'clock each morning Damrosch receives his morning callers.

Sometimes they are interviewers, journalists, newspaper reporters who question him on every existing human problem; sometimes it is a representative from the Society for the Promotion of Peace, seeking his co-operation; sometimes young composers come to him personally with their many problems; sometimes publishers, magazine editors, solicitors, authors seek endorsements or other favors. The most frequent visitors, however, are young musicians who want to know just how they can become orchestral conductors.

Once there came to Damrosch a very young man who was eager to learn the secret of great conducting. Damrosch took his baton from out the bottom drawer of his desk and handed it to the young man. "Beat ¾ fast time," Damrosch told him. The young man waved the baton in mid-air to imaginary strains of a waltz. "Now beat 4/4 slow time." Once again instructions were followed. "That," announced Damrosch, "is all there is to it. Only," a mischievous light glowed in his eye, "don't give away the secret to anyone!"

At another time, a potential Stokowski confided to Damrosch that he sincerely felt that he had all the qualities that go to make up the great conductor.

"Have you ever conducted, my young man?" Damrosch asked.

The young man shook his head mournfully.

"Then how do you know that you possess those enviable qualities?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders lightly. He had seen—and heard—Stokowski, Toscanini, Koussevitsky, Damrosch, Mengelberg time and time again and he felt, after watching them, that he too was blessed with some of their talent.

Damrosch looked at the young man for a few silent moments. At last he spoke:

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen orchestral instruments?"

"No," answered the young man promptly.

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen with thorough mastery?"

The answer was just as prompt: "No."

"Have you mastered harmony, counterpoint, theory, orchestration?"

"Not yet."

"Do you know the classics so well that you can almost reproduce them note for note upon paper from memory?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then," Damrosch announced, looking for all the world as though he were about to make a most momentous announcement, "I guess you *have* all the requirements necessary for a great conductor!"

MORE often, however, Damrosch answers these young men soberly. "Study your music thoroughly with a view towards becoming a composer rather than a virtuosi. When you have mastered every phase of your technique then go to Europe and try to get a post on a small orchestra—it doesn't matter how small or insignificant the orchestra is. If you have a spark of greatness in you, leave the rest to time. A man of talent cannot possibly remain obscure for a long time in this glorious age of ours!"

Afternoons are spent in quiet study, in reading prolifically and, a few days a week, in rehearsing the orchestra of the National Broadcasting Company for the coming Saturday night program. Evenings are invariably devoted to the theatre, to concerts, or at home with agreeable friends.

But all work and no play certainly does not constitute Damrosch's daily program. During the winter, Damrosch's favorite hobby is to build elaborate pasteboard houses, designed, decorated and executed by himself. When he was a lad of eight he built a miniature Wagnerian theatre upon which puppets enacted the entire "Rheingold" while he, hidden, played the piano part. His cunning with, and his enthusiasm for, the pasteboards has not disappeared with the years. Just last winter Damrosch spent six full months in constructing an elaborate pasteboard home, a miniature of the home that he is having built for his family on Long Island this spring. During the summer his play brings him out-of-doors — and his hobby, then, is gardening. Although his mansion at Bar Harbor, Maine, is fully equipped with servants and help, he himself attends to all the gardening—of which he is as proud, if not prouder, than the sum total of his musical accomplishments.

BUT, of course, his great passion remains music. His tastes are very catholic. He confesses that very little music beyond Wagner and Richard Strauss gives him any happiness — although he was the first to introduce most of our "modern" works to American audiences. However, he does believe implicitly in the talents of such younger men as George Gershwin and Deems Taylor. His greatest admiration among virtuosi is Arturo Toscanini—and he is purposely making a trip to Bayreuth this summer to hear Toscanini conduct "Tristan."

Oh, yes!—he has one other profound admiration: the former President Theodore Roosevelt, who was his best friend for twenty years. And he will often say that if Beethoven had lived in our time and had dedicated his "Eroica" Symphony to Roosevelt instead of to Napoleon, he would never have had to tear that dedicatory page.

Voice of the Listener

Listen to What the Public Wants

It is an undeniable Fact—which must be acknowledged by the Radio broadcasting interests—that many sponsors of commercial programs are deserting Radio as an advertising medium or publicity stunt, because they do not receive adequate returns from such a campaign to justify the heavy expenses.

The solution to this problem is not hard to find, providing one is analyzing the proposition. No doubt everyone knows that a business man or enterprise advertises to create first of all Good Will. That this is not accomplished by many of the Radio features must be realized, and is realized, if not by the advertiser and Radio company, surely by the Radio audience which constitutes the potential consumers of the advertised product. The Radio powers that be seem to think that the public will accept anything and be thankful for it. The truth is, however, that the public is getting tired of certain aspects now dominating sponsored programs. . . .

Let us look the situation over. For instance, take the average sponsored program. Is it fair to the advertiser and sponsor to use up the valuable time by ballyhoing a theme song of some talkie, in which perhaps the Radio financiers are interested? Do the Radio people think the people are so dumb that they can not see what is going on, and that the Radio company is playing the sponsor for a sucker?

A certain Hour is even going one better. The orchestra leader, who is a favorite with the public, is not content to boost his orchestra, but he has to advertise the songs he wrote and claims to have written, he has to advertise the phonograph records he made, and he has to put in a good word for the talkie he participated in, etc. Now the public is getting tired of hearing that stuff week after week, and at the program sponsor's expense. That is one of the reasons why the sponsor does not get the expected results. It is bad enough to have advertising talk of the sponsors, although a reasonable amount will be accepted, but it surely is bad policy to fill up those announcements which do not refer to the sponsors with sub-rosa advertisements in discrimination to the sponsors.

That the wishes of the public are considered of no importance is fully proved by the fact that no attention is paid to certain requests. . . .

Certain Radio officials say that the selection of program material is under the jurisdiction of the directors, leaders and artists. This makes us believe that selection of their business policies must be under the jurisdiction of their stenographers, clerks and office boys.

Mr. Radio Program Sponsor, you pay good cold cash for your programs and have the absolute right to demand what you want, and Mr. Radio Station Operator, you pay good hard cash to your artists and orchestras and therefore have the positive right to demand what you want; and when you boys awaken to these facts then you will be in a position to give to the public what "it" wants, and thus make a genuine success of your programs by securing national good will.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, N. M.

* * *

Too Much of Amos 'n' Andy

I am a reader of the Digest and it is my favorite Radio book. So wish you would please give us more reading and photos of Gene and Gren, Jake and Lena of WTAM. They are real artists. We are having too much of Amos 'n' Andy. I have met many people that have said this. Therefore this request.—Margaret Runylow, Hazel Park, Mich.

* * *

Boys Are Poor Showmen

Why is there so much of Amos 'n' Andy—Amos 'n' Andy? If they are good, I don't know good from bad. Such poor showmen. The only people I ever see listening to them are some poor farmers that do not know what humor is or some foreigner just arrived in this country.

We have wonderful artists on the air. Why not give them some publicity. Gene and Glenn, WTAM, Cleveland; Bundy and Tanner, WGHP, Detroit, or Dr. Baker (Norman Baker), KJNT, Muscatine, Iowa. If they go in pictures (Amos 'n' Andy) it should be silent ones.—Mrs. T. C. Bragg, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Service to Mankind

I consider KFKB worthy of much commendation for the wonderful service it is giving the people of the Middle West through the generosity and big heartedness of Dr. J. R. Brinkley, who is the owner of Radio station KFKB. Through his Medical Question Box over the Radio Dr. Brinkley is giving the greatest possible service to mankind—that which relieves pain and suffering, oftentimes both physical and mental, for this splendid doctor not only ministers to the ailments of the body, but to those of the mind as well when troubled with doubts and questions that worry. —Mrs. Louise Wiechelman, Hastings, Neb.

* * *

Rates First Three Stations

Received the March number of Radio Digest. So many interesting pieces in it, lots of spice, too. I think Station WLW of Cincinnati, Ohio, gives the best programs from the first to the last number, or at least I find them so and have heard others say the same. WENR comes in next and next WGN.—Mrs Ada M. Hunter, Moline, Ill.

* * *

Votes for Pictures, Not Fiction

I enjoy your magazine very much. I hope you will have pictures and writeups of the entire studio staff of WENR. I am certainly going to try not to miss a copy of Radio Digest, and please have plenty of pictures as we can get plenty of fiction from any magazine.—Mrs. L. L. Stoneking, Hannibal, Mo.



Have you ever wondered who the artist is that does the cartooning and caricaturing for Radio Digest? You see him here—Xavier Cugat. The lady is Mrs. Cugat.

WENR Broadcasts Personality

When one listens to music or entertainment of any kind and can't see the actors one at least likes to visualize them as real honest-to-goodness people—not mere automatons.

While other stations have good programs you have to hand it to WENR for being ahead of any of the rest when it comes to putting real personality on the air.—Mrs. W. W. Flinn, Terre Haute, Ind.

* * *

50,000 Watts for Popular Stations

Nine out of ten stations bang away with this popular dance music and it really gets monotonous day in and day out. Practically every station on the air has it, but only one station has ole man Henderson, KWKH. Most chain stations are cursed and damned in this community because of their classical, "high brow" features. I think all of the ten most popular stations should be given 50,000 watts power if they want it and permit no other station to use that much. This would give stations something to strive for.—Gerald D. Bettelon, Dayton, Ohio.

* * *

New Member of V. O. L. Club

I have been a reader of Radio Digest for a long time and please put my name as a member of the V. O. L. club, as announced in April number. WRUA and WJSV are my favorite stations. These two stations are, I think, the best two on the air.—Anthony Arsenault, Prince Edward Island.

W. K. Henderson Had the Nerve

I regard Station KWKH, Shreveport, of which W. K. Henderson is announcer, as by far the most popular station in the world. His fearless stand against the chain store and his station dedicated for the cause of humanity is something no other station had the nerve to attempt.—Mrs. E. M. Offutt, La Monte, Mo.

* * *

Many Years of Value Lost

Have always been a hot Radio fan, but until I heard of Radio Digest over KMOX I never had taken much interest in Radio newspapers. After obtaining a copy of your wonderful paper, feel rather ashamed to think that I allowed so long a time to elapse before buying it, as now I am able, with the help of your paper, to arrange my programs ahead of time, and feel that I have been introduced to the Radio artists, which makes the air concerts much more interesting.—Charles H. Foley, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Always Depends on KOA

KOA, Denver, is the one station we can depend upon at practically all times. I say "all times," that means any time after 5:30 as we cannot get any of the American stations till about that time. Occasionally we can get them in the morning till 9 a. m., but very seldom. KOA is one of the few stations that does not do too much advertising. Advertising before and after a program is alright, but this everlasting advertising between numbers is more than the average person can stand. When a person tunes in a station of that nature they generally tune out directly they find out what it is all about.—Margaret Harrison, Glenleush, Sask., Can.

* * *

Your Favorites Are Promised

I am a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and enjoy it heaps. I understood that we were to write and tell what it was we enjoyed most. I enjoy more pictures and less stories. I have been making a scrap book, and find Radio Digest affords me heaps of pictures for my book, as well as reading about the different Radio artists. I have made it rather broad in stating my likes and dislikes. Hoping you won't be offended in my being too personal. Of course, everyone cannot be choosers. But I really find it much more interesting to have more pictures of Radio artists.

I read in the Digest where you wanted us to write in what we enjoyed in the Digest, and to express our ideas. Hoping others will have had ideas perhaps similar to mine. Wishing you the best of luck and success in the future.—Miss Madalyn Weaver, Bethany, Ill.

* * *

Finds Log Indispensable

I have been a subscriber to Radio Digest for five years, and find it as indispensable as ever. It has kept pace with the improvements in broadcasting. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the call letters of a station, but, by referring to the Official Call Book and Log and noting the frequency the station broadcasts on, it can be identified. The pictures of Radio artists and short accounts of their accomplishments helps to make reception more interesting and gives it a more personal "touch." When television comes into general use it may change this feature to some extent. In order to get the most out of Radio I cannot get along without Radio Digest, "The National Broadcast Authority."—Harry Nisely, Edgar, Neb.

* * *

We'll Talk to WTAM Chief

In January I purchased our first Radio Digest, and to say we enjoyed it would be rather a shallow statement. Through it I have found many interesting artists and announcers that I did not know of before. It also gives us many pictures of our friends of the air.

WTAM, at Cleveland, to us is the greatest station on the dial; not only is it the most powerful, but always has the finest programs from its home studios as well as those it brings from NBC network. I certainly would enjoy some photos of some of WTAM's announcers in Radio Digest. They surely have carved a place in our hearts and home that time shall not erase. In closing, may I extend my best wishes to Radio Digest and its staff.—Mrs. J. Davis, 1130 E. Pershing St., Salem, Ohio.

* * *

Another Call for WTAM Pix

How about a glimpse into the studios of WTAM with a few pictures, for instance, those of Gene

and Glenn. Note there have been plenty of same showing those of WENR and WLW of late, but not a one of WTAM.—W. G. Woodruff, Youngstown, Ohio.

* * *

We'll Have to Ask Marcella

Have been taking the Radio Digest most a year now, and have enjoyed reading it very much. Has been very interesting. Would be very glad to see and hear more of WEAF artists whenever you find space for them. Also their popular announcers, Pat. Kelly, Geo. Hicks, J. Young, Kelvin Keach, Ed. Thorgenson, Ford Bond, Alvin Bock, and may I ask, what has become of Frank Vallin and Kenneth Weir? I never hear them any more. Would like, too, to see a picture of "Cheerio" and all associated with his morning broadcast, also Major Bowes and his family.

The Digest certainly has been very interesting, and would be more so if we could see and hear more of the artists we listen to.—Mrs. R. F. Jennings, Middletown, Conn.

* * *

Marcella Says, "Thank You, Thank You"

Just read the March issue of Radio Digest, and certainly found it interesting. Marcella's department containing so much interesting information regarding the entertainers, was certainly appreciated by me, and I am sure by all others who have learned to know the different artists, and, although this is the first time I have ever read Radio Digest, I assure you I will be a constant reader from now on.

I think that Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn have more personality than any artist I have ever heard over the Radio, and will watch for any information regarding them with deep interest. Certainly would like to see pictures of them, and hope they will appear in an early issue. Can photographs of the WENR artists be secured by an individual, and, if so, how may they be obtained? [Ed.: Afraid not.] Want to again assure you of my appreciation of your interesting magazine, and of your department in particular.—Mrs. C. D. Rector, 4226 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

I like the Radio Digest better than any magazine we take. Couldn't enjoy my Radio properly without it to tell me about the artists, announcers, etc. With best wishes for your continued success. —(Miss) Sue Dickerson, Lexington, Ky.

* * *

The Friend of the Farmer, WLS

I can't tell you how much I enjoy the Radio Digest. It is the best Radio book on the newsstand. I can hardly wait each month for it to come.

WLS is our favorite station. We live in town, but were once farmers. But that is not the reason why we like WLS. I have a grudge against WENR for taking WLS's time. I surely hope that they will get their time back. WLS has the best programs on the air—something different besides the same old jazz music. There is plenty of that anyhow. I wonder why WENR didn't attack WGN instead of WLS. Their programs aren't any good. WENR sure makes a poor station to help the farmer. Farmer Rusk ought to be put off the air. They are not interested in the farmer. Just trying to put WLS off the air. Well, if they do, I wish them all the ill luck any one can wish them. All our friends think just the same as we do.—Pete Lund, 321 22nd Pl., Clinton, Iowa.

* * *

For Five o'Clock Hawaiians

I am writing to tell you how I enjoy your magazine. I like the stories and enjoy seeing pictures of the Radio artists. I wish you would print the picture of the Five o'Clock Hawaiians of WLW. I have often wondered what they were like.—Nellie Macy, Carthage, Indiana.

* * *

Help to Working People

I find most all the stations very good and a great help to us poor hard working people. We are generally too tired to go out of an evening, and have very little money to spend on pleasures. Yet we can sit at home in an easy chair and enjoy a good piece of music or a good story dramatized, and in the daytime, when we women folks are at work in our home we can tune in and have good music and keep on at our house work or mending, or whatever our duty may be, and there are lots of helps and hints given from different stations.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Oasten, Des Moines, Iowa.

* * *

Favorite Traced in the Digest

I am a regular reader and almost a "student" of Radio Digest, and would like to commend you upon a marked improvement, with every issue lately, before I offer an adverse criticism.

I have been a Radio fan for more than four years, and know all the important announcers and Radio stars by voice.

It surprises me that you have never given us an article, and a good large picture of Jack Brinkley. According to both the New York World and the New York Sun, he is Radio's youngest announcer, and several other metropolitan papers have given him the place as youngest veteran announcer.

I kept up with his work on WOR about two years ago, and later his more recent work, on WJZ, and every member of our family has always considered him a favorite.

We wondered what had become of him, when he left the NBC several months ago, and were pleased that a mention in your current issue prompted us to tune in on WTIC of Hartford, where we found Mr. Brinkley. According to Harriet Menckin of the New York World, this young man's photograph should be worth a good space, and I am sure there are many others who would like to know more about him, including myself.—Mrs. M. P. Boyd, Richmond, Va.

* * *

Help! Help! for DX Fans!

I have perused the V. O. L. ever since its origin, and find many interesting letters, but, when I read Miss Canniff's letter in the March Radio Digest, my ire was somewhat aroused. I believe that Mr. Freeman's letter (January issue, folks) was interesting to the nth degree. What kind of a receiver can it be that cannot get a "dial full" of chain programs even on the poorest nights? If they MUST be had, why is it necessary to have so many of the country's most powerful stations all broadcasting the same thing, however good it may be.

I also believe that Mr. Freeman's laments were well merited, and certainly his reminiscences of the long-to-be-remembered weekly R. D. are well founded. I have read every issue since early 1924, and owe considerable of my success (?) to R. D.'s accurate log of yesteryear, with its "new stations," "station changes" and all the other information so valuable to the DX'er. I wonder if Miss Canniff has considered the many and varied types of listeners, some of which we might class as Cadman adherers, fight fans, Damrosch supporters, jazz maniacs, chain and anti-chain addicts, etc., and last, but not least, the poor misguided DX fan, who sits up in the wee sma' hours combing the ether for "a new one." All these must be served, and the present R. D. serves every type well, with the exception of the last named.

It is very informative regarding various station celebrities, Radio stations and their personnel, Who's Who, and, in brief, everything, except a darn good up-to-the-minute directory with all the information dear to the heart of the true DX hound. The magazine part of R. D. has been improved vastly, but at the expense of the previously mentioned section, and it is that section which is most important to a fair majority of the genuine Radio fans. How about it, folks? I have 772 verified receptions, including at least one from every state in the union, 58 Canadian, 56 Pacific Coast stations (including four 100 watters), and various other low powered DX receptions, etc. Four major reasons for a list like this are a fair location (for a GOOD location, move to Calif.), a good receiver, an accurate, dependable log and wave length directory, and infinite study and patience. I would not ever wish to change any part of R. D.'s magazine section and spoil some other fan's pleasure if the directory could be put back to its perfection of former years, or on par with one or two other Radio publications, in this respect. Going back to Miss Canniff's letter, I well remember WTAS at Elgin (and also WCEE, "We Cough Every Evening") and the "King of the Ivories." Charlie Erbstein and Harry Snodgrass were favorites of mine, but I'll bet that there were some fans who thought they were terrible, such is the somewhat varied consensus of opinion.—Henry T. Tyndall, Jr., Burlington, Vt.

* * *

All of Them, in Good Time

We purchased the February issue of the Radio Digest for the first time from a local dealer, and were very much pleased with it. We were particularly interested in the complete Radiologs and the pictures of Radio artists, especially those of Gene Arnold and Paul McClure and his wife. We would like to ask if it is possible to publish a picture of Marion and Jim Jordan of WENR, Little Joe Warner, Little Anne Pickard of the Pickard Family, and Coon-Sanders' Orchestra. In the March issue, I read about Mrs. Beech of Sterling asking for the pictures of the Smith Family, and I would like to second her request. —Miss Vineta Bloom, Freeport, Ill.

* * *

Are There 50,000 Watt Boors?

May I have a wee corner of your listener's page on which to work off a little of the vitriol and vinegar which has been distilling in my system ever since the Federal Radio Commission assumed jurisdiction over Uncle Sam's broadcasting stations? Sixty years old, a Radio enthusiast of many years' standing as years are reckoned in Radio chronology, I had, up to the doleful date of that deplorable Radio cataclysm, derived more pleasure from my Radio equipment than from any other single toy I ever possessed. Now, so far as I am concerned, my reproducers are for the most part silent and my Radio investment is moribund.

I have owned many receiving sets of different types during the past ten years . . . In the good old pre-Commission days I was able to tune in, on almost any clear winter evening, any one of more than three hundred stations, with little or no interference between stations on adjacent wave-lengths. Now, although the total number of stations in operation is but slightly greater than in—say—1925, I can bring in scarcely a single one of them without hearing those adjacent on **both** sides.

Worse than that: I often have heard during an evening as many as **four** stations, successively, each for a moment or two at full volume to the exclusion of the others, without touching the dials; the etheric wave, magnetic disturbance, inductive vibration or whatever it is that bridges the gap between transmitter and receiver, seeming to weave back and forth in periodic surges so that now one, now the other frequency gains temporary ascendancy. . . .

It is my belief that this condition is due to the enormously increased power of the wealthier stations during the past few years. . . Why should a few stations be permitted to stand up—exactly like drunken boors at a community social—and each endeavor to outshout the other without regard to the rights and privileges of more conservative stations and without respect for the preferences of the listening public? What profiteth it a super-power station whose sole purpose of existence is to sell peanuts, cigarettes or toothpaste to break in upon a program of real music, an educational lecture, or perhaps a religious service, to bruit the excellence of its wares in stentorian tones that carry to Australia, where all the people are at the moment asleep and by which all intermediate listeners are ffled with disgust? . . . If contempt of Radio Commission were punishable by imprisonment, then I am due to spend the next million years of my life in penal servitude.—Don Quixote, New Britain, Conn.

P. S. Like the Hibernian captain of the ferry-boat, who had just finished berating a hated rival; "I have more thot I c'ld tell ye, on'y thot I hov ladies aboord."

* * *

KFKB Gives Satisfaction

I think KFKB is the best station on the air because of the tremendous good it does for humanity at all times. Dr. Brinkley's daily lectures, the Medical Question Box, that God-like spirit of "Loving and Giving." The Sunday talks that Dr. Brinkley gives each Sunday are certainly a great help to all who might listen. The music and song programs are always entertaining.—Jessie M. Landon, Seward, Neb.

* * *

Thanks to KSTP

KSTP is the station from which I found out about Radio Digest. I have a few requests. First, I would like to see more pictures and sketches of popular KSTP, as Art White, the Beachcombers, Phil Bronson, premier sports announcer of that station, Corinne Jordan, Gayle Wood, Slatz-Randall and his orchestra, and the others.

I would also like to ask Marcella where Art Linick, alias Mr. Schlagenhauer, now hangs his hat.—Marcus Schiern, St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

A Little Advice, Gratis

I realize that Amos 'n' Andy do not need anyone to come to their rescue, but I am so "het up" because of their having been "beaten up and thrown in the gutter" that I am coming along with a few little "flowers" for their "grave," so "hereeeee theyyyyy areeee":

The writer of the article knocking Amos 'n' Andy better stick her tongue out about eighteen inches and show it to some good physician who might diagnose her case. It looks like "KNOCK-ITIS" in its worse form. The only remedy for that is a self administered gun-podermic of bichloride of lead. A good antidote is a few more drinks of syrup and not so many of gall.

There is only one reason why people knock and that is pure jealousy. The oftener I read that letter the plainer it seems that who ever calls himself "Lucy Barrett" is not one of the gentler sex, but a wretched piece of male humanity, hiding behind petticoats. Women do not feel that way about Amos 'n' Andy, we love them.

Here's to you, "Lucy," let's hope somebody puts two big black snakes in your bed some night. —Mrs. R. A. Swanson, Galesburg, Ill.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

A Small Station *With a* Big Purpose

WHBY, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Is Both a Civic and Entertainment Force for Good

By Garnett L. Eskew

THOSE who may believe that the little 100-watt station is not every whit as important, in its way, as the 10,000-watt station is in *its* way should learn of the recent activities of Station WHBY ("Whibby" they call it for short), at Green Bay, Wis., whose director of features, Harold T. Shannon, not only burns continually with a catching enthusiasm, but who expresses that enthusiasm by sending out over the air the most varied program of useful and entertaining features that could well be imagined.

WHBY is located at St. Norbert's College, Green Bay. And the commercial studios are in the Columbus Community Club, in the same city. The station celebrated its fifth anniversary May 12-13. And the Mother's Day season caused Mr. Brannon to add several features appropriate to the occasion. As Director Harold Shannon wrote the editor of Radio Digest, after the event was over:

"The Mother's Day program was the greatest thing we've ever turned out. My own dear little Mother went Home in March and it was very much in the nature of a tribute to her that I worked desperately to perfect this two-hour feature, which is going to remain deep in the memories of those who heard it for many years. We used a symphony orchestra which was a whiz. Herr Herman Daumler, late concertmeister of the Nuremburg Conservatory Concert Orchestra in Germany, was our concertmeister. They emphasized the mother theme in the choice of their selections.

"The program was dedicated to Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, and the first number was a Mary hymn done by the Friars sextette from the Franciscan Monastery here. They also sang Ketelby's 'In a Monastery Garden' with the orchestra, an organ and chimes.

"LeBaron Austin, baritone; Florence Roate, soprano of Lawrence College Conservatory of Music at Appleton, Wis., and Rev. Richard Gordon Londo, tenor, were the soloists

"Only Mother songs were used. Dr. Leonard Parr, a Congregational divine, and highly reputed as an orator, was the speaker of the evening and "Hail to the Chief," by the orchestra signalized something unusual for WHBY—the message of a former president.

"Mr. Coolidge was invited (because 'of those plain, homely virtues which characterized his private and public life and appealed so strongly to the mothers of boys') to be our guest-speaker, via the remotest of controls—by letter.

"He sent us those paragraphs about his own mother from his *Autobiography* and they were read by the undersigned, which was his only participation in the program. It would have been a very hard program to work and keep the lump in one's throat down."

The Sunday program, however, was only the start. On Monday a five-hour birthday party got under way at seven o'clock in the evening in the open-air studios atop the roof of the new Community Club. At eight o'clock two old-fashioned brass bands, of the sort that used to delight the musical hearts of Germans in America, took up the theme and presented a series of old-fashioned dance tunes: lancers, polkas and schottisches—lovely dances that have passed away but for the saving grace of the Radio which, in the hands of discerning directors, such as Mr. Shannon, serves to bring them to the ears of the world which otherwise would never have them. The bands were Romy Goaz's Bohemians and the Pilsen Brass Band.

After that, at nine, was broadcast a sort of anniversary number—a revival of the very first broadcast hour over the station, five years ago, in the days when Hank Schmitt, the first announcer held sway at WHBY. Schmitt, who is now an ordained priest, was on hand as the "guest" announcer. Numerous telegrams of congratulation from senators, congressmen and mayors of cities of the Land of Lakes showed that the surrounding country is awake to the manifold activities of WHBY and joined in the occasion.

But the usefulness of this little 100-watt station in the Land of Lakes is not confined to the broadcasting of musical numbers or of mere entertainment of any kind. Carrying out a suggestion made not long ago by the federal Radio commission that the rural and small-town stations develop a sort of "speaking-newspaper" aspect, WHBY has been doing its part to aid the unemployment situation.

Mr. Shannon continues:

"We have a tie-up with the Free Employment Bureau here and in two weeks trebled their number of placements. They tell us what kind of men and women they can place and, brother, we place them. They tell us of men and women (needy ones we insist) who are finding it difficult to get work.

"We try to get work for them. Results have been instantaneous, particularly in temporary work. We asked all of our listeners to forego the exercise of taking off their storm windows, varnishing their floors, house cleaning, repairing, cleaning the basement, and engage some poor workless father to do it for them just to get a few more dollars into circulation and a few more men self-respecting as earners.

"The calls for such help for a few days broke the local employment bureau record, with the result that we have a letter from the Department of Labor and a very much treasured 'memorial' signed by hundreds of jobless men. Some one of them started it and every fellow who got a job signed it. We prize it highly in our 'public service' exhibit which is our 'trophy case,' so to speak."

Then, in the same "news category," there is a feature on WHBY known as "The Town Crier, the newspaper of the air," in which the announcer gives the local happenings of interest to everyone in that vicinity. Nor is that all. Shannon has also a spoken shoppers' guide which enables the frugal and thrifty housewife to visualize what is on sale at the various stores before going out to purchase.

This live station and its director of features knows exactly what it wants and goes after it. Recently when it was found that the editor of Radio Digest could, at the last moment, go up to Green Bay for the anniversary celebration, Mr. Shannon was ready with an airplane to take him up!

ANNOUNCEMENT of the winners of the Amos and Andy contest, which has been attracting considerable attention in Radio Digest the last two or three months, will be made in the August issue. Therefore, you who are interested — and we believe that includes pretty nearly everybody — don't fail to get your copy. The results will be interesting. Maybe you'll win one of the prizes.

Westphal Has Grown "Gray" in Radio Game

HE HAS been broadcasting so long that he does not remember the exact year he started. Consequently when he was asked about his first Radio experience, Frank Westphal, noted orchestra leader and conductor of the WENR studio orchestra, replied that it was somewhere around 1922 or 1923.

At the time, he had an orchestra at the Rainbo Gardens in Chicago, a popular night club and cabaret. The owner, Fred Mann, refused to take broadcasting seriously and declared, despite Frank's arguments, that it would never amount to much. Nevertheless Westphal became interested and was heard for the first time over KYW, the programs of which were then presented by the same organization that now operates WENR. Later Westphal left the Rainbo Gardens, but he finally saw the day that Mann was convinced that broadcasting was here to stay and would amount to something. This was when the Rainbo Gardens owner saw Station WQJ, which transmitted from the Garden, sold for approximately $60,000.

When E. N. Rowland, head of the All-American Radio Corporation, went on the air, Westphal was asked to come in and take charge of the station. Thus it appears he has been known continuously by Radio listeners since "around 1922 or 1923." He was heard over Charles Erbstein's station, WTAS; KYW; WLS and WENR.

Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.

Sunday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 a.m.	8	7	6

The Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
300	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
405.2	740	WSB	508.2	590	WOW

Morning Musicale.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	243.9	1230	WFBM
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WLAC	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	499.7	600	WMT
212.8	1410	WBCM	500	600	WREC
215.8	1390	KLRA	516.9	580	WIBW
230.8	1300	KFH	526	570	WWNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	545	550	WEAN
241.8	1240	WSPD			

2 p.m.	1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.

Roxy Symphony Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KFAB
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA

3 p.m.	2	1	12 n.

National Youth Conference.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
245.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KPRC
252.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	KFAB
265.5	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	429	700	WLW
277.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WPTF
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA			

4 p.m.	3	2	1

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFJC	361	830	KOA
225.6	1330	WSAI	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WFAA
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEEI
333	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

5 p.m.	4	3	2

Davey Hour
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFJC	380	790	WGY
225.6	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.9	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
280.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
337	890	WJAR	545	550	WGR
345	870	WENR			

7:35 p.m.	6:35	5:35	4:35

Major Bowes' Family.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WEAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	535.4	560	WIBO
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			

8	7	6	5

Enna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KPRC
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
221.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1020	WFAA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WIOD

Recommended

AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for July:

Sunday

Atwater Kent Hour
Enna Jettick Melodies

Monday

General Motors Family Party
An Evening in Paris

Tuesday

Radio Keith Orpheum Hour
Eveready Program

Wednesday

Halsey Stuart Program
Palmolive Hour

Thursday

Fleischmann Hour
Arabesque

Friday

Raleigh Revue
Armstrong Quakers

Saturday

General Electric Hour
Paramount-Publix Radio Hour

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8	7	6	5

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

Eight Years Old

RADIO DIGEST has just passed its Eighth Birthday. It's career has been the career of Radio. A new idea, a new industry, a new service. Keeping up with the trend of the times it has had to change its policies and format to meet the changing demands. To mark the occasion a very special and replete issue is being planned for next month. You cannot afford, therefore, to miss the

AUGUST
Eighth Anniversary Number
RADIO DIGEST

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD

9	8	7	6

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WFAA
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
227.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
232.4	1290	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KFJF	309.1	970	KJR
204	1470	KGA	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	KTSA	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	410.7	730	CKAC
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267	1120	WDEL			

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15

Atwater Kent Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	380	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	385	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WGN
265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	KFO
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	469	640	KFI
300	1000	WOC	484	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WFI
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI			

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

Will Rogers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860), W2XE (49.2-6120)

202.6	1480	WKBW	256.4	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
220.4	1360	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KFJ
232.4	1290	KDYL	389.4	770	WBBM
232.6	1290	WJAS	476	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WRR	491.5	610	KFRC
236.2	1270	KOL	500	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238.1	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15

Studebaker Champions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
206.9	1450	WFJC	416.4	720	WGN
225.6	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
234.2	1280	WEBC	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
337	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR



One of Radio's prettiest women and a charming singer—that's Betsey Ayres who adorns the Enna Jettick programs on Sunday evenings.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Around the Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860), W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
227.3	1270	WADC	385	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEAN

10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WHO	380	790	KGO
315.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longines Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Armchair Quartet.
Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA	400	750	WJR

Monday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WWJ
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KLZ

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.3	1320	WSMB	345	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

7:35	6:35	5:35	4:35

Roxy and His Gang.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.2	740	WSB
245.9	1220	WREN	440.9	680	WPTF
260.7	1150	WHAM	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIBO
302.9	990	WBZA			

8	7	6	5

The Voice of Firestone.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
283.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ceco Couriers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

A and P Gypsies.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

Maytag Orchestra.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA
209.7	1430	KECA	306	980	KDKA
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	361	830	KOA
245.9	1220	WREN	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9	8	7	6

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
226.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	554.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WGL			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

General Motors Family Party.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOC
333.1	900	WJAX	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			

Chesebrough Real Folks.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

"An Evening in Paris."
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

10	9	8	7

Robert Burns Panatela Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	610	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Empire Builders. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
249.9	1200	KPRC	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			



Will Rogers, cowboy philosopher, has become a regular Radio star. He's heard Sunday nights at 10 o'clock EDT, chatting in his well known manner about various individuals of note.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studio.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
10	9	8		7	

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
11:15		10:15	9:15		8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR
12 n.		11	10		9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2NE	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC



Don't you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady's looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is "Peaches" in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBaun.



Elizabeth Lennox looks as if she were about to say something very nice, indeed, when the camera caught her. Miss Lennox is the winsome young contralto star of the Palmolive Hour.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5—760)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

5 p.m.	4	3	2

Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
209.8	1430	WHP	492	610	WFAN
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WKBN
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.9	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ
7:00		6	5		4

Voters Service.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			
8:00		7	6		5

Pure Oil Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Romany Patteran.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WLAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1070	KMOX
204.1	1470	WKBW	316	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	WHK	476	630	WMAL
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	KFPY	500	600	WREC
227.3	1320	WADC	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	WJAS	526	570	WKBN
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238.1	1260	WLBW	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	KOIL	545	550	WKRC
241.8	1240	WSPD			

"Around the World With Libby."
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

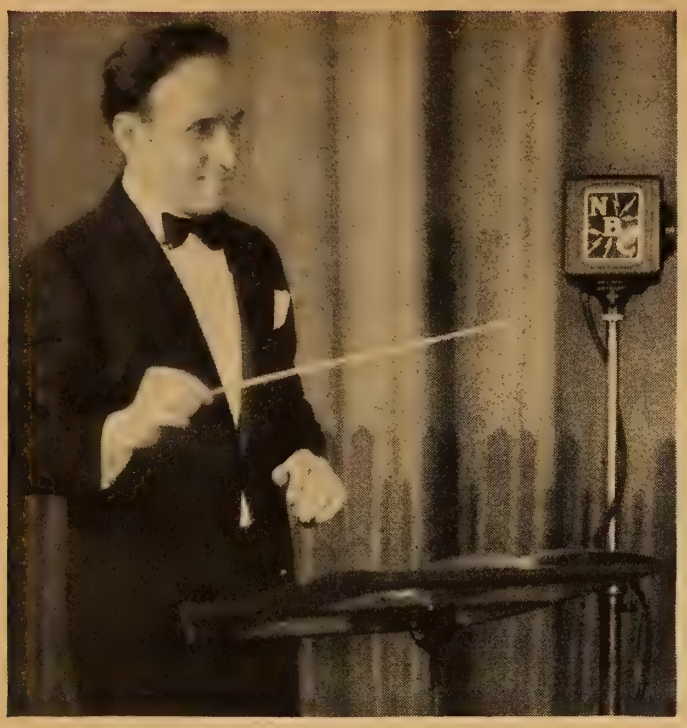
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
260.7	1150	WHAM	384 4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
299.8	1000	KECA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			
9		8	7		6

Eveready Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.9	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
236.1	1270	WJDX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
10:00 p.m.		9	8		7

Westinghouse Salute.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

201.2	1490	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
209.7	1430	KECA	303	990	WBZA
222.2	1350	KWK	306	980	KDKA
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
230.6	1300	WIOD	326	920	KOMO
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
245.9	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252.1	1190	WOAI	361	830	KOA
260.9	1150	WHAM	366	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	385	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ



Here is Nathaniel Shilkret caught in a characteristic pose after a recent broadcast. He is one of America's most distinguished musicians and is the conductor of the Mobiloil Concert Orchestra.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station Chicago Studio

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Wednesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	KPRC
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	WGR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBBM
245.6	1220	WCAD	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333	900	KHJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WCHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
323	930	WBRC			

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ			

8	7	6	5

The Yeast Foamers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	484	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WFAA
252.0	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	WTMJ
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

Sylvania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

Forty Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Halsey, Stuart Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WREC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

Philco Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	258.6	1160	WOWO
49.2	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
215.8	1390	WHK	316	950	KMBC
227.3	1270	WADC	333	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	399.7	600	WCAO
238.1	1260	KOIL	448	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEAN
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Coca Cola Topnotchers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCSH
209.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOMO
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WWJ
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	KGW
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
283	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHQ
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	517	580	WTAG
300	1000	WOC	536	560	WLIT
312.5	960	CKGW	545	550	WGR
316	950	WRC	545	550	KSD

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—WABC (348 6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Busy Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL
201.2	1490	WLAC	245.6	1220	WCAO
204.0	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
209.7	1430	WHP	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ
225.6	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY
227.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WJAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.5	1040	KTHS	492	610	WDAF
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WAIU
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	900	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

11:45	10:45	9:45	8:45

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

204	1470	WKBW	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	500	600	WREC
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	535.4	560	KLZ
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.3	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
228.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252	1190	WOAI	340	770	KFAB
260	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
263	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
270.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW



This romantic looking young lady is none other than Muriel Wilson, whose lovely voice you hear when the Maxwell House Melodies go on the air on Thursday nights at 9:30 EDT.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ			

8	7	6	5

Fleischmann Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00

Arabesque.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
49.2	6120	W2XE	319	940	WFIW
204	1470	WKBW	323	930	WDBJ
204	1470	WLAC	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	337	890	WGST
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WSPD	385	780	WTAR
227.3	1270	WADC	390	770	WBBM
230.8	1300	KFH	395	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.7	600	WCAO
238.1	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	484	620	WLBZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
526	570	WWNC	526	570	WNAX
256.3	1170	WCAU	536	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WEAN
267.9	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
223.7	1430	KECA	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KOMO			

10	9	8	7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			

RCA Victor Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	280.2	1070	WTAM
206.8	1450	WFJC	282.8	1060	WTIC
225.4	1330	WSAI	292.9	1020	KYW
227.1	1320	WSMB	299.8	1000	WHO
234.2	1280	WEBC	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KOMO
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	KPRC
263	1140	KVOO	333.1	900	WJAX
265.3	1130	KSL	333.1	900	WKY
270.1	1110	WRVA	336.9	890	WJAR
277.6	1080	WBT	361.2	830	KOA

RCA Victor Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

365.6	820	WHAS	483.6	620	WTMJ
374.8	800	WBAP	491.5	610	WDAF
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	WEEI
379.5	790	KGO	508.2	590	WOW
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	KHQ
405.2	740	WSB	516.9	580	WTAG
440.9	680	WPTF	535.4	560	WFI
454.3	660	WEAF	535.4	560	WIOD
461.3	650	WSM	545.1	550	KSD
483.6	620	KGW	545.1	550	WGR

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

260.7	1150	WHAM	302.8	990	WBZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	302.8	990	WBZA

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			



Here we have the Interwoven Pair in character, more or less. At the left is Billy Jones, and right is Ernie Hare. They are favorites of thousands of Radio listeners and are heard every Friday night at 9 o'clock EDT.

Friday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen. National Home Makers' Club.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.8	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
234.4	1280	WDOD	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15

National Home Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.9	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR

12:00 n.	11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00

Columbia Revue.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333	900	KHJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	476	630	WMAL
223.7	1340	WGHP	492	610	WFAN
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
243.9	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
316	950	KMBC	536	560	KLZ
319	940	WFIW	545	550	WEAN

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WBAP
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB
294.1	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
279.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

8	7	6	5

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.5	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KHQ
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC			

Nit-Wit Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFIW
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	KHJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ
230.8	1300	KFH	492	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1280	WFBM	535.4	560	WIBW
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00

True Story Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGHP
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.8	1230	WNAC
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	WIBW	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.4	1290	WJAS	395	760	KVI
232.4	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.2	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236	1260	KOIL	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	WLBW	545	550	WKRO
239.9	1250	WDSU			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8	7	6

Interwoven Pair.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	KGO
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	630	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

Cliquot Club Eskimos.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	566	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Armour Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
263.2	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

10	9	8	7

Armstrong Quakers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.8	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ



Mary Hopple who frequently sings roles with the National Light Opera Company and various NBC presentations, is heard regularly with the Armstrong Quakers on Friday nights at 10 o'clock.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

Raleigh Revue.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.9	1450	WFIC	380	790	WGY
209.8	1430	KECA	441	680	WPTF
225.6	1330	WSAI	484	620	KGW
245.9	1220	WCAE	492	610	WDAF
265.5	1130	KSL	509	590	KHQ
300	1000	WOC	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	509	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	517	580	WTAG
326	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WIBO
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WLIT
337	890	WJAR	545	550	KSD
361	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
380	790	KGO			

11 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Will Osborne and His Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
219	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	KDYL	526	570	WMNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Saturday

8:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

Tower Health Exercises.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR



This is pretty Edith Thayer. But perhaps you are more familiar with her as Jane McGrew in Hank Simmon's Show Boat presented on Saturday nights.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15

Morning Devotions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTF
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
230.6	1300	WIOD	345	870	WLS
232.4	1290	WEBC	361	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	390	770	KFAB
263.2	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM
303	990	WBZ	469	640	KFI
303	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590	KHQ

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Del Monte Program. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333	900	WKY
206.9	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WJAX
225.6	1330	WSAI	337	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA
230.6	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WBAP
236.1	1270	WJDX	380	790	WGY
245.9	1220	WCAE	385	780	WMC
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	462	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT	484	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	492	610	WDAF
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	WOW
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	447.5	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKBN
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.6	1160	WOWO	536	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN			



William Shelley is interlocutor of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, a Saturday night treat. Mr. Shelley has appeared in several minstrel companies and finally followed his love to the Radio.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFIC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	285.7	1050	KNX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	KOL	475.9	630	WMAL
236.2	1270	WDSU	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longines Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	526	570	WIBO
305.9	980	KDKA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Dance Carnival.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	KFRC
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

OUT *of the* AIR
HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

GREETING!

ONCE more I greet my many friends!

Each jokesmith and each poet who sends
The slips and quips and pleasant rimes
In which the spirits of our times
(The daily times that come and go
Along the waves of Radio)
Are sifted, frequently in vain,
To see what humor they contain,
So that our readers of all ages
Who monthly scan the *Digest* pages
May separate the grain from chaff
And find, within, the prize—a laugh!
It's good to know you-all again,
(I'm from the South; that's mighty plain.)
And one and all I greet you now
And hope you'll write me soon—and how!
Send in your stuff with joy and zest,
Affectionately,

. . . . *Indi-Gest*

I came from a section of the country where there are plenty of negroes. I was raised up on a diet of hot biscuit, chicken gravy, chine, jowl and turnip greens, not to mention ham gravy and hominy grits, with occasional dishes of spareribs. The name *INdi-Gest* is very appropriate. Which reminds me that I must repeat a good story I heard once. I have always liked it, from which you may gather that it is not entirely new.

Two colored women were discussing recent additions to their families.

"I done name dat new baby er mine 'Opium,'" remarked Marthy Brown to Mandy Jackson.

"Why you disqualify dat chile wid a name like dat, Marthy?"

"Well, I done look' up de wud opium in de dickshunary and hit say hit mean de seed er de wile poppy. And de good Lawd knows dat chile's poppy is sho' wile!"

* * *

Another colored sister came up and snorted.

"Dat ain' nuthin! I done name mah baby Onyx."

"Why dat, Sis Liza?"

"Kaze he came so onyxpected! Use yo' haid, gal, use yo' haid!"

* * *

You're Darn Right!

Do you believe in clubs for women?

Yes, if kindness fails.—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

* * *

Here's the funniest thing I've heard over the air, especially since I am sure it was quite unintentional. It was several months ago during the Crosley Saturday Knights program over WLW. The announcer, who, I think, was Robert Brown, stated that the next number by the orchestra would be "Why Was I Born?" by special permission of the copyright owners. But the way he said it sounded as though it was to be "Why was I born by special permission of the copyright owners?"—*Evelyn Faux, 925 Edgewater Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Station WJBT, Chicago, was broadcasting a church service the other night when suddenly the following words were heard:

"Your throat! Your eyes! Don't struggle! I'm stronger than you are, my pretty lass."

Telephone calls poured in by the hundreds.

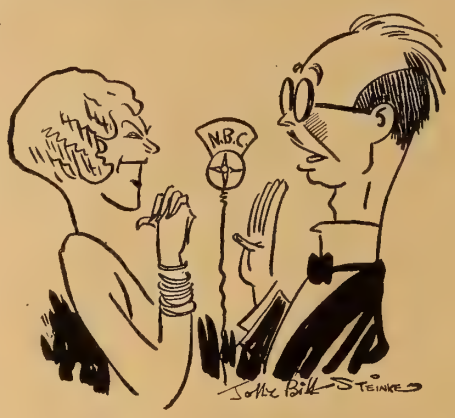
"The wires got crossed on a chain melodrama from New York," station operators explained to horrified listeners.—*A. F. Day, Sergent, Ky.*

* * *

Wooden Pigs

According to Miss Frances Cherry of Wayne, Nebraska, a teacher asked little Willy to make a sentence with the word mahogany. And Willy said:

"Pa sent me out to feed the pigs but I didn't give the ma hog any." Which goes over all right, Miss Cherry, but that story of yours about the tame fish that fell in the river and was drowned— Well, why resurrect that one? Don Marquis wrote a whole story about that same fish years ago.



Here's a chuckle I'd like to pass on to the other fans. Art Kassel's orchestra ("Kassel's in the Air") have a feature on their "Whoopie Hour" called the "Canadian Medley" which includes:

I'm a Drinker Montreal
(I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All)

Canada Jungle
(Chant of the Jungle)

Lover Quebec to Me
(Lover, Come Back to Me)
—*Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. Dak.*

* * *

It is easy to make slips. Every broadcaster of whatever kind knows that it is much easier to make a mistake—a *lapsis lingua*, so to speak—than to stop, go back and say "beg your pardon."

And in this connection, *should* one stop and apologize, or go straight ahead?

Says Mrs. J. B. Gross, 125 Bayly Ave., Louisville, Ky.:

On April 17th there was a horrible accident here in one of our local quick service clothes pressing shops, which resulted in two deaths from fire.

In announcing the catastrophe over WHAS that night, the announcer, Steve Lewis, said:

"The explosion was caused when a young man who was carrying a 5 *cannon gal* of Naphtha, tripped and fell down the stairs." The announcer then chuckled and said: I should have said, five *gallon can.*"

* * *

In the WJZ Children's Hour, broadcast every Sunday from 9 to 10 a. m., a neighbor and I were greatly amused recently on hearing Milton J. Cross read the "Funnies" to the "Kiddies." For several weeks there was a continued strip about the doings of the "Twins," and Mr. Cross *always* referred to them as the *two twins.*

This seems even more humorous now, that he has become the winner of the Diction Award.—*Mrs. M. J. Swan, 12 Northern Ave., Northampton, Mass.*

* * *

Red Meat!

Apparently there are still some exponents of cannibalism in Minneapolis as, during a program of phonograph records, last evening, April 29, the announcer said, "Our next offering is, 'Cooking the One I Love for Breakfast.'"

Truly, I think that deserves honorable mention.—*R. L. Lithgow, 328 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.*

* * *

Would you call this an acrobatic orchestra? A local dance orchestra had played one number, when Everett Mitchell of WENR announced, "The boys now continue with 'Bottoms Up.'"—*R. Johnson, 11432 Forest Ave., Chicago.*

* * *

Here is a bit of fun I just heard on my Radio while tuned to KMA of Shenandoah, Iowa. Listening to the broadcast of the "Country School," I heard one of the "pupils" remark:

"Say, teacher, my aunt died last week and left a thousand dollars hid in her bussel."

Teacher: "Well, that's too bad."

Pupil: "Yes, but wasn't that a lot to leave behind?"—*Mrs. W. D. Cooper, 3001 Mitchell Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.*

* * *

The Last Stitch

Young Girl: Daddy I won't need any clothes this summer.

Daddy: Oh! Oh! I never thought it would come to that.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contributions to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than June 1, 1930.



Force of Habit

A Radio announcer lost his job and got what he believed to be the next best position—that of station train announcer. Had you happened to be in Grand Central Station, New York, you might recently have heard him calling out his first train announcement:

"Friends of Radioland! You are now going on a little journey to all points east. Stations are being broadcast through the courtesy of the New York Central Railway.

"Here she comes, see the glaring lights in the carriages, hear the snorting of the engine. Train for Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany and New York.

"'Phone in folks and tell Mr. Pullman how you slept—he will be interested. Goodnight everybody."—*Robert G. Shimmin, 364 Fourteenth Street, Portland, Ore.*

* * *

Some Scotsmen not long ago hit upon a plan of saving a little cash. They were listening to an old time fiddling contest coming to them over WLS. In voting for their favorites all thirty-five of these Caledonians wrote their votes on the same sheet of paper and sent it in under one stamp!—*The Colonel.*

Clem Dacey and Harry Hosford, harmony team of WLS, each have a new namesake. The newcomers are young Jersey calves belonging to a farmer who listens regularly to their offerings. Clem is all black and Harry has little white spots on him, it is said!

* * *

Etiquette

When we wuz eatin' dinner at Miss Lucy's house las' night, Sam, I seen you scratch yo' haid wid yo' spoon. Ain't you got no etiquette? Use yo' fawk, big boy!—*The Colonel.*

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 92 and 94 of This Issue

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
KDB...Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW..... Burbank, Calif.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK.... Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO..... Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI..... Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR..... Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
KFKB..... Milford, Kans.
KFKU..... Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX..... Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.
KFLX..... Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF..... Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
KFPW.Siloam Springs, Ark.
KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD....Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW..... Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC..San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU..... Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM.Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI..San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM..... Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF..... Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM.San Bernardino, Calif.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY..... Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO..... Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
KGAR..... Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU.... Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ..... York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCN.....Concordia, Kan.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wolf Point Mont.
KGDA....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE...Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ..... Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF..... Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC..San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF..... Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF..... Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL..... Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR..... Butte, Mont.
KGIW..... Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB..... Brownwood, Tex.
KGKI.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX....Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.
KGU..... Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW..... Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ..... Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO..... Boise, Idaho
KIT..... Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR..... Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX..... Oakland, Calif.
KLZ..... Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR..... Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA..... Denver, Colo.
KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.
KOB....State College, N. M.
KOCW..... Chickasha, Okla.
KOH..... Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
KOL..... Seattle, Wash.
KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.
KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.
KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ..... Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC..... Houston, Tex.
KPSN..... Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF.. Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
KRGV..... Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD..... Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KRSC..... Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI..... Pocatello, Idaho
KSL....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR..... Portland, Ore.
KTBS..... Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT..... Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL..... Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA..... Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT..... Austin, Tex.
KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.
KVL..... Seattle, Wash.
KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS.... Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG..... Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ..... Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH..... Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC..... Pullman, Wash.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA..... Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.... Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW..... Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF..... Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW..... Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI..... Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WADC..... Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU..... Columbus, Ohio.
WAPI..... Birmingham, Ala.
WASH..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA.West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL..... Richmond, Va.
WBBM..... Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY.....Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS....Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC.... Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO..... Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA..... Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC..... Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH..... Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ..... Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL.... Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO..... Baltimore, Md.
WCAP...Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX..... Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA..... Allentown, Pa.
WCBD..... Zion, Ill.
WCBM..... Baltimore, Md.
WCBS..... Springfield, Ill.
WCCO... Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL..... Chicago, Ill.
WCGU..Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY..... Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO..... Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS..... Joliet, Ill.
WCMA..... Culver, Ind.
WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH.....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.
WCSH..... Portland, Me.
WCSO..... Springfield, Ohio
WDAE..... Tampa, Fla.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG..... Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ..... Roanoke, Va.
WDBO..... Orlando, Fla.
WDEL..... Wilmington, Del.
WDGY... Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD.. Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ..... Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
WEAO..... Columbus, O.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC..... Duluth, Minn.
WEBE..... Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW..... Beloit, Wis.
WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI..... Boston, Mass.
WEHS..... Evanston, Ill.
WELK..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR..... Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA..... Dallas, Tex.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE..... Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ.... Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM.... Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR..... Baltimore, Md.
WFDF..... Flint, Mich.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB..... Altoona, Pa.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW.... Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC..... Akron, O.
WFKD.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA..... Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF..... Evansville, Ind.
WGBI..... Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM..... Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES..... Chicago, Ill.
WGH....Newport News, Va.
WGHP..... Detroit, Mich.
WGL..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
WGN..... Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST..... Atlanta, Ga.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA..... Madison, Wis.
WHAD..... Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.... Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ..... Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU..... Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY...West DePere, Wis.
WHDF..... Calumet, Mich.
WHDH.....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI... Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC..... Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK..... Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP.Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS..... Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA..... Madison, Wis.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM..... Jackson, Mich.
WIBO..... Chicago, Ill.
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU..... Poynette, Wis.
WIBW..... Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL..... Urbana, Ill.
WILM..... Wilmington, Del.
WINR.....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC..... Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG..... Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
WJAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX..... Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY..... Cleveland, O.
WJAZ..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL..... Decatur, Ill.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
WJBT..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD..... Chicago, Ill.
WJKS..... Gary, Ind.
WJR..... Detroit, Mich.
WJSV.....Washington, D. C.
WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio.
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ.San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB..... Joliet, Ill.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE..... ..Webster, Mass.
WKBF..... Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN..... Youngstown, O.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP..Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV.... Connersville, Ind.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC..... Cincinnati, O.
WKY..Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC..... Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF...Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG..... Petersburg, Va.
WLBL...Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ..... Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX..... Lexington, Mass.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE..... Boston, Mass.
WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW..... Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF.S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ..... Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC..... Detroit, Mich.
WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.
WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ..... Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM.....Memphis, Tenn
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N.

WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH..New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR..... Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNRZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN.Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI..... Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT..... Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC.... Worcester, Mass.
WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
WPSW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.
WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
WRBJ....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY..... New York City
WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
WSPA....Spartanburg, S. C.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN..St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.... Worcester, Mass.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
WTAW.College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requesfed at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Incompatible

(Continued from page 24)

out counting them as loss — all were beautiful seasons if they were Love's seasons. But there was something not beautiful the matter with her and Sid.

OF COURSE there were no children! And a pang shot through her — a familiar little pang. Probably that was the bottom trouble. Sid was disappointed—she guessed that, though he hid his discontent. As for that no one dreamed, Sid no more than anyone else, how deeply and acutely she, herself, felt her childlessness.

Yet, withal, didn't they have enough in each other for happiness?

No, evidently not. But *why* not?

If, for instance, she acted with men as Bess Wandell acted with men, or if Sid were unfaithful to her as Charlie Hamblin was flagrantly unfaithful to his Mabel; or if she were disloyal to him merely in spirit as Louise Smith was disloyal to Johnny, forever talking about how it was she who had "made" her husband and implying that her superior talents had lifted him from the ditch of mediocrity; or if Sid got drunk and abused her, or even if he were insignificant but insufferably pompus and smug like Fanny Munn's husband — if there were some such concrete "if," then there would be some understanding of yet one more disappointment in marriage. But was everyone disappointed at the best—everyone but the dreadful people who expected nothing? Was married happiness—*married* love—at the best a mere negation of violently expressed unhappiness — merely not getting abusively drunk or being abusively unfaithful or things like that?

But no—a million times no! Not with people who had loved each other as she and Sid had loved each other!

AND then, catching that mental past tense, she cried out to herself that Sid did love her yet — she knew she loved him. But then she said to herself that if a woman seven years married has to assert her husband's love to her own heart, she's not so sure of it as she has a right to be.

But she chased away that thought, and sought to recapture the surging softness and warmth called up by the sight of her Sid when he was a boy. And it did come back to her, that tide of ineffable tenderness. And, swimming in that tenderness, she told herself that, after all, she had been exaggerating their failure to find happiness. Had been building hobgoblins out of shadows. Making trifles too momentous. The little rifts on the surface after all hadn't mattered—there were bound to be little rifts, occasionally, between any human beings who had to live in close day-by-day contact. The only thing that mattered was not the rifts but whether the persons still loved each other. And she and Sid still loved each other—yes, oh yes!

She leaned closer to the window, so close that her forehead brushed the screen. Outside the crickets were at their evening song and back of her a clock was loudly, lazily ticking the seconds. The sounds seemed to intensify the pervasive quiet. Outside, inside, the hush hung heavy. No sound of human voices to enliven, to make less tedious, her waiting—not even children's voices. Her thoughts turned and wounded her with a memory sudden and with no apparent direct connection: of how Sid had set aside one big bright room for a nursery—when they first took the house. But that big bright room had long since been given over to other purposes. She and Sid never spoke of those old hopes, and Amelie never discovered her disappointment, never admitted it, to anyone.

BUT there was the deepest reason why she hated certain other childless women of their set who deliberately avoided domestic encumbrances to liveliness—she must accept a standing that put her with them; she could not cry her distaste for their ideas. Here lay a hidden and her most specific reason for disclaiming kinship with that blithe and careless "bunch" so prized by Sid. But Sid had no more idea of all this than a stranger. Curiously she didn't want Sid to suspect how much she cared. It seemed to her she could not bear anything that might lift the curtain on how much he cared.

While, as a fact, Sid suffered no such disappointment as hers. Possessing Amelie he thought he had more than was his due, anyway. That the subject was closed between them was part of their misfortune.

Amelie was still waiting for him, cherishing that softened and tender mood, when Sid got home. Her first disappointment was because he didn't come alone. He had brought the out-of-town business acquaintance with him; Sid liked to feel free to bring a friend home to dinner without notice, and Amelie liked him to show his freedom — not every prosperous husband has it. Yet, somehow, tonight—

But she tried to be gracious to this Mr. Jenkins of Sid's, and, when she tried, she could be gracious, indeed; only her feelings beneath remained the same. It came out that Mr. Jenkins was a golf enthusiast and that this was Sid's reason for bringing him to Fair Haven—so he might play over the Club's excellent course the next day, though Sid himself couldn't, hadn't the time. But he would take the visitor over to the Club dance tonight and introduce him to some of the fellows and arrange a game.

TO AMELIE, feeling as she was feeling then, as she had been feeling all afternoon — vaguely wistful and reminiscently regretful and wanting only to be with Sid — the suggestion of a frolicsome evening at the clubhouse, and especially with Sid suggesting it in that enthusiastic way, came as a wet-blanket. And because her tenderness was so suddenly dampened, so terribly dampened, she didn't want Sid to suspect the mood the day and that boyish picture had called up. Why bare her feelings?—he was obviously eager for this frolic; the time was past when just being with her constituted his most enjoyable "good time."

Yet, when alone with him in their room, she demurred about the evening's plan:

"I'm sorry we've got to go to that dance tonight."

"Sorry you're sorry, dear—but I don't see any way out of it. Jenkins brought his evening clothes — I told him to. Then, as I said, it's a good chance to get him fixed up for tomorrow."

She hesitated a second; then:

"You put it off on Mr. Jenkins—but you want to go to the dance yourself!" She forced banter into a little laugh, but there was a quaver of something else under the banter. It was the wounded sentiment of a tender mood taking itself out in a mask of pettiness. But what could Sid see but the pettiness? And Amelie was not given to the petty or the pettyish. He answered matter-of-factly:

"Of course I want to go — I like to dance and I'm in just the mood tonight."

Underneath the matter-of-factness was something a little hard, a little cold, and almost hidden beneath geniality, but not hidden from Amelie. It amounted to a critical comment on her attitude, and she—she was only acting to be loved! To be assured of his love. So she answered with a weary indifference of tone — the eternally foolish feminine — she answered:

"You're generally in that mood, it seems."

"See here, Amelie," and, to add to its defensiveness, his tone took on an impatience because of the need to be defensive, "let's not start that kind of thing now. Don't start acting abused because I want you to go out and have a good time—you know you like to dance as well as anybody!"

"I do like to dance," she admitted. "But I like other things, too. And I confess that, at times, I get sort of fed up with people who think life's nothing but dancing and hunting a good time."

She was faintly, gently supercilious about it—oh, such a slight, lady-like shade of superciliousness, and that was thanks to that strangled-down warmth inside her. But Sid was chilled, rebuffed. And hurt—that tone of hers had sufficed to stir, as a similar demeanor had stirred more than once, a well of bitterness deep and secret within him: Amelie scorned "the bunch," but that wasn't it; the thing that put that edge on her scorn, which used to be so amiably slight and humorous, was that she had learned to scorn him with the rest! Why not, indeed? They were the ones that were his kind, he supposed, even if he had put one over on Amelie when he got her to marry him.

HE WAS hurt as if he had been stabbed. It was not the sense of Amelie's superiority—because Sid, in his genuine humility, had always deemed Amelie high above him; but the suspicion that she was cognizant of *his* inferiority.

That had been something, this suspicion, he had been fighting away from through all the little rifts and jars which had marred the last two years. She had got taxed and bored with *him*.

There is no feeling in life more wretched than that of feeling oneself belittled by the adored one. And this feeling, layered onto his own self-deprecation, had been recurrently making Sid Fletcher unhappy. So unhappy that all he could do was to put on a deceptive uncaring front and withdraw into himself. Withdrawals to conceal the hurt inside him; and which, according to his idea of his own lacks, must last till she made some sign, gave him a cue to show himself the lover again. And, of course, to tide himself over, he must hurl himself the more hilariously into those dis-

The Dictated Letter

ALL might have ended differently if Sidney had not had his stenographer write his letters to Amelie. He had injured his hand, which had prevented him from using a pen. But Amelie did not know this. She thought he was indifferent, so the breach was widened another notch. Follow this intensely human story, ***Incompatible,*** to its conclusion in the

August

RADIO DIGEST

tractions she belittled. And all the time longing only to feel his Amelie close again; close to him—in his arms—and her spirit close to him as well.

While Amelie, at such times, would cultivate aloofness, too—a deliberate reserve compounded of wounded love and vanity and of a sheer perversity that she never clearly took in as a part of her make-up. She was so gentle, so sparkingly distinguished, that no one had ever called her perverse any more than she so named herself. Yet she perhaps knew more of Sid's states of mind than she owned to herself. But she wanted him to love her so much he could not play indifferent even if he tried to. And what she was crying to herself, what she thought, all that pierced her was: "He doesn't love me as he used to love me!—I don't count with him as I used to count!"

What tragic comedy life makes out of the emotions of humans!

Had this fanciful creature, so high-spirited and delicate-spirited and jealously-guarded at once, only had children then she might have learned to feel that her husband was in ways like one of the children, to be understood and helped like one of them; and she would have been taken out of this too-fanciful sweethearting with a husband who was truly more hers than any sweetheart could ever be.

Marriage, with the Fletchers, had never fallen into matter-of-course, prosaic marital habits; but the deep feeling, the poetic tenderness, which had such ways impossible to them, had not flowered, either, into the perfect openness which marriage so needs. And that touch of unimportant incompatibility became important when it led to these reserves, these prides and wounded humilities that turned to pride.

THIS evening there was no more argument about the dance or the dancers, and before they joined their guest Amelie went and pressed her cheek for a moment against her husband's sleeve.

If she had taken him by the arms and said: "I did not say what I meant! The crowd doesn't matter two pins—the whole crowd doesn't matter two pins. All in the world that matters is *you*. And because you're all that matters I stew and fret and want to be assured in return that, with you, *I'm* all that matters. That's all it amounted to, Sid—I want you to tell me, to convince me, that you love me—above *everything!*" If she had said something like this, Sid would have been as interested as a bridegroom, and probably there would have been no story to tell about the Fletchers.

For it was that causeless little breach that night which marked the most definite point either could ever fix on as the beginning of an incredible chapter. And neither of them guessed what it was about; and neither guessed how it was going to end.

It was his stinging sense that Amelie didn't feel him quite good enough that made Sid act a part that night, of a husband who, indeed, was not quite good enough for such a wife as Amelie.

He danced with pretty Mrs. Wandell so often as to be conspicuous. Mrs. Wandell was so superlative a dancer that, had his motive been merely the comparatively innocent one of dancing for dancing's sake—and he trying to forget all trouble in the apotheosis of rhythm he found with her—he would have had a plausible excuse in seeking her for a partner. But Sid did not dance as if his interest stood just that way; he threw a shade of something more personal into his manner toward Bess Wandell.

Yes, he threw it there of malice prepense, because he wanted to show that there were pretty women who liked him, ordinary and commonplace as he was. His were like a hurt little boy's feelings on one side, but on the other, the side that showed, he was grown-up masculine enough.

And everyone felt that Sid was such a simple honest creature that no one, not even Amelie, suspected he had this much of the actor. It is well to remember that the simplest human can be a well of duplicity and of histrionic talent—when love, wounded love especially, is the stage-manager.

MANY men in Fair Haven did like to dance with Bess Wandell, even though they refused to be "vamped" by her. Bess was the professional vamp of the Country Club crowd. Slim and dark, provocative and conscienceless, she achieved a great deal of masculine attention.

Amelie privately considered that these conquests were bought at too dear a price. She had her own ideas as to the valuation every woman, because she was a woman, should place on herself; and, to Amelie's way of thinking, women who behaved as Bess Wandell behaved, held themselves cheap — cheapened themselves. But in that easy-going set Mrs. Wandell had kept her dainty and modish skirts clear of forthright damnation. And it was not Amelie's way to voice censure of other women; especially when their dubious activities did not cross her own intimate horizon; Sid had never shown any responsiveness to Mrs. Wandell's allurements. But tonight—

It was a particularly gay and successful party. The toilettes elegant even if often bizarre; the animation high-pitched but not vulgar in its gusto; the white and gold ballroom, the shining floor, the revolving couples, the strains of waltz or of fox-trot and overtones of talk and laughter. You could sense, even without hearing it, that all that talk was sophisticated and artificial.

The people were sophisticated and artificial, and the setting, and the gayety; but something very pleasant in all the gayety and sparkle. And Amelie had to acknowledge it; once let yourself give in to it, to this pleasantness, and you forgot to criticize.

More than once Amelie had found herself giving in to the extent that she'd had a surprisingly good time. Probably she would always have had a good time had she not been feeling that Sid, without any "giving in," was having a better one than she could give him since times had changed with them, since he was no longer the lover he had been.

Sid early spoiled for her any chance of pleasure this evening. The out-of-town Mr. Jenkins was sitting beside her as Sid finished his second dance with Mrs. Wandell—Amelie, though not tired, had evaded the encore.

"Who's that dancing with Sid?" the visitor inquired.

Amelie told him.

"She's certainly a beautiful woman."

"Yes," Amelie agreed, "she's considered the most beautiful woman in Fair Haven."

"AND a wonder of a dancer! They dance well together, don't they?"

Amelie agreed to this, also. To be fair she had to. Mrs. Wandell danced without any effect of abandon but you caught a peculiar sense of rhythm flowing throughout her thin, supple body—caught it in her flexible shoulders and arms, in the way she stepped as on a fragile surface, in even her knees which you could not see, but which you somehow divined vibrant, rhythmic, behind that shrouding skirt. Her every movement was attuned to the music's harmony—became a part of the harmony.

And Sid, dancing with her in his arms, seemed to become a part of that harmony, too. He looked rapt, absorbed, yet somehow boyish in his sheer enthusiasm of enjoyment. There was nothing stiff or constrained about him now—not as he danced with Bess Wandell.

Amelie, eyeing the pair covertly, saw Mrs. Wandell let her hand linger longer than necessary on Sid's arm after the dance was finished. And Sid didn't seem to mind. He laughed and talked with her as if in fine fettle.

When he kept on dancing with her several times more Amelie was sure others were noticing and making stealthy comments.

He danced with his wife also, of course, and not markedly less than usual, but it was less. Amelie was a good dancer even if she were not in the class with Bess Wandell, but, tonight, she found her muscles stiffening every time her husband's arm went round her.

But, thinking hard throughout the evening and throughout the ride home, she decided to "pass it over." She had no real fear of Bess Wandell; the flirtatious episode had been mostly the "vamp's" doing, merely in keeping with her customary behavior. No, she mustn't let a Bess Wandell raise an issue between herself and Sid—it was not Bess



KFVD, Culver City, Calif., is very proud of its jolly trio, the Hal Roach Happy-Go-Lucky musicians, shown above. Their costumes smack of the soil, hey what? Hill-billies or not, they shore can play!



Miss Kathryn Julye, the lovely and skilled harpist of Station KPO, San Francisco

Wandell, anyway; she felt a little throb of pride in her indifference to Bess Wandell, but she was not indifferent to Sid's lessening devotion to herself, even though she was still sure of him as against Bess Wandells. But, anyhow, she must stop the continuous raising of these issues. She must try to win back the old peace and security of love.

There was propitiation in her tone and wistfulness in her heart when, alone with Sid again, she said:

"It was a nice party, wasn't it? I'm sorry I made a fuss about going."

BUT Sid was still stung with a sense of her criticism of himself—this retracting light concession did not touch the only hurt he had felt; so his voice held a tinge of reserve as he answered:

"Had a bully time, myself. I like the bunch—they're jolly, and pick you up. I like 'em even though you don't."

If Amelie had spoken from her heart, then, the voice from her heart would have cried out: "My picking flaws is born of jealousy! Because I don't want any bunch to mean as much as home to you! I can't bear them as competitors. That's what's eating into me, Sid—my jealousy and fear!"

But she said:

"I noticed you seemed to be enjoying yourself particularly." And then: "Is Bess Wandell as marvelous a dancer as she looks?"

"She's a peach," affirmed Sid succinctly. Perhaps to his other hurts his conscience was hurting him a bit—and contributing only to that brusqueness! He added: "She's good fun, too, if you take her in the right way. She's going to ask us for bridge tomorrow night—said she'd ring you up in the morning."

"Oh," said Amelie. She hadn't meant her tone to be so blank. Then suddenly she was saying something that was just the kind of thing she had determined not to say!

"Sid," and her voice was hard because she was holding it against tears, "I don't want to go. And I want you to promise me something—will you promise me?"

"What is it?"

AGAINST the guarded stiffness of this it was difficult to go on, but, a little flurried, she forced herself to bring it out.

"I want you to promise not to let Bess Wandell get a hold over you."

"Get a hold over me!—what on earth do you mean, Amelie?"

"Well, you know how she is—how she loves to make fools of men. And she can do it, too!—but—"

"Are you implying she can make a fool of me?" betraying amazement but more distant and stiff than ever.

"Oh, no, not that exactly—you know I don't mean that. But she's the kind that covets any new conquest and will play the game to any extent to make a conquest. And men are sometimes more flattered by that sort of thing than they realize. It's just that I can't bear the thought of Bess Wandell pickin on *you*—flattering you—trying to flirt with you—and perhaps winning her way with you just a little."

It was sincere, that rush of words, for once terribly sincere; but this was not the kind of sincerity for a woman to betray to a man who, more than anything else in the world, longed to appear fine and admirable in that woman's eyes! And Amelie had not meant to say any of these things; but her urge, at just that moment, swept her into a sincerity which held no tact. She rushed on:

"So I want you not to be very—very responsive to her. If she should ever try to make up to you. Of course I don't mean ignoring her, or anything like that; only don't be—responsive. Don't dance with her so often as to be conspicuous; don't let her make you conspicuous—not in any way."

"I think you're talking in a very silly way," said Sid. "I'm really astonished at you. Bess Wandell means nothing to me, and you know it."

"Of course I know it—that's not the point."

"WELL, I don't seem to get the point then," said Sid; and he moved toward the closet to get his dressing-gown.

How could he see the point?—he couldn't read Amelie's insides. But because he failed to read what was hidden and fermenting there—that turmoil of wounded love and jealous doubt, that burning desire merely to be taken in his arms and assured that nothing counted or ever would count but herself—because he didn't somehow grasp all this, Amelie felt rebuffed. For she thought—no, she felt as if she had shown him her heart; and she was too overwrought to be able to draw any lines between what she thought and what she felt. No, to her, it was that she had shown him her heart only to have him glance at it indifferently, impatiently. She felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to burst into tears. But she would not cry! She regretted her overtures, her attempt at sincerity, her impulsiveness. She would not cry—not now! She fought for control and poise. Regained them—overdid it somewhat.

Sid veered, too; he returned from the closet a little ashamed of himself, miserable, anxious to "make up," and started toward her with his arms out; but, because he was ashamed of himself, stumbling into the wrong words:

"It's not Bess Wandell, Amelie, that's cut you out," he began.

Now, what woman would like that, unless she were in one of love's radiant moods when words don't count anyway? And Amelie's was far from that. She only saw Sid's open arms as she turned, and as she turned his arms dropped, for her expression was amused, well-bred and "superior"; and she was saying:

"You are wonderfully reassuring, Sid; if it's not Bess Wandell, why should I mind?"

Sid flung from her room into his without a word. He had found Amelie's delicate irony a pretty gift when she had now and again—she never used it much—brought it to his help in some conversational impass where he was getting "balled up." She knew he was not clever with words the way she was. And knew it now, and *now* . . . The sting went out of all proportion deep.

AND as he tried to get to sleep that night, he was thinking: "She doesn't love me. Oh, she loves me, I suppose—principally because it's her duty—but she knows all about where I fall short. I can't measure up to her standards. I *do* fall short—but it's the dickens to have her know it so well! I wish . . . oh, well . . ."

There was an ache in his heart, and hunger, and warmth; but there was something that smarted, too—that bade him not show his hurt.

And Amelie, so near him yet so immeasurably distant, was thinking into the dark: "He doesn't care for me as he used to care. If he did he wouldn't want to go to Bess Wandell's—that creature so beneath bothering about! But he shan't know how I care, how I suffer because he's changed—he shan't, he *shan't!*"

What foolishness for two people, married, and truly married so far as loving each other went. And why so foolish? Perhaps, besides their need of children to bring them down to realities and take these quirks of nonsensical pride and sensitiveness out of them, perhaps a deeper partnership in everyday life would have, could have, helped them. They had had no struggles together, no sharp pulls of dependence on each other as partners in any way. Now, if Sid had fallen desperately ill, it might have sobered Amelie into a real wife instead of this self-torturing sweetheart. Certainly, it does appear, it's where life is easy and smooth and prosperous that married people are bewitched like this to hunt trouble.

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answer to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Joe White has a "jinx song." What is it?

2. What "school marm" has the distinction to be the possessor of "America's most perfect Radio voice?"

3. Who originated the phrase "make whoopie?"

4. What is Ted Husing's record, words per minute, in announcing?

5. What American broadcasting station was used by foreign power to convey code messages?

6. Who wrote the Rhapsody in Blue?

7. What is Olive Palmer's "real name?"

8. Who used to be known as "the red-headed music maker?"

9. What well known announcer taught the Prince of Wales to play the ukulele?

10. Who is known as the Eiffel Tower of Radio?

* * *

Answers to the questions in June issue:

1. S. Parkes Cadman. 2. Countess Albani. 3. Will Osborne. 4. Saxophone. 5. Amy Goldsmith. 6. During the World War in a music store at Ft. Worth. 7. He was allowed to pinch-hit for the regular announcer. 8. Yale. 9. The stage. 10. WCHI.

Talkies Take the Air

(Continued from page 34)

little directing while, a year or so later, Carmel, his sister, finished school and went into the movies.

In fact, this entire movement is spreading so rapidly that it is pretty hard to keep track of it all. Ultimately, however, it looks as though the talkie magnates would hog-tie everything to it . . . theaters, production units, Radio, song houses, talking machines, electrical transcriptions and recordings. There is almost no limit to it.

Perhaps you will wonder why the lengthy list of the film stars who pioneered in Radio some time ago, but did not include those of the present day. Well, a list of those who get a break on the air now, as the talkies take to the air, would read like a who's who of filmdom.

It would be lots easier to say who hasn't been on the Radio instead of reciting the list of those who have. I guess, after all, that practically every one of them has had a break at some time or other. Charlie Chaplin holds out against the talkies because of his pantomime. Neither will he essay to talk via Radio. But on at least two occasions the announcer has caught his "good-evening" as he passed by the mike stand on his way into Grauman's Chinese on his way to a premiere.

Talkie stars of the present day do not have the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of the stars of the silent films when it comes to Radio. They ad lib sometimes, it is true, but mostly they are very business-like in their actions before the microphone. They take it plenty seriously for, after all, the business office is beginning to realize what a husky henchman and ally Radio can be to the theater.

One of the smartest things in connection with the Radio and talkies lately has been the series of KFI travel talks by Tom Terriss, who prefers to be known as the vagabond director. He has made twenty-six travel shorts for Pathe with the lecture synchronized. The fans hear his KFI talks and forthwith saunter over to the show houses to see his travel talkie.

Will Rogers' "Connecticut Yankee" for Fox will probably find that his commercial broadcast series has not injured the showing of the film. Far from it.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S broadcasts have created a good-sized audience for his "King of Jazz" for Universal. Amos 'n' Andy will find that their contract with Radio Pictures will be a big thing.

That Radio has helped Rogers, Whiteman, Gosden and Correll cannot be doubted. But, it must be remembered, Radio did not start them on original careers. They had a professional background which was further enhanced through Radio experience.

Besides all the West coast broadcasts by talkie people, there is the Paramount-Publix hour weekly over C. B. S. At this writing a sponsored affair is on the air for a half hour twice each Friday via NBC, once for the East and again for the West on account of the four-hour difference in time.

There was an M-G-M hour at KHJ which lagged when difference of opinion cropped out between the station and studio. The M-G-M people claim they ought to get the time free, while the station thought they ought to put up the cash.

A movement has been started which has spread with cooperation between theaters and the Radio. Some of the theaters employ Radio contact men who run around to the broadcasters and give them sheet music for orchestra and singers and phonograph records. Of course the songs are from theme songs of pictures currently running in the film palaces.

If the stations are tender-hearted, which some of them are, they not only plug the stuff, but also mention the theaters and pictures. But even if they don't, by the law of averages the propaganda more than pays for itself.

THIS theme song gag is getting a bit wearisome to the public. Yet the fact remains that Tin Pan Alley has been lifted bodily and carted from New York to Hollywood. All the big shots of song plugdom are storming at the doors of the talkies. The gates have been let down for scores of them at fabulous salaries. They might as well make the most of it and get the coin, because their active brains will not grind out snappy stuff forever.

It is even rumored that some of the producers are going to use the trailer or teaser idea from the theaters and adapt it to the Radio. You go into the film palace and see a portion of advance film from something of the next week. The companies now plan to put some dialogue on an electrical transcription. You will hear it over some Radio station, and then they will announce that if you want to hear the whole story you will have to go to the theater to finish the tale.

So, to make a long story short, they've buried the hatchet about the quarrel between Radio, films and phonograph. In fact, Radio has given them all a pretty big boost though it is hard to see how they in turn have done so very much for Radio.

There is the Paramount combination with the Columbia chain, RKO's arrangement with National Broadcasting company and Warner's proposition with Brunswick.

A news dispatch from the east the other day tells something about the making of the Brunswick records in Muskegon, Michigan, yet the rumors in Los Angeles say that the Brunswick records are going to be made in Hollywood. At the same time, Flo Ziegfeld is in town. Whether there is any connection between the two items remains to be seen.

Terror
By Rupert Hughes
A story of white slavery and black slavery in old, very old New York, when it was feared the black slaves would rebel and overthrow the city.

Will Rogers
By Ann Lazar
Close-up story—first of series—on the career of famous cowboy philosopher.

Vacation Follies
By Evans E. Plummer
Tells where the bright luminaries of the Radio spend their vacations. About the rest pursuits of the hard working Radio celebrities these summer months.

And these are just a few of the many interesting topics to be found in the

AUGUST
Eighth Anniversary
RADIO DIGEST

THESE combinations, mergers, amalgamations and what not, are in the press every day.

One proposed gigantic merger would combine the motion pictures, theaters, music publishers, talkies, Radio and television interests. This would give essentially a monopoly on film, stage, Radio and music entertainment and, unless the federal government objected strenuously, it would make billions for its promoters.

They perhaps have in mind, too, that they might be able to collect some royalty on home movies and also on Radio Broadcast programs. Although the scheme of things looks as though it might lock horns with the Sherman Act bets are up that nothing will be done about it.

It doubtless is true that this great interlocking of interests, directorates, patents and other things, has caused tremendous criticism on the part of musicians, fans, booking agencies, theater patrons and others who see in the movement a trend to completely choke art and substitute a lot of mechanical short cuts.

Incidentally, instead of rivaling the phonograph, Radio has brought to the talking machine the combination Radio-phonograph set and also electrical recording and reproduction with better quality and volume.

Radio hasn't displaced the theater and nowadays the theater talent finds its best publicity is through the medium of broadcast, either direct campaign or the more subtle ways and means devised by hawk-eyed press agentry. And, too, Radio principles have made the talkie possible.

What will happen when television gets here? Probably nothing. Television will be for the theater rather than for the home, partly because it is not so practicable for the fan to have expensive outfits and keep them in repair, but more because the home television equipment leaves almost no way by which to collect for the programs.

The talkies take the air. Yes, and how.

It Won't Be Long Now

(Continued from page 21)

"This is WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ. We will now play a phonograph record to give the listeners a chance to get their set properly tuned, after which we will repeat the call letters of the station." And repeat them the announcer did. Seven times at a crack after every phonograph record ground out its tune! And we heard all seven—prviding, of course, that the cat's whisker was behaving properly.

Let's go back to those early days and get acquainted with some of the Radio pioneers. Those boys had some thrilling and amusing experiences.

Ever hear of Station WGI? or IXE?

That station was owned by the American Radio and Research corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hillside, Massachusetts, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception exclusively.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do I hear you ask? It didn't. And if you follow the little yarn I'm about to tell, you will understand how this non-commercial organization was able to function. I am also of the opinion that the history of the American Radio and Research corporation will hand you a genuiue surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman respon-

sible for financial backing necessary to carry on this great pioneer work.

ON JANUARY 23rd, 1909, Jack Binns, wireless operator on the ill-fated "Republic," rammed by the S. S. "Florida" off Nantucket, demonstrated to the whole world the value of wireless when he stood by his instruments in the dark on a sinking ship to summon aid, which arrived in time to save all hands. Among those who were thrilled with the newspaper reports of the heroic deed was Harold Powers, then a grammar school boy in a small New England town. Not only was he thrilled—he was interested to learn more about this strange method of communication—wireless. He read every technical book and magazine devoted to the subject which he could get his hands on. Then he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthused that he asked for and received permission to leave school somewhat earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the navy yard time signals at noon!

By the time he finished school young Powers, as a result of his application to wireless operation, was able to pass the rigid examination and get a berth as operator on a New York-Boston passenger steamer. His next move was to the "Corsair," the famous private yacht of James Pierpont Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Corsair," Mr. Powers, even yet hardly more than a lad, interested the financier in the possibilities, little recognized at the time, of Radio. The result of this interest on the part of his employer was the establishment of Station IXE and the forming of the American Radio and Research corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Powers.

DURING the war amateur broadcasting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governmental and privately owned wireless stations) were forced to discontinue operations. On October 1st, 1919, the amateur transmitting stations were permitted to take the air again and WGI (the new call letters assigned to Station IXE) took it with a vengeance. As distance was the rainbow being chased by both broadcaster and receiver in those days the powers that be (no pun intended, Harold!) at Medford Hills decided to broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon. Two hundred and ninety feet of the proposed three hundred and fifty foot tower mast had been erected when along came a windstorm and blew the none too sturdy sky-tickler down.

Right across the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks, with the Montreal Express less than a quarter of a mile away stepping along at a mile-a-minute clip. Fortunately the engineer on the Express saw the mast come down and fifteen seconds later the well-shaken passengers, who left their seats when the engineer applied his brakes, looked out to see the cowcatcher nuzzling gently against a horizontal and thoroughly prostrated broadcasting antenna mast. In its trip to earth the tower had carried with it seventeen telegraph, telephone and electric light wires which happened to be in its path. Needless to say, the permanent mast which was then erected never broke itself or any altitude records. It was two hundred and fifty feet high. And I suspect every engineer on the Boston & Maine Railroad used to take great delight in thumbing his nose at it every time he passed!

The Hunters

(Continued from page 31)

mus's plight with neighborly interest and there was an obviously friendly intention in his laconic inquiry, "Stuck?"

"I got stuck in the sand here," Colisemus muttered back stupidly, for his brain was congested.

"Bad road fer a car 'less you keep plumb in the wagon tracks," the friendly man remarked as he hopped out of his car. Bustling and loquacious he examined Colisemus's stalled machine, opening the hood, looking to the spark plugs knowingly, talking briskly the while.

"Looks to me like your battery'd give out," he announced at length. "I can give you a lift to town . . ."

Colisemus then heard three pistol shots, faint but unmistakable, off to the southeast, in the direction where he supposed the man hunt to be going forward. It was not philanthropy that made his nerves so sensitive to Helter's situation. There was no Damon and Pythias bond between them. He felt Helter's situation so acutely because he knew exactly how it was himself—the getaway, when a man is fleeing for his neck and everything depends upon carrying out the program without a hitch. He knew exactly how that was himself—and the sudden agony of finding that a confederate had failed, leaving one in a trap. He and Helter stuck together not out of altruistic loyalty but because each could feel himself in the other's shoes in a crisis. Helter would be fleeing to the road now. There must be a car for him.

SO SWARTHY and burly Colisemus, with his round head and comfortable padding of flesh, stepped back to the brick road between the friendly man and his new green car. The friendly man was coatless and obviously unarmed. Something black appeared in Colisemus's right hand.

"Stay where you are," he commanded. "Don't move. Keep still."

He backed to the new green car, climbed into it and drove away, leaving its owner thunderstruck on the edge of the road. Then the owner caught his breath and started at a gallop toward the farm house which Colisemus had passed fifty rods before coming to the disastrous woods road.

Colisemus knew he had taken a risk. In time there would be a hue and cry over the stolen car. But meanwhile he would have picked up Helter and they would beat it by the first good cross road, avoiding Bocaganza. The shooting having been done, a car to get away in was an absolute necessity. He had the car and noticed that it performed very satisfactorily.

Approaching the general scene of the man hunt he slowed, looking off into the pine timber at the east for Helter. He slowed more, only creeping along. Presently he came to the rough road into which Bodet's car had turned that morning and along which Helter had followed on foot. There he stopped, nervously and in a moment got out of the car, standing in the middle of the road which ran straight for quite half a mile to the north. Coming out to the road anywhere along that stretch Helter would recognize his figure, although he wouldn't be looking for a green car. With taut nerves Colisemus waited there ten minutes or more. Surely by that time Helter should have reached the road. Foreboding, Colisemus got back into the car and went slowly south; but he very soon came to the stretch of road which overlooked the burned area between drainage ditch and thick timber along the lake. That was all open country. Helter would hardly choose it to flee across. Puzzled, Colisemus stopped again.

Here was a dilemma. Colisemus was acutely aware of Helter's situation, in case Helter should then be making his getaway. But he was also acutely aware of his own situation. By that time twenty or thirty minutes had elapsed since he commandeered this shiny green car and he was still in the locality of the crime. Poles and wires were strung along the brick road; that meant telephones. Why didn't Helter appear? Should he wait longer, cruise back over the road again—or look to his own skin by "beating it"?

He was pondering that in nervous uncertainty—full of a black resentment against this whole untoward, inexplicable day . . .

A VEHICLE was approaching from the south along the brick road. An automobile might have been somewhat disquieting; but this vehicle was a ramshackle old buggy drawn by a bony, melancholy, jogging nag. Colisemus looked at it only once and turned his attention again to that blackened, open waste from somewhere on the farther side of which, he thought, the pistol shots had sounded. He looked around again only as the ramshackle buggy stopped beside his car, vaguely recognizing the lean, round shouldered, mat-whiskered man and the well grown boy who had been in the yard where he got a drink. The recognition was only a flicker in the back of his mind, for he was looking into a double-barreled shotgun. There was an unmistakable grimness on the mat-whiskered face behind it. The twin barrels were two feet from his chest.

"Stick up yer hands," the man was saying grimly. "That's my brother-in-law's car. Go take his gun, Bud."

The fatal telephone!

Colisemus had had an hour and a half to himself, to wonder in, in his cell at the Bocaganza county jail, when three men entered. One of them was the undersized, bandy-legged, bush-mustached deputy sheriff to whom the man with the shotgun had turned him over.

"Know this man?" said the deputy, indicating one of his companions. The man indicated evidently had a fraction of negro blood. He was stoutish, with thick lips, clad in overalls and calico shirt. His right arm was in a new white cotton sling; apparently he had been slightly wounded. It was the same man whom Bodet and Dorman had seen on the shore of the island and whom Helter, somewhat later, had seen in the little clearing.

Colisemus stared at him and shook his head.

The deputy turned the question around, asking the quadroon whether he had ever seen Colisemus. The quadroon answered sullenly in the negative. Then he added, also sullenly: "I tol' you before I don't know nothin' about that first shootin'. I ain't seen nobody on the island today except the two bee hunters and the men that raided us. None of us seen anybody else on the island. I heard two shots before the raiders come, but I don't know nothin' about 'em."

THE DEPUTY considered and suggested to his other companion,

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"Probably it's just a coincidence." He turned to Colisemus, explaining: "Mister, there was two shots fired on the island before it was raided. This man here had two guns on him. One of 'em's a plain seven shooter revolver. The other's a new, fancy automatic. He says it's his gun, and he's had it for quite a spell. But it's a dead mate for the gun that was took off you—twin brother to it."

He paused for any comment the prisoner might choose to make. Helter had carried a twin brother to Colisemus's gun. Colisemus's heavy-lidded eyes turned to the quadroon. For a moment the two strangers looked at each other and there was deep meaning in the look, for far apart as their lines had been cast they were in a not dissimilar way of living; to both of them being in possession of another man's gun was much the same as being in possession of his scalp. The quadroon's thick lips were parted as he waited for the comment. But Colisemus merely muttered, "I don't know anything about it."

Then for an instant his eyes and the eyes of the deputy sheriff's other companion held together. This other companion was Ben Bodet, who was to have been killed that day without fail. The deputy sheriff spoke to Bodet:

"Probably them guns is just a coincidence. I'm going to send out a description of this fella and see if he's wanted anywhere. But anyhow, stealin' that car will let him in for three, four years—highway robbery. I thought maybe . . ." But the three visitors were already at the cell door and Colisemus heard no more.

Of Helter nothing further was heard. But an imaginative person, those genial, sub-tropic days, might have fancied that the big alligator, sunning himself on the mud bank, wore an expression of benevolent satisfaction with the world as he found it.

The Cabin's Secret

(Continued from page 25)

he was supposed to be wealthy and yet, no one knows what he had, or where he left it."

"Dad did leave a will somewhere, Dick. He was too generous and thoughtful not to have done so. If you had only known him you would understand."

"Well, darling, I'm not marrying you for money, you know. I'm the luckiest man in the world to get you just as you are. But if there is anything in this idea of yours that he might have left a will hidden up here in this sacred old retreat of his—we'll know it tonight. Wait a minute until I look in the next room."

Dick left Julia. He was just gone about a minute when he heard her scream. He ran out to where he had left her.

"Good heavens! What was that?" he asked in startled tones. In the candle glow Julia's face was an ashen white. Dick looked around the room but failed to see anything wrong. Suddenly he remembered the door had been closed and now it was open.

"WHY, it's just the door blown open by the wind, Julia."

"Oh, yes, I see," she stammered. "But Dick, let's go and come back tomorrow when it's light. I'm just imagining all sorts of things."

"Don't be nervous, sweetheart. There's not a thing in the world to be afraid of," he assured her. "See, we're just getting used to the candle light now." Julia, finally composed, walked over to a large box and sat down.

"My, what a quaint old place! How many rooms are there, dear?" Dick asked.

"This room and the one you just came out of and an attic above. I used to climb up there on a ladder when I was five years old." Dick scanned the place.

"Is that the ladder over there in the corner?"

"Why yes, I believe it is. But it looks rather wobbly now, doesn't it?"

"Darling, we'll have to clean up this place and keep it looking better for your dad's sake. If he loved this little cabin he would feel pretty badly to see it going to ruin this way."

"The dust must be an inch thick. I almost wish I hadn't suggested coming. Now that we're here there doesn't seem to be any place to look for a will and it is so damp and chilly. Let's go, Dick, and come back tomorrow," she pleaded. "Then we can sorta clean it up a bit. As you said, daddy would be very unhappy if he knew it was so neglected."

"You and your dad must have been great pals, Julia."

"He was the dearest father a girl ever had—so proud, Dick; and so proud of me, too. You see I was a small baby when mother died. Dad had to be mother and father to me. He used to call me his little princess and I called him my king. I think I won't ever quite get over losing him—my memory of him is so precious. I suppose I should be grateful for that."

Dick put his arm around her.

"I understand, sweetheart." She rested her head on his shoulder. Dick realized it was getting late.

"Suppose you look through that old cupboard over there and I'll rummage around a bit in some of those boxes over there," he said pointing to a corner.

"All right, dear. But let's hurry." Julia opened the cupboard and another scream rent the little cabin.

"Oh, Dick! Quick, quick! There's a mouse in this cupboard."

"Good Lord! Not one but a whole nest of them. Hand me that stick, dear." And soon the family of mice were extinct.

"There now, how's that?" asked Dick when he had chased the last one.

"There's not a thing in those boxes, dear. Just a lot of old newspapers, some nails and a rusty saw. Did you find anything in the cupboard?"

Julia replied laughing, "Yes, a lot of mice."

"Better let me take a look. You were so frightened by the mice that you couldn't have seen a will if it were there."

Dick searched every shelf and shook his head in the negative when he finished. Julia rose from the box on which she was sitting.

"OH, DICK, it was probably all foolishness but — well, I'm going to 'fess up. Last week I dreamed about dad and in my dream he told me to come up here. There was a hurt look in his eyes — just as though he were disappointed I hadn't come before and yet, as though he were glad I hadn't, too. It was so strange. I didn't tell you about it because I thought you would think me silly and I guess I am. I suppose it was just a dream after all, so let's go now."

"No, Julia. I don't think you're silly. There's one place we haven't looked and that's the attic. I'll get the ladder and look around up there—then we'll go."

Dick managed to lift the door in the ceiling and braced the ladder against the opening.

"Don't be afraid, Julia. I'll be down in a few minutes."

She sat down again and tried to be patient. She could hear Dick walking around above her head.

"Are you all right, dear?" he called down.

"All right," she answered.

Dick continued to poke his way through the debris in the attic.

Finally Julia heard a strange noise and ran to the opening calling up, "What was that noise, Dick?"

"Nothing, honey, just missed a bat that's flying around up here. Just a minute. I see an old trunk."

"Do hurry, Dick," Julia called. It's lonesome down here and I'm afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of. I'll have the trunk open in a second."

Much to his surprise Dick found the trunk partly filled with old newspapers and letters. Down in a side pocket of the trunk he found an oil-skin packet. With nervous fingers he untied it and found what he was searching for. It was the will of Julia's father. It was on the tip of his tongue to call to her when he noticed how it began. Instead he continued to read:

"MY PRECIOUS child: Some day you will come back here — it won't be soon—and I want it that way, for I want a few years to pass before you learn that I was not your father. You must be brave, dear child, for you and I were very close. You were left on my doorstep years ago, Julia, and I took you into my home and into my heart." Dick sat motionless for a moment and then read on. "You were the sunshine through all the years of my life, Julia, and if I was mother and dad to you, you were daughter and mother to me. Contrary to what most people thought, I never was a rich man, dear, but you will find all I have, ten thousand dollars, deposited in the State Bank at Fairfield which I bequeath to you. I am putting this will up here in the attic of this old retreat where I spent so many happy hours alone, and I'm not quite sure whether I hope you will ever find it or not."

Julia became more and more impatient.

"For goodness sake, Dick, what are you doing? I'm coming right up," and with that he could hear her coming up the ladder step by step. He crammed the letter in his pocket and pretended to be looking over some others.

10 1ST PRIZES of $600.00 each!



SURELY YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THEM

If you've never won before, here's your chance: For years we have awarded large cash and auto prizes to get publicity in new communities, but have given only one first prize at a time. Now, in our latest advertising plan, we want publicity in several communities at once. You and nine others now can each get one of ten big first prizes—$600.00 each or ten new 1930 Chevrolet Sedans. You can see for yourself how easy it is to be one of these ten lucky ones. You may have thought you couldn't win a first prize, but surely you can be one of the first ten, now. If you are, you will receive exactly the same big first prize as if you were the very first one.

FIND THE TWINS! Be careful. Don't lose your chance. Study the eight heads shown here. They all appear different, but two are exactly alike—TWINS! Look at the hat crowns, hatbands. The under side of some hats are part black, some all white. Each girl has a name. If you find the twins, send me the names on post card or letter. If you have the right twins, you will be qualified for this opportunity and may receive prize or cash. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No more puzzles. No obligation. Send no money, but HURRY!



J. F. LARSON, Dept. 16, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

"Did you find anything?"

"Not a thing other than these old letters." She immediately dashed to the trunk and leaning over the lid tried to read them too. They proved to be business letters.

"Well, I guess my dream was only a dream after all. Come on, let's go, Dick."

They closed the trunk lid. As Dick descended he tried but failed to find a happy ending for the letter in his pocket. What should he do? Should he take away her pride and the memory of the man whom she believed to be her father —for ten thousand dollars—or should he destroy the will?

And thus the Hamilton-Brown Sketch Book closed, asking its listeners to complete another page of life as they would want it.

Old Home Week

(Continued from page 28)

new weekly Elgin program over the NBC system. The trials and tribulations of the young violinist bear a marked similarity to the adventures of Don Amaizo.

"I see where Don Malin, WLS musical director and announcer, has quit the microphone," Bill reminisced.

Yes, Don has entered commercial pursuits. He's had quite a time deciding what to do. You know he became a newspaper man first after graduating from college, and then WLS brought him here to Chicago to fill the vacancy created by George Hay's departure for WSM. Don's now in the insurance business. Joined a college pal here in representing the State Mutual Assurance company of Worcester, Mass. Steve Cisler, long announcing at WLS and previously at a number of other midwestern stations, has taken his place.

You know, sometimes station financial difficulties affect the staff artists and scatter them about. The now defunct WHT did just that. Gail Bandell and Frank Chiddix had a poplar piano song team there. I understand Frank is now playing the piano in an orchestra in Topeka, Kan., while Gail is still in Chicago doing a solo act at various stations now and then.

Al Carney, Pat Barnes and Jean Sargent were also WHT favorites. Now Al Carney, the popular organist, has built his own very wonderful organ in a studio over on East Illinois street and is broadcasting through WCFL at present, although it may be WLS by the time this is in print. Pat Barnes went to WGN as announcer and still is quite popular. He's been married for some time, you know—a WHT studio romance—and now has a pretty little daughter, Barbara. The Barneses live at 3000 Sheridan road. Speaking of WGN reminds me of Jean Napier, but I'll come back to that.

The third member of the Al, Pat and Jean gang, Jean Sargent, is theoretically off the air but practically on. That is, after she left WHT she became a sort of promotional director for Hartman's Furniture company. You know she's quite an expert at interior decorating and such, so the next thing I knew I bumped into her in the elevator of a loop office building.

"How is the world treating you?" I asked.

"Splendidly," she replied. "You know I'm 'Janice Perry' on the Chicago Evening American now and write daily articles on furnishing the home."

I didn't, and told her I was surprised to learn of the change. The way she is on the air is under the nom de plume of Janice Perry. She gives talks afternoons over WIBO with which the Evening American co-operates.

I said I'd come back to Jean Napier. You recall the original Winken, Blinken and Nod harmony team at WGN? You should—I think you introduced them to the air while you were managing that station. That was a sweet trio, Jean and the two Matthews sisters, Lou and Gay. Whatever became of Jean?

"He went to New York," Announcer Bill replied, as he loaded his rusty Scotch briar with a fresh charge of tobacco. "And I hear he's doing well as a member of the Four Rajahs male quartet. The group is quite popular and often sings, I believe, with the Vincent Lopez orchestra. The present edition of Winken, Blinken and Nod is on KYW, isn't it?"

Yes, but it's an all-girl trio now. The third member of the team is Ruth Benson. Speaking of trios, do you remember way back when KYW had the World Criers on duty twenty-four hours a day? Three announcers took turns of eight hours each and read news flashes every half hour for a five-minute period.

"I sure do," Bill meditated. "Let's see, the original three were Ed Harper, Eddie Borroff and Steve Trumbull. Steve is off the air but handling publicity for the Chicago Columbia system offices, and Borroff is commercial manager of WENR, but what's become of Harper?"

Oh, Harper isn't far away, but like the Hired Hand, he too his backed away from the mike. He's been selling advertising for the Evening American for several years.

You could write a book on the adventures of Trumbull, however, since he quit Radio and up to the time he reentered the field again. I suppose you heard he went in with Paul Neal on a commercial fishing venture on the Pacific coast, didn't you? I thought you must have. Well, one of the biggest episodes in that period of his life was when their boat caught fire. Both were badly burned and Steve was in the hospital for months. Then, he and Neal both decided, was a very good time to try some other business for a change.

Not much left of the original KYW structure. Wilson Wetherbee, one of the first directors, has a responsible executive position with the National Broadcasting company Chicago offices. Sallie Menkes went to WENR and has been there ever since. Harold Isbell, who migrated twice between the Pacific coast and KYW, is announcing at WENR. Herbie Mintz went there for a time, too, and Morgan Eastman, who conducted the Edison programs over KYW, is chief mogul at WENR. Where's Herbie Mintz these days?

"I understand he has an orchestra of his own," Bill filled in. "Other new orchestras are being directed by Frank Sylvano and Bob Nolan. Bob, you recall, was the sweet lyric tenor who warbled the choruses so successfully for Ray Miller's orchestra a year ago when that band was broadcasting over WBBM. Sylvano did the same sort of thing with many Chicago bands which have been on the air in the past.

"What has become of Pete MacArthur, my brother Scotsman, who reigned long at the B. J. Palmer's WOC microphone, and 'Gloomy Gus' Gayle Grubb, of KFAB, Lincoln?"

They're still in Radio strong. Pete is in charge of affairs at KFLV, Rockford, Ill., I hear, while Gloomy Gus is boss of WKY, Oklahoma City. Richard V. Haller, who you'll remember from the old days as director of KGW, Portland, Ore, is still on the job there. "Happy" Harry Geise, ex-WQJ-KSTP, was last heard from at KMTR, Hollywood, Calif. Fred Smith, pioneer Radio playwright and director for years of WLW, Cincinnati, is in New York in charge of preparing the broadcast news continuity for the Magazine of Time.

Oh, yes. In speaking of Radio stars going into the band leading business, you forgot one, Bill. Remember Vi Bradley? Well, she's directing a nine-piece girls' orchestra at WCHI here. She calls it Vi Bradley and her Debutantes.

"Ev, I'll bet you another cup of coffee you don't know where Mac Ohman, the sartorial treat of Radio, who used to keep the WOAW phones busy taking requests, is hanging his hat," Bill challenged.

I'll buy the coffee. Where is he?

"He's at WHO, Des Moines, now. Most of his schedules are in the afternoon, however, because the chain fills the night pretty well. Maybe that's why you haven't heard him. And 'Tony' Wans, of Tony's Scrapbook fame. You know he was at WLW for eight months last season. I saw him several months ago as he was on his way to Eagle River, Wis., to take a four-month vacation fishing and philosophising. He tells me that perhaps one of the networks will have in the Fall. Both are nibbling, I hear."

That's interesting. Know where John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, the Mona Motor Oil twins are hiding out? They're on the NBC system but on a division of it that doesn't reach this far East on many occasions. They're working out of the San Francisco studios.

"Great Scott," Bill appropriately exclaimed. "I've been chinning here with you for two hours and I'm supposed to be back at the studios to look over a final rehearsal. I must be going."

Wait just a minute, Bill. I have to get a bit more gossip off my chest for the benefit of Radio Digest's "Old Home Week" readers, and then we'll go. Here 'tis. Grace Wilson is still on the job with her contralto voice over WLS and WCFL. Kay Ronayne, the crooning ballad interpreter, is working at the B. & K. Publix motion picture houses and getting in an occasional broadcast at WIBO and WGES.

Eddie and Fanny Cavenaugh, the Gaelic Twins and KYW pioneers, are a regular morning feaure of WIBO. Art Linick, creator of "Mrs. Schlagenhauer," when not on local commercial programs, is generally to be found at WCFL. Harry "Dream Daddy" Davis still pinch hits occasionally for Uncle Bob (Walter) Wilson on the children's program of KYW, although his main interest in life is fancying pureblood English Sheep dogs, owning, as he does, one of the few kennels in this part of the country devoted to that variety of blue ribbon winner.

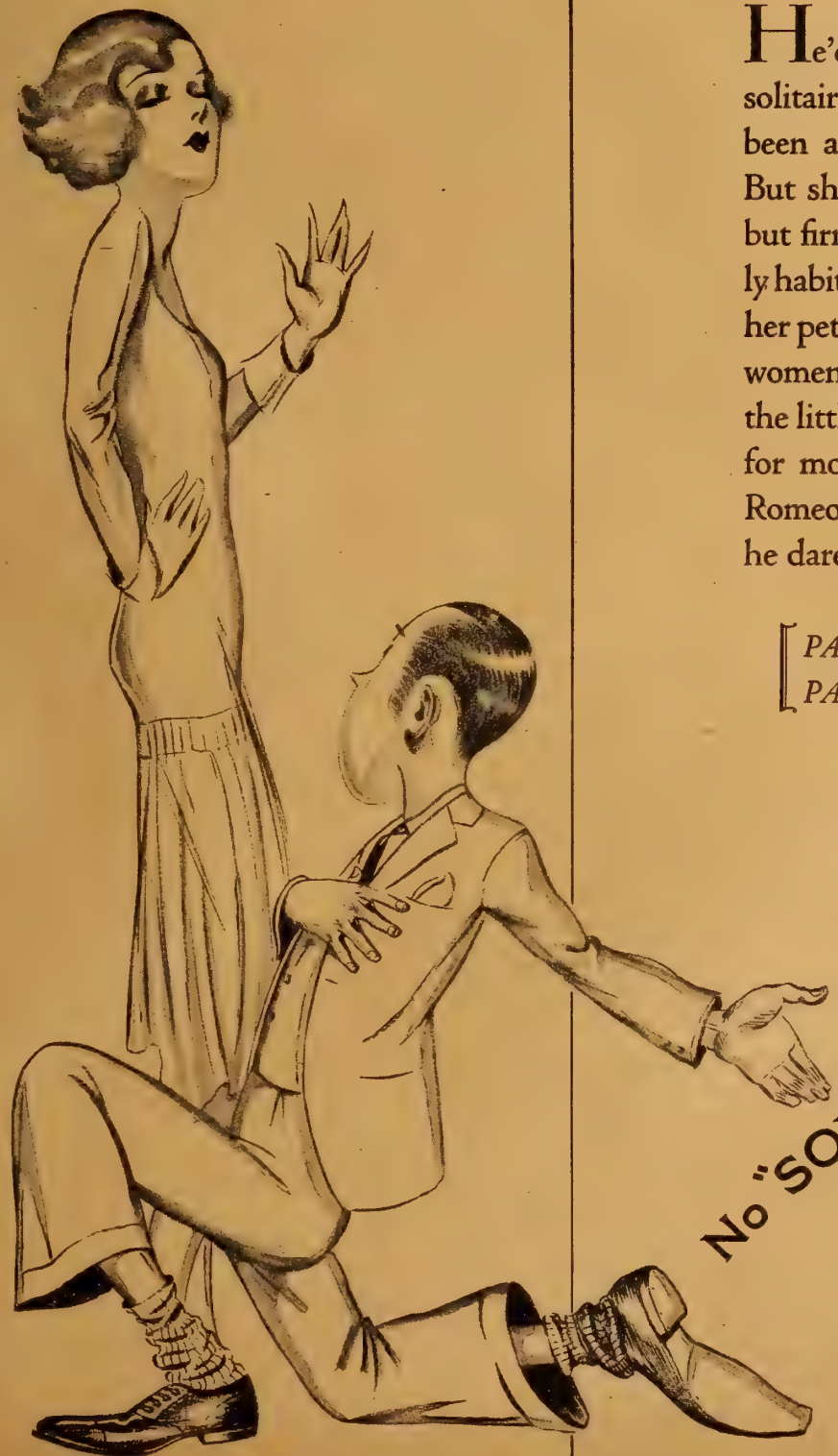
Bert Davis, who originated the "Clown of the Air" act at WQJ years and years ago, has returned to Radio after several years' absence and may be tuned in on afternoon programs of KYW. Jerry "Chi-CAW-go" Sullivan, original WQJ director-announcer, has been holding the reigns of WSBC for several years now, and not long ago added a new Mrs. Sullivan to his household. Eddie Squires, incidenally, is at WFLA-WSUN.

Well, Bill, that covers a lot of ground, but there are many old timers I know I've neglected simply because I couldn't get a line on them. We'll have to hold another reunion for them, eh?

"Yes, Ev, and before we go, let's not forget Charlie Erbstein, John B. Daniel and William Lynch. They gave their best to the advancement of Radio. May they rest in peace."

NEVER EXPECTED HE'D BE REJECTED





He'd be in the market for a solitaire today if his socks had been as smooth as his wooing. But she said: "NO"—quietly, but firmly. She detested slovenly habits—and sloppy socks were her pet peeve. (Don't think that women "are funny that way." It's the little things in life that count for most after all.) A modern Romeo needn't be a Sheik, but he dare not be———a Freak!

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Official Wave Lengths

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-KTSM	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska.
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.

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Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
256.3	1,170	500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WGDY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		20,000	KOB	State College, N. Mex.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.

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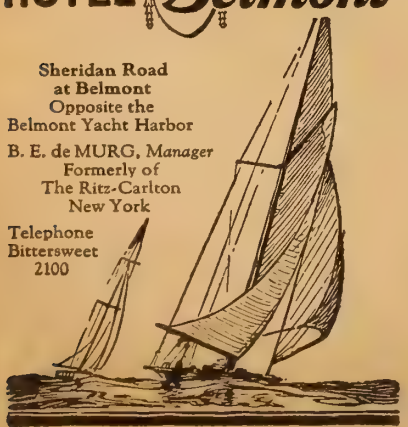
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Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
258.5	1,160	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Ia.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
263	1,140	50,000	KYW-KFKX,	Chicago, Ill.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KVOO,	Tulsa, Okla.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
		1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	5,000	KCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Addison, Ill.
		5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermilion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermilion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS,	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas.
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas.
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Cleaawater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

Amos 'n' Andy Dialect Real

(Continued from page 13)

negro as simply "negro dialect."

But there remain two other types spoken in America. One is known as Gullah, and is a strange combination of native African and English, with the African evidently predominating. It is spoken only along the Georgia and South Carolina coast and marshlands. And a very queer jibberish it is, too, most difficult for outsiders to understand!

And then finally there is the Congo (or Gumbo) French spoken by the negroes of southern Louisiana in which the impinging of native African upon the French spoken by the cultivated Creoles has resulted in a humorous lingual conglomeration.

Undoubtedly the three have spread somewhat in the United States and each must have had some influence upon the idiom of the others. Whether the talk of the Fresh Air Taxicab gentlemen is any one of these or a mixture of them, we do not undertake to say.

If you have any ideas on the subject we should be glad to have them.

A number of our readers are of the opinion that "Amos" Gosden's "negro" talk is just about right. Well, it ought to be. Gosden came from Richmond on the Jeems, a city once the seat of a nation (long since dethroned) in which the negro population was pretty nearly as large as the white. In other words, Richmond was the center of the Confederacy—its soul. Hence, the dialect of the Richmond negro should, like the reputed beauty of Richmond girls, leave nothing to be desired. Whether the dialect of the Richmond blackface comedian possesses a similar correctness would require a more astute linguist than the present writer. It sounds pretty good we would all admit. For instance, when Amos says "Whut do it say, Andy?" or sometimes "Umph-umph. Aint dat sump'n?" A reader from Richmond sojourning in the North cannot help feeling a homesick tug at his heart.

* * *

WOMT Big Little One

MANITOWOC, Wisconsin, boasts a "big little station," WOMT, which operates on 100 watts. Owned and operated by Francis Kadow, the station has been very successful since it first went on the air in 1925. With this low power, and operating on 247.8 meters, WOMT has been heard in every state in the Union.

Mr. Kadow has big ideas, as is evidenced by the six remote controls which are operated during the Winter months. Five orchestras are heard regularly, and three different brass bands appear before the microphones. Organ and piano music, as well as soloists of note, are on the station staff, while basketball games and other features are picked upon occasion.

Chat and His Gang is a regular feature over WOMT. This crew, three in number, all play everything from a mouth organ to a bass drum, and have a large following in the Middle West. Other headliners include Claude Geiger and his Chicago Rhythm Kings, and Lee Rose, who calls himself the Voice of the Radio.

* * *

Julia Mahoney, another exclusive Columbia artist, holds a Julliard Fellowship in voice. Her hobbies: Looking at elephants in the Central Park zoo, books and art galleries.

* * *

Majorie Horton, long famous in the eyes of the Radio public as a great soprano, has joined the Columbia system as an exclusive artist.

Win Nash and $500.00

7 Cars Given!

To advertise we are going to give over $7400.00 in prizes. Lewis Link, over 70 years old, won Nash in recent offer; Joseph Hanslick, 15 year old boy, won Nash; I. A. Nystrom won Buick and $580.00, took all cash. Win Nash or $1885.00.

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Be careful! Don't make a mistake. The real Nash I am giving away is different from all the others. Difference may be in headlights, headlight braces, bumper, tires or radiator. Send number of different car or mark it on picture and send to me. 7 automobiles—total of 24 prizes this time and duplicate prizes in case of ties! Send no money. If correct, you will be qualified for this opportunity.

$500.00 FOR PROMPTNESS

—making total prize you can win $1885.00, all cash if preferred. Find different auto and send answer today. First prize winner gets $500.00 cash just for promptness. Rush.

ARTHUR MESKE, Dept. 271, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



$7486.00 in Prizes!

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Rooms with private shower	for one	3.00 • 3.50 — for two 4.00 • 4.50
Rooms with bath and shower	for one	3.00 • 3.50 • 4.00 • 5.00
	for two	4.00 • 4.50 • 5.00 • 6.00
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Radio Digest

August

Thirty-Five Cents



Guy Hoff

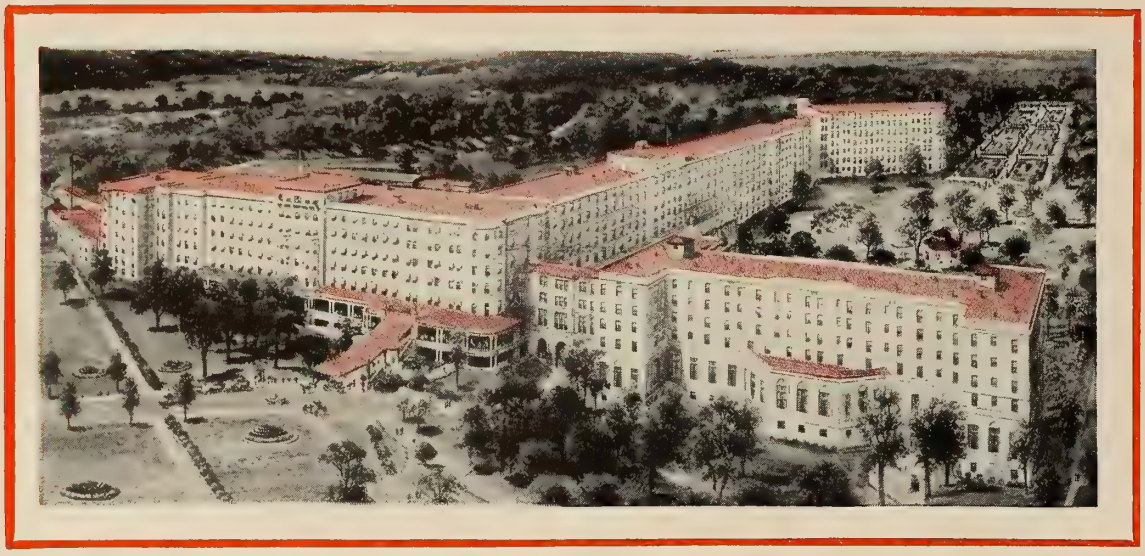
Amos and Andy
As Darktown Sees Them

Will Rogers
Begins a Career

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

TERROR—the Cruelest Girl in Gotham—by Rupert Hughes

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JUL 25 1930

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown, Editor

August, 1930



MRS. JESSE CRAWFORD is the inspiration and console-ation of her famous husband, Jesse Crawford. Together they play the twin consoles in organ recitals presented from the Paramount Theatre, New York, over the Columbia System.

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INCOMPATIBLE — *Minute analysis of two human hearts riven asunder by petty misunderstandings—and the final revelation.* — Dana Gatlin — 49

THIRTEEN AND ONE—*All mysteries of the Nonius Opal and the amazing disappearances are cleared up in this final episode.* — Jackson Gregory — 34

WHO KILLED DUBRONSKY?—*Girl wins mystery story prize.* — David B. Hampton — 85



RUTH PICKARD is growing up. Ruth is the pride and joy of Dad Pickard and the whole Pickard family, for that matter, who sing and play the songs of the old Southland over the NBC net. Remember them on the last Empire Builders program?



BENAY VENUTA is gifted with a kittenish purr in her voice that has the softness of a whisper and the penetration of a sun-ray. It's the climate, no doubt, for you hear her over KPO in San Francisco, and sometimes over the netways.



BERNICE TAYLOR is the star soloist of the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. That softly thrilling soprano voice you have heard with the Armour and the O'Cedar programs belongs to this young lady with the big ring.

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Continuing Interest in the Meritum

Diamond Award Contest

Raises Totals of Nominations and Votes

See Rules and Conditions on page 53

AND STILL they come! Strange—how these contests take hold of the reading public! Or, perhaps, it is not so strange after all, when you come to think about it—the American people being what they are: a nation always ready and anxious to match wits, one against another, to see who can win a prize! The nominations cast in the Meritum Diamond Award contest to decide upon the favorite announcer, program or artist, have this month increased from 256 to 301, and daily the mails coming into the office of Radio Digest are building up this total to monumental proportions.

If you could see them you would be astounded; if you could read the letters accompanying the ballots, you would be struck forcibly with the very evident decided likes and dislikes behind the sending in of these votes. Talk about partisanry in presidential elections! Friends, that is nothing at all to compare with the intense rivalry, the heated favoritism, shown by the letters accompanying the ballots and nominations in this contest. When you read them through you begin to understand that there are solid reasons, sometimes, for these likes and dislikes; sometimes you suspect a blind and unreasoning loyalty. But in any case, it's loyalty to one program, one announcer, one artist.

"About the Dutch Masters Minstrels," writes Mrs. E. H. Fuliher Route 2, Box 133, Williamsburg, Va., "I want you to know that they are as good as any minstrels could possibly be, and I'm astounded that they have not yet been nominated. I listen to them regularly over WJZ. All the men have good voices and their numbers leave nothing to be desired. Please enter my nomination for the Dutch Masters Minstrels without further parley!"

And for our old friends, Amos and Andy, a thoroughly anonymous friend writes from down in Texas to say that she has her Radio dial trained so that at 10:30 every night it swings round of their own will and volition and pauses just at the proper point to bring in the two dusky partners at the taxicab office . . . "the only objection is that 10:30 is a mighty late hour to have to stay up to wait for the boys. However, you just make another vote for those two boys for this family, 'way down south."

Nor is the medical profession losing out any. Mrs. Harriett Springer, Box 33, Auburn, Ind., visited Chicago recently and went around to Station WMAQ, met Miss Judith Waller and some of the rest of the station force, among them Dr. Russell Pratt, one of the doctors who broadcasts from that station . . . "and since then I enjoy listening so much more. Knowing a broadcaster adds to your enjoyment of his program."

(Too bad we can't all of us know all the artists we like! *ED.*)

Graham McNamee, veteran announcer in the NBC service, has a loyal supporter in Elmer W. Hess, 4455 Meldrum Ave., Detroit, Mich., who says in explanation of his vote, "I could never pick a particular artist or program because there is always some part of every program which I like and some part which I do not like. There are times when I am pleased with my favorite artist and times when I am far from pleased. Perhaps it is the song or rendition which does not strike me. Although I must admit that McNamee, by his clever, original and almost *artistic* announcing can put *any* artist over the footlights. And there, I think, is the acid test: McNamee is an artist as an announcer! So I wish you would register my vote for him. I hope it decides the contest."

The clean fun of Gene and Glenn of WTAM, Cleveland, provokes commendatory comment from many; not a few send notes along with their ballots saying how much they like Captain Jimmy Norton in "Harbor Lights." And were there space and time one could continue on indefinitely through piles of letters and gain a cross section view of what the public thinks of their favorites (whether artist announcer or program) and why.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

Many people who like to listen to Radio probably have never stopped to think whether they have a favorite or not. They are so intrigued with Radio in the abstract—with whatever comes over the air to them—that they are content to listen without caring to discover what program it is, or who the artist is, or from what station the program comes, not even giving heed to the announcer when he broadcasts that information.

To such we suggest that you begin to discriminate between artist and artist, and station and station, so that you can converse with a certain amount of information on the subject of Radio personnel. From where we sit it looks as though Radio is more and more going to be the topic of conversation.

But after all, the votes and nominations tell the story. Which reminds us to ask: HAVE YOU VOTED YET? See the rules and conditions on page 53, and if you have not complied, do so and send in your nominations.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate _____

Station _____
(Call Letters)
in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Number 6

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

_____ _____
(Name of Program) (Call Letters)

_____ _____
(City) (State)

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Advance Tips

THESE are the days traditionally dedicated to the dog. So far as Radio was concerned in the old days, they could consistently be so dedicated. Things are different today, however. Radio is with you, keeping up your contact with the world whether you are lolling in the rolling surf, fishing in pine-scented forests or scaling the frosted mountain tops. And where Radio is, there should your Radio Digest be also. So here's a greeting wherever you are—and happy days for humans as well as man's best friend!

* * *

Take this tip straight—read the Rupert Hughes story about the little bonded slave girl who leaped from obscurity into a flaming page of early New York history. It's vivid character analysis and thrilling narrative. When you have finished the stoy, you will have been vastly entertained and your knowledge will be enriched by an historic episode almost lost in the mist of years.

* * *

That famous Boston survey has proved again that Amos and Andy are still first in the hearts of their countrymen. We reach around and pat ourselves on the back that Radio Digest was the first magazine to recognize their importance to the reading public. Now they are going into the talkies—start production this month. Al Williamson of the National Broadcasting company who is with the boys almost every day, has promised us a story for September to be called Amos and Andy in Hollywood. Remember when he gave you Amos and Andy in Harlem?

* * *

Guess who holds the record for talking to the greatest number of people as a sum total over a period of six months. You are probably right. There are no accurate statistics to prove any one individual as the champion, but somewhere close to the top belongs the name of Al Smith who used the Radio so advantageously during the late campaign. You will find Al Smith and His Friend Mike an article athrob with human interest in the September Radio Digest.

* * *

Victor F. Barnett who writes so entertainingly about Will Rogers in this issue of Radio Digest, knows his man. He is managing editor of the Tulsa Tribune, and Tulsa is right next door to Claremore, where Will first saw the light of day, and where he so often drops down from a sky tour to see the folks back home. You won't find many people with such contrasts and colorful careers as Will Rogers. That's why we are going to have another intimate story about him in our next Radio Digest.

* * *

"OH, BUT you will adore Felice! She is described as "like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals," by E. Phillips Oppenheim in his new story, The Road to Liberty, complete in the next issue of Radio Digest. You will gasp for her as she seeks her road to liberty from a revolting betrothal. It's in a beautiful setting in a little valley vineyard below the "white church on the hill" somewhere in France.

Across the Desk

LAST month Mr. Aylesworth told you of the Youth of Radio. In this issue you will be refreshed and amused to read of the primitive endeavors of those early pioneers—of only TEN YEARS AGO—who were grudgingly awarded less than $100 to fit up a broadcasting studio in a factory rest room. At that time it was the finest Radio broadcasting studio in the world. It could only be used at night, as it must still be maintained for its original purpose when the employes were at work. Today, workmen are tearing down three square blocks in the heart of New York to erect a Radio broadcasting center to cost $250,000,000. It is to be no close fisted hard boiled cold blooded commercial project either. Cultural art is the keynote and the spirit of the entire enterprise. This Radio Capitol will house twenty-seven studios, three stories in height, with accommodations for visitors to comfortably observe the staging of the programs. There will be theatres and operas in systematic groupings, so that the artists of all the entertaining world may step from the footlights to the acoustically perfected studios for broadcastings.

* * *

Beautiful and glamourous in design will be this mammoth Radio center. It is being financed by the Rockefeller interests—an architectural monument to the name of the great oil genius. The official statement which comes across the Radio Digest desk to you reads:

"Fronting Fifth avenue and forming the central structure on that side of the development will be an oval building of moderate height and great beauty of design . . . with an outdoor promenade running around the entire building. This oval structure will extend to a magnificent garden plaza that will be cut through the area from Forty-eighth to Fifty-first streets. No effort will be spared to make this plaza the most impressive boulevard of its kind in the world, with fountains, statuary and beautiful gardens.

"Over the entire development will tower a great sixty-story office building, extending through from the west side of the plaza to Sixth avenue. From this central office building a grand corridor, about three stories in height, will run from the other office buildings from Fifth to Sixth avenue."

* * *

Special stress has been placed on the approach of perfected television. And, although the statement does not even hint as much, it is rumored that practical television has already been developed and is being held in check by those who own it until the strategic moment arrives for its release. Large facilities are also provided for recording programs. Mr. Aylesworth says in part: "With the great theatrical and musical enterprises to be created in this development, the broadcasting center of the country will be joined in a vast artery of communication with the dramatic stage, with opera, with variety, with talking motion pictures, with the symphony hall. The artist will be at the door of the broadcasting studio . . . Radio broadcasting has become the recognized means for the syndication of entertainment, education and information upon a nation-wide scale . . . It will have vastly greater opportunities when television emerges from the laboratory to give Radio the new dimension of sight."

The entire project is expected to be completed in 1933. What a stride of vision in a decade!

* * *

It is interesting to note from Mr. Hobarts' article of Dawn of Broadcasting that most of those first inrrepid explorers of the ether are still going strong. Jones and Hare came almost being twins, only they didn't happen to have the same parents. They were born on the ides of March. Now, as the "Interwoven Pair," they are more popular than ever.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

WHEN YOU WANT

Radio Digest

YOU WANT IT!

Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now

Publisher Radio Digest,
510 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

8-30

Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... **State**.....

Eight Years Old

COME, help us blow out the candles, and have a taste of our birthday cake. Ah! One, two . . . three—out they go! Four . . five . . . six . . . seven . . EIGHT! Eight years old—and a little more, for the first Radio Digest came out in April, 1922.

And what a table! Readers in every civilized country! From Alaska to Cape Town—come, let us all celebrate!

May your humble servant step out of this nebulous editorial "we"? Thank you. I want to feel that we are a little better acquainted—each with the other and you with me through the pages of Radio Digest. There are today approximately 145,000 of us around this table.

Frankly, I think it should have been Mr. Rdyner's honor to face you on this page—but he is rather a shy person. He would rather sit back under the shadowed doorway and look on with, I imagine, something of the feeling of fatherly pride in this child of his.

What a story he could tell you of the days of struggle, heartbreak, threatened disaster; always holding his precious offspring high above the engulfing waves, until tonight he is satisfied to see it as an assured, permanent institution. Many other Radio magazines have come and gone during the past eight years. Here the will of a man who would not give up has achieved its goal.

Radio Digest was created for the Radio listener. It has adhered strictly to that purpose. When the listener was most interested in the mechanics of Radio it provided the very best of subject matter along mechanical lines. Later, when commercial manufacturers took over the tools of the amateur and the listener became more interested in what he heard and where it came from, Radio Digest became a new kind of a magazine—a complete book of stories and pictures pertaining to the entertainment end of Radio.

Then it took one more step to round out this latest growth.

"We need good fiction," said the man who sits back there, out of the dazzling glare. "We want authors of best sellers to supply three or four stories in Radio Digest for members of the family who prefer fiction to articles—Rupert Hughes, Oppenheim, Octavus Roy Cohen, Floyd Gibbons—"

"But imagine the cost!" I gasped.

"It costs no more to look at a Rolls Royce than it does a flivver. See what you can get in New York. Only the best of everything for our readers!"

We have had all of these authors and many more in our pages.

"Give us a boost boys, we're trying to help you," was the word passed out to the broadcasting stations. Practically every station of importance, and both of the leading national chains have voluntarily recommended Radio Digest to you and their many other listeners.

Eight years old! Come, let's have the cake, everybody.

HAROLD P. BROWN



PAUL OLIVER started out with the ambition to become the world's biggest automobile mechanic. The war came along and left him with a crippled hand. Dudley Buck heard him singing in a Y. M. C. A. cantonment and encouraged him to cultivate his voice. The details are presented on the opposite page.

Misfortune Brings Good Luck

Paul Oliver, Disabled in War for Career as Auto Mechanic, Discovers in Hospital His Voice Can Earn Him Fame and Fortune

By Julius Haber

PAUL OLIVER started out to be an automobile mechanic. Only the purest chance, an accident in fact, lost him to mechanics and gained him for broadcasting. It was during wartime, when Oliver was assigned to one of the country's great ship building plants, that he met with a serious injury to his hand which ended his career as an expert mechanic. But the charm of the tenor voice which millions now know so well on the air, had already become known.

Oliver's rich, but untrained voice, had been heard above the rest at the patriotic exercises which were held at the Y. M. C. A. every noon. He had often been asked to sing for the men.

And as he lay on a hospital cot wondering what he might do when he got out, Dudley Buck, discoverer of many famous vocalists, called on him. Buck had listened to Oliver's voice; he now offered to train the future Palmolive star for the concert stage, provided he would agree to go in seriously for a musical future. Up to then he had no thought of a professional career, he just sang for his own pleasure. Oliver accepted, and with characteristic ardor, applied himself to study and practice.

After two years of intensive training he gained magnificent control of his lyric voice and launched on a concert career. Shortly after, he met Gustave Haenschen, now director of the Palmolive Orchestra, who was at that time engaged in phonograph recording work. Haenschen immediately recognized in Oliver's voice ideal timber for that branch of the musical art, and paved the way for him. So successful were his recordings that Oliver soon had a countrywide following, and when Radio broadcasting came into its own, his entry in that field was a logical step.

It is a curious coincidence that the first time he broadcast was on a commercial hour over the old WJZ station, then located at 42nd Street with Olive Palmer, with whom he was destined to scale the heights to his present eminence. It was not long before his work on the air attracted widespread interest. It was then that the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company retained him as an exclusive tenor star for the Palmolive Hour. From that time on his popularity increased by leaps and bounds to the point where millions of people now look forward to hearing his earnest voice every Wednesday night.

THE first thing that impresses you about Paul Oliver is his complete and unassuming naturalness. Temperament of the brand popularly imagined is entirely foreign to him. His manner is almost bashful for awhile until he warms up to his subject. The thousands of letters which he has received, the esteem in which he is held by everyone, his measure of fame, none of these has changed him from the modest young man his close friends have always known.

Paul was born and educated in New York. He is 34 years old and unmarried. Before the accident which changed his plans, he never took his voice too seriously, which makes his accomplishment the more remarkable.

As far back as he can remember, Paul loved to sing, either to himself for his own pleasure or for the pleasure he was able to give his hearers. Curiously enough, although he comes from a "singing family" (both of his older brothers have fine voices and his mother was noted for her singing voice), Paul is the first professional singer in the family. He was very young when his mother passed away, but the reputation of her singing still lives. Paul remembers vividly, however, the pleasure he got from listening to his brothers sing.

It is inevitable that Radio reviewers and his friends of the air should compare his voice with that of John McCormack. In fact, he is known to many as the John McCormack of the air. Any reference to this seems to make him a little impatient. "I consider John McCormack the greatest living interpreter of the ballad," he once said. "I often listen to him with the keenest pleasure. I think there is much about his singing that is interesting and valuable to study, but I don't think he should be imitated. Every singer is endowed with his individual physical equipment which differs in each case from that of other singers. I think it is a mistake to imitate another singer. Every singer can only interpret his songs to the extent that he is fitted spiritually and mentally to do so."

It has often been remarked that Paul Oliver sings as though he means what he sings. Anyone who knows him or has watched him sing knows how true this is. "I put a good deal of careful preparation into my singing," he said. "After reading the score carefully I try to get as much of the composer's intention into the song as possible, and then to impart my own understanding and emotion to it."

PAUL sings for the sheer joy of singing, that is his one guiding principle. He puts everything he has into his songs and when he is through often shows visible indications of the emotion which swayed him as he sang. It is this sincerity which the invisible audience of the air so accurately senses and that goes far to swell his fan mail. He touches people intimately with the sentiment he portrays. They write to him in the same way. That's why he places so much importance on his fan mail.

"I save every letter I get and I try to answer as many of them personally as I can," he told us. "This is often a hopeless task, but I get real pleasure out of knowing that so many seriously minded people are interested enough in my work to write me in the kindly, intimate way that they do. I don't think the non-performer can fully appreciate how much these letters mean to us. It helps to make the artist feel that his work is really important and is getting across in the way he meant it to. It heartens him and gives him additional incentive to carry on."

When Paul was asked if he had any special preferences among the songs he sings, he replied, "It is hard for anyone who loves to sing as much as I do to name any particular song as the one he likes best. There are so many songs that I derive real pleasure from singing. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that we like the songs that suit our various moods. Among those I do like particularly and which the Radio audience seem to favor are, Kreisler's 'The Old Refrain,' 'Ich Liebe Dich,' 'None But the Lonely Heart,' by Tschaikowsky, and 'My Message.' I have recently recorded two interesting songs from John McCormack's motion picture success, 'Song o' My Heart,' 'Rose of Tralee' and 'A Pair of Irish Eyes.'"

The most important single habit for Paul Oliver is the Palmolive Hour Wednesday nights. "These weekly broadcasts are the focal points of all my interest and activity. I spend as much time as possible in rehearsal and preparation for them. All my outside engagements in the city and out of town must be planned to fit around the Palmolive broadcasts, and so that I will have plenty of time for rehearsals. The pleasure I get from my Radio work is doubled by my pleasant association with such good friends as Gus Haenschen, Frank Black, Olive Palmer and Elizabeth Lennox."

Visitors to the studio during the broadcasting have never failed to notice the splendid spirit of camaraderie among the Palmolive artists. When Paul Oliver finishes singing before the microphone he never fails to look up to Olive Palmer

(Continued on page 95)

DO YOU want a thrill? See the Palmolive broadcast on your next trip to New York. It is one of the most interesting programs in the Radio capital of America. You must be one of the Four Hundred—that is, one of those lucky enough to obtain one of the four hundred chairs that are installed for guests in the studio where this famous program originates. You will see Paul Oliver, robust but dynamic, as he steps up to the microphone and pours into its cold maw the notes that swing away in golden cadence to ears attuned on the far side of the Atlantic and to others listening in distant Alaska. To see with your own eyes and mentally visualize the magnitude of what transpires should give you the thrill of your life.

Wheel Wilkins Operates With

His Trusty Saw

Only Intends to Fix Fly Screen When He Is Called to Rescue Old Man Dancey to Perform an Amputation —Alas, the Ingratitude of Man!

By Charles "Chick" Sale

(Speaking as Wheel Wilkins and including editorial interpolations. From Pennzoil program heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System.)

WELL sir, folks, I'll bet some of you are goin' to be surprised to hear I've opened up The Liberty Bell Service and Filling Station. . . . I've been follerin' my own line of work for more than thirty-two year. Made a name for myself specializin' in my line but here I am takin' up a new business and danged if I ain't learnin' the trick mighty fast. . . . Now you take location. That's mighty important. . . . I've built her on the old Corbin place at the corner of Main street and Highway No. 4. Handy to town folks and right in the path of tourists.

She's a mighty fine lookin' structure of solid construction and painted a good practical color with nice trimmin's. When business is a little slack I can always find time to do a little visitin' and gabbin' about what's goin' on.

Lon Biggs, who runs the Weekly Broadcast, didn't need no invitation. He hangs around here so much pickin' up items fer his two-by-four paper that I told him it seemed like he didn't have anything else to broadcast unless he tuned in on my station first. Made him mad as a hornet. Lon's a nice feller. . . Thinks he knows it all jest cause he runs a newspaper. He's jealous of my prominence in the community.



Charles "Chic" Sale, author and famous character actor.

Maw, that's my wife, her name is Emma, spends a lot of time around the place and she's been talkin' some of spreadin' out a kind of lunch and soft drink stand alongside of my place jest so she an' Rosie could be near me. Rosie is our adopted daughter. You see Maw an' me got lonesome after our children growed up and got married so we took Rosie to raise. She's grown up now and a mighty, mighty fine girl. Ever once in a while I catch her makin' sheep's eyes at that helper of mine, Rodney Gordon. But Oh Pshaw, young folks will be young folks. Anyway, Rod is a good hard workin' boy and he ain't so hard to look at even in his work clothes.

He ain't sich a sporty dresser as Filbert Twitch but he's got a heap more sense.

Once a week we sort of get together and set around and visit. Filbert Twitch is always droppin' in to pull off some of his smart wise cracks and nearly always some of the townsfolks, and even the tourists, join an' have their say.

NOTE: While Mr. Sale steps back stage to put on his overalls and Wheel Wilkins' mustache, we'll have a look at the Liberty Bell filling station. Approaching from the rear Wheel seems to be the only one in sight for the moment. He is worried over something that seems to make the screen door stick. He keeps opening and shutting it. Now he is taking that funny stance he gets into when he is surprised or worried. He has an idea. He's plopping off down the drive. Two hours have passed; he has not returned, so let's look inside. Rod is leaning over a glass show case containing some bottles of polish, sparkplugs, and an assortment of small accessories. He is holding out a five-dollar bill to Mrs. Wilkins who is scraping up the change from the tills in a cash register.

"TAKE eighty cents out of this five dollar bill, Mrs. Wilkins. Gee, they're keeping me hustling out front."

"Rodney, we're out of change. There's one, there's two . . . they'll just have to take the rest in silver," and she dumped a broad palm full of coins on top of the show case as she continued counting, "there it is, four dollars and twenty cents."

No sooner did Rodney get the money in his hand than he was summoned by the impatient honk of another horn outside the door. Mrs. Wilkins peered out the window and glanced to a peg where Rosie usually hung her apron. There was no apron so Rosie would not be far away.

"Rosie! Ros-eeee?"

"Yes ma," Rosie, with pink cheeks and flying hair, bounced into the room through the door which Rodney had just passed.

"You'll have to go get me some change, and listen! Then go home and see if you can find pa—"

"Forty cents out of this dollar, Mrs. Wilkins." Rodney mopped a beady brow with one hand and held out a bill with the other. "I just saw Mr. Wilkins come out of the Weekly Broadcast office. He's coming now."

"Well, it's about time . . . two hours to go home for a saw!" Mrs. Wilkins moaned. "Right at our busy time too . . . been over there giving some of his news items to that Lon Biggs. . . . Just wait till he—"

And at that very moment Wheel sidled into the door twisting his neck for a sidewise glance at Mrs. Wilkins. He dropped his tool kit on the floor and vocally seized the bull, so to speak, by the horns.

"Hi, Emmy! Did you miss me?"

"Wheel Wilkins!"

"You ain't mad are you, Emmy?"

"Wheel Wilkins . . . two hours . . . where have you been?"

"Well Emmy, now that you've asked me, I'll tell you. I was passin' Lon Biggs' place—"

"Just what I thought—Lon Biggs' place—"

WHEEL: Hold your horses, now Emmy . . . I was passin' Lon's office . . . and all at once I heerd somebody callin' fer help.

MAW: Callin' for help?

WHEEL: Yes sir, why I could hear women screamin', men yellin,' and dogs barkin'. It was the dangest commotion you

"Fifty dollars! That's robbery!"



ever heerd. Then all at once Burt Geer come a dashin' out of the Weekly Broadcast office yellin' at me to come arunnin'.

MAW: Pa, what on earth.

WHEEL: Well sir, I pushed through the mob, and when I gets inside, looks around. I could see exactly what was happening. Folks, I sez, get back, give him air. Do you want to suffocate this poor feller? At that they got back, then I could see exactly what had happened. So I gets me a box, and I sits down to think the situation over.

MAW: Pa! What had happened?

WHEEL: I'm gettin' to that, don't rush me. Well sir, he was groanin' and takin' on something terrible. Why Emmy, I could see that even his face was swellin'.

MAW: Wheel Wilkins, will you tell me what you're driving at? Who was hurt? Was it Lon Biggs?

WHEEL: No, it was old man Dancey.

MAW: Old man Dancey?

WHEEL: It seems that here about a week ago Lon Biggs got Mrs. Dancey to write out the instructions on how she makes sponge cake. And I'll tell you, Emmy, there's nobody in the town can make better sponge cake than she can. Now you take sponge cake. . . .

MAW: Wheel Wilkins, will you tell me what happened?

WHEEL: Well, when Lon gets that recipe he prints it in the Weekly Broadcast and danged if right next to it he didn't go and print an advertisement in the same type for pills to cure stomachache.

MAW: But Pa. . . .

WHEEL: Well, it made old man Dancey so mad that he

(Continued on page 92)

If Amos *and* Andy Were Negroes

What Numerous Negroes in Various Walks of Life Think of the Boys

By A. Wellington Clarke

Amos 'n' Andy or the Hour of Smiles

WHERE the whirring wheels of commerce sing a song of strife and stress,
Or the drowsy drone of insects tell of tropic listlessness,
From the stretches of the pampas to old England's sunny isle
Comes an hour in each two dozen when the whole world stops to smile.

Maybe 'twixt the dawn and sunset, maybe 'twixt sunset and dawn.
Maybe under mellow moonlight when the dew is on the lawn,
Maybe in the noisy city or in peaceful country place, . . .
The whole world stops and listens with a smile upon its face.

Hotel lobbies, homes and dance halls, even ships far out at sea
Recognize this intermission in the world's activity,
Just as in those days of mourning when the nations paused for prayer,
So the whole world pauses daily this brief "Hour of Smiles" to share.

'Tis the time when honest Amos with his kindly, prudent care,
And old shiftless, boastful Andy come to you upon the air;
'Tis the hour for world-wide kinship, human hearts from near and far
Pause, and then draw close together when Bill Hay says "Here they are."

—R. H. Richardson, 5908 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

TO GET sufficient data for this article, the author sought first-hand information from negroes who have listened to these most famous entertainers, Amos and Andy. Among those quizzed were dentists, undertakers, lawyers, ministers of the Gospel, barbers, artisans. While the findings should not be applied to negroes in general, they give a fair idea of a cross section of the negro's opinion of himself as he is being portrayed by Gosden and Correll for fifteen minutes each night excepting Sunday.

These are the questions, given orally:

(1) If Amos and Andy were negroes what do you suppose your attitude would be toward them?
(2) If you were white and they were negroes, what do you suppose this attitude would be?

And here are the answers:

Of two dentists questioned the first (F. A. Hinkson, 1335 Main St., Hartford, Conn.) replied: "Regarding your question one, I should appreciate them as artists, for it is the height of art for any man to give the public such clean entertainment nightly, although the thoughts of one night do not always connect with those of another. With certain types of colored people even in our day the Amos and Andy stuff is natural, though as a whole we are growing away from it. The younger generation naturally considers itself above that and cannot appreciate it. Yet Amos and Andy are harming no one. As to question two, my attitude would be the same, for our white friends seem amused when the negro acts comical."

Another dentist (W. B. Jones, 58 King St., Hartford, Conn.) said: "I would not think much of them, for the negro is getting away from that old-time way of talking. Yet, what they say is true to life. If I were white I might think well of them or I might think that they were two silly things showing up the inferior side of the race, even though I do smile at what they often say."

The first undertaker (M. A. Johnson, 19 Pavilion St., Hartford, Conn.) replied to the questions in their order: "I do not think I would be hostile toward them. They would simply be making a living in their line. Yet I do not think that I should hold them as being representative of our race. No real negro wants to burlesque his people the way they are doing in this enlightened age. With the white men it is different. People are falling for Amos and Andy because they know it is not natural for them to be funny; this very thing gives them prestige. Let two negroes do those same things (that is, speak and act like Amos and Andy), and they would not be long at it, for not only their own race would not listen to them but would wage constant war against them.

"Another point is this. No race likes to have its women exposed, and this is what Amos and Andy have done. Here is what I mean: Madam Queen has a traveling salesman as her sweetheart. When he is in town Andy must stay on the outer rim of things; when he is gone she calls up Andy and gives him his date. Of course, this is true to life among all races, but knowing some white people's attitude toward the unfortunate side of negro life, I should rather deplore this. Perhaps I am too serious-minded on the race question. Your question number two needs no great stretch of imagination. I would be inclined to think that the men were doing the most natural thing of their lives."

L. B. Barnes, 2148 Main St., Hartford, was the second undertaker. He replied: "I would think more of them if they were negroes, for they would be reflecting credit upon the race. This is a sad thing, however; if they were negroes they would not be given the advantage to make the big money these white men are making. Furthermore, white people will pay a black-face comedian more to mimic the negro than they would pay the negro to give them first-class material. Simply because of racial antipathy. Walk in any colored barber shop and you will frequently hear some line of conversation to surpass Amos and Andy. But the negro gets nothing for it, because it is so common with him that he thinks nothing of it, and as far as commercializing it, he never dreamed of that. Amos and Andy have taken that same every-day accent and are making one hundred thousand a year. To do this they have, of course, been willing to work hard and long, in many instances for nothing, in order to achieve success. This the ordinary negro whom they are mimicking is not willing to do. I find one quality of my race which is common to some people of other races; it is this: they are not willing to work hard and make the sacrifice necessary for the fame and achievement they want.

"If I were white and they were negroes I certainly should think they were great comedians."

One negro attorney said: "If Amos and Andy were negroes I should have nothing derogatory to say against their performances, for such types of negroes as they represent exist among us. Yet I do not know that I should sympathize with the funny side of the race as it is being burlesqued, for we are beyond that stage. Only the most illiterate type of negro will speak the way Amos and Andy do, and they are fast leaving us. If I were white and they were negroes they might not have impressed me, for I should think that their talks and actions were only natural. The thrill comes from Amos and Andy because they have the ability to imitate the negro, and what they portray is true to life."

A second lawyer, H. P. Dew, 138 Bedford St., Hartford, Conn., said: "I might think they were great entertainers capitalizing their powers. If Gosden and Correll being white can make such tremendous impressions upon the public and are copyists at that, I believe the negro, if given a chance and having applied himself, would excel them. But it is a question in my mind whether any two negroes of equal merit would be given the popular reception into the hearts of the public these men are receiving. If I were white I should not be opposed to their cutting the fool. I should think it was just natural with the two."

"When I first heard Amos and Andy," said Rev. R. A. Moody, Baptist, 556 Martin St., Hartford, the first of three ministers to give his opinion, "I thought they were negroes, and while their composition did not appeal to the esthetic, its humor being true, was great. Then I thought, here are two colored men

given a showing equally with other artists to demonstrate their genius. They are not elevating nor degrading the race, but since what they do has a national appeal and has captured the public fancy, hurrah for them! I was surprised when I learned they were white. My attitude toward them has not changed. It seems to me they are as good artists at their work as you will find anywhere, especially Amos. If they were negroes and I were white I should have nothing against them any more than I had against Bert Williams."

The second negro clergyman, Rev. Jas. A. Wright, Congregationalist, 25 Brook St., Hartford, Conn., replying, said: "I should think they were a great success even though I cared nothing about the jocular side of their profession. My children anticipate the seven o'clock hour and are never satisfied unless they hear Amos and Andy. If I were white and they were negroes I should think that they were elevating their people in the estimation of the public."

Minister number three was Rev. W. O. Carrington, Methodist, 2084 Main Street, Hartford. He was positive:

"Amos and Andy do not appeal to me. If they were negroes it would be the same. If I were white it would make no difference."

A colored professor of English, F. L. Peterson, 134 Camden St., Boston, speaks:

"If they were negroes I should think that they were making fools of the race. If I were white my attitude would be the same, for while their performances are true to life the language they use does not measure up with the type of negroes they are representing. Many of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's poems, while true to life during slavery days, cannot be held as models before the negro youth today. Such a poem as 'Ode to Ethiopia,' whose closing lines are:

Go on and up! Our souls and eyes
Shall follow thy continuous rise;
Our ears shall list that story
From bards who from thy root shall spring,
And proudly tune their lyres to sing
Of Ethiopia's glory.

shall live; for, apart from its prophetic utterances, it is an inspiration for the accomplishment of better things. Then, too, it is free from the plantation dialect of slavery days. We have had enough broken sentences, inarticulate utterances, and jargons as legacies bequeathed us; it is time we forget all these and enrich ourselves with the purest language of the present."

A colored physician spoke his mind:

"To the first question it is hard for me to reply, but I should think that they are wonderful entertainers. The way colored people are anxious to tune in for them each night shows that Amos and Andy fascinate them. Whether they would do the same if they were negroes is a question. If I were white I should think that they were O. K."

Following the suggestion of the undertaker mentioned above, I walked into a colored barber shop. There were two barbers' chairs, one for the proprietor, the other for his assistant. Many men were in the shop, some were waiting to get their hair cut, others were having their shoes shined, and a few were engaged in their "barber shop philosophy." I introduced myself to all; immediately there was a hush. I then got permission of the proprietor to put my questions to the house.

For a while one could almost hear the thunder of his own heart, so tense was the silence. Across the faces of some was the faint flicker of a smile. Others seemed grave. When no one replied I broke the silence.

"Gentlemen," I said, "these questions are not meant to be serious, they are for simple information." The proprietor spoke up:

"If you want my personal opinion, here it is: Amos and Andy are commercializing certain types of negro characters, as they could not find anything among the whites to amuse the general public. I have nothing against them for it. If the public wants to be entertained and these men have the goods and can deliver them it is their business to do it. There is no doubt about their ability as comedians. If they were negroes I certainly would think they are first rate; were I white I should think the same."

Just then an avalanche of answers broke in. It was impossible for me to "check or double check" exactly; here are a few: "There are no two black people in the world who can beat Amos and Andy doing their stuff. . . . It requires great skill, intelligence and effort on their part to be funny all the time. . . . They are simply burlesquing the dialect of the race for entertainment, nothing more than the Irish or Scotch would do for their own people, or what "Bert" did in his days. In fact, the only people who were mad with Bert Williams were the preachers, for he taunted them to death. Bert could pack any theater in the United States all by himself. If Amos and Andy were negroes I should be very proud of them; if I were white I should think the same."

"Their stuff does not appeal to me," said another. "They are clowning not only the negroes of slavery days but of our own time, for there are lots of our people right now who speak just like Amos and Andy. (Laughter.) You men needn't laugh, for you know I am telling the truth." To this another brother replied, "Some people are too thin-skinned, that is why they take exceptions to Amos and Andy."

"If they were negroes," said another, "I should not care to listen to them. If I were white I would not give two cents to hear them, for that would be making them too popular."

"There is something charming about Amos and Andy that holds any person's attention," spoke another in a kindly voice. "If they were attacking the colored people, their entertainment would have died long ago, but what they are saying is so humorous and free from the taint of prejudice. I do not see how any person, white or colored, can take it in a personal way. I personally like to listen to Amos and Andy. The reason why I believe no modern colored comedian could surpass them is this: The modern negro is too self-conscious. He is extremely sensitive about himself. To give you an example of what I mean. I have a friend who owns a radio. He never misses Amos and Andy when at home among his family, but in the presence of white people he just cannot stand to listen to them. I will listen to Amos and Andy in any place among any crowd. If they were colored or I were white I think I should have this very attitude."

"Amos and Andy have this race down pat, I am telling you. What they have to say would mean nothing if they had no humor. Amos represents the plain matter-of-fact negro. He works hard, saves a little, and is plumb full of common sense. What he earns is his. He wants no one else's property. No one shall get what *he* has by scheming. This was seen in the efforts of the Kingfish to get Amos to put his $125 in the 'Home Bank,' which later failed.

"There is the other side of the race. Andy is playing up the bluffy type. He is shamming his way through life, always pretending to know more than the other fellow, when he ought to be learning. He has a wonderful ambition, but his bluff has the best of him and therefore he is destined to failure."

Opinion of New York Negroes Regarding the Taxicab "Boys"

STEPIN FETCHIT, foremost colored screen actor, speaking "in character" of one of the parts made famous by him: "If you's goin' ter imitate niggers on de screen, you's gotter be ez good ez dey is, er a hole lot better. And right dar is de reason so many er deze blackface comedians falls down on de job. And dat's de reason Amos 'n' Andy is so successful. I takes off my hat to dem boys! De main reason I likes dem boys is dat dey keeps dey acts so clean. Smut ain' nevah gwine ter pay on de stage in long run; an' I reckon Amos 'n' Andy feels dat way too. Give de boys my bes'."

* * *

Daniel L. Haynes, who plays Adam in "The Green Pastures," Negro fable of Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly, at the Mansfield Theatre, has heard a great deal about Amos 'n' Andy but, strangely enough, has never heard them broadcast.

"When these two are on the air I'm on my way down-town to the theatre. My duties as an actor prevent my being one of radio's ardent followers—particularly an Amos 'n' Andy fan.

"However, from what I hear, these two are very funny. My friends are always quoting them to me. Humor, if it is at all good, must be universal in its appeal. It doesn't matter that these two are in black-face, simulating two colored people in the taxi-business. The fact is that their comedy is human, homely, ingratiating. If the two were Irish comedians or Dutch comedians and their patter had the same quality their humor now has, they would still be tremendous drawing cards.

"I'm sorry I haven't heard Amos 'n' Andy. But then again, I bet they haven't heard me."

* * *

Ernest Whitman, who plays the part of Sunny Jackson, one of the condemned men in the 1930 hit play, "The Last Mile": "I haven't had much chance to catch Amos 'n' Andy since The Last Mile opened but I used to be a regular fan during the early part of the winter. They're good. Man alive, it's difficult enough to play one part and make it convincing, but how those boys play so many parts, as I understand they do, is a mystery to me. I got so I used to try to catch them making a mistake with one character reading the lines belonging to another—but I never did. However, I did catch Amos the time he laughed, both in his own character and that of the Kingfish, at the rehearsal for the New Year's pageant. I've always been curious to know what broke him up. I guess they'll be popular for a long time—just as long as they can dig up material that is interesting. That's the trouble with radio—your audience is so large the minute your stuff gets stale you're done."

* * *

Patrolman 12119, 32nd Precinct: "My post is in the heart of Harlem and it gives me a good chance to watch my people and know what they like and dislike. With very few exceptions everyone I come in contact with is a rooter for Amos 'n'



If there is any one in the audience who does not know who these two colored boys are, will that person please raise the righ thand? We'd like to know!

Andy. I like the programs myself, and when I am on duty from four in the afternoon until midnight I will say positively that every radio on my beat is tuned in on those two boys at seven o'clock. That pair certainly know their stuff and it is marvelous to me to think that they play all those different parts, but I think the best acting was done by Amos when Ruby Taylor went to Chicago. I sure felt sorry for him. I couldn't help believing that his heart was breaking."

* * *

Landlady of rooming house on 134th Street (she requested that her name and address not be used): "Like everyone else in Harlem I listen to Amos 'n' Andy every night. Those white boys know how to play negro parts better than any other black-face comedians I have ever heard. For one thing, they do not belittle the negro and I think their programs have done more to help the white people understand us than all the books that have ever been written. I know lots of Amoses and Andys right here in Harlem, but I don't let the Andys stay long in my rooming house. The Amoses are alright because they pay their rent. I wish Amos would marry Ruby Taylor, but I suppose if he did Amos would be just big-hearted enough to take Andy in as a boarder, which would be too bad."

* * *

Young woman (name refused) in charge of beauty shop at 2251 Seventh Avenue: "The Amos 'n' Andy program does not interest me, because there is no music with it except the theme song or whatever it is they play at the start and the finish. And that is too slow. Besides it is very monotonous. As far as the character go they are alright but everywhere I go all I hear is "Sho—sho" and "Check and double check." Madam Queen must be an awful dumbbell to have anything to do with a fourflusher like Andy. He wouldn't last long with the girls I know in Harlem. Of course he may have "IT", I don't

(Continued on page 90)

Sidelights on Amos and Andy Contest

SOME INTERESTING FACTS Gathered

By the Judges of the Hundreds of Manuscripts Submitted in the Contest

IN announcing the winners of the Amos and Andy dialogue contest, we believe it may be interesting to the readers of Radio Digest to know something about the extent of the response which we received in this contest, and to understand what can be gathered of the reaction of people in all parts of the United States and Canada to Amos and Andy's nightly amenities.

Judging the huge pile of manuscripts was no holiday job. There was once a colored boy down South named Henry Simpson who enlisted in the army and was put to work moving cross ties on a little railroad siding in Virginia. He moved a dozen or two, sweating profusely in the process. Then the captain pointed to a stack of railroad rails and said:

"Now, then, Sam (for all negroes were Sam to this particular white man), move those rails to the other side of the track."

For an hour Henry labored, but made little or no headway. Walking up to the captain, he saluted:

"Capn, has you got yo' roster dar wid you?"

"Why, yes, I have," replied the captain.

"Is you got de name er Henry Simpson down dar?"

The captain scanned his roster book.

"Yes, here is the name of Henry Simpson."

"Well, dat's all right, Capn. Dat's my name. I jes want ter make sartin. Thought maybe you had it down *Sampsón* stead of Simpson."

The writer confesses he felt rather like Henry Simpson when the editor of Radio Digest turned over to him a mountain of manuscripts from north, south, east and west, showing an astounding interest in the progress not only of the diversions of the famous "negro" pair themselves, but in the contest particularly. For it did seem, in looking through the manuscripts, that everybody held some sort of very definite opinion as to what should be done about the matter. The vast preponderance of opinion seemed to lean towards the belief that Amos *aint gittin' a squar' deal* from Andy. One and all set about to remedy matters. No less than twenty contestants, in the "plot" of their dialogue, set forth the fact that Amos had changed places with Andy, had asserted himself and refused to accept the slings and arrows of his outrageous partner any more.

"Andy," says Amos in one submitted dialogue, "de worm done turned. I ain' gwine ter stan' no mo' fum you! Git out dar an' drive dat taxicab yo'se'f!" This *sitiation*, it seems, the boys have already seized upon and Amos and Andy have swapped places in fact.

That same idea—the sense of fair play inherent in all Anglo Saxons which, even in so small a matter as a short dramatic Radio piece, would demand that "jestice be did"—showed itself again and again as we read through the papers. In one case a girl wrote to Andy saying that though she did not know him she admired him greatly as the president of the Taxicab Company and wanted to meet him. She said she liked his looks, as she had seen him *driving around in the taxicab.*

Now that is all very well; Andy has just been preening himself, as he read this letter aloud to Amos, on the fact that strange ladies should be writing in to a big business man like him saying they wanted to meet him. But when he came to that part about "seeing you frequently driving the taxicab," and Amos realized it was *himself* the fair stranger was raving about, *and not Andy*, he sets up his derisive "Awa, awa, awa!"

In other papers, *Amos* lies late abed on Sunday morning while *Andy* is made to get up and cook breakfast. Again, it is *Amos* who wins over the white gentleman who has come to enter suit against President Andrew Brown. Amos gets the best of everything—in the contestants' papers. The public, one would say, judging by the cross section of opinion contained in the mass of manuscripts which we have just been through, would really like to see a reversal of the parts of the two black face buddies—with Andy playing the under-dog for a while!

The dialect aspect of the matter has furnished a good deal of entertainment. We feel certain that a more varied selection of "negro" dialects never flooded in upon an editor before. Some of the examples were excellent—particularly those from the South, for the very obvious reason that southern people understand negro talk better than other people and are more familiar with the negro's peculiar characteristics that give rise to his dialect. From a part of Pennsylvania where many of the Dutch descendants live (who are really German and not Dutch) came manuscripts in which Amos and Andy said *mit* for *with* and *der* for *the*. Others from Gotham bore an unmistakable likeness to the talk of the Bowery folk. From Canada (and there were many Canadian contestants) came Amoses and Andies who spoke with an English if not a French Canuck accent. While the quality of the dialect was not the deciding factor, of course, in choosing the winning manuscripts it was one of the factors nevertheless. The idea back of this is that if Amos and Andy are to attain the very ultimate of their best work, they must do it in a dialect which most nearly approaches that of the real negro.

And because so much evident serious interest was expended in the preparation of many of these manuscripts we can't help expressing our regret that it was impossible to offer a dozen or a score of prizes instead of the five announced. Many fine efforts must, of necessity, have been rejected. But the judges have, we believe, chosen the best of the lot when all the factors are taken into consideration.

And because the editors and judges can see with half an eye what careful and painstaking effort lies back of many of the manuscripts submitted, they cannot close the contest without a word of praise and encouragement to those who are not among the winners. Very real talent is undoubtedly possessed by many unsuccessful contestants.

Out of the years' experience which each of the judges has had in the writing profession, comes one word of suggestion:

Don't, whatever you do, take this failure to win a prize too seriously!

Remember that for every prize won there were dozens of manuscripts found unsuitable. We say this because Radio Digest will be having other contests in the future—all sorts and conditions of contests. And we want you all to be among those present when the time comes to submit manuscripts!

Therefore, if you have entered a manuscript in the Amos and Andy contest and do not find yourself represented in the winners' list, just remember that you have many companions in misfortune. The counts on which the prize winners were chosen may be summed up roughly as follows:

(A) Humor: the originality and "snappiness" of the situation.

(B) Readability: the ease with which the dialogue important factor, this angle has been considered in

(C) Dialect: Since in a blackface act dialect is an important factor this angle has been considered in choosing the winners.

A great number of manuscripts contained some good material, but "fell down" in other respects. Possibly if the material had been handled a little more deftly certain of these may have come out winners. Some contestants apparently thought there was no need to whip their material into a concise readable form. On the other hand a great number of them *did.*

The Winners

First Prize, $100
E. D. Dorrance, Mitchell, South Dakota

Second Prize, $50
J. B. Sizer, Schuyler, Va.

Third Prize, $25
Miss Beatrice Biggs, 805 Walnut St., Clinton, Ind.

Fourth Prize, $15
J. W. Evans, 304 East Second St., Rome, Ga.

Fifth Prize, $10
Miss Susie Kuhn, 1302 Marshall St., Shreveport, La.

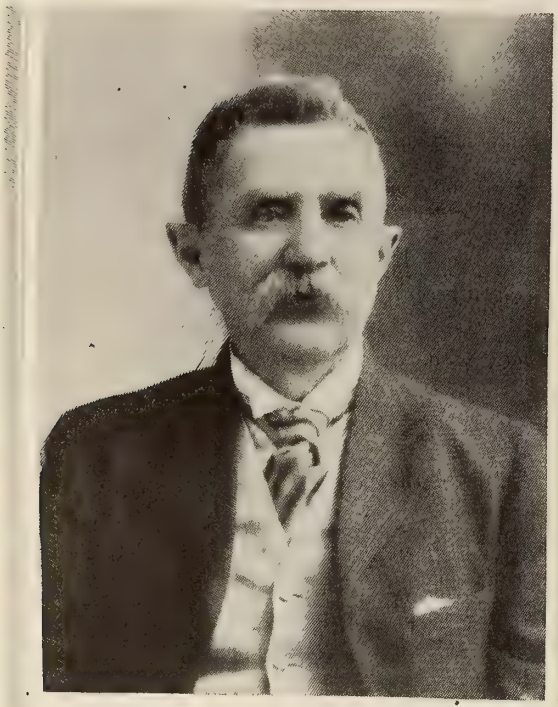
Biographical matter concerning each of the winners reached the editorial offices of Radio Digest too late for inclusion in the August issue. This information will appear in the September issue.

Radio Digest's Congratulations to Each of the Successful Contestants

CLAREMORE DAYS

Cowboy Humorist as Only Son Knew Poverty—Attended All not for long—Liked

By Victor



Clem Rogers, Will's Dad.

BILL SUNDAY is an Indian. This Bill Sunday, however, is BILL Sunday—not the Billy Sunday you probably are thinking of. Bill Sunday is one of the old timers of Claremore, Oklahoma; lived there all his life, knew Will Rogers, his pa and his ma and his two sisters when the Rogers' young ones were all just kids.

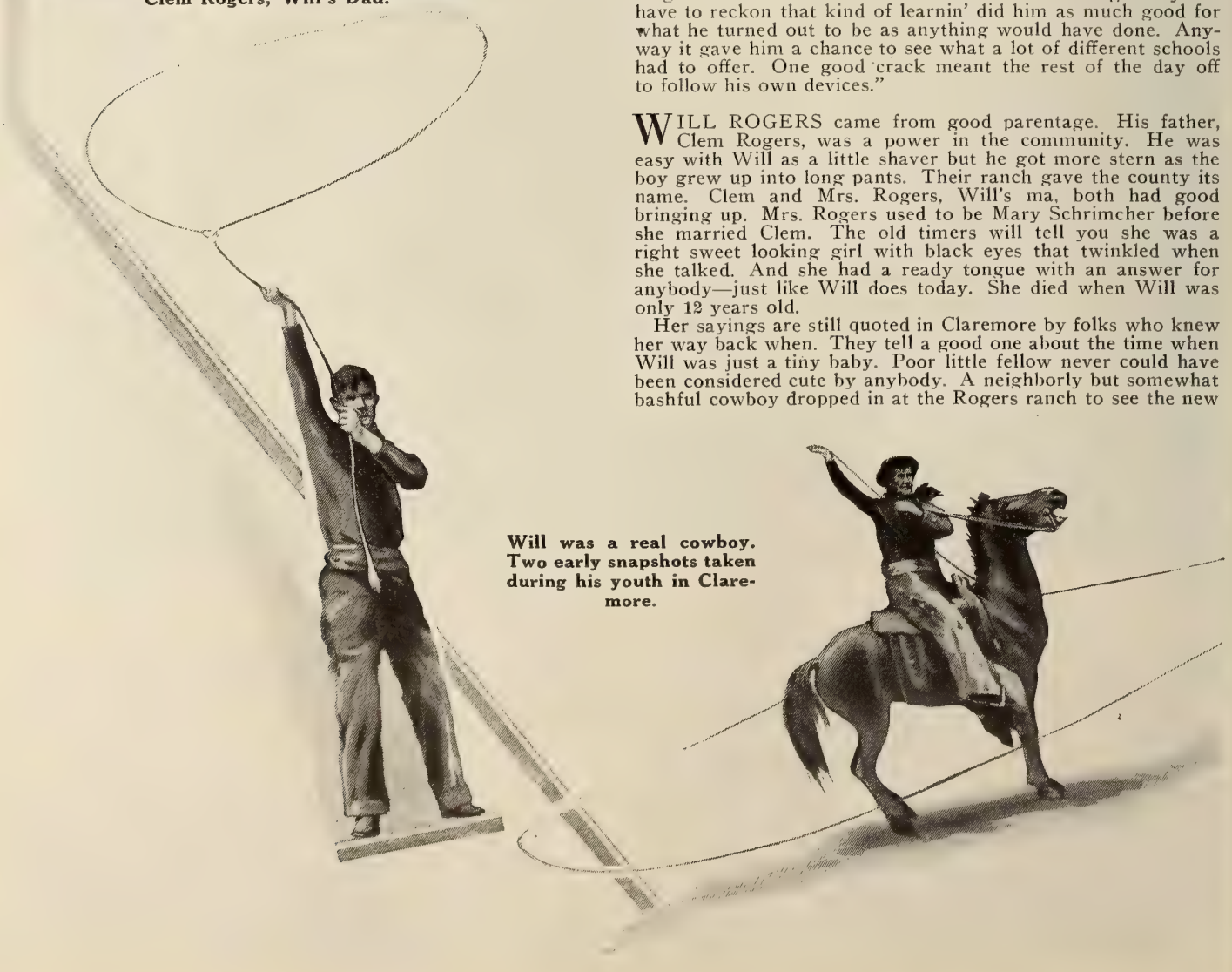
Go to Claremore and talk to Bill and he'll tell you a lot of things about that boy who grew up to become the "unofficial ambassador" of the White House, the pet of the Follies, and America's greatest living humorist—anyway of his type.

Bill and other Claremorians get a big laugh out of the stories about the poor boy from the country who went to the big city and made good when it applies to Will Rogers, who never was a poor boy in his whole life. They snicker sideways at you when you hint about the deficiency of Will's early scholastic training.

"Say, Will Rogers attended more schools and colleges than Lincoln, Mark Twain and Edison put together," Bill or any of the other old timers will tell you. "Why, he attended all the schools in the district, an' some that wasn't in the district. He was just too smart for any of 'em. You know how he joshes Henry Ford, the President and foreign dictators—well, he was just like that when he was a little chap—only the teacher didn't seem to get the humor of it. He had his mind on catchin' them up on something or other and getting the laugh on 'em from the rest of the school. And guess you'll have to reckon that kind of learnin' did him as much good for what he turned out to be as anything would have done. Anyway it gave him a chance to see what a lot of different schools had to offer. One good crack meant the rest of the day off to follow his own devices."

WILL ROGERS came from good parentage. His father, Clem Rogers, was a power in the community. He was easy with Will as a little shaver but he got more stern as the boy grew up into long pants. Their ranch gave the county its name. Clem and Mrs. Rogers, Will's ma, both had good bringing up. Mrs. Rogers used to be Mary Schrimcher before she married Clem. The old timers will tell you she was a right sweet looking girl with black eyes that twinkled when she talked. And she had a ready tongue with an answer for anybody—just like Will does today. She died when Will was only 12 years old.

Her sayings are still quoted in Claremore by folks who knew her way back when. They tell a good one about the time when Will was just a tiny baby. Poor little fellow never could have been considered cute by anybody. A neighborly but somewhat bashful cowboy dropped in at the Rogers ranch to see the new



Will was a real cowboy. Two early snapshots taken during his youth in Claremore.

WITH WILL ROGERS

of Wealthy Rancher Never Schools in District but Circus Life Best

F. Barnett

arrival. He stood awkwardly, hat in hand, looking down on the squirming bit of humanity. He just stood there speechless, too honest to say anything but what he thought and too respectful of the mother's feelings to open his mouth. Finally Mrs. Rogers looked up with a bright smile and said:

"Well, Tom, I guess you are thinking this is the homeliest baby you ever see?"

Tom was covered with confusion. He had tried so hard to keep his mind to himself and here she knew just what he was thinking. He couldn't deny it. He blushed and apologized in his best cowboy style as he backed out of the room, mortified to death.

Will had two sisters. One of them died a year or so ago. The other is Mrs. Tom McSpadden who has her home there in Rogers county today. Before the boy became famous Mrs. McSpadden was considered the literary light of the family. She took to writing early and probably had a lot more to her credit than Will did up to ten years ago. When the oil boom hit Oklahoma she just seemed to be waiting for it. Everybody was crazy about oil. Her husband got into the oil business and she picked up everything she could learn about it and wrote for the papers about oil. For several years she was assistant oil editor of one of the Tulsa newspapers.

WHEN it became necessary Will went to the common schools during the winter months. But with the first warm days of spring the Indian blood of his father's people fumed in his veins and he yearned for the throb of a pony between his knees and the smell of growing things on the vagrant breeze. Shortly thereafter the school would be entertained by one of those chronic "arguments" — the term that Will would use in his ruckus with a teacher.

Eventually Will's father began to share some of the impatience expressed by the teachers. Will became a typical boy problem. He was sent to the Herold Institute at Muskogee, Okla., and from there he went to Willie Halsell college at Vinita, in the same state. But Will never lost his love for Claremore and it was not long on either occasion before he was back home in general circulation.

Teachers simply couldn't keep him in line. Clem tried talking to the boy and Will, with that disarming good natured smile, "argued" his way out of one difficulty after another. Then dad decided to send him to Kemper Military school at Boonville, Mo.

"Discipline is what he needs and I think he'll get it there," he confided to some of his friends. "There will be no arguing with the teachers at Kemper. It will be the making of him."

You really couldn't call Will bad. He never showed the



This photo of Will Rogers and his family was taken some years ago.





Above you see young Will Rogers when everybody in Claremore called him Willie. Will is at the left in the buggy before the corner store in Claremore.

least bit of orneriness. Some people call it "originality". He just never could stay in traces—had his own way of doing things and balked at rules and regulations. So off he went to the military school. Whatever made Clem imagine they could hold that boy down to military restrictions is a mystery to his old friends in Claremore yet. Of course Will started in with all good intentions. He very quickly discovered that the commanding officers of a military school were quite too determined to have their own way about things without compromise. Now Will never would concede to anybody—military or not—that there couldn't be room for an argument when there was a difference in opinion. Thereupon he decided that he would have no military training and forthwith parted company with the Kemper school.

THE NEXT Clem heard of him Will sent a wire that he had gone to Texas to assist in drilling an oil well. The telegram was an event in Claremore. Almost everybody in town saw it and was interested because it was a matter of no little local concern as to whatever would become of "that boy." He was only a kid after all. He even signed the message, "Willie."

"Ran away from school, I knew it, I knew it," said Bill Sunday when he saw the telegram.

"Goin' to drill an oil well is he?" sighed another old timer as they met and pondered over the matter on a bench in front of the corner store with the imitation brick front.

"Clem says he's goin' to let the boy work out his own grief, an' I hope he does. That boy needs to take a little responsibility on his own shoulders. He's always had everything give to him."

In some respects drilling an oil well and drilling on a parade ground are not so very different, and Will's letters home worked on his dad's feelings so that about the third one brought him money to come back to Claremore. Responsibility was what the boy needed, was it? Clem gave that idea a lot of hard thought. Maybe it would be a good thing to let him take hold of the ranch and run it for a while. And in order to put the boy strictly on his own in the matter he pulled out and took a vacation for himself. So there was Will with about the most important ranch in Rogers county on his hands to do with as he pleased.

Will immediately discovered more agreeable uses for a big Oklahoma ranch than just raising stock and a lot of growing truck. Besides, social life on a ranch can get to be an awful bore without a little snappy entertainment now and then. Will conceived the idea of putting some of the boys to work building a stage for a dance floor. And while the carpenter work was under way he planned a series of festivals, dances, and roping contests. Looking at the results from a cold business point of view the enterprise was a complete flop and Clem had to hurry home to bring a stop to a fast dwindling bank account.



Will Rogers as he is today with riches, fame and a Radio career.

YOU couldn't blame Clem for feeling mighty put out after he had tried to do the right thing by Will. But this really was the last straw. The camel just rared up on hind legs and Will got a talking-to he probably never will forget to his dying day. The result was Will went out to the barn very much sobered and probably a whole lot chastened, threw a saddle over his beloved pony, Comanche, and with his ninety foot lasso cantered off to rope the world and tickle its ribs.

Circus life naturally appealed to the young cowboy. He had become an expert with his rope; Comanche was the envy and joy of every lover of horseflesh. At last Will Rogers had found his element. His letters to his father became geography to Claremore. G. F. Godbey, secretary of the Claremore chamber of commerce, will tell you of the stamps and postmarks on the letters that signified Will's whereabouts when he wrote to his father thirty years ago.

"I was cashier of the town's First National Bank at the time," he says, "and everybody took a heap of interest in those letters. There were some from South Africa, South America, London, and then there were some from Australia. We felt that Will Rogers was making good—just as the most of us had expected he would in spite of the carefree existence he had led before he left home. Big hearted, fine character and bright as a dollar. These qualities would sure make something of him eventually."

One day Clem strode into the bank all smiles and pride beaming in his eyes. He had another letter.

"Well, I've just heard from Willie," he told the banker, "and he sent me $100." Money talks. To Clem that was positive and unmistakable evidence that his boy, Will, was a success. It meant more than just the intrinsic worth of $100. To the father it meant his son had begun to appreciate the value of money and the importance of saving. Will never asked his father for money again from that time on, according to the recollection of Mrs. Godbey.

SPEAKING of an appreciation of the value of money it was just about this time—a little later, possibly—that Will came home for a visit and was asked to join a tramload of boosters from Tulsa on a tour of the middle-tier of large cities. It was before he had been discovered as a writer or speaker. He was merely to do his stuff with Comanche and the rope.

After they had reached New York and thousands had been entertained by his nimble dexterity with the rope a stranger walked up and offered him $800 spot cash for his pony. Will grinned as he shook his head slowly but decisively.

"You give me $800 for Comanche? No. I wouldn't want the bother of spending that much money."

(More about Will and his travels will be told in another article in Radio Digest. But before we leave Clem Rogers let's get a little better acquainted with him. Editor.)

(Continued on page 89)



DAINTY DORR BOTHWELL—in person and a moving picture at the same time. Recently she told Radio listeners over KPO, San Francisco, that she had been initiated into a Samoan tribe by having her body converted into a moving picture through the tattoo process. She is a distinguished artist of Samoan life.



PEGGY PRICE comes from—one guess? Yep, California, of course. She's a blues singer at KFVD, Culver City. And take Prof. Powers word for it she knows how to sing. She is blessed with a sunny disposition on all occasions except when she broadcasts those melancholy things they call the blues.



ALICE WHITE, lovely blonde of Screenland, is one of the many new recruits to the Radio studios who came through talking picture experience with the microphone. You will remember her as the Show Girl in Hollywood over the NBC Continental hook-up. She is gifted with Radio personality as well as physical beauty.



BABY ROSE MARIE is starting young, but you must admit she has the gesture—the main idea. That she has the real ultramarine voice you doubtless will also concede if you happened to hear her from WEAF through the NBC network. And Rudy Vallee himself was the artist who featured her in his program —what luck!



ALEXANDRIA STEPANOFF is an artist who can demonstrate most convincingly that every little movement has a meaning of its own. In fact, she is one of the, if not the world's greatest therminists. One tiny jerk of her little finger can summon notes of majesty from the NBC Thermin ether wave music box before her.



Wonder if Floyd Gibbons is talking 245 words a minute to Virginia Gardner as they zip up the East River in Floyd's speed boat on a sunny afternoon?

VACATION FOLLIES

Notables of Radioland Make the Best of Summer Holidays as King Mike Gives Leave

By Evans E. Plummer

"HAH, HAH!" was the greeting I received when I asked Freeman ("Amos") Gosden how he was going to spend his vacation this summer. He could afford, financially, to give me several more hah-hahs, but the same question, when put in other quarters, provoked severe scowls and other varieties of dirty looks.

It seems that Radio stars are in a class by themselves on the vacation deal. Opera stars get to loaf or study as they choose. Motion picture luminaries finish a production, rest until the next, and often have thrown in a free journey halfway round the world to the locale of their coming film. Actors and actresses generally may count upon two or three months of leisure in the summer.

But the favorites of the tin ear known as Mike? Most of 'em have to keep right on working. A few manage to escape contracts and go abroad, but they are in the minority. Sponsored programs have a habit these days of continuing right on through the warm months since Radio engineers and the networks put the skids under the once well-known "poor season."

So it is with Amos 'n' Andy. No rest is in sight for this NBC pair. In August they are booked to spend long hours before the cameras and recording microphones in Hollywood, Calif., and at the same time do their Radio skit twice each day six days a week.

In between broadcasts and personal appearances, however, Charles "Andy" Correll is finding time to play around in Lake Michigan with his Chris-Craft speed boat which he bought this past spring from Joe Schenk, Van's partner in the popular singing duo.

Graham McNamee, smart oldtimer that he is, has a stipulation in all of his contracts for a two week's vacation. This he is spending in a motor tour through the Adirondacks. Canada may also be on the itinerary. Motoring is a novelty to the McNamees. Both he and his wife generally take fast trains or planes to and from his broadcasting engagements.

"Rudy" (Hubert) Vallee, who keeps the Fleishmann NBC program moving, will probably be on a New England and Midwest barnstorming tour by the time this is being read. The tour is to reach West as far as Cleveland and Cincinnati. Between leaving Broadway and catching the train, nevertheless, the plans called for a week's respite which Rudy was to spend renewing old home town friendships in Westbrook, Maine, swimming, golfing and playing tennis. The beloved crooner, as perhaps you may know, is quite a swimmer and once held several minor records for underwater swimming.

WHAT will the ladies be doing? Well, by this time Jessica Dragonette has probably spent her short two weeks picking wildflowers in Maine. Vaughn de Leath went to Europe on a concert tour and should return soon to remove weeds from her Connecticut farm, "The Hitching Post." Rosaline Greene, NBC's Eveready thespian, likewise is in Europe where she expects to do some broadcasting in London studios. Irma de Baun, CBS soprano, is also Europe bound where she will appear in concert and opera.

Leslie Frick, NBC contralto, has already made her annual pilgrimage to Europe and sent back gaudy postcards wishing her friends were there. While there private recitals in Paris and the microphone of the Radio-Paris station occupied her spare time. Margaret Olsen, Scandinavian soprano of Davey hour fame, planned to tour Norway and Sweden this summer

in search of more oldtime songs, but engagements here will probably force her to modify this plan to a simple two week's rest in the quiet Vermont hills. In addition she plans indulging in plenty of golf, swimming and motoring during the time she must stay in New York.

Countess Olga Medalago Albani, the charming, dark-skinned Spanish prima donna of Kodak week-end hour, hopes to arrange her affairs so that she can visit Cuba where her parents and friends are living. The Countess is also a rabid tennis fan and is spending many hours on the courts in Central Park, New York.

Paula Hemminghaus, NBC contralto, has taken up golf seriously, and has at least three sessions a week on the fairways. Between golf and programs she is also busy perfecting her Australian crawl. Helen Oelheim, contralto soloist of network fame, is another tennis fiend and has devoted all of her spare time, with the exception of two weeks at a quiet resort, to mastering new and difficult services. Della Baker, Kodak soprano, has planned a long automobile tour through the White Mountains with her husband. Welcome Lewis simply spent two weeks sleeping at her Westchester home.

Gitla Erstinn, Chase and Sanborn soprano, will spend her time on the New York beaches between games of tennis and golf, while Elizabeth Davenport, contralto heard on the same program, now a confirmed Westchester commuter, will do the same except for the substitution of home gardening for the tennis.

Marcella Shields, one of the NBC "Troupers," will warm the bleachers for both the Yankees and the Giants the while she suppresses her desire to announce a ball game over the Radio. Another NBC "radactress," Virginia Gardiner, who appears in Empire Builders, Mystery House and Cuckoo, will keep on writing and trying to sell short stories. Other days she will accept invitations to ride in the speed boat Floyd Gibbons owns and employs to churn waves on the East River.

FLOYD, the science and prohibition poll fast talker, incidentally, will be kept pretty busy with his nightly broadcasts and cannot stray far from Mike. His speed boat, airplane flights and other convenient but thrilling pastimes will afford him momentary relief from his daily routine.

Speed boats are popular this year in Radiodom. Having already marked up Charlie Correll and Gibbons as addicts, you may now add Harry Reser, Cliquot Eskimos leader, and James Melton, good-looking-but married top tenor of the Revelers, to the total. Jack Parker, much featured NBC tenor, another motor boat enthusiast, sneaks away for a day or two aboard his 40-foot craft which is a duplicate of that owned by Gene Austin, and sometime during the summer plans to stage a race with Gene. Gustav Haenschen, well-known NBC conductor, is a member of the same fraternity of gasoline sailors and "gets away from it all" by hopping aboard his motorboat cruiser. Frequently Gus works out a tough bit of orchestration aboard his craft and far from the sweltering, maddening crowd. B. A. Rolfe, the Lucky stick waver, has purchased a motor cruiser this summer, thereby doing his bit to make the Radio fleet considerable of an unlimited navy.

Speaking of boats and such reminds me of Martha Attwood, the Cape Cod gal who made good in Metropolitan Grand "opery" and then signed up with NBC. Martha, still retaining her opera habits, has cancelled all broadcasting engagements and is spending the summer on the Cape. Here she is getting acquainted again with "Dad" Attwood, an old salt who thought Martha was bound for perdition when his little girl first showed signs of singing for money on the stage.

Boats, fishing—so runs the train of thought. Fishing is Phillips Carlin's dish. Mulberry Point on the Connecticut coast is his idea of the proper place to spend two weeks in an intensive hook and sinker campaign this summer. Alois Havrilla, announcer of the Kodak hours, is another Izaak Walton leaguer. Havrilla aims to commute from a resort near New York and spend his leisure moments with rod and reel, midiron and mashie, and swimming suit. The same recreations will claim Alwyn Bach, 1930 American Academy medalist announcer, whose rush of additional engagements makes it impossible for him to get farther away from the city than Long Island, his home.

ANGLING for bass also claims the spare time this summer of Ned Tollinger and John Wolf, the singing duo once known countrywide as the Mona Twins, and who now are attached to the West Coast division of NBC.

Wolf has been taking his vacation in what he terms "jumps." One of the best jumps came when he and Tex Maxwell, NBC West Coast production manager, spent a week-end fishing in San Francisco Bay of the Marin County Coast. They brought home the limit—approximately 60 pounds of bass.

The biggest of the finny prizes tipped the scales (no pun intended) at well over 20 pounds. And while we're telling fish stories:

H. J. Maxwell, auditor of the Pacific Division, isn't numbered among the artists, but as a fisherman he's a real one, just the same.

"H. J." came home, after a short vacation, with 16 elegant mountain trout. He made his catch in Huntington Lake in the High Sierras. At an elevation of 7,000 feet, H. J. was caught in a neat little summer snow-storm that held up the fishing program one day.

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John Wolf (left) and Tex Maxwell took 60 pounds of bass from Frisco Bay.

Godfrey Ludlow has appeared in many roles with his magic violin in NBC programs under various auspices. More recently you have heard him as the star of the Elgin programs late on Friday nights.





Phil Cook is not only two faced, but he can make you see a dozen faces while he assumes that many characters before the mike.



When Adele Vasa, along with others in the CBS party, called at the White House to see President Hoover she was cordially received by the gentleman who seems to have won her heart and hand in the picture.



My dear, whom do you suppose? None other than the great Rudy Vallee himself signing his name and perhaps saying a few sailorish things in the autograph album of the gob who stands beside. For Rudy too was once a gob, if you remember.



Helen Hughes and Her Boys, whom you have often heard from the St. Louis axis, are now thrilling the big Northwest from KSTP, St. Paul.



Remember that meteoric person who came to fame in The Desert Song? Here he is all dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse. It's John Boles whom you also hear NBC (N. Y.) over the national system.



It's hard to hold a pose like this while a photog gets his camera ready, but we must see this young man as he looks while leading the orchestra—he's one of the youngest of the new generation of conductors, Mr. Len Joy of NBC.



May Singhi Breen is known as the original ukulele lady, an especially popular entertainer in the East. She has a great collection of Chinaware pets.



Some folks think children don't go so good on the air, but here are four that never fail. They are in The Toddy Party over the National net.



Allen Burt and Faith Gibbon are seen here as you thought you saw them when they were broadcasting Trial by Jury, the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. It came from the NBC New York studios.



"Now listen, Charlie, I know she's wonderful. But—but—" "Oh, you can't understand, Norm, why she's—she's— Oh how can I express it?" "Don't try, I know." That's Norman Brokenshire and Charlie over the CBS.



He's the man who sets Will Rogers to music. Freddy Rich, lightning conductor of CBS dynamic music, also directs the large symphonic dance orchestra that ushers Will Rogers up to and away from the mike on Sunday nights.



Tony Cabooch, the "One-Man-Radio-Show" (C. J. Gruber).



Columbiannouncers: Lower, left; Harry Vonzell, David Ross, Don Ball. Above; George Beuchler, Frank Knight, Hugh Walton, Ted Husing.



Vim, pep and dash are the notable characteristics of the Lucky Strike dance orchestra, heard three times a week over the continental net. And here is Mr. B. A. Rolfe, the director, as you would meet him on the street.



"Whoo-eee! Firewagons'll git you, ef y'u don't watch out!" So stay on the curb and watch your step, says Uncle Bob Wilson, KYW, pioneer Radio uncle.



Young Man of the Evening doing his stuff. Otherwise Ray Perkins, as Old Topper.



Presentation of the Prairie President at WLS. Cast from left: Dolly Day, William Vickland (Lincoln), Mrs. Ellen Vogler (guest), Louis Ramsdell, Raymond Warren (author) and Douglas Hope.

TERROR

By Rupert Hughes

SHE Loved a Boy Who Left Her a Bonded White Slave Among Blacks in Little Old—Very Old—New York. And She Burned Her Way to Freedom.



Illustrated by
Joseph L. Sabo

THE MOST dreadful, the most devastating, the most fatal woman that New York ever knew, was a frightened little fifteen-year-old bonded servant-girl.

As she stood clutching her apron and nibbling at its edges in mouse-like timidity, she looked anything but the menace she was.

Yet before Mary Burton's panic was over, the whole population of New York was stampeded into equal madness and its panic-smitten judges had crowded into loathsome cells in the City Hall a hundred and seventy-four innocent wretches. Seventy of these were lucky enough to be taken from prison and merely shipped off to slavery in exile; twenty of them were taken from the prison to the gallows; and thirteen of them were burned at the stake.

Wise people are most afraid of those who are afraid, and it was this child's terror that made her terrible. For what is more dangerous than fear? The mad dog is afraid. The rattlesnake is afraid. The tyrant. The mob. What is anger indeed but a more desperate fear and the scowl of wrath but a grimace of alarm? Why should anybody persecute or slay anyone except for being afraid of him?

During the height of her frightful power, Mary Burton belonged to the town as its municipal servant-girl, and for contributing its blackest page to its history the town paid her one hundred pounds in good money. Which was about one hundred pounds more than she had ever earned before or could have earned in any other way.

She sold her soul for the sake of her love.

She had never wanted to come to New York in the first place. She had not asked to be brought into the world, and she owed no gratitude to the parents that sold her overseas when she was hardly more than thirteen years old.

They called the sale a bond of indenture, but it meant plain slavery until her youth should be gone and her beauty worn out in wageless toil. Her father sold her to a ship captain and he drove her across his gangplank with other cattle to be tossed and sickened for stormy weeks in a miserable hold, and driven across the gangplank at the New York docks to the market-place of the public vendue.

ONE BRIGHT thing in the nausea of that voyage was her meeting with the captain's cabin boy, Tom Wilson. He was kind to her and when the brig was becalmed they did not care. He had leisure then, and the two of them could sit on a hatch and hold hands and tell each other why they hated everybody else in the world, and the world; and why they did not hate each other.

Tom's lot was not much better than hers, his age only a year greater, and his parents even crueller. Her's had mended their poverty and escaped the threat of starvation for all of their children by the fees they collected for the sale of one of them into a land where she could not be worse off than she was in London.

The parents of Tom Wilson, however, had beaten him and taught him drink and thievery and used the proceeds of his thievery for more liquor. Homes were as cruel as the other prisons in those times.

"My old man never risked nothin' himself. He let me do it all," Tom told Mary. "He seen many a boy younger than me swing off the gallows at Tyburn for swipin' a wipe out of somebody's pocket. But he used to send me into the crowd to pick pockets because the crowd was big on hangin' days. One day I seen 'em string up two little boys and a girl, nine, ten, eleven years old. And I says to m'self: 'My neck is my own and I'm goin' to take it out of the rope's reach! So I run off to sea! It's no redam and the cap'n is mighty free with the rope's end; but it ain't my neck that feels it."

THEY watched New York approach with dreary eyes. It was a miserable little clutter of huts to those citizens of London from under the shadow of St. Paul's. Hardly ten thousand people made up New York, and two thousand of these were slaves.

On the last night as the brig lay at anchor in the bay the children wept in each other's arms and vowed fidelity. Tom swore that he would follow the sea till it made him rich and then he would find Mary and buy her freedom. She was rising fourteen and he just gone sixteen and that was old enough for marrying, provided they had the funds to set them up in some business.

The next morning the captain kept Tom on the jump so fast that he could not pass a word with Mary, who stood with all her goods in a bundle and waited as one of the dumb herd of bonded servants to be dumped ashore and sold.

When Mary was stood up on the auction block to be appraised by the purchasers Tom arrived at the back of the crowd just in time to see her knocked down to a tallow-chandler, a gruff fellow who thrust Tom away when he tried to speak to Mary.

"She's mine! I bought her. I want no young wastrels tampering with my goods. Be off!"

Tom watched her as she followed her new master and saw him curse her when she tried to put the countless things she had to say in one fleet glance of her sad eyes across a shoulder far too slender for the burdens she must bear.

THE SIGHT filled Tom with a frenzy for sudden riches. Such sea-faring as he had begun held out only the promise of hard and uncertain years. So he took his sorrow to a public house to drown it. There he met a covey of young sailors from the *Flamborough* man-of-war and they told him they were cruising after Spanish merchantmen laden with gold. Since war was on, the galleons were fair prey and every capture meant prize-money for every member of the crew.

This and the news that the ship was so short-handed that recruits were being shanghaied, seemed to Tom a message from

heaven. He enlisted at once and sailed away in the royal uniform.

Only half a year had gone when the *Flamborough* saluted the royal governor of New York again and disgorged a throng of prisoners, black sailors taken from the Spanish ships. At the orders of the Admiralty these men were sold into slavery. They made loud protest that they were prisoners of war and free subjects of the King of Spain; but nobody understood them or would have cared if he had. And these blacks were distributed among the two thousand other malcontents.

Tom had money now and was ready to desert his ship, drank and gambled his funds away and went back disconsolate to sea because he could find Mary nowhere nor any trace of her. Her owner, the tallow-chandler, had sent her far out to Greenwich Village to work on a farm there.

HE WAS no less harsh a taskmaster through the day than he was a lovemaker at dusk. Before the year was out the hapless child had borne him a child. The sardonic fates that guided Mary's life took the infant away almost at once. Which was fortunate in a sense; yet it did not sweeten her life to watch her nameless baby die.

Her grief, her weakness, and her despair of seeing Tom made her nearly worthless as a packhorse, so the tallow-chandler offered her for sale again at public vendue. Technically, he sold only the bond of her indenture, but since she went along with it, she was no better than a black. And she worked henceforth among the blacks.

For she was purchased by John Hughson, who kept a hideous tavern in the Jews' Alley where few but thieves, dock rats and slaves consorted.

It was one of Mary's tasks to mop the tables, mend the fires, make the woful beds and set out the mugs of liquor before the customers, whether they were sea-blistered sailors, slinking footpads, or the shuffling Africans who sneaked into the barroom under cover of the dark whose children they were.

It was against the law to sell drams to slaves without consent of their masters, but liquor laws are made to break, and John Hughson had to live as best he could. His best was of the worst.

All day and late into the night Mary moved and had her being among jail-vermin, wharf-scum and the beaten lees who sought a deeper oblivion in drunkenness and drained from dirty vessels a brew a little less bitter than the acrid cup of their lives.

SO SMOTHERING was her life in that noisome, negro-smelling pit that Mary welcomed it as a festival when Hughson told her that they must go out into the Commons and gather firewood.

No one had ever known so fierce and long a winter as the winter of 1740. The snow was six feet deep in the streets, the cattle starved, and the wild deer came down so close that they could be captured like cattle where they floundered to their antlers in the drifts.

Because of the cold and in spite of it, the tavern fire must be kept on the roar or none of the miserable waifs from the tropics would have left their kitchens and shops for Hughson's brandy.

For the sake of the freedom and the purity of the open air, Mary would put on the old breeches of a former serving-man and his boots a world too big, and climb into Hughson's sleigh. She rejoiced as she plunged among the white depths of the blizzardy Battery and the windswept Commons, looking for chance bits of timber and branches from frozen trees. Her cheeks grew briefly rosy as she waded waist-deep laden with fagots, and her laughter smoked in the frosty air.

Who could ever have dreamed—what maddest nightmare could have foretold—that when the summer came she would have set the jailer's men to gathering wood in these same places to pile about the poor victims of her terror? And that flames would crackle about their shrivelling backs more sharply than any whip?

AFTER the gathering of wood Mary must return reluctantly to the stews and the unclean parody of life that went on there. There were women enough about the place: Hughson's wife and their daughter, and a young widow, Margaret Serubiero, or Salinburg, who was called Peggy Kerry, "the Irish beauty from Newfoundland." They did not share Mary's horror of the blacks and there was a ghastly mixture at the tables and in the noisy dances—and elsewhere. Sometimes Mary had to fight her way out of the arms of one of these horrible creatures who pleaded for a dance but she had no sympathy from the other women, who mocked her as an upstart aristocrat.

The blacks were insolent here where they had white slaves to wait upon them and the privilege of giving orders instead of taking them—particularly the servants of the best families. But most insolent of all were the Spanish negroes brought by the *Flamborough* and other men of war. Most insolent of the insolents was the big



. . . And the two of them could sit on a hatch, hold hands, and tell each other why they hated everybody else in the world . . . and why they did not hate each other.

fellow called Caesar. He belonged to Vaarck, the baker, but he always found money somehow. It was he that paid for Peggy's board and keep.

The loathing of her servitude grew upon Mary till it was all but mania. Her only hope was in Tom Wilson and she had not seen him now for close on two years. She had poor choice of explanations: he had forgotten her or been drowned in the forgetfulness of the deep sea or killed perhaps in some street fight or in some dive like this where her own hopes and beauties festered.

ONE night when the uproar of the tavern threatened to call the constables down upon them, the lights and the music brought in a crowd of sailors from the *Flamborough*. Mary had heard that the warship was in port; but its name meant nothing to her, and she had suffered too much from the violent flattery of drunken sailors to welcome these. Some of them knocked down the slaves and danced off with their girls; others sprawled at the tables and bawled for rum.

Seeing one mass of curly hair bobbing over a pewter tankard, Mary regretted the youth of the sinner who was exchanging toasts with the burly negro, Caesar.

As Mary whisked a wet cloth over the sloppy table where he lolled she was startled by a well-remembered accent muttering in an unfamiliar thickness of tongue:

"I sheen a pile of shilver money today big enough to buy all you damn shlaves at once. It was at Hogg's—you know old Hogg?—keeps the shop on the corner."

Her heart almost leapt from her breast into his tankard as he lifted it to lips swollen with liquor. Her hands went out to clutch him and a faint cry escaped her; but no one heeded it in the clamor.

She fell back a step to consider what to do, and while she cudgelled her wits she listened to what he drivelled:

"Wull, I went into Hogg's to buy me some chequered linen —goin' to sew myself up a few shirts—y'un'erstan'? Y'un'erstan'? An' old Hogg's old wife waits on me. And I give her a Spanish nine-penny silver piece. And she goes for the scales to weigh it—y'un'stan'—and she opens a drawer —and wh' d'you s'pose? It was spillin' over with Spanish pieces of eight—fair spillin' over y'un'erstan'?"

Caesar's eyes rolled and he guffawed:

"Wha' right dat ol' ooman got to all dat goo' money?"

The distracted Mary noted that John Hughson drew near and listened keenly to the boy's chatter:



When Mary stood up on the auction block to be appraised by the purchasers Tom arrived at the back of the crowd just in time to see her knocked down to a tallow-chandler.

"And ain't all I shaw. 'At old woman had a pile of gold and silver medals in there—and snuff boxes. Gawd! She had enough to sneeze a warship to pieces—and—why, she must be loaded like a Spanish ship!"

Hughson tapped Caesar on the shoulder and they went into another room, leaving Tom drooling over his ale. Mary sank down in Caesar's place and when Tom turned to go on with his story his eyes fell on her. They were all clouded, but they cleared slowly and he cried:

"Mary!"

THEN he fell over into her bosom and they embraced and kissed and wept. And no one paid them any heed, thinking them simply maudlin with drink.

They were so embowered in the Paradise of each other's arms that they forgot where they were. Tom sobbed out his futile search for her and Mary mourned his absence and told him her petty chronicles, omitting, of course, allusion to the baby that was not his. And then they opened their eyes to the world. He saw her neighbors and the mop-rag in her hand and the barmaid's cap on her head. And he groaned:

"You're here! You're one of 'em! It's all my fault; but I'm too late. I come back to find my sweetheart a——"

She clapped her hand over his mouth to stop the awful word and shrieked into his ringing ears that she was not what he thought, that only force kept her here and she would kill herself if he did not believe her.

And he believed her and wrestled with his besotted brain to wring out clear thoughts. He wept again for the prize-money he had gambled away for lack of hope of seeing her again. And they agreed that he must go back to sea and come home with gold enough to buy her indenture from Hughson; or if he could not raise so much they would run off together into New England or Virginia and begin a white life in the wilderness. It meant a ghastly wait, but people were used to prolonged anguishes in those slow days.

WITH this promise Tom kissed her goodbye and reeled out of the tavern. She went into the cold dark for another farewell, and the blown snowflakes were like kisses of regret on their young cheeks.

So wrong it seemed of life to part them again that a fierce temptation assailed Tom's soul. He mumbled:

"If I had the money I saw at old Mrs. Hogg's I could buy you free tonight. It wouldn't be hard for me to climb in there. My father taught me how. I've gone straight a long while now, but it don't seem straight to leave you here when I could——"

Mary had all but swooned in his arms at the thought of crime in him. When she had made him promise to abstain his clever hands from theft he suddenly resolved to go back and threaten Hughson with death if he mistreated Mary. He wanted to slaughter all the blacks who surrounded her with horror. But her frantic pleas persuaded him to go his way, and he staggered off into the gloom of the alley, weeping. Her tears had frozen on her lashes before she could bear to turn back into the hot stench.

In that last vain stare to find him in the fleecy night, and in his promise to come back and perfect their love, all the evils that followed had their beginning.

For the moment, though, there was a spring promise of hope in her tears.

A NEW Mary went back to her taproom prison and played the menial to the menials with a soul that was almost blithe.

Late that night when the last sailor had lurched through the snow and dived into the maelstrom of storm, and the last black had gone shuddering back to his master, Caesar was still stretched along one of the tables, wallowing in liquor and slumber, till Hughson nudged him and growled:

"You forget your promise, don't you?"

"No sah, I don't!"

He shook off sleep as a wet dog shakes off water and dashed from the inn.

Seeing Mary agape, Hughson snapped:

"Up to bed, for you!"

This was the command Mary least resented as a rule, but tonight suspicion and hope both kept her awake. About 1 o'clock she heard a noise outside and stealing barefoot to her tiny window saw below three negroes toting bundles into the tavern. The moon was clear enough for her to recognize Caesar and the man Prince whom Mr. Auboyneau owned, and Cuffee, who belonged to Mr. Philipse.

The next morning early when Mary went down to clear up the mess of the night's debauch, she found Caesar displaying a vast amount of goods, linens, medals, silver, snuff-boxes, coined silver pieces. The street doors were not open and the blinds still



Tom watched her as she followed her new master and saw him curse her . . .

drawn, but the Hughsons and Peggy were in high spirits.

Caesar was always free with his riches and as Peggy was gloating over a bolt of chequered linen he said to her:

"Peg, snip off enough of dat to make a spern for little Ma'y."

Peggy tore away a strip and passed it over cheerfully enough, but Mary threw it on the floor, saying:

"I want it, Lord knows, but not from those that don't own it."

Peggy's thwarted generosity turned at once to rage and she was for slapping Mary's face, but Caesar laughed and held her arm, picked up one of the heaped and gleaming silver pieces, held it up before Mary wheedlingly and pleaded:

"Never you mind, Peggy—she kind of peevish like. You know why. You look after her when de good time comes, and I gib you dis."

The proffer was munificient, but Mary suspected everybody on earth and resented even a kindness. She shook her head, muttering:

"All I want is victuals, drink and clothes. I might take care of white peoples' babies, but not of a half-black brat."



She fell back a step to consider what to do . . . and listened to what he drivelled.

EVEN Caesar's long white smile died before this, and he gave her a look that went through her like a razor, as he growled:

"Some folks uses they mouths a little too free round heah. They better keep 'em shut mighty tight outside."

This threw Mary into such a spasm of anxiety that she recanted her insolence. She promised to keep the secret and to take care of Peggy, and accepted the silver money. She felt that she must at all cost keep the peace until her lover came in from the seas. Above all she must keep her tongue from getting her murdered.

Almost destroyed with fear she watched the cunning hiding of the stolen wealth. But she could not share the revelry that shook the tavern at night as the slaves gathered to the smell of loot and the liquor that flowed in consequence.

The eternal allure of alcohol for the dejected, the defeated, the defective, must be its magic power of lifting them for a while to the mountain tops of pride and triumph and power. And so this squalid inn became to its besotted denizens a throne room peopled with sovereigns. For a few pense, stolen or begged, the slaves themselves became princes or at least conspirators for empire.

It made their lot somehow endurable to play drunken burlesques of royalty. The men whom pirates of human flesh had stolen and sold became pirates for awhile.

THEY meant nothing much by it. They had no real intention of trying to carry out their dreams. They were crippled mentally and shackeled in spirit, but they were not insane. They but play-acted, as mummers strut and rant and cry havoc and distribute principalities and diadems, knowing all the while that when the curtain falls they must restore their ermines and their swords to the wardrobe and become once more Will and Kit and Ben as they go back to their sorry lodgings.

If Mary Burton had been Peg she could have laughed at the big talk of the slaves and taken part in their pitiful pretence; but then she might have shared their life too, with as little prejudice as Peggy showed. There was no pity either in Mary's heart. Her own lot was so devoid of pity that the blacks seemed to have the better of life, since they were born to be slaves and divinely conditioned to servitude, while she belonged by right among the quality.

This tavern of Hughson's was really a city of refuge to the poor blacks and the merciless laws he broke were broken for their mercy.

ACCORDING to the ordinances of New York, if three negroes but walked together at one time they were liable to forty lashes on the bare back. No more than twelve of them could go to the funerals of their own dead, who were shoved into the ground like dogs. In any quarrel they were always wrong where the other party was white. Even the Jews, who had recently been disfranchised in New York, had rights against a negro.

The whites dreaded them as if they were rattlesnakes. Torture was added to their punishments, and as usual the cruelty was the fruit of fear, since a generation ago a few slaves were driven mad by persecution and threatened to destroy their masters—or so the story was told. Whether or not the slaves had really been desperate enough to attempt a rising and to hold a meeting in the orchard at Maiden Lane, it was certain that twenty-one of them had been shot, hanged or burned at the stake. The truth could never be known for the wrongs of

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Dad Crockett and his mountaineer boys are not being led astray by the bright lights of New York, they're the Radio hit of the season.

Crockett Mountaineers

By Bernard Sobel

THE mountains have come to the city and nature has reversed itself. This surprising statement is due to the fact that the Crockett family, consisting of a father and five sons, are now regularly installed on the Columbia Broadcasting System every evening, with the exception of Sunday, at 7 P. M.

How this naive group ever came to the great city to make this arrangement will always be a mystery. They are so quiet, so timid, so unworldly that their venturing into New York seems an anachronism. Just consider. Real live recruits they are from the mountains around Sharpsburg, Kentucky. Real descendants of Davey Crockett. Reared in such a backwoods community, they have cooked their own meals, helped to make their own lumberjack shirts and even made their own fiddles.

"Dad" Crockett, the father, was a singer and taught singing at the little mountain gatherings. All of them are long, thin, and angular; all of them speak in a timid, insecure way; all of them have brown rugged skins but give the impression of fragility; all of them resemble somehow young deer out on a lark in strange quarters, who realize that any moment danger may overtake them. In this case, danger to them means automatic telephones, whirring street cars, slick subways that produce unexpected nausea and headaches, asphalt pavements, and the traffic speed of New York.



YET they seldom betray their unfamiliarity with city manners, at the same time they are always on the alert against a breach of etiquette by others. In short, they are living examples of the type known as nature's gentlemen, and illustrate the extraordinary latent force in every human being for self-development and cultural expansion.

"Do you care for some pie a la mode?" asked a new acquaintance, intending to spoof these mountain boys by inviting them to eat something they had never heard of before. Daddy Crockett looked at his five sons and they looked at him, but aside from the quick movement of their eyes, none of them indicated surprise. They were confronted with a social situation, which they met with reserve. The sons remained silent deferring to their father, and he, bulwark of strength that he is, responded:

"I think it would be very nice."

They are tolerant towards the city's night life, but they dislike the hustle and bustle that engulfs them here.

"It is not that the hours here are too late," said Daddy Crockett. "We used to play square dances until two or three o'clock in the morning, and sometimes all night. The folks would bring their kids and leave them in one room. Sometimes we would have to sing and play our loudest to drown out their crying. I enjoyed playing at the church most of all because it was quiet."

"PIE SUPPERS are great fun." said Johnny, Jr., composer of the group. "Everybody from all around goes to them. Each girl and woman brings a pie of one kind or another wrapped in a box with her name inside. One man auctions off each box

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Nonius Opal is Stolen and Restored Again

THIRTEEN and ONE

Paul Savoy Humbles the Boisterous Gateway as His Theories Work Out Solution to Many Strange Disappearances in House of Mystery

By Jackson Gregory
***Illustrations by* Dudley Gloyne Summers**

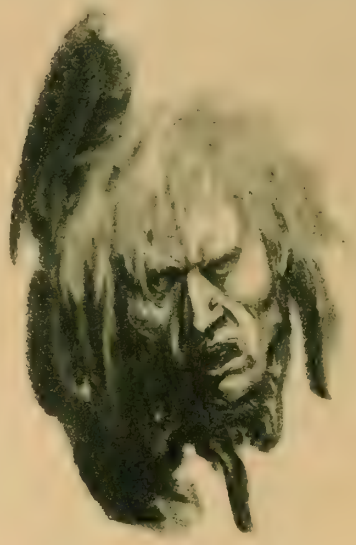
THE EARLY night was already brooding over the wilderness when Savoy entered the living room and found Gateway standing at the fireplace, staring down into the blaze.

"I'd not want it said, you know, that I'd actually suppressed any evidence," he remarked to Gateway. "There is, however, a certain thing which I believe I alone have had the opportunity of examining. The Guest Book which Mainwaring Parks kept on a table near the front door. It appears that all guests humored him by signing it, each with some brief fancy of his own."

"What's the book got to do with all our problems?" he asked.

"In a way, of course, nothing at all. That is to say, Dicks wasn't hammered over the head with it, Parks wasn't stabbed with it."

He rose and with a sigh, having barely made himself comfortable, went out, returning almost immediately with the thick and somewhat untidy volume.



White tangled, matted hair hung over his eyes.

GATEWAY bestowed a long look brimming with suspicion on him, then snatched the book, his keen glance fairly diving into it as he flipped over the pages to come to the most recent entrances. First of all he read what Savoy had written there: "Paul Savoy. Drudge of a millionaire during office hours. Between whiles, Seeker after the Truth." Savoy knew he was reading from the snort which followed.

"You'll note," said Savoy mildly and indifferently, "that the book belonged originally to Thraff Willcyzinski. Parks had the whim to keep it and to continue inviting guests to set down their names with the first thing to pop into their heads. The aforesaid Thraff Willcyzinski leads off with his name."

"What the devil have we to do with Thraff What's-his-name?" snapped Gateway.

"You must understand," said Savoy calmly, "that he is the man whom Temple and the others chased through the snow last night from one house to another."

Here the conversation ended; or, to be exact, it died on the smothered exclamation from Gateway which was set like a contemptuous full stop to Savoy's folly.

The gathering for dinner was a cheerless affair of little dining and few words. After the meal Savoy went roaming about the house.

But he went to sleep that night only to be suddenly awakened in the dreary dawn of another day by the sound of Laufer-Hirth's voice in the hallway. Savoy leaped out of bed and had his door open when Laufer-Hirth came lumbering down the hall.

"IT'S GONE—sometime during the night. And—and I can't find it."

"Go slow, Amos," commanded Savoy and clapped him upon the shoulder. "What's gone—the Opal?"

"Oh, God," groaned Laufer-Hirth dismally. "I am just beginning to think—"

"Beginning to stop thinking, if you don't look sharp! Come along; I'll roust up a cup of coffee; you're blue with cold. And tell me intelligently what's happened."

Laufer-Hirth fairly puffed out the story with his labored breath. He had hidden the Opal between the mattress and box spring of his bed. Five minutes ago he looked for it and discovered it was missing. And when he woke up Will Little and told him someone had stolen the jewel during the night he nearly had a fit, and was now on the bed shaking like an aspen leaf.

"And now the Opal's gone," mused Savoy.

"Damn the Opal!" swore the other fervently. "I lied to Will Little; I made him think I had discarded it. There's a curse—"

While Savoy dressed, others were wakened and informed of what had occurred.

Little's nerves were completely beyond his control. They commandeered Andregg's hypodermic needle, gave it a prompt rough-and-ready sterilization and shot home the one thing which it appeared might quiet him. And Will Little, bundled in hot blankets, later was fed hot milk and whisky.

"YOU'RE dead! You've been dead forty years!" he screamed out a hundred times, drawn back against the head of his bed, his eyes glassy with fear. "You're the Man of the Opal." You are Nonius, dead Senator Nonius, dead since Pompeii was buried. You—you—you—"

Then he turned to whomever stood near him at the time, pleading:

"Give him the Opal! For God's sake, give him the Opal. He has come for it; he will never go without it. He will take me—all of us! Already he has taken Parks and Dicks and Nemo—"

They were a haggard-eyed lot by nightfall. Sleep was a shy thing, swift of wing in departure; the hours grew into long unbearable eternities. It had been decided that day and night someone would stand watch against the possible detection of that agency which had brought two men out of the nowhere into Mr. Nemo's room.

It was along toward dawn when Temple came tiptoeing in to Gateway, a queer, almost frightened look in his eyes. He beckoned the other to the door and drew him on out into the hall.

"What's up?" demanded Gateway sharply. "Someone else—"

"I don't quite know," whispered the captain. "It's in Nemo's room. The bed's got an occupant again."

The lamp which Gateway carried revealed a man on the bed, deathly white, emaciated and still. There was a bandage about his breast and on the cloth was a great stain of dried blood. As they stared down at him a white, lax hand stirred ever so slightly.

"GOOD God!" choked Temple, falling back from the bed and looking like a man who had seen a ghost. "It's Mainwaring Parks—and he's alive. This damn house *is* haunted."

Once again the entire household was aroused, with the exception of Will Little, Tom Blount and the servants, and assembled around the bed of mystery.

"No," said Temple. "It's impossible."

"Of course he's dying," contended Gateway from the moment he knew who the man was.

"Here's a queer go," was McIntosh's addition to the general flood of remarks. "Some guy tries to murder these two and abducts the strange bird, Nemo. Then starts in doctoring his victims, and one by one brings 'em back!"

"If Parks dies, and he will," insisted Gateway, "I hang Andregg. If by any chance Parks should live, well then, I send Andregg to the pen for robbery and attempted murder."

"Murder was attempted without a shadow of a doubt." Savoy conceded him. "But the murderer—we'll call him that since he carried murder in his heart—failed in the beginning."

Mr. Nemo, who had been listening gravely and silently, turned his brilliant eyes on Paul Savoy.

"I begin to think," he observed softly, "that we have nothing to do but await a word from Mr. Savoy. I think he knows everything. I am, of course, greatly concerned about my jewel. Have you any hope, Mr. Savoy, of it being recovered?"

"Why, of course," said Savoy, as if speaking of trifles now. "It and the banknotes and the Opal, of course they'll all turn up."

AS THE day wore on, Temple, with Tom Blount as an able makeshift nurse, reported at frequent intervals, that Parks still lived; that he was terribly wasted and weak, yet he began to evince signs of returning consciousness; he was able to take the slight liquid nourishment which Temple and Blount decided on.

As to his wound, they had removed the bandage, disclosing the ugly gash in the chest. It showed signs of having been carefully cleansed and cared for; already it was healing, but of course they could form no opinion of the extent or condition of any internal injury. Their patient had his restless moments, but always he grew quiet again. By evening they thought that they could report positively that Parks was at least holding his own.

Detective Dicks added little to the sum total of their knowledge. He told them how he and Parks had gone to their rooms, and how Parks had spoken again of his fear that there was some danger hanging over the house.

"I want a bath and a drink and a cigar," Parks had said, "and I'll tell you what I'm beginning to suspect."



And they found under a pile of rags the great Opal of Nonius . . . also a thick pad of bank notes in yellow manilla paper.

Dicks had sat down in a chair; Parks went into the bathroom. The door between them stood open and Dicks sat facing it. Parks presently appeared in his pajamas and slippers. He was lighting his cigar and Dicks was watching him idly—a sudden blow struck from behind, and that was absolutely all that Dicks knew about it.

"And when Parks talks," snapped Savoy irritably, "he'll swear to having seen Andregg hit Dicks over the head with a poker? He'll admit that for a moment of shock he stood still, staring? That Andregg leaped on him and then struck?"

Savoy glared a moment, then left the room abruptly.

At the end of a day of waiting Parks had not spoken. When he opened his lips it was to whisper, "Water." He lay very still with closed eyes, breathing heavily.

AND before Mainwaring Parks spoke—for in the end he did speak—it was Captain Temple who made a great stride toward the conclusion of the whole nerve-wracking affair. All too easily had Nemo been removed from his room, with far too great a readiness had the bodies of both Dicks and Parks been returned here. There must be some means of entrance hidden and Temple meant to know its secret. Hence at every second of day and night either Temple's own eyes or his eyes by proxy, being those of Tom Blount, were watchful here.

It was on the night after Parks' return, at a late hour verging on a new day. The room was dark and icy cold, yet Captain Temple sat in a chair in a corner, wrapped in blankets and wide awake. He could see nothing, but he made his ears stand as sentinels. Blount, within call, slept in a room just across the hall.

And here at length came a new sound. Temple stiffened; on the instant, guarding against noise himself, he laid his blankets aside. The sound came again, a mere vague thin whisper of a noise and he stood up on his stockinged feet.

He could make out only that there appeared to be some sort of movement across the room from where he stood, somewhere near the window. Sash being raised stealthily? That was possible; if so, a man was meaning to creep in from the outside. Temple held himself rigid, waiting, listening.

A long silence, a silence so long that he began to ask himself if what he had thought to have heard was but a fancy projected by his own nervous tension. If there was another man than himself in the room, that other man was possessed of a patience that seemed more than human.

AND in the end, after an interminable weary waiting, a floor board creaked. Still he waited. Waited in silence again. But it was an altered silence for him in that it had lost its most oppressive quality of uncertainty. He knew at last that someone was with him in the room. *Knew.*

Again he heard a sound. And this time from somewhere considerably closer at hand; in silence had that other man traversed several feet of the room; the sound now was of a chair brushed against softly by the one who moved.

And now no longer did Temple wait. He struck as accurately as he could have done in bright light, his flying body flinging that other body backward while Temple's sinewy arms closed with the tenacity of steel grappling hooks about his captive.

Holding this initial advantage, he quickly sensed that he had taken on himself a task vastly beyond his powers. A strength ten times the strength of his threatened to whip his clinging arms loose, to hurl him apart, as of feather weight and like insignificance.

Holding on with grim determination he shouted lustily for help. Tom Blount, wide awake soon enough, heard the threshing up and down and plunged into the hidden maelstrom.

Others heard and it was Gateway, bearing a lamp, who lent the final necessary pound of power. In his simple and direct way, he ended the fracas; as the captive, about to free himself, half rose to his knees, Gateway struck him a crushing blow on the jaw. There remained but to manacle a very groggy individual before his brain could clear again.

"IT'S OUR man of the other house!" gasped Tom Blount. It was a man whom now they saw to be of an immense height; he must have stood at least six inches above six feet. He was as spare as the body of a man dead and dessicated under a blazing tropical sun. He was all in tatters and grimy with dirt; white tangled, matted hair hung over his eyes. And the eyes themselves were terrible, red as fire, with inflamed lids, that put fear into the heart of any man who looked into them.

Another nocturnal conference of a sort to which they grew to be accustomed by now was the inevitable result of the capture, such an arousing din had it made. And presently word came to them that even Mainwaring Parks had overheard, and was feverishly eager to know what had happened.

"It is Thraff Willcyzinski?" Parks asked thinly.

"Yes!" Paul Savoy answered, sure of his answer and emphatic.

"Thank God," murmured Parks, and relaxed with a long sigh.

It was a full week later. The inmates of the old House of the Opal were at last prepared for an almost immediate departure. McIntosh, taking advantage of a lull in the storm, had made his way out to Truckee on snowshoes, and had brought back a party of men and a dog team.

Meanwhile Mainwaring Parks, his wound, at least superficially, healed over, and though he complained at times of a stabbing pain through his



body, appeared to have passed all danger. Detective Dicks swore himself as good as new now. Andregg, a silent man whose eyes grew wicked with malice when they rested on Gateway and were like a dog's for strange friendly humility when they looked at Savoy, was free to go as he listed.

"WHEN a maniac is at the bottom of things," growled Gateway, "and a fellow hasn't even a clue to make him suspect said maniac's presence, or existence, for that matter, how is one to get straight to the bottom of a murder mystery case without a mistake or so along the road? We all make mistakes, you know," and never higher did a jeer stand in a man's eyes than in his, gone straightway to Savoy.

"Yes," said Savoy with a sigh, "we all make mistakes, Gateway. It would seem that both you and I have blundered greatly. The confession which you secured wasn't worth the paper wasted on it, and you have very considerately thrown it into the fire. But such is likely to be the way of confessions extorted through the third degree—only in so many cases the victim isn't so fortunate as Andregg has been."

"That's all right," snapped Gateway, reddening. "Just the same I made but the one error, and the Lord knows everything pointed the way I jumped. Andregg's a likely bird—and I'll get him for something or other yet, one of these days. As for you and your damn fool theories—" He waved his hands disgustedly.

"To err is human, you know," said Savoy, and sighed again. "I did have such a pretty theory, too."

"All wrapped up in violet-blue, ah, pretty!"

THEY were in the living room where the others were gathering, ready for departure. Thraff Willcyzinski, securely bound, raved in the room into which they had locked him against conveying him to the insane asylum.

The incredible Thraff Willcyzinski was the puzzle which stuck like a burr in all minds. Never could they entirely explain him. To have remained hidden all these years, alone like a wild beast—what mania in his burning brain? They had found entrance to his lair: in Mr. Nemo's room. The window frame itself moved; it had been shoved forward, straight into the room, pivoting on iron strips. As the window frame advanced, there was revealed a narrow passageway in the thick log wall which led down a steep incline and into the basement itself. There they found a small room, in the center of the tiers of furnace and fireplace wood which was piled from floor to ceiling. There were amazing quantities of wood, as Laufer-Hirth had noted when he drove the two Filipino boys down there for fresh fuel. This little box of a place, foul and filthy, gave every evidence of having been the madman's headquarters throughout the long years. They found the bones of the things he had eaten—

And they found yet other things. Under a pile of rags, the Great Opal of Nonius. In a dingy corner a thick pad of bank notes in yellow manilla paper, Parks' million dollars. But the Flower of Heaven they did not find.

PARKS, as he recovered strength, had but little to tell. That little, however, was significant.

"I was talking with Dicks through the bathroom door, as he has already told you. All of a sudden I saw the maniac standing at his back; and for one instant I was struck motionless and speechless. The blow fell and I called out. The poor devil leaped at me, and as he came I saw a knife whipped out from his tatters. He struck—and that is about all I know."

"It was he you had in mind," prompted Savoy when Parks paused. "I mean, when you said at table that you feared there was in the house a dangerous man who would balk at nothing."

Parks nodded gloomily.

"I am afraid that I should have said more, or less," he confessed. "For, you see, I had no certain knowledge; it was but a fear, a wild and almost unreasonable fear I felt it to be, too."

He reached out for the Guest Book which lay open on the table at hand and opened it at the beginning.

"Mr. Savoy knows," he resumed and a slight smile touched Savoy's lips. "The handwriting of the insane—"

("So Mr. Savoy clings to theorizing still?" grunted Gateway.)

"Here is Thraff Willcyzinski's name. With it the few words. 'Here shall be my kingdom.' I was quite familiar with that, having seen it a hundred times. And, now, if you will look closely at this page you will see what startled me. When we came in that first night, Andregg asked you to set down your names here, you may recall that the wind ruffled the pages. I had a glimpse of this first page."



"You're dead! You've been dead for forty years!" he screamed out a hundred times, drawn back against the head of his bed, his eyes glassy with fear. "You're the Man of the Opal."

HE PLACED the book open on the table. There was Thraff Willcyzinski's signature, a queerly inscribed, scrawly affair, drowned in futile flourishes. With it, in faded ink, the words, "Here shall be my kingdom." And, completing the line, in the same queer script but in a newer, fresher ink, "Vengeance is mine!"

"And that," said Parks frowning, "is what staggered me. I knew it had been set down here since last I had looked the book over, say six months ago. And it was obviously in the same handwriting! It struck me that the thing hinted at was simply incredible. Yet there it was. A hoax? I wanted time to think; I did not want to initiate what I hoped was going to be a pleasant outing, by hurling any such bomb among my guests. And time was not to be had."

"So that's why the Guest Book interested you?" Gateway demanded sharply of Savoy. "Why couldn't you say so?"

"If you want the truth," Savoy told him, curt and sharp, "I did not notice this thing at all when I was studying the book."

Mr. Nemo, brooding apart like a dark star, spoke in that gentle musical voice of his.

"I alone am the loser," he said quietly. "To Mr. Parks has been restored the Great Opal; I understand that in purchasing this ill-starred place he acquired possession of all things in it. His bank notes, too, have found their way back to their rightful owner. But the Flower of Heaven! Ah, gentlemen—"

DICKS had spoken little. Now he said sternly:

"In the presence of us all, Mr. Nemo, you said that you had not brought it with you. No one has seen it, mind you."

Paul Savoy spoke up quickly:

"I wonder if any would be at all interested in understanding how I was led to follow my theories?"

Gateway laughed and nudged his confrere.

"You've missed a lot, Dicks. There's a man here who can tell you lots of things about the little workshop of the mind, the dark room where the brain hangs its pictures—"

"Mr. Savoy isn't a fool, if that's what you mean, Gateway," said Dicks soberly. "And if he was led astray, it's no more than you were. I, for one, would like to follow him."

"Thanks," said Savoy and needed no further encouragement. "In the beginning, knowing nothing of any Thraff Willcyzinski, I was forced to consider that one of ourselves had been tempted to murder. Which one? And what had he done with the bodies? Having, as I say, no knowledge of any Thraff Willcyzinski—Lord, what a name," he groaned. "What do you say if from now on whenever it becomes necessary to refer to the murderer—for we are all agreed that in the beginning he was a murderer at heart—I call him Mr. X and be done with it?"

"Go ahead," said Dicks.

"THERE were," droned on Savoy, "at the very outset certain most intriguing facts. Some article snatched up by Andregg; an Opal appearing out of the nowhere. I mention but two of those many intriguing facts, striving for simplicity. Before I have done at least I'll hope to indicate how easily a man may err.

"Now the explosion downstairs was prearranged so nicely by Mr. X. A pinch of sand, of course, explained everything; that and some few chips of shattered glass. A clock has often been instrumental in detonating a charge of explosive; why not the principle of the hour glass, leaving no springs and wheels lying about?"

"By Jove!" said Dicks, and Gateway grunted.

"So much for my pinch of sand," sighed Savoy. "To advance; one always knows that in every day's activities there

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RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By ROSEMARY DRACHMAN

Muriel Pollock

SOMEONE once said that the way to do anything is to do it and do it steadily and often. Proof of the worth of this advice is the pianistic ability of Muriel Pollock, who is spotted in many of the big productions of NBC. When she was 14 years old she got a job playing a piano in a motion picture theater. She played on an average of nine hours a day for the next eight years. After this period of practice she studied for years in the Institute of Musical Art in New York City.

You should see Muriel Pollock as she sits at her piano in an NBC studio. She has an elfin face, curly hair, and a whimsical grin. A moment before she is to play she leans forward over the keys, poises her hands and watches the announcer intently. His last word is hardly out of his mouth before she is into her selection.

Her whole body is in motion when she plays. Her fingers move with incredible speed and her body sways and her head nods as she moves through an intricate composition. Then, the selection ended, she slumps into a moment of relaxation.

Her background is unusual, even for Radio with its many stars of extraordinary careers.

She was born in Kingsbridge, New York. When she was 6 years old she started her study of the piano. Then came the long period of experience in the motion picture theater. Her big chance came in the Zeigfeld production of "Rio Rita" when she and Constance Mering introduced a two piano score. "Rio Rita" was followed by an engagement in "Upsa Daisy" and then she was featured in her own musical show "Pleasure Bound."



Miss Muriel Pollock, pianist at NBC.

If she wanted to be, Miss Pollock could rank among the best classical pianists in the country. In fact, her ambitions were in that direction. She scorned, even hated, jazz. Then she decided to find out what made jazz and she studied it. The result was that she became convinced that it offered as great a future and as great opportunities as the classics to the ambitious musician.

Miss Pollock is better known to the Radio audience as a pianist. Yet in the amusement world she is regarded as one of its cleverest composers. Her specialty is compositions for two pianos and many of her own compositions are heard in the programs of the Lady Bugs—Miss Pollock and her partner, Vee Lawnhurst. Many of the two piano orchestrations used in other NBC programs are written by her.

Her hobby is her work. She has little time for anything else. She enjoys getting trick effects with a piano. Two of her favorites are musical pictures of a fat man falling down stairs and a small boy eating an ice cream cone.

When she has time to spare she either rides a horse or goes to Coney Island. She reads detective stories before she goes to sleep every night.

She isn't married, but likes men. Friends say she gets an average of ten proposals a week from Radio listeners who have never seen her, but have fallen in love with the personality expressed in her piano rhythms.

Raymond Knight

"EXPLAIN Station KU-KU," I asked Raymond Knight of the NBC's production staff.

"It's an expression of my personality," said Knight with a grin. Perhaps Knight was right, for only a person able to see fun and laughter in everything and with a keen appreciation of the niceties of burlesque could create a program such as Station KU-KU.

Knight is the funny man of the networks. He does have his serious moments, but doesn't take them very seriously. His career in Radio . . . a career started less than three years ago . . . is marked by unusual and usually laughable Radio productions that he has written and produced.

"The Gold Spot Pals," a "kid gang" production, was one of his first shows. It was so successful that the leather company that sponsored it had to end the series because orders for the product exceeded production.

Then there was Embarrassing Moments in History, The Triadrams, Hello Mars, Station KU-KU, The Hysterical Sportcasts of History, now heard in the Hickok program, and others. He directs and produces Empire Builders and Real Folks and made Radio history more than a year ago when he produced a program called "The Nightingale and the Rose."

Knight looks like a comedian. He is tall and, according to his friends, reminds one of a penguin. He has huge eyes, one grey and one blue, made bigger by glasses, an amazed stare that he uses effectively, and a small red mustache.

His greatest problem in life is the annual football clash between Harvard and Yale. He can't decide which eleven to cheer because he went to both universities. He solved the problem last year by praying for Yale during the first half and waving a crimson banner during the last half.

Knight was born in Salem, Mass. He took a law degree at the University of Boston and then went to Harvard to study drama under Professor George Pierce Baker in the famous "47 Workshop." When Professor Baker went to Yale, Knight followed him. In 1927 Knight won the Drama League's prize for the best one-act play of the year.



Raymond Knight of "Station KU-KU."

After leaving college he decided to experiment with what he had learned and for a while directed an experimental theater in Boston. Like all persons with dramatic aspirations, he couldn't stay away from New York. On Broadway he learned more about the show business, both as an actor and as a director. He wrote a book for a musical revue and had it produced. In 1928, hunger, so he says, drove him into Radio, where he has never missed a meal.

His hobbies are week-ends, he says, but seldom does he find time for them. He buys gay neckties and wears them if it looks like rain. He collects walking sticks and has been seen with three different ones in a day.

Actors like to work for him because he never takes them or himself too seriously. Though some of his rehearsals are hilarious affairs, he produces some of the most popular air presentations and is very much on the job at the right time. His favorite role is that of Ambrose J. Weems, who first startled an unsuspecting public in Hello Mars and was brought back to his public in Station KU-KU.

He does parody lyrics to popular tunes and makes bad puns.

His claim is that he is too busy to be ambitious.

Edith Thayer

CONFUSION! Columbia Broadcasting reception room seethed with chattering humans. Property boys edged the thunder machine (a great piece of sheet iron) through the milling mob. The intention of every person in that great room seemed to be to get into one corner at the same moment. Even I pressed near only to hear——

"My dear! I'm so glad you're back."

"Are you quite recovered?"

"Well, if it isn't Toots!"

"We've missed you."

There was evidence of hurried embraces as I saw upflung arms amid the pressing crowd. I couldn't see who was in its center, but by that very fact knew it must be she. Who? Why, Edith Thayer, the four-feet-eleven-inch soubrette, Jane McGrew, of Show Boat, who has been absent for seven weeks because of an automobile accident.

I finally shoved through the embracing mob to see a tiny little creature in a beige-pink hat and dress. She met me, four or five other persons, too, all at the same moment and continued to receive embraces and greetings—and all this without being flustered. We disengaged ourselves from arms and by treading on a few feet found a davenport. I sighed with relief. Now for a real talk.

REAL talk! Funny old joke. What we had were a few staccato questions and equally staccato answers. Yes, born in Massachusetts. Yes, went to a dramatic school, studied abroad. "But, O my dear, I forgot. I have to rehearse my song, and it's just ten minutes before we go on the air. I'll see you after the show."

I dangled my hopes, a withered mass, behind me as I sought a seat in the large studio with the rest of the mass of humans who had come to watch Show Boat being broadcast.

Harry Brown, the six-feet-two director, held up signs above his head and instructed the unpaid crowd when to hiss, boo, laugh, and clap. Nine o'clock came. We were on the air.

As the old-time mellerdrammer unfolded before me with the tiny Miss Thayer in its midst, I wondered about all the work and activities she has packed into her small life. Under her red-gold hair repose the theories and instructions of the late Jean de Reszke, with whom she studied for four years in Paris. This slip of a woman has sung in London and received the sponsorship of Oscar Hammerstein for whom she sang for three years. She has applied the make-up and put on costumes for such operatic roles as Romeo and Juliet (she must be charming). Lucia, La Traviata, La Boheme, and countless others. She has had ample time to amass a repertoire of operatic and dramatic roles, for she made her stage bow when two years old.

Such a little mite! And to have been to so many places and seen so many things! What a storehouse of memories she would have! I watched her through the exciting episodes of the hair-raising incidents of the Show Boat play and anticipated what a morsel she would be for a good Radiograph.

The thrilling drammer was over. Forcing my way against the flow of the crowd, I tried to reach Miss Thayer quickly for that promised interview about "what I eat for breakfast," "I never read modern novels," and all that sort of thing. At last, breathless, I was beside her.

"O, my dear, I'm sorry . . . I forgot, but I've got to catch a train. Urgent, forgive me."

And out she went, leaving me to the wind and thunder machines, the gradually breaking up crowd that sifted through the reception room, trickled down the elevator shafts and so out into the street



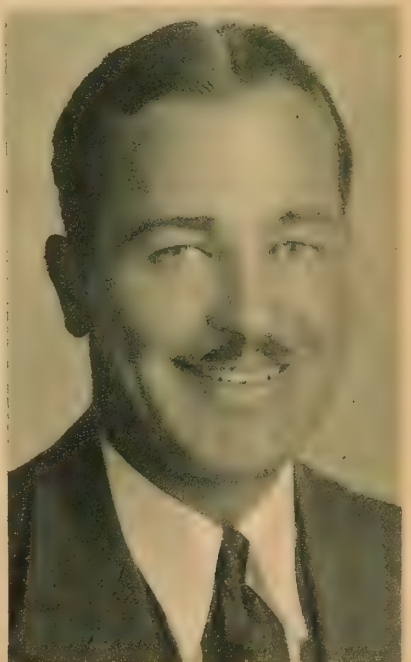
Edith Thayer—"too busy to talk."

Phil Cook

"SEEING is believing," but will you believe your eyes or your ears? Because when I look at Phil Cook, sitting before the microphone in Studio G at NBC broadcasting on the Quaker Crackles program, I see one—only one—handsome blond man. Yet I am hearing four different persons. I am hearing the nasal high-pitched, squeaking of "Crackles," the Quaker Doll, I am hearing the two distinct negro drawls of Flap and Magnolia, the owners of The Little White Hen Restaurant, and to mention it last, but not least, I am hearing the somewhat husky but entirely likeable voice of Phil Cook himself. And those four different voices are not all I might be hearing, for Phil can be, when he likes—vocally, that is—a Jew, a German, an Italian, a Frenchman or an Irishman, and can switch back and forth from one dialect to another without the customary interruption of another voice.

As I sit there in the studio watching him I think what a lucky

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Phil Cook—who talks quartet.

IT'S EVERY WOMAN'S

Fact That Dame Nature Is Not No Cause for Despair; Beauty Up and Faithfully

By Eve M.

AGAIN we follow Miss Conradt-Eberlin of the Columbia Broadcasting System in her search for the secret of the truly artistic home. This month she finds that the home-maker herself is the essential factor in a charming home and discovers some ways in which she can attain much coveted beauty.—B. M.



Adelaide Candee, a Radio Home-Maker, reveals value of beauty treatment.

I'VE just returned from a three-hour visit with Helen Lewis and Carolyn Cornell, beauty and fashion experts of the Radio Home-Makers Club, and I'm chockfull of advice and enthusiasm. I've heard so many things that I hardly know where to begin.

But there is one thing that must be said before we go on with the story, and it's this—all the beauty secrets and treatments in the world won't do us a bit of good unless we're *persistent!* Of course we all want to be as lovely as we can. We enthusiastically take up some new facial treatment, are faithful to it for a week or two—and forget it. And then we wonder why we aren't Norma Shearers or Gloria Swansons! . . . So now that little sermon is over and we've all set our minds to persist at any cost, let's proceed to some of the exciting discoveries I made.

In the first place, Carolyn Cornell, who is just as suave and smart as you'd expect a fashion expert to be, said something that I think bears repeating: "What is the use," said she, "of wearing yourself haggard to make a beautiful home if you are going to spoil the whole effect of your hard work by neglecting your own appearance? No home is more beautiful than its mistress, who is the spirit that gives life and meaning to her surroundings. If that spirit is hidden under a dull, shabby exterior, the home is a dreary place, indeed."

"And," added Miss Lewis, "to obtain any results from beauty treatments, it is absolutely necessary to keep in good humor, relaxed, and free from depressing, ugly thoughts. There is seldom any good reason for sulking, flying into tempers, scowling and all the other unlovely and harmful facial grimaces. Teaching beauty, you know, is really teaching philosophy. But most women don't want that. They want formulas for removing blemishes, adding or losing weight, becoming beautiful over night. Well, that just can't be done. If there are any magic formulas I don't know them—and I never heard of anyone who did. Patience, perseverance and faith in what you are doing are the primary factors in any beauty treatment, or in anything in life, for that matter."

SINCE hearing that, I've done a great deal of thinking and I've consulted my mirror, too. I was horrified to discover the beginning of drooping lines from the corner of my mouth. For the last few hours I've gone about with happy thoughts that keep my mouth curled up in a smile. From now on, I'm going to consider moods and tempers luxuries I can't afford to indulge in.

It is going to take a great many words to give you the directions for carrying out the daily "mechanics" of beauty but the work itself is really very simple. It can be fascinating, too, if you keep the various creams, lotions, powder, etc., in pretty containers on a dainty toilette table in a room decorated to conform to your own conception of a beautiful setting for yourself. Of course, I don't mean to conform to your idea of what you would have if you were a millionaire. That sort of thing is such a waste of time and so very depressing. But tak-



Beauty boudoir of Radio Home-Makers Club from which all talks on beauty are broadcast and demonstrations given.

RIGHT TO BE LOVELY

Equally Kind to All Her Children Found By Keeping Sunny Side Observing Formulas

Conradt-Eberlin

ing into consideration your pocket-book, each of you can dress up your private room so that it really expresses your own personality.

Going to an office every day or keeping house, doesn't give us much time to sit day-dreaming before a mirror in the morning. Therefore, the real beauty treatment should be taken in the evening, before going to bed—but *every* evening, rain or shine, tired or peppy, late or early. First get into pyjamas or nightgown and then sit down for five minutes to relax. Think of something pleasant —or nothing at all, just drifting into space.

WHEN your nerves are quiet, begin by cleansing your face and neck thoroughly, with pure soap and lukewarm water, cold cream, or almond oil heated in a tin cup and applied with absorbent cotton. This latter is exceptionally good. Remove every trace of dirt and grease with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue, and then repeat the entire performance. Next, says Miss Lewis, massage the skin with a good tissue cream or skin food. To massage, gently press the muscles around the mouth, under the chin and around the eyes, using an upward and rotating motion with the finger-tips. The eyes should receive special attention, the massage starting at the nose and being carried under the eyes, up over the corners and back to the nose again. Wipe off all the cream and then pat your entire neck and face with a turkish face cloth filled with crushed ice, dipping the little ice bag in witch hazel as you go along.

That sounds like a lot, but if you have everything handy the whole performance takes about ten minutes. When you're finished, if you have time, massage your hands with a little of the cream, also, rubbing always from the finger-tips up to the wrist. If the nails are broken or uneven, smooth them with an emery board; remove any hangnails or dry cuticle, brush your nails in warm soapy water, clean carefully and add polish if necessary. Once a week you will need a thorough manicure and I'll be glad to send you directions just as I received them from Miss Lewis if you will write to me.



Demonstration of a broadcast. Helen Lewis does the drying while Ida Bailey Allen looks on.

In the morning when you get up take a special small, dry brush, with round bristles (to protect the surface of the skin) and brush the face, working from the neck up to stimulate circulation and remove dry, dead skin. Then dash cold water into your face and finish off with a mild lotion, patting it onto the skin with bits of absorbent cotton. Time, 5 minutes, and you are ready for make-up, if you use it.

"NEVER," says Miss Lewis, "use make-up unless you are willing to take the time to apply it carefully. Badly applied make-up makes us look worse than if we went out with shiny, red faces. To obtain the right shade of powder test it on the back of your hand and select a color a shade darker than the flesh. If necessary, have several shades mixed

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CAME THE DAWN

Radio Author Answers Flood of First Distress Signal, First Bedtime Story Hour, and

By Doty



William McNeary, "Man in the Moon" first bedtime story teller, who created an instantaneous hit with the little WJZ listeners in 1922.

DURING the past few months several readers of RADIO DIGEST who have been following my articles have shot some questions at me, the answers to which are of such general interest that I am going to pass them on to you this month.

Believe me, when this little game of "ask me another non-technical question about Radio" started it had me stumped. I didn't know the answers to half the queries. In fact I don't really know when or how it started. It just happened, I guess. But it intrigued me and I wanted to know the answers myself so I started out to do a bit of sleuthing on my own hook.

One of the first questions was, "Just how does an SOS function in taking a Radio broadcast off the air?" Now this particular question naturally came from a Radio listener located on the seaboard or within two or three hundred miles of the ocean. An SOS does not effect the inland stations.

The supreme authority of all wireless communication in this country is vested in the Navy Department. The seaboard is divided into districts, each district in charge of an officer known as the district communication supervisor. An operator is always on duty in every district listening in on the six hundred meter band, the wave length on which all ship communication is handled. Should he pick up an SOS he immediately sends out a wireless command for all communication to cease. This command for quietness on the air includes the broadcasting stations in the district or any broadcasting station which may happen to hear the command.

NOW let us look in at the transmission stations of the broadcasting stations. These usually are located at the base of the masts which frequently are to be found several miles from the studio proper. As in the case of the navy department's district office a wireless operator



Just one month after the first Radio Digest this scene was photographed at Medford Hillside station of American Radio and Research corporation. Left to right: Mr. Kingsley, Edith Gates, mezzo soprano; Frank J. Kidder, bass; Anna Eichorn, violin; Dorothy Parker, piano.

OF BROADCASTING

"Ask Me Another" Questions—the Orchestra Program, First First Studio of the Air

Hobart

is on duty here. This man is on the job during the hours of broadcasting. He, too, is on the alert to catch an SOS. The instant he hears the command of the navy department for quietness on the air he throws a switch which cuts off the studio program. Then he cuts in a microphone nearby and announces, "Owing to an SOS this station is forced to discontinue broadcasting." If the program is local he telephones the studio that it has been taken off the air and the microphone performers stand by. If the program is going out over a chain network the work at the microphone continues, as only those stations along the seaboard are taken off the air.

It sometimes happens that the operator on duty in the transmission room of the broadcasting station picks up an SOS. It is his duty to cut out his station and telephone the office of the district communication supervisor of the SOS. In other words, this cry for help on the high seas, no matter who hears it, must be reported at once in order that the air may be cleared.

I am indebted to O. B. Hanson, technical engineer for NBC, for helping me answer the above question.



IN DELVING around to get the answer to this SOS query I discovered some other rather interesting facts, among them being this: The first report of an accident at sea by wireless took place on March 3rd, 1899, when the "R. F. Mathews" collided with the East Goodwin Lightship. In those days there was no code signal as a call for help. Not until August 4th, 1903, when the first International Conference





Thomas J. Cowan (top), WJZ; Oct., 1920, Shannon Tower. Miss Margaret Schick, Westinghouse stenographer, at piano. Center: First Radio broadcast in which artists in person took part, WJZ, Newark, N. J., Nov. 3, 1921. Charles Hart, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw, Wilfred Glenn. Xmas Red Cross party (left) 1921, including Marion Davies, May Peterson, Mrs. E. B. Speicher, Caroline Beebe.

on Wireless Telegraphy was held in Berlin was the first internation code established. The call for help in use at that time was CQD. In 1912 the international code was revised and because the CQD was similar to and often mistaken for another signal the call for assistance was changed to SOS, a simple and unmistakable series of dots and dashes.

We hear so much about the SOS that we frequently think of the transmission equipment at sea as being used for the sole purpose of sending out that one signal. However the wireless and Radio apparatus aboard ships is as busy as any land station as it carries on its day's business. Sometimes, too, it is responsible for saving a life without resorting to the SOS. Only the other day such a case came to my notice.

Donald MacCloud, third engineer on the "City of Flint" was stricken with a sudden severe fever seven days out on the Atlantic from Dundee, Scotland, with Philadelphia as the vessel's destination. There was no doctor aboard.

The master wirelessed the Czecho-Slovakian steamer, "Legle," a few miles away and MacCloud's symptoms were sent over the air to Dr. Roubeld on the Legle. He diagnosed the case and for eight days the doctor visited the patient via Radio, telling the master of the City of Flint just what to do for MacCloud. When the ship docked at Philadelphia the engineer was hurried off to a hospital. He is reported to be recovering from a fever which might have taken his life but for Radio.

So, when you feel like smashing your neighbor's receiving set, when it keeps you awake nights, just remember that the same ether which brings in the jazz bands also brought the doctor's prescription to Donald MacCloud.

JUST THE other day someone popped a question at me that made me sit up and take notice. It was a simple question. Just the sort of query I imagine has been asked by thousands of Radio fans. Here's what it was, "How old is Radio?"

Can you answer it? I couldn't at the time it was thrown at me. And it took a lot of digging to unearth the data which finally gave me the answer, or I should say, answers, for there are three.

As you probably all know, Radio is the child of wireless telegraphy, not a step-child either, but the legitimate offspring of a very hale and hearty parent. So, if you would know the age of the family tree, the exact date of the planting of the seed, we will have to confess our inability to make a positive statement. However, this much I can say, that in 1867 "James Clerk Maxwell, of Edinburgh, read a paper before the Royal Society, in which he laid down the theory of electro-magnetism and predicted the existence of the electric waves that are now used in wireless telegraphy." This is quoted from the Year-Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1867) one answer to "How old is Radio?" can be "At least a hundred years old!"

If your question refers strictly to broadcasting the answer can be made quite specific. "Radio broadcasting is between twenty-three to twenty-four years old." The answer to this is based on the date of the first experiments of Dr. Lee de Forest to broadcast phonograph music and music furnished by an electric organ.

For the third answer I am assuming that you mean, "When were receiving sets manufactured for the general public and placed on the market." Here you have it—September, 1920! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1921, that purchasers in any appreciable numbers were really attracted to this new-fangled plaything. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the thrill they got out of those first crystal sets. And the headphones. The hours we spent with those things on were as a string of DX pearls!

WE HAD no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcasting studio was in those happy days. All we knew was, "There's music on the air and we're hearing it." And the announcements! "This is WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ. We will now play a phonograph record to give the listeners a chance to get their set properly tuned after which we will repeat the call letters of the station." And repeat them the announcer did. Seven times at a crack after every phonograph record ground out its tune! And we heard all seven—providing, of course, that the cat's whisker was behaving properly.

Let's go back to those early days and get acquainted with some of the Radio pioneers. Those boys had some thrilling and amusing experiences.

Ever hear of Station WGI?

That station was owned by the American Radio and Research Corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hillside, Massachusetts, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception exclusively.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do I hear you ask? It didn't. And if you follow the little yarn I'm about to tell you will understand how this non-commercial organization was able to function. I am also of the opinion that the history of the American Radio and Research Corporation will hand you a genuine surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman responsible for financial backing necessary to carry on this great pioneer work.

On January 23rd, 1909, Jack Binns, wireless operator on the ill-fated "Republic," rammed by the "Florida" off Nantucket, demonstrated to the whole world the value of wireless when he stood by his instruments in the dark on a sinking ship to summon aid, which arrived in time to save all hands. Among those thrilled with the newspaper reports of the heroic deed was Harold Powers, then a grammar school boy in a small New England town. Not only was he thrilled—he was interested in learning more about this strange method of communication, wireless. He read every technical book and magazine devoted to the subject which he could get his hands on. Then he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthused that he asked for and received permission to leave school somewhat earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the navy yard time signals at noon!

By the time he finished school young Power, as a result of his application to wireless operation was able to pass the rigid examination and get a berth as operator on a New York-Boston passenger steamer. His next move was to the "Corsair," the famous private yacht of James Pierpont Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Corsair," Mr. Power, even yet hardly more than a lad, interested the financier in the possibilities, little recognized at the time, of Radio. The result of this interest on the part of his employer was the establishment of Station WGI and the forming of the American Radio and Research Corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Power.

DURING the war amateur broadcasting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governmental and privately owned wireless stations) were forced to discontinue operations. On October 1st, 1919, the amateur transmitting stations were permitted to take the air again and Station WGI took it with a vengeance. As distance was the rainbow being chased by both broadcaster and receiver in those days the powers that be at Medford Hills decided to broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon.

Two hundred and ninety feet of the proposed three hundred and fifty foot tower mast had been erected when along came a windstorm and blew the none too sturdy sky-tickler down. Right across the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks with the Montreal Express less than a quarter of a mile away stepping along at a mile-a-minute clip.

Fortunately the engineer on the Express saw the mast come down and fifteen seconds later the well-shaken passengers, who left their seats when the engineer applied his brakes, looked out to see the cowcatcher nuzzling gently against a horizontal and thoroughly prostrated broadcasting mast.

In its trip to earth the tower had carried with it seventeen telegraph, telephone and electric light wires which happened to be in its path. Needless to say, the permanent mast which was then erected never broke itself or any altitude records. It was two hundred and fifty feet high. And I suspect every engineer on the Boston & Maine Railroad used to take great delight in thumbing his nose at it every time he passed!

IT WAS about this time that Eddie Dunham, now a program director with NBC, became affiliated with Station WGI. Eddie was assistant service manager, part time announcer (broadcasting was not on a regularly scheduled basis), entertainer, story-teller, pianist and organist! All glory and honor to Eddie. His name goes down in history as being the first broadcaster to put on a commercial program. Once a week he read a story from The Youth's Companion, gave the magazine a bountifully worded boost and suggested that his girl and boy listeners induce their papas, their mammas or their guardians to subscribe to this periodical. For this half hour's work Eddie received a weekly check for five dollars from the publishers, which same he cashed and pocketed. I wonder if Mr. J. P. Morgan ever heard this story of the way in which his broadcasting station was used to promote the graft of one of his employees? What a racket!

When WGI went on the air with scheduled programs (two hours daily), May 20th, 1921, Eddie Dunham began scouring the countryside for local talent. I have a copy of one of the early weekly broadcasting schedules of that station. Many of the features listed have stood the test of time and today are found on the schedules of the majority of the stations on the air throughout the country. Here are some of the programs given at WGI eight and nine years ago: Daily news flashes, police reports for city of Boston, a Sunday Radio Church Service, weekly business review, weekly market report, an address on personal hygiene, a talk on women's fashions. Sounds quite up-to-date, doesn't it?

Friday night was amateur night at WGI. Eddie Dunham tells this one about a Friday night experience. "There was no such thing as a gain control in those days." (This instrument, a vital part of every transmitter today, enables the control operator to prevent an overloading of his delicate



General view of Westinghouse Radiophone Broadcasting station, WJZ, Newark, N. J., Oct., 1921 (first mike, first studio), Thomas H. Cowan, announcer and staff.

equipment. D.H.) "Tubes were always going bad. It was up to me to watch all the microphone performers closely and outguess their every move. If I suspected that a singer was about to open up and try to make the audience in Boston hear him or her without the use of our broadcasting transmitter I'd grab the party and push or pull said party away from the mike before the explosion.

"I DISTINCTLY remember one amateur night when we took the air without any spare tubes. I had been warned that the only one the station possessed was in the works. We went along alright until I put a somewhat mountainous soprano on the ether. Sometimes these heavyweights are light on their feet. But not this lady. Once she took her position in front of the mike the soles of her shoes might just as well have been nailed to the floor as far as I was concerned.

"She wouldn't be led, pushed or pulled in any direction. I'd had that kind to nurse through a program before and as the microphone was a stationary thing in those days there was just one of two things to do. Either go off the air or let the singer continue while your announcer went into a huddle with himself and said a prayer.

"The operator shrugged his shoulders when I suggested throwing the switch that would permit the lady to warble to a dead mike. So we remained on the air and for some unknown reason the tube refused to let the lady get the best of it during the singing of her first number.

"She was booked for a short second selection but I had made up my mind to call this off and introduce the next artist. I did introduce the next artist but that didn't do one bit of good. Friend soprano had been booked for two numbers and if I was determined that she shouldn't sing again she was slightly more determined that she would.

"It was her first appearance in a broadcasting studio and the thrill was just too much for her. She simply would not leave the mike until she had sung her sing as per previous arrangement. And the tube was forced to carry on. When she reached the final note of the second selection the lady inhaled deeply and cut loose with a forte. And what a forte! I can hear it yet whenever I have a nightmare.

"As I was making the introductory announcement for the next amateur artist I heard the voice of the operator behind me. 'Pardon me, madam,' he was saying in his best Melford Hillside manner, 'but would you mind telling me what that last note you hit was?' The several ton of soprano on the hoof, much flattered, and expecting a compliment replied, 'High C.' The operator gave her a winning smile.

"'Thank you, madam,' he said and with a profound bow which would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield he proffered the lady a gift. 'Perhaps you would like to take this tube home as a souvenir of the evening. You finally succeeded in blowing it!' And she actually accepted the souvenir and took it home with her as a valued trophy."

MEDFORD HILLSIDE is the town in which Tufts College is located. About eight years ago Harry Lauder gave (which he was paid for!) a concert in Goddard Chapel, one of the college buildings. When Sir Harry arrived Mr. Dunham conceived the idea of broadcasting the concert and approached the Scotchman with this suggestion.

As Radio meant little or nothing to professional artists in those days Sir Harry gave Eddie permission to put his voice on the air. This permission was obtained exactly twenty-one minutes before the concert was to start. Goddard Chapel was nearly a half mile from the WGI studio but the necessary wire was stretched across the intervening landscape and the microphone set up on the rostrum in that same twenty-one minutes.

When I said "stretched across the landscape" I meant just that. The ground was covered with snow and on this snow the wire reposed for the entire distance. For one solid hour Sir Harry entertained the Radio listeners tuned in on WGI with songs and stories. Among other things he taught the college students present in Goddard Chapel to sing "Somebody's Waiting For Me." For this appearance on the air he received nothing. Less than eight years later he received $15,000 for a microphone appearance lasting about ten minutes!

WGI is no more. But the memory of its glorious work as one of the pioneer broadcasting stations is a monument to the men whose faith in a young industry helped make Radio what it is today.

THE STATE of New Jersey seemed to be a sort of Mecca for the Radio pioneers. Edison was busy in Menlo Park, de Forrest in Newark and the Westinghouse engineers in Newark were experimenting with Radio in 1921.

WJZ was the Westinghouse station. The first studio was located in a small pent-house atop one of the factory buildings. The first announcer with old WJZ was Harry E. Hiller, now associated with the Roxy interests. He was succeeded within a few weeks by Thomas H. Cowan, today chief announcer for WNYC, New York City's municipal broadcasting station.

Cowan came to the Westinghouse plant from the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park. One of the first complaints he received from a broadcast listener came from his old boss, Thomas A. Edison.

Mr. Edison asked Cowan to eliminate the programs of records as he objected to the surface noise which went out on the air. The scratch of the needle on the record annoyed the old inventor. He thought it was bad business to play records until such time as the scratching sound had been eliminated in some way. Mr. Edison, while not declaring

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BEATING the RACKETEERS

Desperadoes Who Have Terrorized Stage, Screen and Radio Artists in Chicago Meet Waterloo When Carleton Coon Faces Them Gun to Gun

By **Ann Steward**



Carleton Coon of Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.

LOOKING down from an airplane the observer sees a spiderweb of roads fanning out from the northwest boundaries of Chicago. The long strands reach into the lake resort sections. Along the way there are frequent resting places for city tourists bound for the open country. Traveling at night one may hear seductive strains from the finest of orchestras, and discover festooned lawns aglimmer with shaded lights.

One of the most glamourous, most alluring of these festive ports for wayfaring motorists is known as the Dells. With a full purse and a congenial companion nothing could be finer for a summer evening than to dine and dance at the Dells. It is a place well patronized by the Gold Coast elite. And then, too, it is not improbable that denizens of another world may sometimes drift in from the darkness to see and envy. The music invariably is of the best, which accounts for the fact that one year ago this month of August the Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawks, the delight of millions of Radio fans, were there playing an engagement for the season.

It was one hot night at this time that Carleton Coon first met the hoodlum bandits who threatened on more than one occasion to silence forever one of our very best Radio entertainers. Chicago had been cursed for years by a racketeering gang who levied tribute on operatic and theatrical stars. Some of the more timid entertainers not only paid the price demanded but left the city. It was believed the gang who trailed Carleton Coon may have been identified with this coterie.

The last of the dancers had gone. Business matters had kept Mr. Coon later than usual. At last he piled into his big luxurious car and rolled out on the lonely road that leads from Niles Center to Evanston—one of those long spiderweb strands the aviator sees from the sky.

SWERVING into one of the smaller cross roads that led to the shore town, he suddenly discovered his way blocked by a somber looking machine that leaped out from the darkness at right angles. For a moment he was uncertain as to whether the car had blocked him by accident or design. Then he heard a curt command from within the car—it was a sedan.

Five dim figures appeared in the aura of his headlights. There was a gleam of steel and a cold prod in the ribs. His hands went up and snaky fingers began to prowl through his pockets. His ear detected one voice that kept giving orders. He knew he would remember that voice if ever he heard it again.

"Get out of your car!" He never would forget his sensations as he heard that command. Gruff, husky and yet not so fierce as to sound ruthless. By absolute surrender he would probably escape violence. But he had a valuable ring. It had been appraised at $4,500. And he had approximately $500 in cash. Better lose that than take a chance with his life—and it seemed for the moment that all motor traffic in the world had suddenly ceased just to permit this holdup without interference.

Then came the most amazing proposal. When his valuables had been removed the leader with the unforgettable voice turned to him and said:

"You'll have to walk for a while, but you'll find your car down the road here—take you about ten minutes. You got a lot of friends who listen to you over the Radio. Tell 'em what happened to you tonight. We'll be listening. And—er—you might—well, you'll find the car down the road a-ways."

Coon felt a sudden wild passion for furious action. He began to protest volubly and was answered by derisive laughter. To have attempted a struggle would have been fatal. There was nothing he could do but stand there and watch them drive away with his own and the car in which they had come.

But he lost no time in trailing after them. It was very dark. When he had about given up hope of finding his car he suddenly came upon it standing where it had been hastily abandoned.

THE SPOT where he found the abandoned machine was scarcely more than a stone's throw from the scene of a murder that had been committed four or five years previous. A man had been shot to death at the steering wheel of his automobile. His woman companion had barely escaped to Evanston with her life. The murderers never have been found.

Mr. Coon may have considered himself lucky to have lived to regain his car, even if he did not recover the rest of his valuables.

Robberies of this nature were reported so frequently to the police that little was thought of the orchestra man's misfortune. The perpetrators hid themselves among the millions of other humans in the area, and even Mr. Coon himself had almost forgotten the incident later in September when the orchestra had moved to the Blackhawk cafe in Chicago and settled down for the winter season. He was haunted by the thought that the marauders might not have been all that they seemed—that they may have been playing a joke on him and would eventually turn back his money and his ring.

And always, it seemed, his ears were tuned to the sound of a gruff voice that gave commands on a lonely road in the dark of night. He felt certain he would hear that voice again. The approaching holidays brought a rush of pleasure seekers. Life spun around on gliding toes and the Coon-Sanders orchestra was the vibrant center of a merry throng. Came then an evening when Joe Sanders had just finished his chats with the Radio audience and the orchestra was preparing to leave the stand for a short rest. One of the musicians suddenly leaned toward Coon with a significant glance.

"There are those same five men, Cooney."

"I saw them. They're sitting at the same table and they've been watching the band. Wonder what is so interesting about us?" Cooney chuckled good humoredly. He was used to being stared at by people who were ardent fans of the Coon-Sanders orchestra. But these five diners did not seem to be a part of the rest of the crowd. Some sinister purpose radiated from their faces.



"You'd kill me for $20,000?" The broad shoulders squared and Coon looked every inch the All American Fullback he had at one time been.

"I don't particularly like them," contributed another member of the band. "Always at the same table. Always the same ones. Always watching and whispering amongst themselves."

"Probably going to blow up the place and want to warn us so that we can get out. Let's go rest a minute." Cooney turned to go. The others followed, their suspicions at rest for the time being.

Settled in the little office, Cooney and Joe turned to read their fan mail, talk to a favored few and snatch a moment of relaxation in their busy evening. Coon lighted a cigarette and sat down in silence. Joe Sanders was busy with a letter. Both were thinking and their thoughts were not far from the five men out in the restaurant. There came a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in." Coon turned in his chair. A waiter addressed him.

"Mr. Coon, some men want to speak to you. They are sitting at that table in front of the orchestra stand. They say you know them, but—"

"Our friends, of course. Go see what they want, Cooney. The mystery is about to be solved." Joe Sanders laughed, not guessing that the whole mystery was about to begin.

COONEY groaned and slipped out of the room. So many people wanted to talk to him so often. There were so many requests to come to some table or other. He didn't always comply with the request if it came from an unknown, but this was a different matter. It opened the door to a trouble-

some something that seemed to have its effect on each one of the men in his band. He saw his five apparent fans watching him as he made his way to their table.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I understand you wanted to speak with me."

"Yeah. Sit down, Coon." The voice was low toned and not too gentle.

"I'm sorry, I can't stay long. We go on the air in a moment."

"Oh, we won't keep you long." The speaker, another of the five, smiled mockingly and toyed with the chewed end of a large cigar looking at Cooney with intense interest at the same time. Suddenly another of his companions leaned forward and spoke as if he were offering a particularly choice tip on the stock market.

"How many people do you think listen in on you in the evening?"

"Why, I have no way of knowing. Many thousands probably." Coon did not try to enumerate, there seemed no menace in the question itself, only in the way it was asked. The next words were not too pleasant to hear even when listened to in a crowded room where one was well known. The very idea seemed preposterous, and yet Coon knew that men were capable of attempting any desperate criminal plan. The sound of the voice now clicked distinctly in his memory.

"If you were to announce over the microphone that you were to be kidnaped and held for a twenty thousand dollar ransom, do you think your listeners would kick in with dollar bills?" The five men came to attention and looked attentively at Coon. He did not answer. "Well? What's your answer?"

COON rose from the table without a word and went to the orchestra stand where his band was assembling. He didn't tell them what had passed at that time, but he began to think very seriously. Outwardly, he was the same Carleton Coon, debonair, happy and entertaining while he sat behind his drums. Inwardly he felt a new thrill. Here was adventure that one could sink one's teeth into. This was a new angle to life, to the life of a popular celebrity. He would match his own wits against their cunning and angle them into a position where they could be prosecuted and put behind prison bars.

Coon had heard of kidnaping being done many times before. He knew many of the ways of extortionists and their plots. He realized there had been a lot of just this sort of thing going on amongst the people of the Chicago theatrical world. It would have been easy to give the five men their money and be rid of them for a few months. The Coon-Sanders fans would have contributed the money demanded had they received even an intimation of what was afoot. But Coon had other plans. He was not going to pay ransom, nor was he going to evade the five hoodlums. Instead of being intimidated he began to relish the experience, but he made a mental note to look up his revolver when he got home that night. This was going to be sport plentifully tinctured with real danger.

After the proper precautions were taken, there seemed to be little action in the affair. Again the world settled down to its familiar roundelay, and no word was received by Coon from the racketeers with whom he had had the short interview. The young orchestra leader had almost begun to despair of any lasting excitement in the world, after all. And soon he turned his thoughts to other more pressing matters. However, his weather eye was still out for the desperadoes. He wasn't too willing to give up his adventure so soon. His ear was still alert for that husky voice of the Niles road.

IT WAS early in January when the curtain rose on the third act of Coon's little drama. He was in his apartment reading over some mail and thinking about business when the telephone rang. He glanced toward the instrument and debated whether to answer or not. It was probably a fan requesting a personal interview, an autographed picture or a request number on that evening's program. It was a ten to one chance that it would not be business, and it was hardly possible that the phone would be prompted to ring by a friend so early in the morning. Suddenly the receiver was at his ear. He remembered the five toughs and the call to adventure, perhaps the return of his property.

"Hello?"

A curt voice—*the voice*—rumbled to his ear ordering him to come to an address in the loop banking district immediately. He was informed that the matter was most urgent, and under no circumstances could it be delayed. Coon agreed to the time and place, donned his coat and pocketed his army automatic without which he now seldom if ever went out. He was not at all uncertain as to whom he would find at the address. He was ready for them and glad that at last he would come face to face with their terms. This time he would see that things were brought to a head. He smiled to himself. Life was again worth living—and he would give his tormentors "the works."

Arrived at the given address, Coon ascended to the right floor and nonchalantly entered the office at which his arrival was eagerly awaited. Immediately the five men with whom he had talked at the Blackhawk Cafe surrounded him. He smiled to himself, but there was no outward change in his manner. He was cool and aloof, ready for them and whatever they had planned to do. It must be guessed here that the gangsters were a little surprised at their intended victim's manner, but they continued with their plans, one of them acting as spokesman for the others.

"WE'RE through clowning with you, Coon, and you'd better get that twenty grand now, or your life and that of your family won't be worth a dime." The speaker grunted his words between half closed lips.

"Yes?" queried Coon innocently.

"You heard me."

"I don't exactly remember—" Coon smiled vaguely.

"Cut it, Buddy. You're playing with fire. Do you want to kick off now? Don't you think your friends and your family would rather have you alive than dead?"

"You'd kill me for twenty grand?" The broad shoulders squared and Coon looked every inch the All American Fullback he had at one time been. His air of insouciance was lost and he talked business crisply and firmly.

"You said it, and your family, too. We can lay hands on them in a minute."

Coon's hand closed firmly over the butt of his gun. "If I'm going one or two of you will come with me. You understand that?" He backed toward the door, opened it and ran to the elevator, keeping the five men covered in the meantime. None of them made a move to detain him. It was score one for Carleton Coon. A few minutes later he was on the street.

But the rest of the day was busy for him. His children were at the time in Kansas City, where the Coons have a beautiful home. He immediately had a police guard placed there to protect his family. Then he went to police headquarters in Chicago and studied the files in search of more information of the five men who were furnishing him with so much amusement. His task was not a hard one. One sullen face after another popped out at him from the records. He soon found enough things about each one of the gang to give them all a long term in prison. His next step was to make his own charge a heavy one as well, and he was determined to put each one of them behind bars before he would rest. At last he had them cornered. Furthermore, Coon was in no mood to let any one threaten to "get" his family. Only prison for the offenders would satisfy him, and he was certain to enjoy the round-up of the chase.

NOT LONG after his first precautionary steps were taken, Coon received word that the police guarding his Kansas City home had exchanged shots with some men in a sedan bearing an Illinois license. The gangsters apparently were as much in earnest as Coon was himself, but Coon had the law with him, and he was entirely unafraid, two rather valuable weapons in that particular private war. As to his personal security, no further attempt was made to deal with the popular young orchestra leader. All was most serene again. Coon, apparently was letting the matter ride.

Behind his bland exterior, however, his mind was working intently. Due to his own efforts combined with those of the police, the gang had been completely dissolved. They were scattered and hiding, becoming a little hard to find, and Coon was not only intent on finding each one, but on putting them behind the bars for no short space of time. For that purpose and to guard himself against any attacks that might be made upon him, Coon had the permission of the police to carry a revolver in his car. Preparedness was his watchword.

In a short space of time, two of the gang were cornered and put away. Then something happened that caused a good deal of comment. Little was known by the outside world of the extortionist plans that were afloat. Rumors and distorted tales were repeated, but Coon maintained a stony silence and no one in the orchestra had much to say about the matter. The blow fell, when early in February, Carleton Coon vanished completely from the orchestra. He just wasn't there and there had been no warning of his departure.

Here the music world indulged in a bit of conjecture. Was Coon kidnaped by the remaining members of the gang? For a few days no mention of the young man's absence was made. Then suddenly, volumes of verbal explanation was disseminated to the eagerly waiting ears of the Coon-Sanders fans. "He has had an operation. His appendix was removed and he is doing nicely. He will be back again soon. It was a very sudden attack."

Friends of Cooney's took up the hue and cry. Radio performers on every local station talked over the air about Cooney and his good work. It looked almost as if the talk was a blind. People began to wonder. They took pains to look behind the scenes, but the outcome was no more of a revelation than what was already known by the world. Cooney was, in truth, in the hospital. He was by no means kidnaped, and he had had a very serious operation. The extortionist gang was still waiting to be tracked down and caught. What had happened specifically has never been explained. Coon will not discuss it in any particular.

Winter slipped by unobtrusively and spring became the sea-

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INCOMPATIBLE

An Injured Hand and a Dictated Letter Add to Misunderstanding—Amelie Goes Abroad

By Dana Gatlin

***Illustrations by* O. J. Gatten**

WHEN the Sid Fletchers settled down to married life in their new home in a Long Island suburb everybody declared that this was the one ideal match, if ever such a thing could have been imagined. Sid was a successful business man and Amelie seemed to possess all those charming qualities desirable for the wife of a successful business man. But there eventually developed little differences of opinion. Sid wanted to go to parties when Amelie would much rather have stayed at home. Then he accused her of making uncomplimentary allusions to the character of his friends. And then came the invitation to Bess Wandell's party . . . .

AMELIE had resolved to go to that bridge session at Bess Wandell's if it was the last thing she ever did. But she didn't go. By the next evening she had a smashing headache. It was very real but Sid chose mentally to regard it as a subterfuge. The room where she was lying when he came home was too dark to show her pallor. Rather wanly but carefully impersonal she suggested that he go on without her. And Sid, accepting the suggestion as a gauntlet, went.

The next morning he saw with compunction how pale Amelie was; she was not ironical or superior, either, but touchingly kind and simple—if she had been like that when they came home from the club dance what a different chapter of marriage they would now be in. But it was his, all his fault, doubting her word last night like a brute—and she now looking pulled down as if she'd been ill.

"My girl," he said across the table, "you show you need a change. How about a little visit with your Aunt Hattie? That'd be a rest from Fair Haven. Those high-brows around her would be just the change you need. Take a couple of hundred along and give the family some worldly treats, too—and that'll be the kind of change *they* need!"

And he was smiling genially and fondly upon her, and Amelie felt a compunction beneath the surface that stopped her from any ironies about his wanting to get rid of her. After all ironies were too cheap between her and Sid. She didn't want to go away, but perhaps it *was* a good idea. She should have such a chance to gather herself together, to master these unwise and unhappy and probably quite causeless impulses which were cropping up too often these days.

NOW this breakfast had been pleasant, though not like the good days when breakfast was so apt to be a wedding-feast, but she had had all kinds of contradictory impulses before she came down; and she *might* have taken another turn of mood, and spoiled it. And it was for her sake that Sid, the generous boy, wished her to go! Not because he wanted a freerer foot for gayeties that she put a damper on. And when she came back she would turn a leaf, would quit dampening his gayeties.

So she said she'd like to make the visit.

"I don't think I'll stay long—I'll make it less than a week. But if I'm going I might as well go by tonight's train—don't you think?"

"O—I didn't think of your going so soon." And Amelie's heart grew soft and warm in her breast with the pleasure of seeing his face fall. "But," he went on, "if you can manage, that'll be all right. Come into the city and have dinner with me there—can you?"

And smilingly, the husband and wife arranged the details of their little "date."

Amelie would not, now, have given up the pleasure of seeing Sid's face fall again; maybe it would, if she said she'd stay two weeks! It was the sweetest thing that had come to her in a long time. And she took no offense from that determination of his to act as if he did not mind. About this point she was not thinking much, in fact—enough to take in that stupid but dear unselfishness of his. To her it was as if there were a little pride in Sid's trying to show he did not mind. That was the way it would have been with her. But what her mind was really on was the sweet truth that he *did* mind.

ONE of the deep and eternal pitfalls of love is the way people in love are—and inevitably—too much taken up with their own sensations to be clear-eyed in taking in and understanding the other person. There was no whit of pride in Sid's cheerful front just then. He was only trying to behave the way that would best insure Amelie a good time.

The dinner in town was a great success and, had she followed her heart, she would have given up going anywhere but home—with Sid. But . . .

There were many "buts"; and the biggest one was the feeling that absence, a little absence, would make this present harmony more abiding. She would have time really to search out her own shortcomings, and to work out a future different from their recent past.

She went to sleep on that Boston train, feeling Sid's last kiss like a pledge of love that was to be celebrated when she got home. When she got home!—in less than a week.

But she stayed two, and came home thinner than she left; thin and bright-eyed and with a complexion that might have waked suspicions in the astute that Amelie had changed her habits about make-up—also that she had an unfamiliar need of rouge.

Absence as a cure for love troubles is no safe and sure remedy. Sid had proved so poor a correspondent that Amelie was driven through a thousand torturous moods about a seeming indifference that was new to her experience.

Sid was never an expansive letter-writer—no man of his breed ever is—but he had always in his letters spoken to her fondly, as it were, in his own natural way, which was a tender way. And however their love might have been clouded at moments when they were together, it had never been clouded in letters. And she had thought of this when coming away.

And, now, he sent her brief notes dictated, *dictated,* to an office stenographer.

She had had a wild scared moment at first with the thought he was ill; was having M. J. ("per M. J." they were all scrupulously marked) having M. J. come to him at a hospital, and was concealing his condition. But no, the brief allusions to his activities proved him active enough. He excused his first dictation on the ground that he was busy, rushed. Busy! What was it that had made this difference in him? She felt mocked by that last kiss.

But she wrote brief, pleasant little notes, and told him that she was sure she was as busy as he was—never saw Boston and the "best people" so gay in her life. Then, presently, she dropped it casually that she'd be staying on a week longer.

SHE was gay, but she had to be if she was going to have a moment's respite from wondering, wondering, and making up answers to her own questions about Sid. Why had his face fallen like that when she said she would be leaving at once? It must have been from some entirely different reason from the one she had held to her heart so fondly. It was his cheerfulness that had been in genuine relation to her departure, though her leaving that day had upset his plans, somehow, since he felt he must, of couse, give her a farewell dinner in town.

The ingenuities of a self-torturing woman in love are endless and have been the marvel of men since they first began to record their impressions of what some of their philosophers have termed "the opposing sex."

Amelie never knew, never guessed, the poor secret of those typed and dictated communications. Sid had jammed his hand in the brake of the car and naturally, being Sid, had reasoned that he shouldn't let out the accident lest it spoil her visit; dictating his letters he must needs be fairly perfunctory. And thought he was doing the right thing. He thought that last dinner, that last kiss, had made all right; and that Amelie wouldn't mind anything about letters, so long as she thought all was right. What were letters, anyhow? They did not count much to him; love on paper was too papery for any satisfaction beyond knowing his Amelie was all right.

Then his Amelie came home to him suave and remote, with



Sid had come to the steamer to see her off . . . and he had been overheard asking her to write to him, and the eavesdroppers were almost sure she said she would.

something strange about her he had never felt before, and Sid could have howled his pain and bewilderment; yes, and resentment too—deep resentment this time. True he did not make a sound about it; not even to ask a question about her demeanor. For the first time he turned coolly polite, albeit smooth and pleasant enough, when a breach seemed widening between them.

THIS time it did widen. Sid had made a point of getting the bandages off his hand before he went to Amelie's train, and she never chanced on any news of that little, apparently unimportant accident. The pledge of that kiss went unfulfilled. The Fletchers' marriage passed into a new stage, an outrageously unnatural and outrageously baseless stage.

This could not last long with them. Such a stage can rarely last long. Some turn, some remedy, must be come by. And the remedy Amelie found was worse than the evil—she knew that; but she had to get out of *this!* The irritabilities they were both making recur by only half-concealing were too disillusioning, degrading.

Through these last two years she had at several times felt that breaches and makings-up were degrading; unworthy the high poetry they had made for each other in the past. Now this was even worse than degrading—because it would kill the memory of the past faster.

Sid might not mind this last, she tried to tell herself; yet she had comprehension enough of the man she had lived with seven years to interrupt herself with an instinct of fair play; she knew Sid *would* mind, would always have a sentiment about their past—whatever it was that had made that strange breach while she was away.

She had got, now, where she shut down on her curiosity about that—made herself shut down. Amelie had too little of that kind of sense of property in her man which makes women hold on to their men in the teeth of anything that comes against them.

She was too decent, in a way; and she was also too proud, with a pride that was far from being as big and fine as she thought it was. But it was surely Amelie's own, that pride, and something the other kind of women could hardly believe possible. Nowhere so much as in human reactions to love is demonstrated that it takes all kinds to make a world.

So the dark night came when sitting in the big, beautiful living room after their pleasantly conversing dinner—such a good dinner, but Amelie only making believe at eating it—she made a revolutionary proposition:

"Sid, I want to go away."

It was a rainy autumn night with a chill wind blowing up from the sea; and with open windows and the elemental sound of the rain coming in from the vast spaces of the night, a little

wood fire was blazing and crackling on the hearth as if that were the happiest hearth in Christendom. Amelie never forgot just how it crackled on the silence, and the sound of the rain, before Sid answered her. Then he tried to make it easy and casual, when he said:

"Go where?" Just as if he had not understood. But he had understood. It was not the words, it was something in Amelie's voice, in the air; and his own voice was queer because his throat wouldn't work right when he spoke.

AMELIE had a tight rein on herself; this scene she had been rehearsing. She said:

"Why continue this kind of mockery? I want to go away, Sid, and—and—"

She wanted to say "and keep the memories I cherish," but didn't quite dare. Was afraid to let that note creep in, lest she break down and disgrace herself. So she finished:

"—And live my own life, seeing I can't live yours."

She meant one thing by that and he understood another, took it as a reflection—the old stabbing reflection on his inferiority.

"Oh, Amelie." That was all he said, but it sounded a very deep, new note in his voice. The fire crackled on before she resumed:

"I've been thinking it all out. And I can't bear this substitute for real living, Sid—simply can't bear it. And, as time goes on, it'll become a poorer substitute. Poorer and poorer. It's bound to. And we'll go on getting unhappier and unhappier. So that's why I—" she took a long, gasping breath—"why I've come to a decision."

"What decision?" and he felt a sudden premonitory drop, like a weight, inside him.

"That it would be better for us to—separate—now—while we still have some beautiful memories—than to—" Her catching voice finally failed her.

He seemed to draw his own voice up from bottomless depths.

"Separate?"

"Yes."

THEIR discussion progressed not much further that night with any real progress; but the next morning, polite and self-controlled, Sid, before he left for the city, told her that he wanted to hear all the details of her plans when he came home.

"I'll bring some business papers out with me that we'll need in talking about your money affairs," he said; and then he took her hand and kissed it and was gone. A curious thing for Sid to do—kissing her hand! It was his apology, she dully supposed, for his readiness to let her go. Oh, there was no more possible bluff at not understanding; for people who had loved as they had, and were living as they were now, separation was only too easily understood.

That night both were steeled to talk as if they were talking of an investment, of a journey. But Sid said, almost to begin with:

"Do you want a divorce, Amelie?"

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JACK SHANNON

Singing Postman Becomes Ziegfeld Feature—Introduces New Radio Character

By Anne Lazar

MRS. O'HARA could gossip over her cup of "tay"—but no walls could restrict the outpourings of her Irish heart in which crucible the scandals of the neighborhood were daily stewed and concocted. So what did she do but place her kitchen, cat and cup of "tay" in the studios of the National Broadcasting company and send forth such a rapid fire line of genuine Irish rollicking chatter, that she found her neighbors all over the United States listening in through the door cracks and loud speakers. And now we find that she made arrangements to take kitchen and all to the picture theatres and chat for a wee bit from the screen.

When one speaks of Jack Shannon (and Jack Shannon is none other than the Mrs. O'Hara of the "Gossipers") one speaks of Ireland itself, and we believe that the hills of Killarney, the beautiful lakes, leprechauns, fairies and elves are all lonely—half sobbing for the return of this lively spirit of their land.

Genius a-begging is the same old song. It is found in the drollest of occupations, and Jack Shannon used the sparks of that flame, which was seeking release, for energy in the various jobs he had before he became the idol of the populace.

The teacher's rod had no terror for Jack Shannon for the very good reason that he never went to school—which accounts for the excellent condition of that noble institution which education erected in his home town to distract youths from the profitable exercise of reconciling dogs' tails to tin cans.

WE FIND him at the tender age of nine in the woolen mills—an active little figure subdued by the demands of industry—but not altogether crushed. And as he emerged from under the weight which labor imposed upon him, he found a job that gave him freer range—among the modern couriers of whose predecessors Herodotus said "Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Jack Shannon, in the livery of Uncle Sam's postal service, took a fiendish delight in delivering bills and statements with an unparalleled and unwarranted promptness to Skowhegan's faithful citizens. Skowhegan? Why, Portland, Maine, is a suburb of Skowhegan should anyone inquire. And when Jack Shannon made his daily tour of that "metropolis" with letters bearing postmarks of such important cities as Puxatawney, Bosking Ridge, Medicine Hat, Chestnut Hill and Woppnigers Falls, official pride would swell so high that official buttons would scatter in all directions. Skowhegan was gifted not only with a Post Office. It had its very own Mayor, Fire Department and a Town Hall. And it was this vast auditorium, seating *the* three hundred Skoheganians of a Saturday night, which was filled with the melodies pouring from Jack Shannon's happy throat. Among these listeners was the well-known opera singer, Carrie Kidwell Steward, who lost no time placing him in a choir, and then devoted her precious hours and money to teaching him the more delicate nuances possible for his kind of a tenor voice.



"Sure now, will ye promise me not to tell a word of it?" "Aye, indade I will, I mean I will not." Jack Shannon as the Two Gossipers.

With this recognition came the opportunity to hand over to a successor the friendly, bulging mail bag—for to the Government Intelligence Service must they promote him.

At the end of seven years Jack Shannon, flapping against his chrysalis, broke through and embarked upon the new career which had been so wonderfully wrought for him.

SAYS he: "A helpless feeling came over me that morning in 1918. A friend had taken me to the Liberty Theatre in New York to sing for John Cort who wanted a tenor for his show, 'Listen Lester.' And what a thrill it was when Mr. Cort said to me, 'You go to Pittsburgh tonight and open Saturday.' I was too moved to even ask for a contract.

"The event that led to the greatest influence of my life—meeting with Will Rogers—is one that will always be cherished. I had been accepted by Gene Buck as a member of the Ziegfeld Frolic, and as I sat among the world-famous beauties, entranced by the lovely songs, a bashful, boyish figure in overcoat and cap slid into a chair back in a corner, almost out of sight. It was Will Rogers, the star of the show and the man who has kept up the nation's side-splitting laughter more consistently than any comedian in history. This was back in 1921.

"During this period we burlesqued the Peace Conference convened in Washington. And the scene was the funniest in the history of the Follies. The late President Harding took umbrage at this parody and severed "diplomatic relations" with Rogers. Uproariously funny as this scene was, I don't think it could compare with the actual conference, and, I might say, subsequent conferences held from time to time in Washington. The displeasure of Mr. Harding proved to be great publicity for the show, as the public swarmed in to see it and offered as high as twenty-five dollars for tickets.

(Continued on page 89)

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table to Be Published in the September Issue

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
KDB...Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW..... Burbank, Calif.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK.... Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO..... Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI..... Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR..... Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
KFKB..... Milford, Kans.
KFKU..... Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX..... Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.
KFLX..... Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF..... Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
KFPW.Siloam Springs, Ark.
KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD....Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW..... Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC..San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU..... Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM.Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI..San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM..... Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF..... Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM.San Bernardino, Calif.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY..... Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO..... Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
KGAR..... Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU.... Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ..... York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCN.....Concordia, Kan.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wolf Point Mont.
KGDA....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE...Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ..... Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF..... Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC..San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF..... Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF..... Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL..... Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR..... Butte, Mont.
KGIW..... Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB..... Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX....Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.
KGU..... Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW..... Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ..... Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO..... Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR..... Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX..... Oakland, Calif.
KLZ..... Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMPC...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KMTR..... Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA..... Denver, Colo.
KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.
KOB....State College, N. M.
KOCW..... Chickasha, Okla.
KOH..... Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
KOL..... Seattle, Wash.
KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.
KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.
KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ..... Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC..... Houston, Tex.
KPSN..... Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF.. Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
KRGV..... Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD..... Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
KRSC..... Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI..... Pocatello, Idaho
KSL....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR..... Portland, Ore.
KTBS..... Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT..... Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL..... Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA..... Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT..... Austin, Tex.
KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.
KVL..... Seattle, Wash.
KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS.... Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG..... Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ..... Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH..... Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC..... Pullman, Wash.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA..... Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO..... Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW..... Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF..... Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW..... Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI..... Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
WADC..... Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU..... Columbus, Ohio.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
WAPI..... Birmingham, Ala.
WASH..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA.West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL..... Richmond, Va.
WBBM..... Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBS.....Boston, Mass.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY.....Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS....Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC.... Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO..... Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBTM.....Danville, Va.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA..... Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC..... Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH..... Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ..... Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL..... Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO..... Baltimore, Md.
WCAP...Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX..... Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA..... Allentown, Pa.
WCBD..... Zion, Ill.
WCBM..... Baltimore, Md.
WCBS..... Springfield, Ill.
WCCO... Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL..... Chicago, Ill.
WCGU..Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY..... Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO..... Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS..... Joliet, Ill.
WCMA..... Culver, Ind.
WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
WCOD..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH.....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.
WCSH..... Portland, Me.
WCSO..... Springfield, Ohio
WDAE..... Tampa, Fla.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG..... Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ..... Roanoke, Va.
WDBO..... Orlando, Fla.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY... Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD.. Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ..... Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
WEAO..... Columbus, O.
WEAR.. ....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC..... Duluth, Minn.
WEBE..... Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW..... Beloit, Wis.
WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI..... Boston, Mass.
WEHS..... Evanston, Ill.
WELK..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR..... Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA..... Dallas, Tex.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE..... Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ.... Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM.... Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR..... Baltimore, Md.
WFDF..... Flint, Mich.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB..... Altoona, Pa.
WFI..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW.... Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC..... Akron, O.
WFKD.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA..... Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF..... Evansville, Ind.
WGBI..... Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM..... Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES..... Chicago, Ill.
WGH....Newport News, Va.
WGHP..... Detroit, Mich.
WGL..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS..... St. Paul, Minn.
WGN..... Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST..... Atlanta, Ga.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA..... Madison, Wis.
WHAD..... Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.... Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ..... Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU..... Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY...West DePere, Wis.
WHDF..... Calumet, Mich.
WHDH.....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI... Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC..... Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK..... Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHOM....Jersey City, N. J.
WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP.Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS..... Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA..... Madison, Wis.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM..... Jackson, Mich.
WIBO..... Chicago, Ill.
WIBR....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU..... Poynette, Wis.
WIBW..... Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL..... Urbana, Ill.
WILM..... Wilmington, Del.
WINR.....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC..... Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG..... Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
WJAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX..... Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY..... Cleveland, O.
WJAZ..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL..... Decatur, Ill.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
WJBT..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD..... Chicago, Ill.
WJKS..... Gary, Ind.
WJR..... Detroit, Mich.
WJSV.....Washington, D. C.
WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio.
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ.San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB..... Joliet, Ill.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.... ..Webster, Mass.
WKBF..... Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN..... Youngstown, O.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP..Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV.... Connersville, Ind.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC..... Cincinnati, O.
WKY..Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC..... Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF...Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL...Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ..... Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX..... Lexington, Mass.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE..... Boston, Mass.
WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
WLW..... Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF.S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ..... Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC..... Detroit, Mich.
WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.

WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ..... Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL..... Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH..New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR..... Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN.Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI..... Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT..... Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC.... Worcester, Mass.
WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
WPSW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.
WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
WRBJ....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY..... New York City
WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
WSPA....Spartanburg, S. C.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN..St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.... Worcester, Mass.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
WTAW.College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericktown, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight. September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

JUST think of it, girls, if John Shaw Young's mother had not dissuaded him from accepting an appointment to the United States Military Academy for Aviation at San Antonio, you would probably never have heard him announcing over the NBC network! It was in 1927 that that important decision was made and that same year he came to Radio through WBZ in Springfield. After staying with the Springfield station for six months John was transferred to WBZA in Boston and remained there until September, 1928, when he went to New York to join the NBC ranks.



Young, together with Milton Cross, was among the first Radio announcers to be selected by a major recording company to make phonograph records.

And did you ever hear that he was a classmate of Rudy Vallee? And of course you doubtless do know that he has presented Rudy to the microphone oftener than any other announcer.

Young has an impressive record of education. He attended the grammar and high schools of his home town and for a time was a student at Cascadilla Preparatory School at Ithaca, N. Y. Later he attended Yale and Cornell and took special courses at Syracuse and Columbia Universities. Most of this college training was devoted to studies of law and playwriting.

In his very youthful days John was keenly interested in athletics and has high school letters in swimming, track, football, baseball and basketball. Swimming was always his favorite sport and it still remains one of his major hobbies.

He is twenty-eight years old, and here is (I'm sure) comforting news for the hordes of femmes who have been writing about him—he is unmarried.

* * *

MARSHA WHEELER has left Radio broadcasting to devote all her time to writing stories and magazine articles. She lives in Cincinnati in a charming house where she does her writing. Miss Wheeler is missed by her thousands of listeners, but the one consolation is that we can look forward to her articles. But don't forget that her "real" name is Mrs. Marjorie Moellering.

* * *

Thomas Pattison Coates, baritone and announcer, well known to New York and Chicago Radio audiences through his four years' affiliation with WEAF and WGN, is now production manager and chief announcer of WEBC, Duluth.

* * *

The latest news from the front (and it's true, just now as we write it!) is that the Ashley sisters are at WGN. Of course they may not be there by the time you read these lines. Those girls certainly keep us guessing.

Little Gloria Goldsmith, daughter of Lee Goldsmith, general manager of station WCKY, Covington, Ky., is an Amos 'n' Andy fan. Never a night passed, before little Gloria went away to boarding school, when she failed to listen to their broadcast at 7 o'clock, EST.

Came Eastern Daylight Saving Time, and the NBC shifted the feature to 10:30



o'clock over the Covington station. At about the same time Gloria was sent to boarding school. She insisted on hearing Amos 'n' Andy as was her custom, but the school authorities said "What! A child staying up till 10:30? Unheard of!"

Gloria delivered her ultimatum—either home, by the Radio set, or Amos 'n' Andy at 10:30. Negotiations were in order. The National Broadcasting Company received an appeal, and after many long distance calls and telegraph inquiries Gloria's wish was granted, but in this way — the NBC agreed to permit WCKY to carry the feature at 6 o'clock and another station in the vicinity also to carry it at 10:30.

So everybody was happy, and Gloria was able to continue her schooling.

* * *

A little news of our old friend Ford Rush. He broadcast over WLS a few times this spring and is now idling away the summer down in St. Louis. As to your other question, Millie, the Gene and Jack you heard over WLS, is a cornet and banjo team which plays only occasionally before the Prairie Farmer mike.

* * *

Many of us who have been following the career of Alwyn E. W. Bach since the early days at WBZ in 1922 were gratified to learn of the recent honor conferred upon him when he was awarded the 1930 gold medal for excellence in diction on the Radio by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Mr. Bach was born and educated in Worcester, Mass. After graduating from high school he worked for a time in a law office but left to become a compositor and proofreader in a local print shop. Following his return from France, where he served with the Forty-fourth Coast Artillery, he re-entered the printing business. Later he became announcer for WBZ at Springfield, on which station he had made several appearances as a baritone vocalist.

* * *

Harry Snodgrass has deserted his village chili stand and is returning to Radio. At the time of writing it is not known where Mr. Snodgrass will broadcast. However, he says that it will not be a metropolitan microphone; that he hates Chicago, and dislikes New York; and that it will be some comparatively small town that he'll choose. (Thank you, Helen, for this information.)

* * *

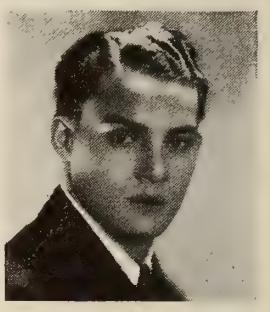
Just heard that Don Wilding has traveled from WLW to WTAM and thence to WJR, Detroit, where he now appears before the mike several evenings each week. More of him another day.

* * *

Through what station does your "Radio tenor" broadcast, Mrs. Gibbons? I haven't heard of any tenor who has to be carried in and out of the studio. Please tell more about him.

* * *

Louis Perlman doesn't need any introduction in and around Chicago. This youthful violinist and composer has played from every large Radio station in the city. Back in 1923, when he was something of an infant, he began playing over WEBH, where he played regularly for about three years with Dean Remick as accompanist. He is a member of the Skalski Orchestra and was director of the "Petite Symphony" recently heard over WBBM.



But the whole point of the story is just about to be reached. This young man is the composer of that popular ballad "In Old Capri" which we've been hearing for some months and which is, incidentally, the theme accompaniment for all Radio Showmen programs heard over WIBO. His also is the more recent song hit, "Shattered Dreams."

Running true to the type of the real musician Mr. Perlman, who is a Chicagoan, gave evidence of his artistic inclination at an early age, four years, to be exact; at seven he appeared in his first public recital with a symphony orchestra; at eleven he won the scholarship to the Francis W. Parker school; and at fourteen was concert master of Senn High orchestra.

It's not enough to say that Lou Perlman has talent; he has talent combined with personality — which makes it all very interesting.

In telling you about Pat Flanagan the easiest thing to do is to talk in terms of "stories," for some way or other Pat is like that. Take, f'r instance, the story of how Pat came to be an announcer. Only a little over two years ago Pat was out in Davenport selling time on the air for WOC. One morning as Pat was about to start out on his sales duties there was a slight panic due to the failure of one of the regular announcers to arrive on schedule. Flanagan blithely offered to fill the gap, and he did. Meanwhile the station manager of WOC was listening in at his home. After a half an hour or so he called the studio and said "Who's the new man at the mike? . . . Put him on the pay role as announcer!"



Soon after he went to WBBM, and his entrance into sports' announcing shows just how Pat works. He was asked by his boss if he could announce baseball games. "Why, absolutely," replied Pat. "I used to play the game and I know it like a book." He was told to get ready because within a couple of weeks he would have to announce the big league games. Pat was actually floored, but he would not admit it. Rushing out he got a baseball rule book and studied it until he knew every rule in it.

Then just the other day a distinguished visitor came to the WBBM studios. Pat was giving one of his famous play by play descriptions, getting his information through the special baseball ticker in the studio. Judge Landis, baseball's czar, came in, asked to see Pat and sat near him, watching and listening intently. Taking his leave, the judge congratulated Pat on his work and said: "Pat, I came down because my curiosity got the best of me. Couldn't see how anyone could be giving so realistic a description of a game without being right on the field. Never heard anything like it. If ever anyone wants to know about one of the best sports announcers on the air, send them to me." Pat says he feels Judge Landis' praise the greatest honor he has ever had paid him.

* * *

KUKU is not a real station at all, Donald. It was merely a part of an NBC program heard until recently on Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST.

* * *

Thought you would like to see this lady's picture because she is an authority on love and marriage. She is not only an authority, but she is willing to pass along her knowledge to hundreds of others with her intimate talks before the mike. She is Lucy Stout, whose voice is heard through WPAP, Palisade, N. J.



* * *

Miss Stout says that women will some day be the real power of the world, that is, *if* the woman will use her understanding and femininity in the right direction. And then she goes on to tell what the right direction is; she also has a few things to say about men; but here it is probably more discreet to change the subject. . . .

Miss Stout has been ranked among the "philosophers of the air" and it's not at all strange that her broadcasts are popular.

We have some more up-to-date information on George Sutherland, C. E. B. He is now at WHK, Cleveland, where he is concentrating on production and continuity work and doing some incidental announcing. He conducts the morning exercise period at 7 every day in the week except Sunday. George has, however, handled the microphone for about every imaginable type of broadcast, from state political conventions to horse races and all sports.

Picked up an interesting bit about him, too. George has put so much actual friendliness into his voice that a day never passes when he doesn't receive a number of letters laying before him personal problems relating to affairs of the home, heart and happiness.

* * *

If it's true that a fickle public soon forgets its favorites, WBBM has an exception. Bobby Brown, who used to appear frequently before the mike and who was one of the most popular entertainers in the country, has been so busy with other things in connection with Radio that he has had few opportunities to go on the air.

However, WBBM recently put on a special children's program which needed a cheerful, genial voice. Bobby was asked to supply the voice, and the day after the first broadcast brought a flood of letters. His public welcomed him back with such enthusiasm that Bobby hasn't the nerve to stay away and has consented to face the mike every day during the children's party at 5:30.

* * *

It may not be news now, but it is as we're going to press, Ralph Waldo Emerson Jr. arrived in town on June 5th. It is quite a sure thing that Ralph Jr. will be a musician, and rumor has it that WLS has already signed him up.

* * *

Your favorite, Ted DeTurk, Marie, started his career at the age of four as a winged cupid at a show wedding. But since that time his travels have taken him over a great amount of territory. By his own admission he possessed a larger bank account at the age of 9 than he does at present. But, of course, he now has a family that he wouldn't trade for any bank account.



When he was just a little fellow he played the old "nickelodeon" shows on Saturday nights in and around Marion, O., where he was born and raised. These shows sometimes netted him as much as $25 for the evening. He was billed as "Master LeRoy DeTurk, the boy entertainer."

So it was that he entered the show business at an early age. Vaudeville, musical comedy and barnstorming, all added to his experience. This after his sojourn at Ohio State and Northwestern universities.

His Radio career began in 1922 when he joined the staff of WWJ, Detroit. He later went to WJR in the same city, then returned to the show business. Then some time later made a Radio return at WLW. A business venture took him to Florida, but he couldn't withstand the lure of the microphone and the South heard him through WJAX, Jacksonville, and WSB, Atlanta. Then the West called him and he journeyed as far as KOA, Denver. But finally he wandered back to Ohio, was at WLW for a time, then went to WHK, where he is heard regularly now.

Ted has accumulated a library of several thousand songs of a wide variety, all carefully indexed and filed, ready for use at a moment's notice.

* * *

Help! Help! Where are Lynn Gearhart and Bill Barnes, formerly at WIBO?

Al Melgard, staff organist at WBBM, and one of Chicago's pioneer organists, is at heart an artist. Art was his first love. He has been drawing and painting since he was a youngster and as he grew older music was merely an incidental accomplishment with him. He drifted from his study of the piano into organ work, and as an organist he drifted into broadcasting. And as we all know, it is music that is responsible for his enviable reputation.



But through the years he has been faithful to art. The basement of his home is his studio. Here he does some work in oils and here he paints furniture.

Sometimes the studio is turned into a theatre. Mr. Melgard owns a fine motion picture camera and buys from time to time films of some educational value. Then he calls in his youngsters, tells them to invite their friends, and a big time is had by all.

* * *

Sorry, R. P., that we can't find out anything about Blue Steele since he left KMOX some weeks ago. Can anybody help?

* * *

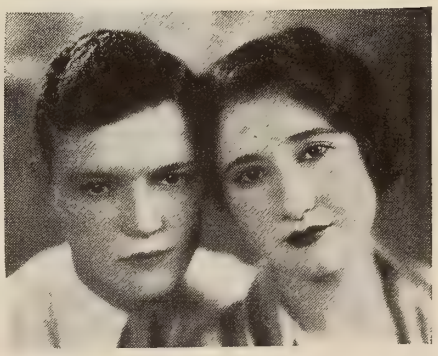
Here they are, the "Singing Redheads." You wouldn't guess to look at their picture that this harmony team at KMOX had hated each other heartily not so long ago.

About two years ago Dorothy Aggas and Melvin Wilkerson were being featured as soprano and tenor soloists in a Tulsa Radio station. Dorothy, just turned seventeen, had come back from New York where she had been studying with Louis Graveure. Radio was a new field to her, and proved so fascinating that she decided to give up her cherished ambition, an operatic career, for Radio work. Melvin, known to musical circles of Tulsa from the time that he was twelve years old, had grown a little weary of vaudeville trouping. He too was attracted to Radio singing.

But Dorothy couldn't see much in Melvin, and Melvin felt the same way about her. They went about snubbing each other until they were persuaded into trying harmony singing. Their voices blended so well that they were put on programs as harmony singers. That was the beginning.

There was room on the staff at KMOX for a harmony team and Dorothy and Melvin went to St. Louis, tried out, and were successful.

People always want to know if they really have red hair and if they are related. Well, they have red hair and as for being related—they aren't yet. But rumor has it they've been going around looking at apartments. . . .



* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

The Ideal Menu Requires

AN ATTRACTIVE SALAD

Food Expert Says Salad Should Be Artistic as Well as Palatable and Outlines Wide Variety of Uses

By Evelyn Gardiner
Director KDKA Home Forum



Here's the proper set-up for a correctly served buffet luncheon in the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh. Miss Evelyn Gardiner is serving a salad to Miss Josephine Gibson, Home Economics Director of the H. J. Heinz Company. Mrs. Florence Harding, assistant to Miss Gardiner, is serving chicken a la king.

WHAT infinite possibilities there are to delight the palate and the eye in an artistic looking salad. No salad achieves the true heights of success unless it appeals both to the palate and to the eye. No salad should merely satisfy the taste. No one wishes to eat an unattractively prepared salad no matter how good it may taste.

Each person has, no doubt, her own mental picture of a tempting salad. Does your mental picture include perhaps a glass bowl or a plate of crisp, fresh lettuce? And on the lettuce there should be a dainty, attractive, colorful mixture such as sliced tomatoes, green peppers and cucumbers which are so delicious at this season of the year. This is but one picture of a salad. It may be prepared at the table by the hostess who mixes the French dressing with the salad green and serves her family and guests. Each mouthful is a delight and the salad is more quickly prepared than when arranged in the kitchen.

What makes a salad? First, the salad green must be carefully selected at the market. This should be fresh and free from bruises. Lettuce is still the most popular salad plant, but other leaves may be used to add variety in flavor and appearance. Watercress, endive, dandelion, cabbage and romaine are very excellent greens.

Salad greens should be served crisp, dry and cold. Break the leaves apart carefully. Water running over the head will open up the inner leaves. Wash each leaf thoroughly in cold water and let stand for a few minutes in a bowl of water containing pieces of cracked ice. Another way to make greens crisp is to shake the water from them and wrap in a damp towel or waxed paper, or place them in a covered glass jar and set in the refrigerator. When ready to use, shake the water from them and pat the leaves gently in a soft cloth to absorb the remaining moisture.

Another thing to consider in the arranging of a salad is the plate on which a salad is to be served. It should first be cold. In fact, to make a perfect salad everything used in its preparation should be cold. An attractive plate adds much to the effect. This may be china or glass, but in the summer there is nothing more suitable than a glass salad plate. Colored glass combines well with the colors used in the salad.

A salad is an appetizer. To be a true appetizer it must be prepared to tempt the appetite. A salad is easily overdone. We may make it too elaborate and fussy. The simpler salads are generally the most beautiful. To make it look its best, great care must be taken as to the arrangement. The kind of plate used, the bed or green, ingredients, dressing, accompaniments and other foods served at the meal must be considered. In this respect a salad is like a picture. It takes more than one color to make a picture. The harmonious blend and the right use of several colors in the hands of the artist make the picture. The kind of plate used is as important as the picture frame. The foods served with a salad are as important to give your salad the right setting as the furniture in your living-room to show off a picture to the best advantage.

WHAT is more delicious or easier to serve than a salad prepared at the table? Have a bowl of crisp lettuce leaves before you. To your right place vinegar and oil cruets, salt and pepper shakers, paprika and any other seasonings desired. If you have a large salad spoon, mix one tablespoonful of oil and one teaspoonful of vinegar together in the spoon. Add a dash of pepper, salt and paprika. Mix these together with a fork and add slowly to the leaves. Toss them lightly until each leaf is moistened with dressing. Mix another spoonful and add until the lettuce is sufficiently dressed. You may add sliced fresh vegetables if you wish. This method is what the French call "fatiguing" a salad.

There are many other ingredients used in preparing a salad. Almost any cooked or uncooked food may be used in a salad. There is a salad for every occasion. The meat, fish, cheese and egg salads are the most substantial and may be served as the main course of a luncheon or supper. In summer we prefer cold foods. The meat or fish may be mixed with celery, pickles, or olives to give a good blend

(Continued on page 69)

Former Boss *of* Amos *and* Andy

JUDITH WALLER of WMAQ, Chicago,

Pioneer in Broadcasting, Began in 1922

By GARNETT L. ESKEW

WE ARE none of us so high up in the world but that we have a boss. Amos and Andy are no exception to the general rule, you may be sure.

Until their recent hook-up with the NBC network these tworenownedblackface comedians acknowledged as their boss the boss of station WMAQ, Chicago. And the boss of WMAQ is one of the pioneers of Radio broadcasting. Not that that word "pioneer" implies, in this case, any great age. It doesn't; Radio is such a youngster (a mere babe in swaddling clothes) among our industries, that one need not be more than a youngster himself to have pioneered in it.

If you mount up by elevator to the studio of WMAQ atop the fine new home of the Chicago Daily News, expecting to find the boss of the station a quick, snappy, up-to-the-minute business man, you will be disappointed. For the boss of WMAQ, the former boss of Amos and Andy, is a lady. Emphatically a lady. You are aware of that the moment you clap eyes upon her. Her voice is low and vibrant as a fiddle string. There are just the proper number of laughter lines about her mouth to denote an overgrown sense of humor and still make you fully aware that she is seriously interested in the business in hand. The kindly twinkle in her otherwise serious eyes enhances this first impression you get of her.



Miss Judith Waller, station manager, WMAQ, the former boss of Amos and Andy.

Back in the dark ages—that is, back in 1922 (and how very long ago that seems to so many of us who are engaged in Radio work) the vast potentialities of Radio were just beginning to be grasped; broadcasting as a regular and permanent activity had not yet come about. In Chicago there was one lone station—KYW. In New York there were one or two. But on a certain fine Spring morning in that same year of grace 1922, Mr. A. W. Strong, owner of the Chicago Daily News, called up Judith Waller, then in the advertising business, and said:

"We've taken over a Radio station and are going to broadcast programs. We want you to come over and take charge of it."

"But I don't know anything about Radio, Mr. Strong," she protested.

He may have replied to his: "I wouldn't know one if it bit me on the foot. But come over anyway."

And so, with no little trepidation, and considerable uncertainty, Miss Waller came over and took charge of station WMAQ (only there wasn't really any station there then and it was called station WGU. A terrific task faced her—that of organizing a program, the outlining of a policy, the securing of the services of artists (for which there was at that time no appropriation to pay), the announcing and introducing of the artists as they went on the air, the handling of all correspondence.

"In short," said Miss Waller, in a recent conversation with me, "it was a one-man station and that one man was *me*. I had a great many disadvantages to labor under, but also there were many advantages. For example, I had no precedents to follow; there weren't any. I had no one to take orders from and could put upon the air whatever program I thought best, provided I could get it. The disadvantage was that—there being no precedents to follow—I had to create them. And, working in a new field, creating precedents is a pretty ticklish job.

"The first thing to do obviously was to get artists to supply the entertainment. That meant going to all the musicians and public speakers and stage people in Chicago and getting them to come in solely on the chance for publicity there was in it. But they took to it like ducks to water. Our first artist

(Continued on page 90)

OUT *of the* AIR
HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

A Worthy Object!

NOW this is what we call a worthy object! Lee Spiker, Route 1, Casey, Iowa, sends in the two following incidents, which actually occurred, with the announcement that he hopes to win enough from them to subscribe for a year to Radio Digest! Perhaps he'll be successful at that. You never can tell:

"After having the battery of my Radio charged recently, I was trying to bring in the Henry Field Seed Company Station—KFNF—but could not get them. My four-year-old youngster piped up with the following logical explanation: 'Maybe Henry's busy now, Daddy, and can't answer. I heard him say that this was a very busy year!'

"A few nights after that Buddy was playing with his ball and it rolled under the library table. He stooped down to pick it up and gave his little head a terrific bump against the table. Just at the same moment Henry Field spoke up out of the loud speaker: 'Hit him again!' Buddy straightened up at once and said fiercely: 'He better not hit me again!'"

* * *

She Wanted All that was Coming

It was little Amy's first visit to Church. After the collection had been taken she stood up in her seat, repeating, "I want to see it! I want to see it!"

"Hush, dear," whispered her mother a trifle fiercely, "what is it you wish to see?"

"The monkey," responded Amy. "I've heard the organ and they've taken up the pennies. Now I want to see the monkey!" —*Maude I. Jones, Locke, N. Y.*

* * *

Why the String was Wanted

Mr. May of KMA, Shenandoah, Pa., was announcing the other night and said:

"I have a letter from a customer in Broken Bow, Neb., ordering 100 pounds Binding Twine . . . Must be going to mend that broken bow!"—*Mrs. P. H. Miller, Pershing, Iowa.*

* * *

Hot Stuff!

"While listening to WPEN Wednesday evening," writes Edna Katzmar, of 217 E. Edgewood Ave., Andalusia, Pa., "I heard a very hot one. The announcer of that station said: 'I take great pleasure in announcing Mr. Burns, chief of the fire department.'"

* * *

Slip-ups that Ruth Heard

"I AM sure everyone enjoys your portion of the Radio Digest," writes Ruth Adams, 487 Rosslyn Ave., Akron, Ohio. "We all hear amusing things and I think it is a worthwhile idea to swap yarns each month.

"Smiling Ed. McConnell was singing, 'I Want to Go Back to Michigan,' at WTAM one evening. 'I want to go back—I want to go back, I want to go back on the farm—Far away from harm—with a milk pail on my arm'—He paused here and said: 'Doggone it, I don't know whether I want to or not. I was raised on a farm and I'll be blamed if I want to go back and be a valet to a durned cow.'

"One evening I was listening to KWKH, Shreveport, about 3 a.m. They were evidently broadcasting from the town studio. They played the usual sign-off recording and then the announcer said: 'We'll pull the switch and go home.' But no one at the trasmitter pulled the switch.

"'All right out at the transmitter?' Not a sound. Then followed phonograph records and after each one the announcer would try to get it across to the transmitter that it was time to stop. Finally in desperation the announcer said: 'Well, all O. K. at the transmitter, it's time to quit and go to bed!'

"Then came the reply accompanied by a yawn: 'I'll say it is, I'm getting sleepy.' I think he had a pretty good nap to start with.

"One thing which amuses me is the way some of the announcers at WTAM, Cleveland, say: 'We will take you to *our* New York studios'; while other stations say: 'We will join the N.B.C. chain,' or 'your next program comes to you from the New York studio of the National Broadcasting company.' When WTAM owns a New York studio will be plenty of time to talk about it!

"Russel B. Wise in announcing for the Sunday afternoon concerts of the WTAM Concert Orchestra always says: 'The next number on the Sunday Afternoon Pop Concert.'"

Thus the individual indiosyncrasies of announcers as well as artists—are heard and heeded.

* * *

Nuggets from Niagara Nell

A LADY in Niagara Falls, N. Y., who uses "Niagara Nell" as her pen name, sends us the following rollicking verses which we liked the moment we clapped our eyes on 'em. We'd like to send the lady in question a check for the rhymes—not a large check, it is true, but a check nevertheless—and if she, on reading this page, will send us her correct name and address the check will reach her in due course.

The Zero Hour. . . . DX Impossible.

You tune in a local station
  For your favorite hook-up. You've got
An announcer whose flair
Is to clutter the air
  With time signals, ads and what-not.

You wait, and you wait, and you wait!
  (The while missing a program that's good.)
At last he comes to
That New York is your due!
  Could you kill him? . . . Boy! I'll say you could!

Perhaps that is enough to show you that

I AM A FAN

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A crabbed, rabid, Radio fan!

I like what I like,
  What I don't. . . . I despise!
I rave, and I rant,
  And I oft eulogize!
I write, and I rhyme,
  I praise, and applaud;
Spoiling no one,
  Sparing no rod!
For I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A rabid, crabbéd, Radio fan!

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A monastic, enthusiastic, Radio fan!

I give up society,
  I stick to my set:
"Can't miss this program,
  Bound to please, you can bet!"
I answer no bells.
  When a pet program's on;
It's my loudspeaker
  My attention's upon!
For I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
  A monastic, enthusiastic, Radio fan!

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A diurnal, nocturnal, Radio fan!

I hear all the best
  And some worst on the air;
Turning a dial
  For my ears' bill-of-fare;
I grin, and I groan,
  I laugh, and I sigh,
I live a great life
  Just because I—

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A diurnal, nocturnal, Radio fan!

—*"Niagara Nell."*

* * *

Fill-up-my-can, the Great Pure Food Expert!

While hearing WOR, I heard the announcer reading the program resumé. All went well until he came to the part which caused me to write this letter:

"And at ten," he proceeded in that familiar, deeptoned voice, "we will have the pleasure of listening to that foremost of pure food experts, Philip McCann." Which, in itself, does not sound exactly humorous, but when the announcer desired to give the word "pure" a French accent or something so it sounded like "poor," maybe you can give vent to laughter.—*Algird Truska, 196 New York avenue, Newark, N. J.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contribution to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than Sept. 1, 1930.

To a Daily Feature of KLZ at Denver

Arriving home, the days work done,
Music of restful tone I crave.
I tune in stations one by one,
Searching the air for pleasing wave.

Harsh dance hall music irritates
Instead of soothing nerves to rest:
And on a tired mind it grates,
Already worried and oppressed. . . .

I hear a deep-toned organ play
Slow, quiet music; rambling on
From air to air with rhythmic sway
That bids my worries all begone.

A violin, with vesper hymn,
Gives sweet vibrating melody;
The organ, as a background dim,
Plays on—a gentle rhapsody.

Then a contralto, clear and low,
With violin and organ blends,
Together merging in a flow
Of mellow sound that peace attends.
—"Box Car George."

* * *

"Now, Dad, You Old Fool!"

I was listening in to a ball game at WMBH, Joplin, Mo., and the announcer had his baby near the mike. While waiting for the next report he said to someone in the studio:

"Who is the biggest fool in the world?" Just at that time the baby said: "Daddy." —Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Carterville, Mo.

* * *

More Slip-Ups

The following two stories are real, just as they were received from the loud speaker, and the date of reception:

N. B. C. chain broadcast from KVOO, Sept. 24, 1928, Senator Borah's speech. Just before introducing the Senator the announcer's voice came from the loud speaker in a loud whisper:

"Whew, that mike weighs a ton!"

Time, January, 1930. Jimmy Wilson and his Catfish String Band broadcasting from the banks of old Polecat Creek, by remote control through KVOO.

Jimmy had been telling us what a fine night it was to fish from the banks of Old Pole Cat Creek, while we were wrapped in an army blanket sitting by the stove trying to keep from freezing!

As his parting words told us we would "now be transferred to the studio at Tulsa," the operator didn't respond immediately and Jimmy's voice came hurtling out of the loud speaker,

"Hell, why don't some of you guys stir up the fire. I'm half froze to death!"—*A. C. Arnold, R. 4, North Topeka, Kan.*

* * *

All for the Lack of a Little Punctuation

While listening to KYFR, Bismarck, N. D., I heard the following:

The announcer was advertising the possibilities of Radio, without pause. "Send for your free copy of our booklet" Rich Rewards in Radio "sent free to you without any obligation to us or you, "Some Day You Will Be Sorry" a Victor recording.—E. G. Surguy, 112 Cathedral avenue E, St. Johns, Winnipeg, Canada.

* * *

KOMO, Seattle, has a morning program which begins with part of "The Rustle of Spring," played by Miss Mary Spear, staff accompanist. One morning recently, Stan Spiegle, genial announcer, must have been feeling too gay to stay within the prescribed bounds. At the close of the preceding program he said, "Alright, Mary, you rustle and I'll spring." A dead silence for one startled second, then the piano started, and Stan turned to the microphone with a chuckle and took the listening world into his confidence; "I nearly got killed for that one!"—*Miss Mary E. Hosken, Alderwood Manor, Washington.*

Hard on Baby!

Found the following in my Radio scrapbook. I don't recall the station from whence it came, but it has to do with the proper care of the baby:

"When the baby gets done drinking, it should be unscrewed and placed under cold water. If the baby does not thrive on this, it should be boiled."—Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

A few days ago I heard a direct advertiser and seller giving his listeners the "low-down" on his merchandise. Said he:

"Friends, don't buy shirts manufactured in the East; they make them so skimpy when you bend over the tail flies out—*and there YOU are!* Ours are made near home, and are 36 inches long. If you buy one of our shirts and the tail flies out, when you bend over, just take it off, fire it back to us, and it won't cost you a cent. We will send you one of these shirts and a pair of overalls for only $1.95.—*Ethel Sopher, New Providence, Iowa.*

P. S. The incident above came over the air from station KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Turning the Dials

Hello world, how are you?
Hogs!! up two points!!
The next song will be a dance—
Bump de bump te da da
Or what ever it is Helen Kane sings
Come dance through the tulips with me
If you need an ambulance call Bla Bla 6100
Jessie Enough will now sing a buutiful soprano solo
Miss Goo Goo will tell you how to keep house
The Goofy quartette will warble
A cottage for sale
I won't go home until morning
Are you for or against prohibition? Yes!!
Bed Time Story—

Rhea Sheldon, 1809 E. Seventy-Third St., Kansas City, Mo.

A Quite Impossible She

I loved Miss Anastacia Brown
A whole lot more than I could tell her.
I surely thought, in all the town,
She loved me more than any feller.
I went to see her every night
And on the porch, screened in from sight,
I told her many a tender thing
And hinted at a diamond ring.

I took her candy, pound on pound,
And every week I sent around
Some flowers from the florist shop
But now, by gosh, that's goin' to stop!
I hired a car and took her out
Through all the country round about,
And every restaurant thrived upon
My pocketbook. But now that's done.

She said she loved the radio
To cheer her lonely hours and so
I plunked down all my ready cash
To buy her one . . . and WAS I rash?
I'll say I was, I wish I had
My money back again, bedad!
If once again I get some means
I'll keep 'em right here in my jeans!

She always was so sweet to me!
We never dealt in foolish fusses.
Oh awful femininity,—
All women are ungrateful cusses!
They're all alike—oh hear my moans!—
Cantankerous and wild and funny. . . .
That dern girl's married Ezry Jones,
A stingy chap that saved his money.
—Quarrier Bickers, 615 Jefferson Ave. % Pitman, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Paul Whiteman is a huge success
Say advertisements in the press;
And that is true, I guess,—oh boy!
If measured just by avoirdupois!
(Signed) In-di-gest

What Kind of Film?

We thought the following, heard over CFRB last Tuesday by the Melody Boys, was very good:

Lon: Say, Art, did you know that Amos 'n' Andy are going to make a film?
Art: They can't do that!
Lon: Why Not?
Art: Because Pepsodent removes the film.—*Mrs. J. Feather, R. R. No. 4, Galt, Ont., Canada.*

* * *

What! Affectionate Pies?

EARL MAY of KMA, Shenandoah, Ia., told of a pie made mainly of goo and crust. I believe he called them Goo-Goo pies. One of his pupils in country school said: "No, Mr. May, they's not Goo-Goo pies, they's Affectionate pies."

"Affectionate pies," asks Mr. May. "What do you mean?"

"Well, the top crust hugs the bottom crust."—Miss Frances E. Cherry, 605 Logan street, Wayne, Neb.

* * *

A Long Time to Wait

While listening to one of the now-defunct O-Cedar programs on a Sunday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System, the announcer, Gates Porter, said:

"As our next number, our tenor, Mr. Jackson, will sing 'A Year from Today.'" —*Alan E. Smith, 1639 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.*

* * *

Mary and Her Lamb and Other Things

Mary had a little lamb . . .
You've heard this tale before.
But did you know she passed her plate
And had a little more?
And that she ate some pumpkin pie,
Onions and apple sauce? . . .
Now Mary fears she's going to die
And wonders what's the cause!

J. E. Steever, South Shorre Arms Hotel, Chicago.

Voice of the Listener

Now We'll Tell One!

Why not have a contest for the most **unpopular** station in the country? For every one subscriber lost you would gain nine more.

"The Radio Broadcast" conducted one three years ago. Go to it! And you will have the hottest contest you have ever had. And it will be fair, too, because no station will be broadcasting for votes; neither will they collect coupons. —"Humpty Dumpty."

* * *

We've Got "It"

Just finished reading my first "Radio Digest," and talk about a good magazine, it has got "It." I've read lots of Radio magazines but "Radio Digest" has 'em all beat.

The pictures and the writeups of the Radio stars are just what I've been trying to find in a magazine. I've read every article and enjoyed everything in it.

I hope in the future you will publish some of Floyd Gibbons' talks; I'd rather listen to him than anyone on the air. "Believe It or Not." I bet he would be great broadcasting a football game or a boxing match.

I think "The Voice of the Listener" column is great. I'd like to become a member. I can't wait for the next issue of Radio Digest. Wishing your magazine lots of luck.—Joe Dzilsky, Baytown, Texas.

* * *

Write to WIL, Billie

I'm a regular reader of your Radio magazine and like it the best of all magazines and I just can't wait until I get the next one as it is up to the minute with news. I am a Radio fan and would love to get some of WIL Radio stars' pictures, one like that popular singer Bobby Stubbs, Jack Coleman or Billy Lang. I would be more than glad to read or to get their pictures and many more friends would too. I would appreciate very much if it would be possible.—Miss Billie Lutz, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Floyd Draws One More Vote

Somehow I overlooked an article in "Advance Tips" about Floyd Gibbons in your April issue.

I thought I had read every item in the magazine, but I missed **it.** Yes, indeed, do try and persuade Mr. Gibbons to write for the Radio Digest, as he surely is a "superman." But don't put off till tomorrow what can be done today or someone else will get ahead of you. Simply to advertise the fact that he is going to write every month will increase the sales of the R. D. many times. That's the reason why I took the magazine just to get acquainted with that wonderful speciman of manhood. What a voice! It commands the attention of old and young—it is thrilling. Mostly all other voices seem flat—no magnetism. His voice is like a tonic. When you feel weary and listen in, it braces you up. I am afraid, though, you will be too late, judging from his talks, he is longing to fly off into God's pure outdoor life, into the hills and the dales, the lakes and the rivers are calling him and he will respond before long. He must be tired, but no one knows it from his merry chatter. Do the best you can. If we can look forward to an article in the fall issue, that will keep our courage up. He is my favorite on the Radio, and hundreds in town here share my opinion.—Jessie R. Horton.

* * *

One More Vote for Rudy

I saw an article in the Radio Digest in regard to Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

I never fail to listen to Rudy Vallee when he broadcasts and have also heard Will Osborne.

Although there is some similarity in the two, Rudy is the best; his voice is much nicer and I like his orchestra the best.

Anyone who has heard the two broadcast very much would never mistake Will Osborne for Rudy Vallee. There is only one Rudy and there never will be one to equal him.

He has the most restful voice and the sweetest tone I have ever heard over Radio. His programs are the very best on the air.

I have seen his two talking pictures, "The Vagabond Lover" and "Campus Sweethearts," and I think he is marvelous.—Mrs. Verna Geidiman, 1109 N. 7th St., Niles, Mich.

* * *

Shades of highbrow aristocracy! What was Lucy Barrett doing in such an audience of old fogies and people who had not sense enough to appreciate real humor!

Seems to me that as there are millions of both old and young fogies who deeply enjoy "Amos n' Andy" there must be some humor in it. As for their darky dialect I think, since Amos was born in Richmond, Va., he would have some slight idea of darky talk, much more than one living in the rarified air of "cultured" Chicago.

Perhaps if their talk were punctuated with a few automatics or machine guns, Lucy would feel more at home and could even smile a few.

Here's to "Amos n' Andy," the dearest and most entertaining couple on the air!—Mrs. C. A. Carenbauer, Elm Grove, W. Va.

* * *

Ballyhoo Broadcasting

Through the loud speaker we hear a great deal these days regarding the chain store menace.

The writer personally is opposed to the methods of the chain stores and realizes that if they continue to expand, ultimately the independent dealer will either have to do likewise or close out and possibly some day will be working for the chain.

There will always be opportunities for the independent merchant to go into the chain store business, or if he prefers he can at any time buy stock in practically any of the large chain store companies, if he thinks it a good investment.

There is no doubt but what the chain stores have put many independent merchants out of business through their unscrupulous methods, but as yet they have not been given an exclusive franchise to do business where they see fit to locate.

There seem to be some broadcasting stations in this country that have been granted that exclusiveness. In this Middle West we are all very familiar with WNAX at Yankton, S. D.; KMA at Shenandoah, Ia.; KFNF at Shenandoah, Ia.; WAAW at Omaha, Neb.,. and KMMJ at Clay Center, Neb.

Strange to say, the first three stations named were in the seed and nursery business before they established their broadcasting stations. Now those are just seasonable items.

They sell automobile tires, tubes, wearing apparel, dried fruits, canned goods, coffee, paint and many other items.

Does the listener ever investigate with his home merchant before wiring his order? The people that wire their orders are those who like to hear their name mentioned over the air when the order is acknowledged.

Our population being so much greater than during P. T. Barnum's time, his theory of a fool being born every minute would be too slow for today.

Being forced to listen to their programs while in restaurants and hotels, I have wished they would start selling meals over the air.

WHO at Des Moines, which the large majority considered the best station in this Middle West and one we could always listen to without interference, was forced by the federal Radio commission to divide time with WOC at Davenport.

They were put on a wave band making it impossible for us to receive their program after night, and WNAX at Yankton, S. D., "the direct selling station," enjoys their former wave length.

When Station KGDY at Oldham, S. D., which is being moved to Huron, S. D., asked for an increase of from 15 to 100 watts, the federal Radio commission granted it, but advised that South Dakota was using its allotment, as though the 1,000-watt WNAX at Yankton is of any benefit to the people within the state.

The retail merchants' associations and the jobbers of Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota have shown a weakness by not protesting this exclusive privilege of direct selling over the air.

This also applies to such associations and jobbers anywhere in the United States of America where this condition exists.

* * *

Observations of Radio Listener

It appears that the sponsors of nearly all Radio programs delegate to a master of ceremonies the arrangement of the features composing the items for broadcast, and they frequently invite the listener to write signifying whether he is pleased with their efforts to entertain.

It no doubt often happens that the appropriation made by the sponsor is a serious handicap to the success of the endeavor. During the first years of Radio broadcasting, music—both instrumental and vocal—was the principal factor. Today we appear to be entering upon a new epoch, and the spoken word is fast becoming an important part of the programs, and it seems that the real success or failure of the art of Radio entertainment by method of speech will depend largely upon several new elements.

In the past, music, from an entertainment standpoint, has been considered as the only element which, divorced from sight, could be successfully used.

Since the advent of Radio, with its rapid strides toward universal use, an attempt is being made to introduce a variety of "talkie" programs, and here we arrive at the point where constructive criticism begins.

Because of the fact that nearly all Radio reception is at the home and in an average small room, it becomes essential that the person speaking before the microphone shall have a clear conception of the environment which surrounds his listeners.

If he were present we doubt if he would indulge in loud and boisterous language. He would modulate his voice. If he would realize that it is by the sense of hearing alone that his listeners are being entertained, he would seldom, if ever, resort to mimicry, which is so largely dependent upon synchronizing sight and hearing for its success.

If he could fully realize how impossible it seems to be for the average operator of the receiving set to regulate the volume of tone, he would be very particular that his enunciation and articulation was clear, his speech natural as in ordinary conversation, thereby making it easy and pleasant for the listener to hear and understand all that is said.

In all dialogue the parties before the microphone must remember that each is a principal—that all continuity is destroyed when the words of one of them cannot be understood. It is especially important that all words of foreign origin or in dialect shall be uttered very slowly and very clearly; otherwise the listener is confused and often loses the very essence of the subject matter.

Too many of the "actors" before the microphone seem to be chosen because of their past experience on the stage where costume, movement and setting play a more important part than the spoken word, but on the Radio all extraneous assistance is eliminated. The audience is entertained (or otherwise) through its ability to hear and understand. The continuity must never break, and the "actor" must forever forget stage stuff, applying all his efforts at entertainment to good plain spoken words.

It is seldom admissible, and far from entertaining, for the announcer to indulge in extemporaneous remarks during the performance. Such an act would not be allowed in the theater or concert hall.

The sponsor's advertising, to be effective, should be concise, informative and spoken in gracious words.—Chas. E. Carter, 318 Cal-Wayne Bldg., Fort Wayne, Ind.

* * *

Announcers Should Be Careful

Last evening, about 9 p. m., I had a station with call letters KU-KU at about 310 meters. They announced several times very plainly, but did not state where located, and I have not been able to locate these call letters in any late list of call letters. I would like to know if there is such a station and where located.—Joseph A. Miller, Box 15, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

* * *

All Right, Send Us Some Good Pictures

Your magazine is very interesting and I enjoy it, but I have a grouch which I would like to air. Why can we not have pictures and dope on announcers and staff of the Eastern stations? If you will notice you will see that there is scarcely anything about our Boston stations or even the New York stations. It seems to me the pictures are all of Western and Middle Western stations. I would like to see and know things about the staff at WEEI, WNAC, WBZ, WGY, WEAF, WJZ, WABC and WHAP.

Another grievance: I am interested in Amos and Andy, but I certainly do not see why we have to see the same pictures and the same material on them over and over. Every month I think, "Surely this is the last article they can possibly use" and every month I am disappointed. I can't see why you do it unless the Pedsodent people make it very agreeable to you. A. and A. are so famous by now that we cannot pick up a magazine or paper without seeing some reference to them. Honestly, I do think you are overdoing the thing and making us all lose patience with our favorite Radio magazine.—Frances R. Upton, Flying Loon Lake, Chesham, N. H.

A Few Constructive Suggestions

Having been a Radio fan for several years, and one who is a reader of your most valuable and entertaining Radio magazine, I want to say I greatly appreciate your efforts in trying to give the Radio fan what he wants in the field of Radio news through the medium of the Digest. If suggestions are not out of order, may I suggest the following for the good and benefit of the Digest and its readers, for a still better Digest, etc.:

Give us more news of independent stations, and less of chains. I believe the independent station has a greater majority of boosters and enthusiasts than the chains.

Publish news of the activities of the Radio commission, and when important changes are to be made at the stations.

Stop so much fiction, and give more space to Radio. You should publish Radio exclusively.

Give us more news of the stations which broadcast "sacred programs."

Why not have a contest on chain and independent stations, to see which is the most popular and more beneficial?

To the NBC and CBS Broadcasting Companies: May I say in behalf of thousands of listeners, yes, millions, and for the good of our great country, why not stop commercializing the Sabbath Day with your commercial programs, at least part of them? This is called a "Christian country." May I also say to Elsie Robinson, who wrote the article, "Where Do We Go Now?" in the March Radio Digest, this would dumbfound any broad-minded person. She needs to read the "Book of Books" (the Bible) and abide by its teaching.—Franklin Day, Sergent, Ky.

* * *

A Coon-Sanders Club Recruit

There was a letter in the March issue of Radio Digest asking for information about a Coon-Sanders' club. There is one, or rather a program in which they are featured. The program comes on every Saturday night at 12 o'clock sharp and lasts until 2:15, or sometimes maybe later. I agree with that letter-writer about Coon-Sanders' orchestra. —Claudene Arnold, Commerce, Texas.

* * *

All Fed-Up on Vallee

Many thanks for not having pictures of Rudy Vallee in last issue, it was a relief to get a magazine and not see his face all over it. I believe we are all getting fed up on Rudy's playing and that everlasting sweet sugar coated singing. He has no voice and he can't play saxophone any better than lots of others. He is just a conceited boob. He is most disgusting, ugliest snob in New York. Let's have more about the two best orchestras on the air, Coon-Sanders' Night Hawks and Vincent Lopez. They are really artists, and how they can play. I enjoyed both interviews this last month with both of these artists. Bet lots of fans agree with me in regard to Rudy or they would if they ever saw him. Don't let his ugly face get in your wonderful book only when you have to. Best luck to all of you.—Mrs. Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.

* * *

Please give us a write-up and picture of Edward Thorgson, as millions love his big cheery voice with a punch to it. Also John S. Young—he is fine. Also Thomas Green, Jr. We get so much thrill out of Eastern announcer's voices over the NBC. If the General Electric gave us some old time music and songs they would be much better liked out West. Radio Digest is the finest Radio book on the market.—Jennie Whitfield, Fontana, Calif.

* * *

WLAC Interferes at Bluffs, Illinois

I would like to call your attention to station WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. Almost every evening, from six o'clock to six-thirty, p. m., C. S. T., some minister from the Central Church of Christ in Nashville, with a voice on him like "Andy," puts on what he calls, "A Twilight Service." And I checked him up from March 3 to March 8, inclusive, and he put this service on without an announcement or, in other words, telling his station or giving the call letters. As I understand this, it is a hook-up with WSM, and on the 8th of March, when he "signed off," he forgot to tell us who he was or to give his call letters. And I doubt it very much if he is staying within his 1490 kilocycles, for, when he comes on the air at six oclock, p. m., he certainly puts every other station out of commission on my set from 10 to 45 on my dial. I am not bothered at any other time—only from six o'clock until 6:30 p. m. The following stations are put out of commission at this time: KTBS, WCBS, WCKY, WFMB, WHK, WIBW, WJJD, WJKS, WKBS, WKBW, WMBD, WOWO, WREN, WRVA, WTAD, WTAM, WTNT, KFKB and WPG. Now this does not seem exactly fair to me, as there are nineteen stations that it is impossible to get as long as this bird is on the air from 6 to 6:30 p. m. I have checked up other Radio owners in my neighborhood and they all tell me the same thing. Even "a chain hook-up" by the NBC or the CBS will not come in at this time. Anything that can be done would certainly be appreciated by the Radio owners in this section.—E. A. Shore, Bluffs, Illinois.

* * *

Is Lucy a Negress?

The writer was amused at the letter from Lucy Barrett, Chicago, published in your April number, concerning Amos 'n' Andy. I lived for a considerable time in Georgia and have traveled nearly all the Southern states quite extensively and do not believe the criticism of the dialect Amos 'n' Andy use is justified. I am curious to know whether Lucy Barrett is a negress and therefore has a right to claim a better knowledge of their dialect than the many thousands of people throughout the United States who are "old fogies" enough to enjoy Amos 'n' Andy.—H. E. Simcoe, Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

Best and Cleanest Humor

I wish to compliment your magazine. The articles you printed about Amos 'n' Andy were very good. I hope you continue printing these articles in the coming issues.

Lucy Barrett says only people who haven't the sense to appreciate real humor listen to Amos 'n' Andy. Surely she hasn't much sense to appreciate real humor if she does not like Amos 'n' Andy. I and the majority of the people think it is the best and the cleanest humor ever heard over the Radio. So keep printing these articles.—(Miss) Leota Mitchler, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Thought They Were Negroes

In reading the April number of the Radio Digest, today, I noticed the comment on Amos 'n' Andy by Lucy Barrett, Chicago, which I think is an unjust criticism. I am living in N. C., right in the heart of negroes of all types and it was only since I read the Radio Digest for March that I was enlightened as to their color. I had listened in week after week and thought they were negroes, so I think I am a right fair judge of negro dialect, and to be truthful, I was disappointed when I found out they are white, although all the time I had a feeling they were too clever for negroes, of course, meaning Amos 'n' Andy. It is wonderful the way Amos can change his voice, and many an evening I have a hearty laugh, as I can picture the situation by placing some of these negroes I see around me day by day in the situation of Amos 'n' Andy. —Marion Bodey, Charlotte, N. C.

* * *

Not Sporting of WLS

WENR is absolutely the best station in the world, and I believe they have got enough friends to make them win the contest. I wish the Federal Radio Commission would give WLS a new channel and let WENR have full time on the air. I don't think WLS is acting very sportsmanlike in complaining about a "reduced schedule" all the time, they still have the most time on the air.—Mildred Pulliam, Sheridan, Ind.

* * *

You'll Have to Blame the Mails

I received my March Digest yesterday with an ugly crack clear across the beautiful cover, as I wrote before. Why can't you mail them flat? If you must fold them for mailing, fold the back cover inside, then I think there would be curve enough to the front cover so it wouldn't crack. I think those two pages of caricatures by Cugat are a disgrace to Radio Digest. That is all the fault I can find with it. I do enjoy it so much. The Paris girl on the March cover can't compare with our beautiful American girls on the other covers.—Grace M. Smith, Linden, N. Y.

* * *

WLS Broadcasts Blizzard

KOA, Denver, Colo., may bring in the rain, as I noticed in a Chicago paper, but WLS brought in the howl and whistle of the blizzard they had in Chicago Dec. 19 or 20, 1929, in perfect order, and it was proved that it was nothing from the station.—Mrs. C. L. Walton, Winston-Salem, N. C.

* * *

Wants Them on Earlier

I am enclosing nomination blank for Amos 'n' Andy. The children enjoy this program and 10:30 is rather late for them to stay up while going to school. Another reason is that warmer weather is coming, and going out driving in the evening it is rather early to get back home. I have talked to a number of people about this and they would also like to have this program broadcast at 6 o'clock. If you think it would have any influence with the Pepsodent Company, I could get a letter signed by a number of people, asking them if it would be possible to arrange this broadcast. I am sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Homer Hogan, manager-director KYW, and Mr. "Bill" Hay, "the man behind the guns," at WMAQ.—H. L. Mohler, Gary, Indiana.

* * *

Chicago Stations and Artists Overlooked

Having read so many eulogies to the various stations and announcers I am rather surprised that so little is said for the Chicago announcers by Chicago people.

For a year and a half WGN served our family fully 95 per cent of the time. We rarely used any other station. For sports and the like all the kings of NBC and CBS rolled into one can't hold a candle to our own Quin Ryan. He has more pep in three words than these others have in a whole mouthful. Pat Barnes is certainly there with his specialties also. For readings, speaking generally and vocal selections there is no one on the air that can beat John Stamford, and so, since John has gone to WCHI, why the time is much reversed. When WCHI is on the air this family is with it 100 per cent. The balance of the time is divided between all the other stations instead of given to WGN alone.—F. M. Baron.

* * *

Six Pages Too Much

. . . You have given six pages to Amos 'n' Andy (you may be paid for advertising them) and about twenty pages to fiction, cut them short and give us good articles about some of the real worth while folk, such as Phillipps H. Lord, Cheerio and even Ernie Hare and Billy Jones.

Poor Amos 'n' Andy will have to retire after the awful scald Lucy Barrett, of Chicago, gave them but you must know that everyone does not like their kind of entertainment. We sure are fed up on it after Jan., Feb., Mch. and April and now more in May.—E. F. Cooley, Manchester, Iowa.

* * *

Lucy Is "All Wet"

I hope you will tell Lucy Barrett what I think of her as a critic. She labels Amos 'n' Andy as not even "rank" entertainers. If this is correct, I wonder just what and who she would consider good entertainment.

I take it that this person is either an entertainer herself and therefore jealous, or an "old maid" who just can't see the funny side of anything. If she proves not to be an "old maid," but a young girl instead, she certainly must be a "wet blanket."

Now Amos 'n' Andy mean absolutely nothing but entertainment to me. But I surely enjoy them immensely and so do most other people of this community.

Also, I'm no kid and not know what I like and don't like.—Russel Brown, Lake Como, N. J.

* * *

An Unusual Request.

This is an unusual request that I am making and I hope that it is not too unusual.

I should like to exchange radio logs with any owner of a R. C. A. Radiola 33—1930 model—the numbers on the dial running from 0 to 100. I have several unusual stations and, of course, many common ones.

I am hoping that someone up North will wish to do this.—Virginia Roberts, 2218 Leon St., Austin, Texas.

* * *

What My Radio Set Means to Me

My Radio set keeps me ever conscious of the Almighty God in the universe. Its inspiring and instructive programs separate all evil from my thoughts of man and make me see him as a perfect being who comes to share his greatest talents, his holiest treasures.

It keeps my mental home a happy place, content with learning, intense with interest, harmonious with song.

It sends no message into the world that will not help, or cheer, or bless.

It has no aim but to make earth a fairer and better place to live.

My Radio set makes me rise each day into a higher sense of life.—Iva Cannon, 161 Ransom Ave., Lexington, Ky.

* * *

Another Vote for Amos and Andy

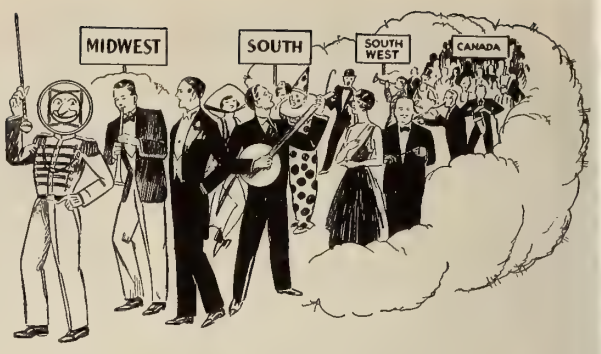
I can't understand your giving special center space to anyone that doesn't like Amos 'n' Andy. I wouldn't miss them for anything. One night a tube burned out on our set five minutes before time for them. I ran four blocks to a friend's house to hear them.

That's what I think of them. Anyone that doesn't like them is an old fogy without any sense of real humor. As for them imitating niggers, I am from the South. If I didn't know but what they were white I would not know any difference. If they weren't good, how come the niggers like them so well?

Lucy Barrett from Chicago, you've got lots to learn! Please put this in "Voice of Listeners." The Radio Digest is a wonderful magazine. I wouldn't miss it for anything!—Dixie Lee.



Here Comes the



PARADE of the STATIONS

Salute to Cities Continue

SALUTES to the Cities! . . . .

What a wealth of historical, industrial, civic and artistic beauty is contained in those words which, in the Radio world, have become very familiar these last few weeks! The idea of having a series of special programs to eulogize the various cities of the country—each program containing the music, the color, almost the atmosphere of the particular city being saluted on that day, could be possible only in a Radio age.

And the idea is so huge—so country-wide and international in its scope that only an organization of the size of Westinghouse could put it over with the proper finesse. The group of men mainly responsible for putting on the Salutes to the Cities is shown herewith.

The first of the city salutes was that to Chicago, which was broadcast on June 10 over NBC; and since then, every Tuesday at 8 p. m., there has been a similar salute to some one of America's leading cities. Musical scores and interesting vocal descriptions are used to interpret to the American Radio public the spirit, the "tone" of each city's flourishing industry, commerce and culture. Atlanta was the second city to come in for a salute from the American public. A schedule of several succeeding weekly salutes is printed with this article.

The Salutes to the Cities is the second series of salutes which Westinghouse has broadcast, the first being the "Salutes to the Industries" completed recently.

They are a unique and distinctive creation in the way of public entertainment, these salutes. Realizing that the nation as a whole is unaware of certain prestige and advantages peculiar to the several American cities, Westinghouse inaugurated the salute idea to make America conscious of the component parts of this vast commercial empire. Music was chosen as the medium for a very obvious and sound reason: music will do more to heighten the dramatic quality of each broadcast than any mere dull recital of statistical facts could do.

Westinghouse Salutes
Tentative Schedule

June 10	Chicago
June 17	Atlanta
June 24	Brick and Clay
July 1	St. Louis
July 8	Philadelphia
July 15	Cotton
July 22	Pittsburgh
July 29	Boston
Aug. 5	Grain Milling Industry
August 12	Cincinnati
August 19	Baltimore
August 26	Radio Dealers
Sept. 2	Minneapolis & St. Paul
September 9	New York



This is the staff of Radio and musical technicians who have arranged the nationwide salute to the cities — the special programs showing forth the contribution of the cities to America's industrial empire in vivid musical and descriptive programs. Left to right: Front row, Victor, Saudek, T. J. Vastine, Zeel Parenteau, orchestra directors. Standing: Mark Chisholm, W. J. Williams, Frederick G. Rodgers, Louis L. Kauffman, program directors and announcers.



Miss Hall Kane Clements, shown here, is an aviatrix of parts who conducts the Women's Aviation Hour every Saturday at 5 p. m., EST, over Station WABC, New York City, and CBS.

More About Lucy and Amos and Andy

By Mrs. Clayton Abbott Lane

WHAT a lot of indignation Lucy Barrett has stirred up! Tsk, tsk, tsk!!!

And how indignant do the Amos and Andy fans wax!! And all because one person *expresses her individuality* in print. Queer world, eh what? and "it takes all kinds!"

Just where would Radio be this very day if we all liked the same type of program? What a rut it would be in! Those who fan one particular program can't seem to understand another's antipathy for that same program.

Personally, I join the Lucy Barrett ranks for *not* liking Amos and Andy . . . but my reason is far different from hers. *The tone quality of the one who speaks in* the high voice is very distasteful to me . . . so much so that I can't enjoy the program because of it. Therefore, I never tune them in, even though their continuity is *ever* so good.

And, really, it's ever so amusing. When in conversations, the Amos and Andy topic arises, and one admits no liking for the program, one is immediately gazed upon as the *greatest curiosity* and *oddity* of the human race! What a kick I get out of those expressions (while the donors of such would like to

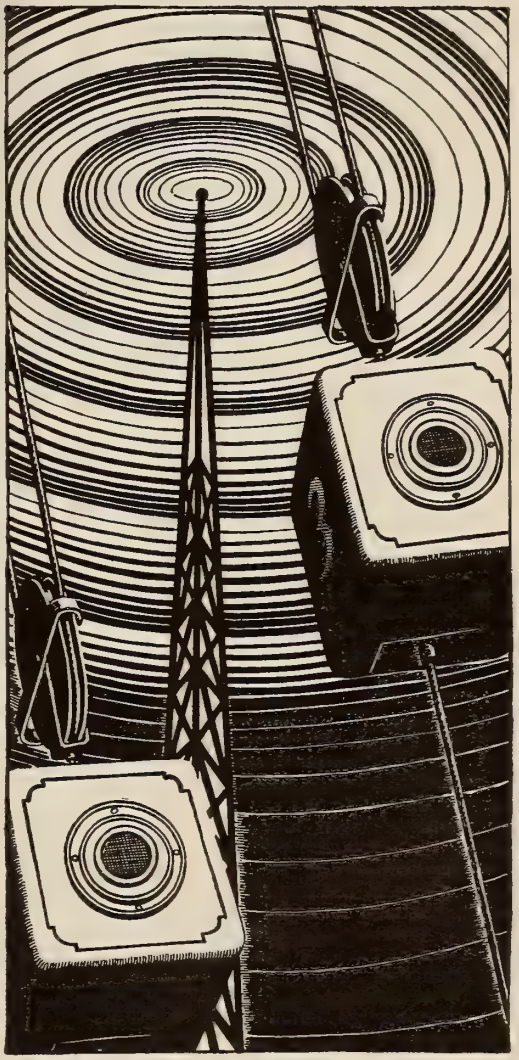
PIONEERS...
AND STILL LEADING

FOR YEARS the wavelengths of the Westinghouse Radio Stations have been favorite spots on radio dials throughout this country, as well as in foreign countries and remote parts of the world. Confirmed loyalty of listeners signifies acceptance and appreciation of the high standards of quality and character in Westinghouse programs.

Westinghouse contributions to radio have led the way consistently. First to broadcast play-by-play accounts of boxing, tennis, baseball, world series, football. First to broadcast church services, drama, theatrical performance, bedtime stories. First in international broadcasting with a special program to Great Britain, December 31, 1923, followed by a long successful history of programs to foreign countries and rebroadcasts of stations in Germany, England, France, Australia, Holland and others. Regular weekly programs to Arctic outposts, and to the Byrd Expedition in Antarctica.

Since the establishment of KDKA—"Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the World"—November 2, 1920, reliability and regularity have been watchwords of the Westinghouse stations. New transmitter, studios and equipment recently completed for KYW-KFKX. Revolutionary new transmitting station under construction for KDKA. Construction permit granted for new powerful transmitter for WBZ-WBZA.

Advertisers have been quick to utilize the facilities of the Westinghouse Stations, and present their many and varied entertaining programs to responsive audiences.



KDKA
PITTSBURGH
William Penn Hotel

WBZA
BOSTON
Hotel Statler

WBZ
SPRINGFIELD
Hotel Kimball

KYW-KFKX
CHICAGO

WESTINGHOUSE RADIO STATIONS
WILLIAM PENN HOTEL - PITTSBURGH

give me a real kick, most likely.)

My own favorite light program is the Nit-Wits. They are, in my opinion, the cleverest feature on the air today. And right there . . . what a difference there is between clever and funny! Cleverness isn't *always* funny!

I know several who simply cannot stand the Nit-Wits. They are just a pain in the neck to those listeners. And yet . . . I can't condemn their sense of humor just because it doesn't coincide with my own.

But to get back to Amos and Andy. Why don't Dennis Jones and Winifred Binder and the rest of the black-face fans take into consideration the wide diversity of humanity and its variety of personality? Instead of condemning those opposed to their particular point of view, let the opposition voice its opinion, without *personal* retaliation on their part. It's still more or less of a free country, . . . freedom of speech having been one of the foundations of our national constitution, Lucy is entitled to voice her disapproval of Amos and Andy with the same vehemence which the A. & A. fans voice their approval.

Everybody Broadcasts at Station WDEL

***By* Alvin C. Wise**

FOR YEARS Willard S. Wilson dreamed that some day he would be the owner of a broadcasting station. This was prior to 1920, the year his dream came true. That year he opened the first studio of Station WDEL, in Wilmington, Delaware, in his home. It was not an auspicious opening, but came at a time when Radio was making great forward strides.

For ten years Mr. Wilson has gathered together the pick of the city's talent and placed it on the air. As each year has passed, he has been rewarded; though, frequently, it was in a small way. Only one month ago, he was able to announce the opening of the station's new studios, where each day broadcast programs of eight to eleven hours are sent out on the ether waves.

Every employe of WDEL is not only an employe in the ordinary sense of the word, but also is capable of taking his or her turn before the "mike." The same can be said for Mr. Wilson. If an entertainer is not at the studio to go on the air at the appointed time, Mr. Wilson, even though he might be busy answering a telephone call, can politely excuse himself. Soon you will hear the announcer saying, "This is a program of popular and classical numbers played for you on the piano by Willard S. Wilson, president and manager of WDEL."

The personnel of the station includes: Miss Alyce Nichols, program director, who is also an accomplished musician and serves as accompanist ior many of the station's artists; Sanford Guyer, chief announcer, who is the two-time winner of the Atwater Kent Audition for Delaware and possesses a rich baritone voice; Miss Elizabeth Wooley, secretary, who is a soprano soloist. She and Miss Nichols do a "turn" for the Radio fans.

Harry Hickman, one of the remote control announcers, although only 22 years old, is the author of several short plays. He with other employes present dramatic sketches either listed on the regular program or to "just fill in." And besides, there is a regular staff of entertainers.

The entire force works unselfishly to build up the prestige of WDEL.



Gladys Beck of Station WCAO, Baltimore, despite her blindness, is a pianist of more than ordinary ability. She is shown here with Announcer Jack Hix.

Hectic Audition Period

***By* Monroe R. Upton**

ANNOUNCER—Good morning. Did you come for the auditions?

Lady—No, sir. I came for the tryouts.

Announcer—May I have your name?

Lady—Mrs. Woods.

Announcer—First name?

Lady—I was married to a Mr. Stone, but he neglected me terribly and—

Announcer—No, I mean your given name.

Lady—You want my given name?

Announcer—If you don't mind. I'm collecting them and when I get two thousand I win a solid nickel dessert bowl and a round trip ticket to Weed, California.

Lady—Ha, ha, ha, ha! I know who you are! I can't think of your name just now, but my cousin Charles, he's kind of queer, you know, he thinks you're just awful funny on the Radio. I don't have much time myself, but he listens to you all the time. I always say—

Announcer—Could I have your name now and we'll have a little chat later.

Lady—Alice is my first name.

Announcer—I see. And what do you do, Alice?

Lady—I'm not doing anything just now. Things is awful slow. I had a little work last week but—

Announcer—No, I mean in a musical way.

Lady—Oh, I sing.

Announcer—What will you sing?

Lady—Soprano.

Announcer—No, I mean what number?

Lady—Nobody gave me any number.

Announcer—What selection?

Lady—There are two things that I do rather well. "Rock of Ages" I do awfully well. Then, for something modern I sing "My Blue Heaven."

Announcer—I see. Then you sing "My Blue Heaven."

Lady—I only know the chorus. Is that all right? And is there somebody here to play for me?

Announcer—Yes, we have an accompanist.

Lady—I wonder if she would know if I sing it in three or four flats. I've forgotten. Oh, I'm so nervous.

Announcer—Our accompanist is very competent. Don't worry. Let me have your music.

Lady—Oh, I thought you would have all the music here.

Announcer—And I thought that roll under your arm was your music.

Lady—No, that's an x-ray of my stomach. I can scarcely eat anything except—

Announcer—I wonder if you couldn't come tomorrow and bring your music.

Lady—I think I can.

Announcer—Yes, do, and bring *Mr.* Woods with you, too.

Lady—That would be lovely. And I might go to Los Angeles in about a month. I wonder if you would give me a letter to the stations down there?

Announcer—You bet I will. I'll have my stenographer make up a nice little packet of letters for you, one for each station.

Lady—Thank you so much. It's been awfully nice to have met you. Good-bye until tomorrow.

Announcer—Good-bye.

(*Faints.*)

Radio Work a Sideline

Fred Fitzgerald, 413 50th street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a special singer and manager of Fitzgerald's Entertainment Bureau. Incidentally he does a good deal of broadcasting over independent stations — WWRL, Woodside, Long Island; WLTH, Brooklyn, and others.

Watch the Contests

Are you following the Radio Digest contests?

There are always two or three going at the same time. If you will look through the pages of the magazine each month you will find valuable information which will enable you—if you have any leanings that way—to win a prize or to boost your favorite artist, program or announcer. The Diamond Meritum Award contest is a case in point. Read about it on page 3.

Western Pennsylvania Coverage

KQV

Pittsburgh

1380 K. C., 217.3 M.

Associated with Radio Quality Group

Equipment:—Western Electric Transmitter. Crystal Control Full Modulation.

Programs:—Most popular artists, with most prominent local and entertaining orchestras. Outstanding musicians and musical organizations. Special program during the daytime for "Spot" announcements.

Transcriptions:—Equipped to handle either 33⅓ or 78 RPM Electrical Transcriptions.

Send for Our Rates

KQV

Investment Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Voice of Agriculture

By Charley Stookey,
Farm Program Director

"HELLO, is this WLS? Hold the wire, please, Peoria calling. Go ahead!"

"Hello, WLS? This is Wilfred Shaw of the Illinois Milk Producers Association at Peoria. Say, we're snowed in down here and there's only about half enough milk on hand to go around in Peoria tomorrow morning. This blizzard has blocked all roads around here. Will you broadcast to farmers in this vicinity the necessity to get out and open the roads and do their best to get their milk in?"

"Sure we will," came the reply from WLS—"let us know if we can help further."

Within an hour the message had been broadcast twice. Then WLS settled down to its regular program. Next day another call came from Peoria saying the broadcast had turned the trick and saved Peoria babies from facing a milk famine.

This incident is only one of scores which could be cited to illustrate that WLS, the *Prairie Farmer* station at Chicago, is truly the "Voice of Agriculture," and a Radio station of service—the word service being interpreted as meaning "the performance of labor for the benefit of others."

Not all of the day's schedule of broadcasting is devoted strictly to service features. Not by a long shot. There's entertainment galore put on by a wide variety of entertainers; but throughout the business day farm commodity markets, weather reports and news flashes fill important places, and there's no program of the day or night which cannot be interrupted in case of emergency, like that of the milk shortage at Peoria.

Somewhere out in the country a man with forty head



The commercial program director of Station WOW, Omaha, Neb., is Miss Marie Kieny. Appearances are deceptive. One would not suppose that such a young lady would hold so responsible a position.



UNUSUAL as these sectional towers of the new transmitter, which has reached New Zealand and other remote points many times, is WHK's service to sponsor and listener—
efficient, effective, thorough, far-reaching

The WHK Family is a Happy Family
You're invited to join it, either as sponsor or listener, by the

Radio Air Service Corp.
STANDARD BANK BUILDING
CLEVELAND

Blanketing

Indiana

Central and Southern

Illinois

Western

Kentucky

By the Use of

Radio Stations

500 WATTS 1400 KC

WKBF

INDIANAPOLIS

Indianapolis Broadcasting, Inc.

W. C. BUSSING - - - - DIRECTOR

500 WATTS 630 KC

WGBF

EVANSVILLE

Evansville-on-the-Air, Inc.

J. F. BURTON - - - - DIRECTOR

100 WATTS 1310 KC

WBOW

TERRE HAUTE

Banks of the Wabash, Inc.

N. C. RUDDELL - - - DIRECTOR

100 WATTS 1200 KC

WJBL

DECATUR, ILL.

Commodore Broadcasting, Inc.

C. H. KRATZ - - - - - DIRECTOR

Most Modern and Efficient Transmitting Equipment. .

Rates Available for Individual or Group Service. . .

Write or Wire
Station Directors or

Curtis Mushlitz
General Manager

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA



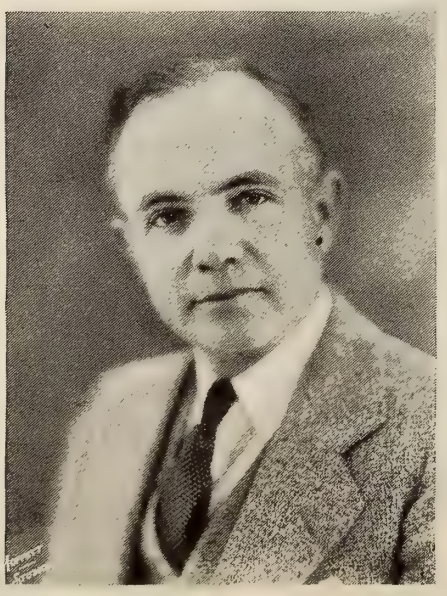
Here is Richard Bennett, stage star of international repute, who has taken an important part inaugurating a series of "important personages" programs over WCHI, the Illinois Women's Athletic Club station, Chicago. This program is scheduled for 11:30 each Thursday evening.

of hogs ready for market is anxiously awaiting the first flash of the Chicago hog market as broadcast direct from the Union Stock Yards by Jim Poole, veteran livestock reporter.

"Hog receipts are light today, and the market is opening steady to a dime higher than yesterday," says Jim, "and it looks like the market would hold good the balance of the week."

A stock raiser downstate orders a car and loads his hogs that day. They are on the market next morning, and by noon he has received a report of the day's market and can estimate pretty closely just what his return will be.

Along in July comes harvest and hay making. "Shall we cut that twenty acres of alfalfa today?" says another farm listener to his hired men. They tune to WLS for the weather report. "Increasing cloudiness with showers," says the announcer, and John Smith waits another day before cutting his hay, probably saving several hundred dollars on the crop.



Edgar L. Bill, Station Director, WLS.

The summer of 1929 saw the fruit growers of Southern Illinois facing the problem of marketing the largest peach crop in the history of the state—some 4,000 carloads. The Illinois Fruit Growers' Exchange had built a number of roadside markets throughout the state, about half of them in the Chicago metropolitan area, through which they hoped to sell a large quantity direct to consumers.

"We'll help you," said WLS to Harry Day, secretary of the exchange. And the second week in August was designated as "Peach Week" at WLS. On each program mention was made of the peach crop and the location of the roadside stands.

At the conclusion of the season the Illinois Fruit Growers' Exchange reported the most successful marketing season of their history, with better prices for the crop than ever before in a heavy crop year. "WLS contributed a large part to the success of our marketing venture," said Secretary Day.

Other farm organizations have come to WLS with their problems and WLS has helped solve them. In January, 1929, a dispute between Chicago milk distributors and producers in the Chicago milk shed precipitated a strike which threatened to cut off Chicago's milk supply. Through WLS, the Pure Milk association, the producer's organization, information was broadcast hourly concerning the progress being made in adjusting the difficulties. Less than a week after WLS had offered its services the strike had been settled, the milk producers had won, and not a child in Chicago failed to get its daily quota of pure milk.

On the evening of October 21, 1929, more than 11,000 persons reported having heard the program of the Pure Milk Association's Radio Party over WLS. Advance arrangements had been made for local units of the P. M. A. to be in banquet that evening with radio sets tuned to WLS, from which a special program was to come.

The program was broadcast between eight and nine o'clock and before ten, telephone calls and telegrams from four states were received reporting 11,700 listeners in various points in three states.

Last winter when the Wabash Valley in Southern Indiana and Illinois was flooded and disease, suffering, and death stalked thousands of persons who inhabit that region, WLS staged a campaign to raise funds for the Red Cross to use in relieving the suffering. A goal of $10,000 was set, and within a week it had been over-subscribed $5,000. Checks totaling $15,000 were mailed to the Red Cross, and still the contributions came in. In May, when people in the flooded region were starting their spring field work, *Prairie Farmer* representatives visited the territory and distributed among the flood victims more than 30,000 baby chicks with which to start anew their poultry flocks.

On February 9 came a letter from the American Red Cross in which James B. Forgan, Jr., chairman of the Chicago chapter, said: "I wish to assure you of the great service you have rendered to suffering humanity, and I am sure it will be gratifying to you to know that your station has raised more than one-third of the total fund to date for this relief operation."

During the fall and winter season a series of thirty episodes of the Life of Lincoln, written by Raymond Warren, mid-western author and artist, were presented each week. The series closed June 1 with "Lincoln's Election to the Presidency." At the conclusion of the

last episode it was announced that Mr. Warren was preparing to publish the series in book form which would be available for distribution by fall. Within 48 hours after the announcement, more than 100 orders for the book had been received, although the announcement had not been intended as an advertisement.

Throughout the series an attentive listener was Carl Sandberg, noted poet and author, who was warm in his praise of the story. The series will be continued in the fall, starting with Lincoln's life in the White House and continuing through the trying days of the Civil War to the time of his assassination.

It would be possible to continue for many columns more telling the story of happenings at WLS. Some are amusing, some pathetic. There's the story of the young couple at Auburn, New York, who decided to marry after hearing the wedding of Hiram (of "Hiram and Henry") broadcast one Saturday night.

There's the letter from a Chicago listener to Bill Vickland, who conducts the Bookshop, stating that a poem Bill read last December saved the writer's life, since he had decided to commit suicide. Bill's poem caused him to change his mind.

Then there's the woman in a Chicago hospital who feared the outcome of a major operation and requested that the lay pastor of the Little Brown Church conduct her funeral services.

Perhaps there are others which never come to the attention of the staff of the *Prairie Farmer* station. At any rate, those which are known at WLS give every member of the staff renewed encouragement to make their station of service to all.

The audience of WLS looks forward to a continuation of Mr. Warren's Lincoln series this coming Fall as well as the possible series of steamboat articles based on Garnett Laidlaw Eskew's book, "The Pageant of the Packets."

Henry Field's Station Rivals National Parks

***By* R. E. Dearmont**

HENRY FIELD has set a number of records for radio response, among them the record of records when KFNF received 226,000 telegrams during a casual birthday party. But probably the most unique record of all is the entertainment of half a million visitors last year. Somehow KFNF proves a greater attraction than the state fairs and somehow it draws more visitors than many of the extensively advertised national parks.

Estimates for this year predict that the million mark will be reached. Why do they come? Where from? How long do they stay? How are they entertained? And last, but not least, how in the world does the little country town of Shenandoah, Iowa, accommodate them?



Versatile Vera Stein of Radio Station WCSO is director of programs and a regular pianist from the college station at Springfield, Ohio. Her joyous personality has made many friends for the station. She directs, performs and lures.

The heart of the explanation, of course, lies in Henry Field himself. He has always just chatted with his listeners. As he puts it, he talks "across the fence" with them. Speaks a language they all understand and gives them to understand that the latch is always out at KFNF.

"Come and see us," he says. "Bring the family along and make us a real visit. Stay as long as you like and go everywhere you please. We won't promise to make a big fuss over you, but we will give you the keys to KFNF and let you enjoy yourself." And perhaps you have there the secret as to the crowds that visit KFNF studio from early spring until late fall.

They come because they are invited and because they've always wanted to shake hands with Henry (it is reported he shakes more hands than the President of the United States). They have always wanted to see "Pate" and "Frank" and "Luetta" and others of the seed house family who have been broadcasting to them for the past six years, and who they look upon as sort of "second cousins."

Back of this affection—for in truth it is affection more than anything else—is the spirit of KFNF. There has been no aloofness from "The Friendly Farmer Station." Instead of the opera and the carefully edited continuity KFNF listeners have heard the folklore music of the hills and dales; they have heard "folksy" talks such as they themselves hear on their own front porches. Blue denim takes the place of serge and satin. Conversation takes the place of elucidation.

You see, Henry is himself a farmer (though he was once a school teacher). Thirty years ago he had a big truck farm and his first seed customers were

PUT YOUR MESSAGE OVER

WCSO

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

500 WATTS 1450 KILOCYCLES

Location: 800,000 population within radius of thirty miles.
Program: Well selected, varied.
Equipment: Modern, efficient.
Results: Assured. Write for our rates.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY

WITTENBERG COLLEGE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Cover the rich Ohio Valley with WKRC

(*550 Kilocycles*)

A MILLION listeners within ten miles . . . eager, responsive, prosperous listeners . . . an audience of big cityites without the handicap of congested air conditions . . . an audience of progressive alert farmers without the handicap of distance . . . an audience of suburbanites located in a veritable web of small towns, all within an hour's commuting distance. That's your market here in the rich Ohio Valley.

WKRC is the Columbia System station for this rich fertile sales territory. WKRC carries all the popular Columbia features and many famed local programs. 1000 watts power; full time; modern equipment; perfect modulation; an enviable frequency assignment. A station that has "listener acceptance"; a made-to-order sales audience for you. Particulars and rates on request.

Radio Station
WKRC
CINCINNATI



WLS

The Preferred Station of Town and Country Listeners

FIELD surveys show that the rural and small town radio audience turns to WLS regularly as first choice (complete details on request). It is conservatively figured—a million farm and small town families, have invited and accepted, WLS as a daily member of their family circles.

To Step On the Sales Gas
. . . Use WLS

ADVERTISERS who want to put pep in their selling, will find a real salesman in WLS. The history of results is like the story of Aladdin. Write for a copy of "The Dinnerbell Book"—it tells about programs, advertisers' experiences—shows surveys—tells what WLS can do for broadcast advertisers.

Clear Channel WLS 5000 Watts

The Prairie Farmer Station

1230 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago



Every Friday at 8:45 p. m. Mary Steele, whom you see here, adds her lovely contralto voice to the masculine harmonies of the Howard Trio. Although recently returned from a year's study in Paris, Miss Steele confesses that her favorite song is "Good Old Summer Time."

local people who had bought fresh vegetables from his wagon as he drove from door to door. While his seed company has long progressed beyond the million-dollar volume mark, he himself is still a farmer.

Henry Field is an acknowledged authority on vegetable varieties, their planting and care. He can still raise more onions per acre than any of his listeners and his records for potato harvest are unsurpassed. In short, he knows farming from the inside and has the happy faculty of giving his experience in a helpful and inspiring manner.

Do you wonder, then, that KFNF has proven a helpful station to the Midwest, where farming is the backbone of life? Many thousands feel indebted to Henry Field for the helpful advice he has given them. He is never too busy to answer the letter wanting to know when to plant something and just how to go about it.

The hundreds of letters coming to Henry Field make him well known to postal clerks everywhere, as a recently received letter will testify. Pictures of two hens, a field and some corn were pasted upon the envelope to form a picture addressed to Henry Field, Shenandoah, Tall Corn State. In Minnesota the letter was mailed and its delivery promptly followed.

But to get back to the visitors, let us look at the register for the week of June 24 last year. Visitors registered from twenty-six states during that week and from Canada, France and England as well. While the great majority came from the home states of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri, there were seven from Florida, twelve from California, three from New Jersey, five from Arizona, two from Massachusetts, ten from Wyoming, and so on. All within that one week. And in all 11,403 registered. Registering is voluntary and, of course, was congested so that only a part of the total is ever recorded on the little cards provided for that purpose.

Week after week the influx continues and even in the dead of winter when the low ebb of tourists is reached in the Midwest, KFNF is host to what would be a phenomenal run of visitors to most Radio stations. During the week of January 5 there were visitors from seventeen states totaling over 400.

And when Henry Field announces one of his famous Jubilee Parties no record can possibly be kept of the crowd that comes. However, a carload of watermelons on the sidetrack at 9:30 in the morning becomes three truckloads of rinds at 4:30 in the afternoon. Meanwhile, a crew of six or seven men with rapidly wielded knives have been infinitely busy at a long picnic table dividing the melons for the multitude.

The week of all weeks came with four tons of weiners served. Some listener last fall suggested that since the watermelon season was over Henry ought to put on a "hot dog" feed. He did—and how!

In four days of that week 124,000 buns embraced four tons of weiners, and 2,500 gallons of coffee disappeared. The treats were on KFNF. Every night an old-fashioned square dance progressed enthusiastically on the hastily laid platform in a large barn-like garage. And for the younger generation a quarter of a block of paving was roped off, "cornmealed" into the semblance of smoothness and made to accommodate a jam that dispersed with reluctance only when the midnight hour arrived.

But parties are an exception and the usual run of affairs provides only a friendly welcome and several acres of gorgeous flower gardens. There is an easy informality about it all. A miniature steam locomotive and a Ferris wheel contribute sometimes. In their absence the visitors spend the day looking up members of the seed house family who they recognize from pictures in the Studio Book or from "the way they talk" over KFNF.

Most of them make a full day of it and hundreds of them "stay overnight." To help the town provide for them KFNF has erected cabin accommodations for seventy-five parties, which are generally booked far in advance. Other enterprising people have cabin camps and nearly every house in town is open for "roomers." A tourist park for tents helps. But even so, the problem is only partly solved and gets more out of hand with every season.

Summing it all up to an admittedly flabbergasted reporter, Henry Field said: "Yes, we enjoy our crowds as much as they enjoy us. We are neighbors, after all, since Radio has brought us so close together. Besides the fun we all have entertaining them and letting them feel at home! They are a big help to us in planning our programs. We don't have to guess about what they like or don't like. They are a frank, outspoken lot of folks and having so many of them come to see us keeps us mighty current in their likes and dislikes. I don't know how many listeners we have, but if a half million visit us we certainly ought to be able to plan programs to suit many times that number with KFNF.

"No, they are not a nuisance. We plant a good many acres of flowers for them every year and goodness knows we want our listeners to come and see them. I think we get along with them because we don't try to keep them on the go every minute. They can sit around and visit, wander around among the flowers or spend the whole day in the studio. We want them to have their own idea of a good time and so we let each of them do just as they please. It all works out fine for all of us."

And there you have the way KFNF feels about its visitors and perhaps you understand why a million of them will face the hazardous Iowa roads to get to KFNF this year.

(Continued from page 56)

of flavors. Be sure to add plenty of dressing to make the salad moist. There are very attractive salads which may be made from these protein foods and molded with gelatine. They are elaborate enough to use for a party occasion.

The lighter salads are more popular in summer. We do not wish to eat heartily when it is warm. The fresh fruit and vegetable salads are excellent. When foods are at the height of the season they are inexpensive and at their best. Let us eat many fruits and vegetables in season and enjoy a great variety of appetizing salads. We may serve one fruit or many. They may be molded in gelatine, frozen in a mechanical refrigerator or prepared in countless other ways.

A salad offers one of the chief decorative touches to a meal. It is gay, colorful, crisp and attractive. It may blend with the color scheme of a luncheon or bridge party. It may be beautifully garnished. It may be of low calorie value if made of fresh fruits and vegetables. It may be made heavier or richer by adding whipped cream, mayonnaise or other salad dressing. A salad may be served with the meat course at a dinner or as the first course at a luncheon or supper. Frozen fruit salads as well as jellied or other fruit salads are often served as a dessert course. Because of its adaptability to every occasion a salad is an indispensable part of any meal.

Read Miss Gardiner's salad suggestions in our issue next month.

Sherwitz Broadcasts Sport Lights at KTSA

PROBABLY no sports writer in the Southwest is better liked and enjoys a larger host of friends and followers than does Harold Sherwitz, sport editor of the *San Antonio Light*. Several weeks ago KTSA in San Antonio prevailed upon Sherwitz to carry the highlights of the week's sports to their microphone and this feature is now heard over KTSA on Monday evenings at 8:30 and is known as "Sport Lights by Sherwitz". In addition to his happenings every week he has from time to time attracted leading sports personalities to KTSA's microphones. Among those who have made these appearances are: Wayne "Big" Munn, former heavyweight champion wrestler and football hero; Frank "Buck" O'Neil, sports writer, New York Journal; Thomas E. Conner, Jr., president of the San Antonio baseball group and Dr. Leonard Knolls, staff physician of the New York Giants.

Roscoe Grover, KSL, Is a Swell Dresser

MOST FANS picture Roscoe Grover of KSL, Salt Lake, as "big, rugged, middle aged, with maybe a beard."

But he isn't. Not a bit of it. He is young, dapper, blond and sports a spiffy waxed mustache. Yes, sir, right in the Rocky Mountain country, too.

Besides being program manager and running an "Uncle Roscoe" feature he goes in for the fine arts.

DO YOU?

She: How is it you know so much about Radio artists, programs and stations? How do you learn to be so well posted?

He: Easy! I read Radio Digest every month.

De Armand and Cassin Tell of Each Other

***By* Betty McGee**

CLOSING a thirteen weeks' program over WOC at Davenport, Iowa, The Bear Oil Man (Louis G. DeArmand) and Miss Bear-et (Marigold Cassin) posed for the photograph on page 71 that their thousands of fans might see them in action. The programs on which they appeared included sketches of popular Radio announcers and through a hook-up with the *Davenport Sunday Democrat*, these sketches, together with pictures of the announcers were used each week. The popularity of the plan proved unusually great and so at the request of many of their audience they told about each other on the closing night. What they said is given here. The Bear Oil Man speaks:

"Miss Marigold Cassin is known to all WOC fans and to thousands far away from here as 'Goldie.' She is chief continuity writer for this station, and a young lady of great charm. When Miss Cassin was first approached some weeks ago to assist in this program she looked wisely at me and said:

"'But I never chew gum.'

"Nonplused for the first time in 1930, I replied:

"'My public will welcome you with open arms and ears. Come, act as Miss Bear-et.'

"And so this program was improved immeasurably by her presence.

"Miss Cassin weighs . . . oh, I would say about seven stone, and stands about 4 feet 10 in high heels. Among the many programs she has arranged and announced the Willys-Overland is most familiar to you all in this community. These programs have proved startlingly popular and it has been due to the tireless work of Miss Cassin both in the building of the continuities and in announcing each program.

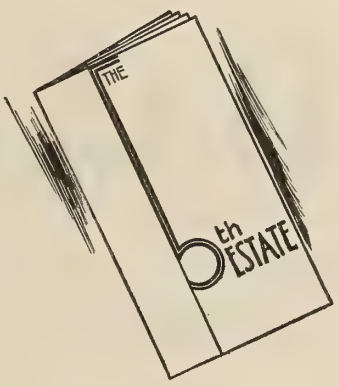
"Pat Flanagan, the popular announcer at WBBM, began his radio work with Miss Cassin and it was her coaching that proved the incentive to Pat to go on in the work. Marigold Cassin knows her microphone; she has a pleasing voice; she can play a bit and croon, and she also writes very good verse."

The above was the compliment paid to Miss Cassin and then Miss Bear-et appeared and presented her impressions of the Bear Oil Man, which were:

"Just for that I'm going to let a few kittens out of the sack. For instance, when you asked me not long ago to write you a very short article on 'Who is the best announcer on the air, and why do you prefer The Bear Oil Man?' I took advantage of your facetiousness. This, ladies and gentlemen, gives you some idea of what I have to put up with.

"But in spite of the fact we don't seem to get along very well we really do, so I'll tell you a few of the nice things about him.

"His career is an unusual one. He was born, went to school, grew up and got married. If you can beat that for being different you'll have to go some. As for appearance, the Bear Oil Man is a little taller than I am, which should give you a very good idea of his height, and he's a living example of what Arrow collars and Dobbs hats can do for the American man. (Cries from The Bear Oil Man of *Bunk.*)



"The Fifth Estate" is a practical booklet describing the market reached by the Stations of the Central Broadcasting Company. A free copy will be sent to business houses requesting a copy on their letterhead.

WOC
DAVENPORT, IOWA

WHO
DES MOINES, IOWA

BUSINESS IS GOOD IN THE VALLEY AREA

The district served by the Central Broadcasting Company—the great Middle West — is prosperous. Eminent business forecasters such as Babson, LaSalle Extension University, United Business Service and others, declare that conditions here are better than other parts of the country.

Abundant crops have given the farmers money to spend. Busy industrial communities are working full time. Trades people find plenty of customers with cash for necessities and luxuries.

This is your cue. Go after this great, prosperous, moneyed market. Tell your sales story where your audience has the ability to spend. Concentrate on the Valley area, using Stations WOC and WHO to place your message in every home.

Broadcasting time may be secured by communicating with us at once.

CENTRAL BROADCASTING CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

"His favorite indoor sport seems to be thinking up wild pipe dreams which look well on paper, and sound great when he's telling you about them, but it takes a Philadelphia lawyer to figure them out. But at that, they usually work out, and well. I'm not sure about his favorite food. Seriously, though, the Bear Oil Man is the first man in Radio to utilize his own means of publicity. By that I mean, he sells Radio advertising by using Radio advertising to do it. And that's a hint to other advertising men, and Radio stations."

Dawn of Radio

(Continued from page 45)

open warfare, said broadcasting was giving records a bad name and explained that this was his reason for not being interested in Radio. As I remember it, my personal reaction at the time was that records were giving broadcasting a bad name! However, the needle scratch has been so nearly eliminated that the average listener does not know whether he is hearing a transcription or an original microphone performance. Nor does he care.

History was made in that little rooftop penthouse. A feature of broadcasting which swept across the country and, incidentally, came in for more kidding from the public than any other form of Radio entertainment, originated from old WJZ. The bedtime story. Only it wasn't called a bedtime story hour in those days. It was known as "The Man in the Moon" hour. And that title was an accident. Here's how: Tommy Cowan thought it would be a grand and glorious achievement to put on a program for the children. Of course, a program in the summer of 1921 was only an experimental broadcast. But Major White's ringside description of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight made listeners Radio conscious and the experimenters were waking up to the fact that to hold their unseen audience they must give them something interesting—something with entertainment value. So Tommy arranged with a lady to give a talk to children, read them some jingles and tell them a story or two.

NOW the only means of approach to the factory roof was by ladder and the lady who had to carry on for the kiddies didn't like ladders. However, after much coaxing and plenty of physical persuasion, the lady made the climb to the roof. And then? She immediately began to worry about the trip down! She became hysterical and refused to be pacified.

William McNeary, associate editor of the Newark Sunday Call, was the third member of the party. He and Tommy succeeded in lowering the lady to the floor below. Her mental balance was restored but she refused to make the journey over again in spite of the fact that the two trial trips had been successfully accomplished accomplished.

Tommy appealed to McNeary to help him out. The listeners had been promised a children's hour by Tommy when he signed off the day before. Wouldn't Bill go on the air and do something for the kids?

Bill finally agreed to pinch-hit for the lady-afraid-of-ladders BUT—there was a proviso. "Don't mention my name!" It was about three in the afternoon but it seems that bedtime story tellers were a sensitive lot as far back as 1921!

Tommy agreed to keep his identity a secret and Bill was introduced at the microphone as "The Man in the Moon." And he made an instantaneous hit! So great was the request for more programs from "The Man in the Moon" that Bill McNeary found he unwittingly had talked himself into being a permanent fixture. On October 5th, 1921 "The Man in the Moon" was put on as a regular daily schedule.

When the telephone company refused to permit the use of their lines, as carriers of programs from remote points to the transmitters for broadcasting, the World Series games were relayed in the same way the Dempsey-Carpentier fight was put across.

Again Major J. Andrew White was at the descriptive end of the job. From the ballpark he gave his colorful details of the games to Tommy Cowan who listened, at the other end of the wire, wearing headphones. Tommy repeated everything the Major said, just as it came to him over the land wire, into the studio microphone in the penthouse on the factory roof.

THE experience of the lady-afraid-of-ladders had proved to Tommy Cowan that if WJZ expected to invite talent to broadcast they should not be asked to undergo the mental and physical torture of ladder-climbing. Tommy requested that the broadcasting take place in a more accessible part of the building. He shouted long and loudly and finally his emphatic demands reached official ears. Tommy was called on the carpet. Just what did he propose to do? He proposed to fix up a room attractively. "Something like a studio," provided he had a room to fix up.

So the officials of the Westinghouse Company told him he could use the ladies' retiring room in the factory! No kidding. Programs were broadcast mostly at night and the officials didn't see why that particular room shouldn't do double duty. Tommy was game. But he wanted money with which to furnish the place and purchase drapes to deaden the rebound of vibrations from the bare walls. How much money?

Tommy wanted plenty. The officials agreed to let him have seventy dollars! Try to buy some monk's cloth and see how few yards seventy dollars will buy. Tommy bought Canton flannel and draped the walls. He got the girls in the factory interested in his "something like a studio" and they donated lampshades, piano and table throws, etc. In this way the first broadcasting room with an air "something like a studio" came into being.

On November 3rd the first Radio broadcast at WJZ in which artists in person took part was put on the air. The gentlemen of Broadway who made the trip to Newark for this event were The Shannon Four — Charles Hart, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw and Wilfred Glenn. The names of these singers are well known to Radio fans today.

When Major White became associated with WJZ that winter he and Tommy Cowan worked side by side as successful Radio impresarios. Many were the artists from Broadway who took that trip to Newark and gave their services to promote the new industry.

AND MANY were the battles that took place. Word battles only, but nevertheless battles.

You see the White-Cowan combina-

(Continued on page 86)

KMBC

Owned and Operated by

Midland Broadcasting Co.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

oOo

IT IS a significant fact that a majority of National "Spot" Advertisers have chosen KMBC as the most effective station to cover the great productive area of which Kansas City is the heart. . . . .

KFLV, Variety Station

IN THE short space of approximately nine months Station KFLV at Rockford, Ill., has grown to be one of the most popular Radio stations on the air today. It is enjoying an excellent busi-



Two famous fun and music makers. The very tall man is Louis G. de Armand, the Bear Cat; the very tiny young lady is the well-known and well-loved Marigold Cassin, both of station WOC, Davenport, Iowa. It appears that the little "bear-et" is oiling the wheels in the head of the Bear Cat. And if we were in the Bear-Cat's place we wouldn't mind having our head oiled by so petite a damsel. Despite her smallness, however, Marigold Cassin—as you doubtless know if you have read Radio Digest for any length of time—is a skillful writer besides being a singer and the official hostess of WOC. WOC, together with WHO, are among the pioneer stations of the Mississippi Valley.

ness from the standpoint of advertising, not only featuring local advertisers but also many national organizations, presenting their programs both with talent and through the medium of electrical transcriptions.

A unique feature of the KFLV activity is their varied program. Wesley W. Wilcox, the announcer and musical director for KFLV is featuring a special series of stories in music, for which he writes unusual and delightful continuities, illustrating them with the musical compositions taken from the classics and modern melodies and played by the KFLV string trio, and also a group of talented soloists. Mr. Wilcox takes topics of current general interest, as well as industrial and artistic subjects, and weaves the story into a musical interpretation. These feature programs are meeting with more than usual interest with the Radio audiences of KFLV, an audience which covers a vast territory of satisfied fans. Aside from his duties as announcer and musical director, Mr. Wilcox finds time now and then for his hobby of contributing his writings to news and magazine publications.

Artists found on the roster of the KFLV studio include Art and Andy, popular accordion artists; the Musical Musketeers, instrumentalists; Wynod's Orchestra, under direction of Marie Brydon, presenting the latest popular melodies; the Harmonyland Entertainers; Grimes Barn Dance Trio; the Sunny Southlanders, old mountain ballads; John Maxedon, mountain ballad singer and guitarist; George Weightman, banjoist; the KFLV Little Symphony; the Sheraton Ensemble, vocalists presenting cycles of melodies old and new; Carl Alexis and Celeste Bengtson, organists of high merit, and others.

Through the columns of Radio Digest KFLV extends a hearty invitation for you to visit their beautifully appointed studios in the Hotel Faust at Rockford during your next visit there. Drop in and meet your favorite announcer and entertainer and see them in their daily haunts. They are always happy to meet their Radio friends and also to hear from them. Fan mail is always a daily welcome occurrence at KFLV.

New Policy of Expansion at WRHM

WRHM, the Voice of the Gopher State, Minneapolis, announces a new policy of expansion.

This station has in the last several weeks placed in its employ a sixteen-piece concert orchestra under the direction of Frank Zdarsky. Mr. Zdarsky is a graduate of the Prague Conservatory of Music, of Austria, studying there for a period of four years. All the musicians are union men, expert on their instruments. Included in the orchestra is a string octet, a saxophone quartet and a brass section. Each musician is a soloist in his own right, doubling on two and sometimes three instruments.

In three months WRHM has increased its payroll in the amount of 400 per cent. The staff has grown from a small group of twelve employees to a large organization of over one hundred persons.

WRHM is owned and operated by the Minnesota Broadcasting Corporation under the presidency of Dr. Troy S. Miller. James J. Miller is secretary and the vice-president and general manager is Lohren Miller. Allan Harvey Bresler is the program director; Ted Hediger, production manager; Anders C. Orfield, Jr., publicity. The announcers are Ted Hediger, Anders Orfield, Vincent Pelleteir, Don Clayton and James Kelly.

K-O-I-L

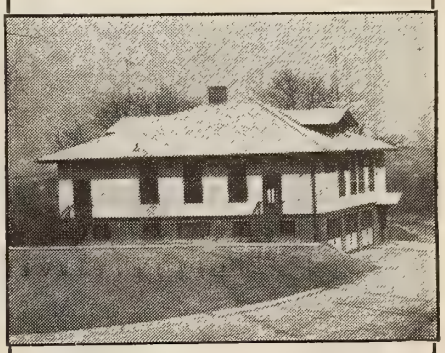
BLANKETS *Farming Area*

KOIL, located in the Heart of the Corn Belt, dominates the rich and productive farming area of the Middle West which contains a population of 1,200,000 or 279,100 families, owning 125,100 sets with 625,000 listeners.

Recent house to house surveys show that KOIL is by far the most popular station in the Omaha trade area.

Programs Always Enjoyable

It is the purpose of KOIL always to provide its listeners with the best of entertaining features. Thru the Columbia Broadcasting System it is enabled to present sporting, historical, and musical features of national interest that in many cases could not be heard except thru KOIL.



STATION HOME

KOIL's Station Home was the first exclusive radio studio building erected in the United States. It was built by the MonaMotor Oil Company in July, 1925. Here visitors and artists are offered a welcome and the comforts of home.

RADIO STATION
K-O-I-L

Owned and Operated by

MonaMotor Oil Company

Comm. Dept.: Council Bluffs

STUDIOS
Council Bluffs -:- Omaha

Station WHK Holds Public Confidence

ONE of the most original and popular stations in the Cleveland area is WHK, owned and operated by the Howlett brothers. It has been called the station of new ideas. Its programs are distinctive. There is a fraternal camraderie among the artists—each is a booster for WHK—all for one, one for all.

This, according to Arnold Howlett, president and general manager, has been reflected in the programs. The first broadcasts were under handicaps that would have caused nine out of ten men to have given up in despair. But WHK proved its sincerity and won public confidence. It never failed to keep faith with its listeners. This reputation caused outside comment and brought many new listeners to the WHK circle.

Artistic endeavor and business enterprise combined to establish the station on a strong foundation. It has consistently maintained and enhanced this position.







Some of the very competent personnel of Station WHK, Pittsburgh. Of the two young ladies at the left, Miss Irma Haschart is seated; Agnes Anderson is standing. Together they form a popular crooning team. And the lady with the lovely profile, is Patsy Griffin, a crooner also. Arnold Howlett, president and general manager of WHK, completes the picture.

Now About the Amos and Andy Film

SHOULD Radio favorites go into pictures or on the stage? Many will doubtless say yes, why not? and yet so astute a Radio authority as Evans E. Plummer, of the Chicago Herald-Examiner says not for the world! The occasion for his pronouncement was the recent statement in the public prints that Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, song writers responsible for many hits, have been engaged to write the book lyrics and music for the forthcoming Amos and Andy production "Check and Double Check."

"Personally," says Plummer, "I wonder how the Amos 'n' Andy film will go. I'm sure it will draw a big gate, but what will be the reaction of the public to it? I have an old-fashioned notion that if I were a Radio favorite I would not meet or see any listener, to say nothing of making a public appearance or a motion picture film.

"My thought is that every fan has his own illusions about his Radio favorites, and that, once these stars are exposed in the flesh, or celluloid, to him, his illusions are apt to go boom, regardless of how satisfactory their acts or how personable their features. My observation is that the thicker the mystery, the better the listeners like it."

It is said, by the way, that Gosden and Correll are to get a million dollars for their picture.

Radio Fan News
—LOTS OF IT!
But that's not all—RADIO DIGEST every month has fiction stories by America's leading authors. Do you read 'em? If not, why not?



They call Lamdin Kay (above) the Little Colonel. He is station director at WSB, Atlanta, Georgia. But that's not all. It is his distinctly individual and southern manner of announcing that has won for him his title.

Reporter On the Air
By Thelma Reboul

QUITE by accident did "T. R. L., the Air Reporter," get into this business of Radio broadcasting. Ted R. Liuzza, whose voice is recognizable to thousands throughout the South, particularly Louisiana and Mississippi, is a newspaperman. A distinguished career of writing and reporting on *The New Orleans Item* and *The Morning Tribune* was behind him when he received his Radio assignment in 1926. *The Item,* which has the news broadcasting rights to WSMB, New Orleans, assigned Ted to "cover" the station to write up Radio news and programs for the paper. This naturally brought him in the studio where he saw how it was done.

Then one night in January of 1926, Mayor Behrman of New Orleans was in a dying condition and the station punctuated its programs that night with bulletins every half hour on his condition. Ted was given the assignment before the microphone because the regular announcer couldn't be located that night. His success was immediate. His voice was clear; his style emphatic. Moreover, it was pleasant and charged with good fellowship.

Then before he knew it he was the newspaper's regular news, sports and markets announcer. When he told his superiors he couldn't write features, Radio news and do reporting, and at the same time keep his voice on the air, it was decided to relieve him of all his duties except to handle the Radio news. The voice of "T. R. L." the Air Reporter, had become too great a station asset to kill off.

Mr. Liuzza, although only 26 years of age, is one of the veteran announcers of Radio. Next to Clyde R. Randall, director of WSMB, he has been on the air longer than any other New Orleans announcer. Twice daily he broadcasts markets, sports and news before the WSMB microphone and is noted for his enunciation and pronunciation as well as his wit.

Before WSMB became a link of the National Broadcasting company, all the outstanding national, southern and local sporting events were announced over this station by Ted R. Liuzza. These included the Dempsey-Tunney fights, Dempsey-Sharkey fight; play by play descriptions of the Dixie Baseball series in which New Orleans teams participated; the world series, and other important events.



Fritz Hursch, commercial manager, WSB, Atlanta, Ga.

Popular Old Clown Takes the Air

"AND so Old Mom picked up the little girl from in front of the approaching elephants, placed her safely on the sidewalk, and took her place in the parade again just as if nothing had happened.

The speaker is Leo Blondin, famous circus clown, menagerie man and manager who is appearing on a series of "performances" over WKY. The programs are designed largely for the entertainment of children, but Blondin's definition of children takes in the whole human family from 6 to 60. Every one, he says, is interested in circus stories.

The series includes stories about elephants, lions, and tigers; bears, horses, dogs and other circus animals, as well as interesting information about the old wagon show days.

To make the program realistic, an old time circus calliope has been uncovered by the manager at WKY, and set up in the studio.

Blondin has nearly 40 years of circus experience from which to draw his yarns for the children. He has been a gymnast, wire walker, clown, animal trainer, menagerie superintendent and circus manager. The latter experience was with the old Sells-Floto circus. It was during this period that Courtney Ryley Cooper, famous writer of circus stories, was press representative for Sells-Floto and "Old Mom" was leader of the circus herd of elephants. Blondin's stories about the prowess of Old Mom stimulated Cooper to write the first of his manuscripts.

Working with Blondin in the series is a group of Oklahoma City children who furnish atmosphere, and do a lot of talking for the broadcasts.

WNAX

526 METERS, 570 KILOCYCLES

YANKTON, SO. DAK.



A MESSAGE sent out over Radio Station WNAX reaches its destination. It is received clearly and distinctly by over ten million people whose combined annual income is *Two Billion Dollars.* More than half of these listeners to WNAX live on eight hundred and three thousand, four hundred ninety-six farms.

WNAX lays claim to the most complete coverage in the Northwest. Go where you will in North or South Dakota, the western half of Iowa and Minnesota; anywhere in Nebraska, or the eastern part of Wyoming and Montana, and you will find more radios tuned in on WNAX than on any other station.

The programs are made to appeal to the people of the Northwest. There are old time orchestras, ballad singers, popular and concert orchestras, and singing; weather reports, news and the markets, as well as speakers on pertinent subjects of interest to farmers and folks who are in business that depend on farm prosperity to succeed.

The wave length and frequency of WNAX is such as to insure a clear channel. We have the latest Western Electric equipment with full modulation. If you have a message for the people of the Northwest, send it over WNAX, either by way of the station itself or through the Columbia network, of which WNAX is a member.

THE
MOST POPULAR
IN THE
WEST

Miss Evelyn Gardiner and KDKA's Home Forum

THE old saying: "Know your product before you tell others about it," is the keynote to the KDKA Home Forum, daily presentation except Sunday at 9:15 a. m. (E. S. T.).

Before Miss Evelyn Gardiner, Director of the KDKA Home Forum, offers to her listeners a new recipe it is thoroughly tested in her kitchen, careful attention being given to the exact measuring of ingredients, mixing, correct temperature, and length of time of cooking.

The scope of the work done by Miss Gardiner and her assistant on the KDKA Home Forum is not confined entirely to the formulating, testing and broadcasting of new recipes, but rather, covers a wide area of women's interests such as "how to plan their house work," planning a convenient kitchen with modern labor saving devices, and offering suggestions for the planning of parties including decorations, preparations and serving. Hints on ways and means of overcoming child feeding problems and numerous other problems that confront the housewife are given attention.

Miss Gardiner received an A. B. Degree from San Diego State College, San Diego, California, and an M. A. Degree in Household Arts from Columbia University, New York City. In addition to this training, she had one year's study in Home Economics at the University of Chicago, and two summers' work at the University of California in the same field.

She taught both Household Art and Household Science in a high school in San Diego for three years, then accepted a position at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College in Stillwater, Oklahoma, as instructor in the School of Home Economics, remaining there for two and a half years when she enrolled as a student at the Columbia University, from where she came to KDKA to take charge of the Radio activities of the Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the world in the field of household economics.

Miss Josephine Fresh, secretary and assistant to Miss Gardiner, had her training in Home Economics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh. After graduating she spent some time traveling in Europe studying the foreign methods of cooking and serving food.

A Skilled Harpist on the Pacific Coast

***By* Carl T. Nunan**

KATHRYN JULYE, KPO's pretty staff harpist, did not purposely start out to become a player of the instrument which is naturally associated with angels, angelic music or the Irish. It just happened that she was to become one of the best western players of this ancient instrument whose sweet silvery tones irresistably "get under the skin" of poets, painters and writers, and charm their genius into creating masterpieces.

Miss Julye was born in Fresno, the raisin section of California, in 1905. The daughter of a famous pianist, the late M. M. I. Myers, it was natural that she should grow up in a musical atmosphere and, being of an artistic nature, lean toward some one of the arts. It followed she developed a passion for music.

Kathryn wanted to become a singer. Her parents dreamed and planned that she become one of the world's greatest harpists. Conflict of mind, however, failed to interfere and Kathryn was given a general musical education, with the result that Miss Julye is today a true artist *par-excellence* on the harp.

Back in 1922, when Radio broadcasting was an unknown quantity, Miss Julye made her debut to Radio fans of KPO as a soprano in a joint recital with her father. Two years later ability won two scholarships for her with the Jouillard Foundation of New York —one for voice and one for composition. It gave her the opportunity to study with such masters as Francis Rogers, baritone, and Rubin Goldmark, one of the country's best teachers of composition.

"I was so thrilled," says Miss Julye, "that I plunged into my musical endeavors with a vengeance, and in the following year, 1925, was rewarded by winning another scholarship—this time for the study of the harp. Fortunately for me, I became a pupil of the renowned woman harpist, Annie Louise David, whom critics acclaim America's supreme woman harpist." And so came the realization of her parents' dreams: Kathryn became a harpist.

Her first professional engagement as a harpist was when she appeared as soloist in the production, "Smilin' Thru," at the Alcazar Theatre, in San Francisco, headlining with such stars of the stage as Gladys George and Dudley Ayres. Miss Julye also gained fame at the French Theatre in the pit and on the stage.

Unlike most Radio artists, Miss Julye states, "I have never considered Radio in the light of a remunerative occupation, although it pays well; but I consider it as a means of education. I make so many friends—must study such a variety of compositions. And the musical directors teach me so much with their helpful suggestions and ideas."

But Radio does not alone claim her entirely. Kathryn Julye is one of the busiest of Western concert artists. Her greatest difficulty is finding time to fill her engagements.



Morgan Sexton, Announcer, Station WOC

An expression of appreciation to the great radio audience of the Southwest from

The Advertising Clientele and Management of

K F H

Wichita Eagle -:- Hotel Lassen
Wichita, Kansas

"We are more than grateful for the generous response you are giving us"

1000 Watt—Crystal Control
Western Electric Throughout

Member Station
Columbia Broadcasting System

J. Leslie Fox, *Director*



Eddie Jansen, director of Station KVI, 1000 watts of Pep and Personality.

Eddie Jansen— "Sunrise to Midnight"

***By* Mabel Howard**

IT HAS often been said that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but as Eddie puts it, "Who wants to be a mossback?" Hence it is that we find Eddie Jansen, the person this story is written about.

Being a writer of newspaper articles, it is my lot to call on and interview personages throughout the country. One delightful Northwestern afternoon I dropped in on Radio Station KVI and asked for the manager. The office girl left me for the moment, and returning, led me to the man I was in search of. Before entering the office I paused and read the following on the office door, "KVI, 1,000 Watts of Pep and Personality, Edward J. Jansen, Manager. Office hours sunrise until midnight." In this sign I read the history of the success of Eddie Jansen and KVI.

Eddie was born April 1, 1906, in St. Paul, Minnesota, but he hopes that you will not hold this birth date against him. Moving to Washington, his parents settled in Tacoma, where Eddie attended the St. Leo's grade and high school. Eddie, after leaving high school, sold newspapers, worked in shipyards and restaurants, chauffered and what not. He then studied to be a teacher, after which he played three seasons with a stock company, when something happened to change his life. Infantile paralysis confined him to his bed for six months.

The doctors agreed that he would never take another step, but this idea did not at all appeal to Eddie, so one day he had a friend take him down to KVI, just at the time the station was being reorganized. They tried him out and as a result he was hired as a relief announcer. Once in the line of battle, things began to happen. From relief announcer he passed in turn to the position of operator, continuity writer, chief announcer, assistant manager and last of all to that of manager of the Puget Sound Broadcasting Company. Now we find Eddie ready and able to step into any department. His new position keeps him busy in conferences on contracts, announcing, writing continuity and still taking his turn at the controls. I have never yet talked to a man so enthusiastic over his work. He is always thinking up new ideas, and anyone coming into the studio would never know just who the manager really was, unless he was pointed out by someone.

KVI is the northwest outlet of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Tacoma, Washington. The secret of its popularity may be found on the office door ,"KVI, 1,000 Watts of Pep and Personality, Edward J. Jansen, Manager. Office hours sunrise until midnight."

There's Music in the Carson Family

***By* Gertrude Thornhill**

IT JUST sort of "runs in the family," you might say after listening to the Carson Sisters Trio sing. Dorothy, Elsie and Nadine are station artists with KSAT, doing modern harmony numbers, and they are "mighty clever" according to the verdict of the listeners of the station.

If you didn't remark upon the singular situation after listening to the three sisters, it would certainly strike you as unusual to learn that there was a fourth to make a quartette until she married—"and then there were three," as the famous subtraction song goes.

Four younger sisters are still in school. Two of them are twins, 17, and are developing a real duo. Even the little girls still in grade school are musically inclined and all eight sisters frequently sing together as a double quartet.

Dorothy, Elsie, and Nadine "just started singing" when they were youngsters for their own amusement. The eldest is now 24, the youngest 20. Resemblance between the three is marked, but each has a distinctive individuality.

Nadine is a "blues" singer and accompanies the trio on the piano. Dorothy is secretary to the station manager at KSAT and consequently spends most of her time around the studio. The specialty of the trio is modernistic harmony.

KFKB

THE GOLD CUP WINNER OF 1930 POPULAR STATION CONTEST WITH 256,000 VOTES

The Pioneer Station of Kansas

The outstanding station of Kansas, with programs that are so diversified they appeal to the middle west farmer as well as to the city dweller.

5000 Watts, 1050 Kilocycles, Crystal Control, One Hundred Per Cent Modulation. Rate Card Mailed on Request. Member National Association of Broadcasters. *More Power Than Any Other Kansas Station.*

KFKB

Broadcasting Association, Inc.

MILFORD, KANSAS

J. M. Gilliam and His Four Stations

By J. M. Gilliam

General Manager, WACO and other Stations

FIVE years ago J. M. Gilliam started in the radio business—five years of the hardest work and the most interesting; five years of alternating discouragement and success. But now, at the end of that five years he says he wouldn't change his place for that of any man in any other business. Radio has "got" him!

"The first station I ever operated was KFOB," says Mr. Gilliam, "here in Fort Worth, Texas. It is now KTAT—a 100 per cent Western Electric station. In addition we operate KTSA, a member of the CBS, in San Antonio. For the last two years we have been operating also KGKO at Wichita Falls, which is on the air from ten to thirteen hours every day.

"Station WACO, which we also operate, is the only station in the United States whose call letters spell the name of the City in which the station is located; KTAT, as you probably know, stands for Keep Talking About Texas.

"The Gilliam idea back of the present policy of expansion in the four stations named—KTAT, KGKO, KTSA and WACO, is that while there are plenty of orchestras, and a superfluity of musicians the number of real entertainers is comparatively few. It is the policy therefore to develop real entertainers; and not merely musicians. For example at the KGKO studio and the KTAT studio they have built a stock company around the orchestras (there is an orchestra for each of the four studios). Trained both as singers and actors, these stock companies are able to produce anything in the way of a program from a duet to a chorus of Christmas carols, with plenty of action thrown in for good measure.

"There is one activity of all our stations which I should like to emphasize. It is our ironclad policy to sponsor without charge all religious, civic, agricultural and educational movements, not only in the cities in which the moves originate but in the surrounding country as well. According to actual records KGKO at Wichita Falls last year located 103 stolen motor cars in addition to finding a whole raft of lost dogs, cats and other pets; not to mention one lost lady whom we located in Detroit and put her in touch with her mother."



D. B. Gurney, president of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Co., Yankton, N. D., speaking in behalf of Better Butter.

Station at Wittenberg

WCSO is one of the few stations fortunate enough to have call letters significant in meaning. The initial letters of the "owner and operator" Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, were granted to the station many years ago after a brief existence as WNAP.

WCSO was established in 1921, and for two years the station was used largely for experimental purposes, but in the fall of 1923 a line was run to the Wittenberg Stadium and the Home Football Games were put on the air. This practice was soon enlarged to include all athletic contests. Last fall all football games were broadcast, those away from Springfield being relayed by remote control. Alumni of the college throughout the territory covered are enthusiastic listeners to all broadcasts.

Later an addition to one of the college buildings was completed to accommodate modern and well furnished studios. Regular programs of lectures, music and wholesome entertainment took their places on the air.

Each morning a program of organ music played by Oliver Nicklas of the State Theatre is broadcast by remote control. This theatre is packed with children for special shows on Saturday mornings, and these youngsters have formed a kiddies singing club, and vocalize as the organist plays.

Following the organ music each morning is the Homemaker's Hour directed by Miss Vera Stein, consisting of home hints, style talks, recipes, contests, music and entertainment. This hour has a wide acceptance with the housewives and a large correspondence is maintained between WCSO and those who favor this hour.

Night football is to be inaugurated at Wittenberg College this coming season and WCSO looks forward to carrying Wittenberg's football conquests to more listeners than ever before. John D. Kuhns, who for three years handled the Harvard games over WBZ, and Lester S. Crowl, who enters on his eighth year of putting Wittenberg football on the air, will again work together, as they also do when handling basketball from the Wittenberg Gymnasium.

WCSO has maintained a regular evening series of broadcast programs since its inception in 1921, serving the city of Springfield and a wide suburban and rural community in central Ohio.

Associate
Columbia Broadcasting System

The Most Powerful Broadcasting Station in 300 Miles

KSCJ

2500 Watts, Crystal Control
100% Modulation

Sioux City Journal, Sioux City, Iowa

Double Turntable Equipment for Both 33⅓ and 78 RPM Electrical Transcriptions

THE WHOLE STORY

Sioux City is the center of one of the richest agricultural belts in the world.
Sioux City is second in size in Iowa—Ninety-eighth in size in America.
Sioux City is the last big city north till you reach Winnipeg, Canada.
Sioux City has an active trading territory of seventy-five miles.
Sioux City has over a million people in her immediate trade territory.
Sioux City is the ***largest live stock trucking center in the world.***
Sioux City has more rural radio owners than any other section of the country.
Sioux City has ***one*** broadcasting station, ***KSCJ.***
KSCJ is one of the finest and most completely equipped broadcasting stations in the middle west.
The Sioux City Journal has been a daily in this territory over fifty-five years.
Sioux City markets are broadcast direct from stock yards, only through KSCJ.
KSCJ is owned and operated by The Sioux City Journal.
KSCJ maintains a schedule second to none—the quality of programs the best.
KSCJ has a staff of entertainers that can put on any kind of program desired.
KSCJ gets results.

C. W. CORKHILL, *Manager.*

From Harlem to Hollywood

Amos and Andy are out in Hollywood during the hot summer months getting their first experience in the sound picture studios. An authentic article on the subject will appear in the

SEPTEMBER
RADIO DIGEST

Start the new Radio year right by subscribing to this great Radio Fan magazine now.

WLBF

Kansas City, Kansas

When you wish to cover Greater Kansas City, and fifty miles rich surrounding territory, WLBF offers

Low Rates—Full Time On Air—High Grade Musical Programs — Choice Time. Complete Advertising Service — Proven Popularity.

Hoyland Milling Co., writes:
"We use fifteen stations and get best results from WLBF. We get four hundred to seven hundred letters per day, each representing a sale from our activities on your station."

WLBF —Pays more for talent—puts out more original entertainment—gets more fan mail than any other station in Greater Kansas City. ***FREE—Write for Station Survey, Rate Cards, Testimonial Sheets, Continuity Service, Etc.***

WLBF

Huron Building, Kansas City, Kansas

Texas Broadcasting Corp.

Serving the Great Southwest

DOMINANCE does not mean distance! The stations represented in this group possess sufficient power to reach out into their territories and the four of them serve the State of Texas, Southern Oklahoma and Eastern New Mexico. Each Station carefully studies the conditions in its own territory and its programs are planned to please the people. Each Station is the dominant, popular station in the community in which it is located.

KGKO
500 watts day time
250 watts night time
Wichita Falls, Texas

KGKO covers Northwest Texas and Southern Oklahoma, doing an average business of over $100,000 per annum and is the only Station in Wichita Falls.

KTAT
1000 watts
Fort Worth, Texas

KTAT is of the Southwest and for the Southwest—the greatest "new" country on the face of the earth. What this Station has to broadcast will be received by the fastest growing and soon the wealthiest territory in North America—a territory the resources of which have scarcely been touched.

WACO
1000 watts
Waco, Texas

WACO is located in one of the most thriving cities in Central Texas, with the most prosperous agricultural background of any city in the Southwest, and is the only Station in Waco and Central Texas.

KTSA
2000 watts day time
1000 watts night time
San Antonio, Texas

KTSA is located in historic old San Antonio, the home of the Alamo—within three or four hours drive of the lower Rio Grande Valley, with its untold wealth in production of oranges, grapefruit, lemons and other tropical fruits. It serves more local and territorial accounts than any other Station in South Texas.

During our five years in Commercial Radio Broadcasting, we have specialized in giving free service to all worthy institutions and movements in the cities and territories in which we are located—agricultural, religious, educational and similar institutions. This policy, together with the programs we present—that the people like—has endeared these stations to the public. Time can be bought on these stations individually or at an attractive combination rate as a group. For detailed information and rates, address—

TEXAS BROADCASTING CORP.

Texas Hotel **Fort Worth, Texas**

Best Wishes

To the

RADIO DIGEST

On Its 8th Anniversary

from

WHAS

which has also celebrated its eighth anniversary of service to a huge radio audience



Station WHAS radiocast its first programme on July 18, 1922. Since that time it has always strived for and maintained the highest of radio ethics and now serves a large and friendly audience every morning, afternoon and evening.

WHAS occupies a most strategic location. It is virtually at the center of population of the United States and over 47% of the population east of the Rockies live within a 500-mile radius. Within a radius of 1,000 miles are 92% of the population east of the Rockies.

WHAS

10,000 Watts Full Time

365.6 M.—820 K. C.

•

Owned and Operated By

The Courier-Journal

The Louisville Times

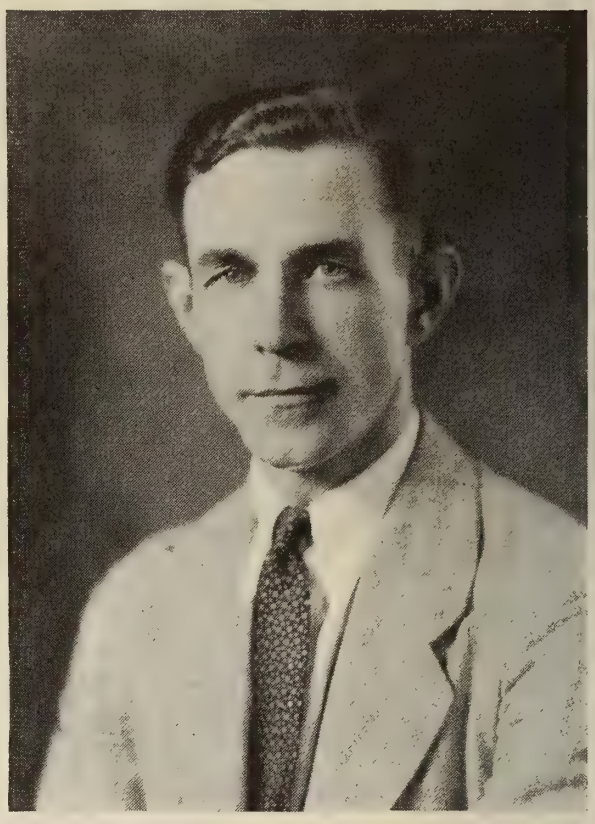
Louisville, Ky.

WREC, The Voice of Memphis

THE HOME studios of WREC are located in the beautiful Hotel Peabody and many novel local programs come from these studios each day. The $20,000 Mohler studio organ is heard several times daily with "Francis" at the console. The Doctor and Professor, "General Nuisance and Lord Applesauce," "The Roustabouts," "Ada and Eva," "Who's Who" and many other special local attractions keep the staff of twenty busy.

WREC is the CBS representative in Memphis and presents most of their leading programs. It is the only Memphis station that has permanent day-and-night chain service; presenting all of the Columbia sustaining features that are heard all through the day. Beginning at 7 o'clock a. m. with "Something for Everyone" and finishing the day at midnight with dance music from the beautiful roof garden of Hotel Peabody, played by Dave Harmon and his band.

"We are an intensely busy station here," says Hoyt B. Wooten, director of WREC. "Right in line with the new awakening spirit if the Old South, the Voice of Memphis, sounds its note of hope and encouragement to its thousands of listeners in in this section of the country."



Hoyt B. Wooten, Director WREC.

It Was a Real Strad —No Wonder!

J. OLIVER RIEHL, music director of the Chicago studios of the NBC, is not often mistaken in musical matters—if he were he wouldn't hold the position he now occupies. But he made a mistake recently which was at once painful and instructive, for although it cost him the price of a new hat, it brought to his attention the existence in Chicago of one of the finest violins in the world.

It all came about when C. M. Thompson, wealthy collector of violins, entered Riehl's office with the announcement that he had in his possession a violin from which could be produced with absolute perfection every note of the scale, even through the microphone. "I'll bet a hat you haven't!" was Riehl's answer, and an argument ensued which resulted in a bet into which the NBC official entered not wisely but too enthusiastically.

In order to settle the point, a council of several of the most eminent violinists in Chicago was called, who listened critically to the tones of the violin, first in the studio and later through the loudspeaker, as the music came to them via the microphone. The violin successfully passed every conceivable musical test, and Riehl lost the bet.

After it was all over, it was discovered that the instrument is a genuine Stradivarius, one of the few in existence and valued by its owner to the extent of a sum of five figures. As a result of the incident, Mr. Riehl is bemoaning the high cost of hats in Chicago, but he has also began negotiations to broadcast the marvelous tones of the violin over the NBC networks.

We believe they will be well worth hearing!

Greetings to our friends in Medicine Hat, Tucumcari, Andalusia, Oshkosh, Kalamazoo and Schenectady, as well as every other place, from—

WSM

"We Shield Millions"

°

The National Life and Accident Insurance Co.

INCORPORATED

Nashville - Tennessee

°

Operating on a frequency of 650 Kilocycles

°

For Rates Please Inquire by Mail

°

George D. Hay, *"The Solemn Ol' Judge,"* Director

Harry Stone, Associate Director



A fine, clean, professional and upstanding bunch compose the concert orchestra of KTSA, San Antonio, Texas, one of the Gilliam chain of stations. Everett Hauser, the director of the orchestra, is shown standing, with the baton, in the center.

Clever Entertainers —"Cecil and Sally"

CLEVER entertainers—Helen Troy and Johnnie Patrick of KPO! Original and humorous with their intriguing episodes of "Cecil and Sally in The Funniest Things," which are released every evening with the exception of Sunday, 9 to 9:10 o'clock.

Johnnie Patrick, who purposely flunked his West Point and University of California examinations because he was so sold on the idea of Radio as a career, is the originator and author of the humanly interesting episodes which have to do with the experiences of a bashful boy and his girl friend, typical of the everyday experience of modern romantic young couples—so cleverly interwoven with skill and understanding that they remind one of the experiences with his or her own children.

Helen Troy, "the girl friend," is equally accomplished, having been on the stage since she was four years old. Strange it is that both of these artists, who have organized the team of "Cecil and Sally," have had more or less the same experiences throughout their lives. Both were raised by aunts and uncles, their parents having passed away while they were still very young.

Helen was born in San Francisco. At four years she toured the country with her uncle, G. Lote Silver, on the Orpheum Circuit—it was he who originated the illustrated songs so popular a few years back. A year or so later her uncle retired from the stage and purchased a chain of theatres of his own, and Helen was then sent to school at Travers City, Michigan, attending the Sacred Heart Academy.

At seventeen she was sent to Chicago to study piano and pipe organ, where she received the teaching of a number of celebrated teachers, including Jess Crawford. Her first professional engagement as an organist was in Detroit where she appeared at the Cinderella Theatre for one year. She then came west and for a time played at the Imperial Theatre here, then entered the Radio field at a local station as accompanist and soprano soloist.

Johnnie was born in Louisville, Kentucky. At the age of two years he found himself at Houston, Texas, where several years later, when his parents died, he was sent to be cared for by his uncle at Austin, Texas, who sent him to the Saint Edward's School there. His early life was one round of schools. From St. Edwards he was sent to Saint Joseph's Academy, New Jersey, and then to Holy Cross College at New Orleans. From there he went back to Texas, and soon afterwards to San Francisco.

Here he finished his schooling at a private school and then took up drawing at the California Institute of Fine Arts and established quite a reputation as a cartoonist—many of his drawings have been used by local newspapers.

One day while on the tennis court "raising a racket" Johnnie met Helen Troy and she became his "girl friend of Radio."

"She inspired me with her little laugh and her ability to be funny," states Johnnie, "and Helen gave me the idea of our broadcasts which have proved so popular with Radio dialers."

"Don't you believe him," chips in Helen, "it is his own keen sense of

KFJF

5000 Watts, 1480 Kilocycles

Oklahoma City, ∞ Oklahoma

1. KFJF is located in the center of the U. S. equidistant from Los Angeles and New York City.
2. KFJF is in the geographical and population center of the State of Oklahoma, the only state in the Union that has been in the "white" on business maps of the country for twenty-one consecutive months.
3. KFJF has been operating on a Daily Schedule for seven years (on July 4th).
4. KFJF has new 5000 watt 100 per cent modulated crystal controlled equipment.
5. KFJF operates on a full time schedule starting at 7 a. m. with continuous programs 16 to 18 hours every day.

BROADCASTING STATION KFJF
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Member Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Association of Broadcasters.



"Chickie" Moss is a petite blues singer featured twice weekly over KQV, Pittsburgh. Small, dark, with flashing blue eyes, "Chickie" (no one seems to know her first name) is five feet of concentrated personality. Just 18, hails from sunny California, and has ambitions to return there. Much as they would like to see her realize her ambition, the KQV crowd would rather have her stay with them.

humor and his exceedingly funny quips that make the episodes so successful. You know Johnny never does give himself credit for his ability—but you can just rest assured that I'll speak for him. He's simply great!"

Basketball, tennis and swimming seem to be the chief athletic hobbies of both, and they devote much of their spare time to these healthful sports.

The Growth of KQV

A FORD Spark Coil, two nails as a spark gap, a dry cell and a sending key. That was the beginning in 1912 of the present KQV Pittsburgh, of three magnificent studios and offices atop a modern office building. KQV has gone through a number of reincarnations since then, but the staff are proud of the fact that their license is the first one ever granted a commercial station and that KQV is the second oldest station in the world.

Since that humble beginning over eighteen years ago KQV has grown marvelously. Under the management now of Paul J. Miller, who has been in the game since he was a "pup," the staff of KQV, numbering twenty persons in all, plans to extend their scope of activities to include every type of entertainment known. Football games, hockey, basketball, operas, symphonic presentations and choral renditions all have a place in the plans for the coming fall.

Joe Wright and His Eleven-Piece Orchestra

***By* C. Thomas Nunan**

AN UNUSUAL orchestra director is Joe Wright, violinist leader of The Cinderella Orchestra of the Silver Slipper Cafe, heard nightly, 11:00 to 12:00, except Mondays, on KPO, San Francisco. For Joe spends all his spare time reading the "case books of law," and books published on the laws of harmony. He does not study law with the aim of becoming a lawyer. He reads it for recreation. Although a past master and arranger of harmony, he reads the laws of harmony also to relax his mind. In that, he is like a sailor who goes rowing on his days of "liberty."

But Joe is one of those unusual men in everything he does. He has an unusually good orchestra, is an expert at golf, was a real baseball player, but butterfingers being not especially good for violinists, he has forsaken the diamond. He is an all round good chap and a clean cut gentleman.

He was born in Oklahoma City, 1899. His father, a retired oil man of that city, was a guitar player of repute; his mother, a concert pianist. It followed that Joe should also become a musician. When he was 4 years old he was taken to Spokane with his parents where he grew to manhood and received his education.

Joe came to San Francisco eight years ago and was one of the first to be heard over KPO, when it came on the air in 1922. Since that time he has become well known to San Franciscans and has directed orchestras in a number of the city's leading cafes.

His eleven-piece orchestra is fast gaining a reputation for its individual style. They play their own arrangements of the late hits. The orchestra boasts three men who specialize in this and their arrangements are made to fit the orchestra.

The boys are also arrangers for one of the country's leading music publishers and the photograph of the orchestra will soon be published on a number of the latest song hits.

WFAA

Only Station in entire South or west of Mississippi with a power of

50 KILOWATTS

WFAA offers complete Radio advertising service, with a large and competent staff of producers and entertainers.

THE DALLAS NEWS - -
THE DALLAS JOURNAL

LOOK OUT fo' Mah Operation

By Roger Baudier

A MOST important function of Radio is to bring to the people of one section of our country information as to customs and traditions of other parts. Thus the dwellers in New England may know more about the people of Florida and the Carolinas; the office workers in Chicago's loop may have a better understanding of the people of Southern Louisiana; and that these people in the far South may in turn better appreciate their northern brothers. The same is good for all parts of the country.

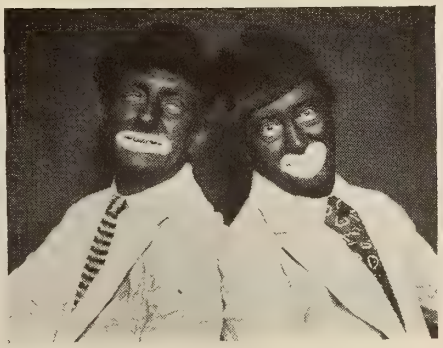
Which is just by way of introducing this illuminating story of two New Orleans comedians who are wisely impersonating over Radio the humorous side of a little known race of Americans—the French-speaking "niggers" of the Delta region.—Editor.

"LOOK out fo' mah operation!"
"Who wrote dat song?"
"Most assiduously—"

These typical expressions of Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain, and a score of others with the tang of the peculiar Creole accent, have become bywords in New Orleans, uproariously familiar to the thousands of Radio fans who tune in every Tuesday night for certain popular headliners of station WWL. But where would one expect to find the real types of Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain with their accompanying characters, except in the old French Quarter of New Orleans—the Vieux Carré?

Famous writers, singers, poets and artists have immortalized the Vieux Carré, as well as its inseparable, odd and unique folks, with their strange customs of another day and their chatter in inimitable "Creole nigger-talk." However, it was left to Ralph J. Nogués and René Durel to place on the air for the first time, vividly and true to life, some of these quaint characters. Among those who know New Orleans, who are there who will not recognize Smokey Joe, the unfailing, shrewd and pompous darkey with a smattering of education; Tee-Tain, the simple, street-corner "nigger" of old "French Town"; Clemence, the latter's shrill-voiced-virago-of-a-wife; Lawyer Calebasse, the rusty and frayed legal light of the old régime, unable to utter half a sentence without interspersing it with French; Wun Lung, the incarnation of the still popular New Orleans Chinese laundryman (incidentally, the old Chinese character in continuity on the air); and Senor Alvarez, descendant of Spanish grandees?"

Then there are also those other odd,



honest-to-goodness Orleanians, holdovers of another day: Nainaine Cora, Madame Alexis—the fortune-teller; "Achille," Uncle Nenesse, and, the crowning glory of all, Tee-Tain's two little sons, Equator and Gagaloot!

With all the world to choose from, no two persons could better qualify to impersonate such characters than Nogués and Durel, for both were born and reared in the old French Quarter, among the very characters they portray. Little wonder that they bring out their characters so faithfully, particularly in accent, dialect and expression; that they make use of their habit of jumping from the sublime to the ridiculous and to finding humor even in moments the most dramatic. Even their fantastic trips to Mars and Iceland and other faraway places that have brought such nationwide popularity to Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain and aroused such widespread interest, are characteristic of "French Town" colored folks' simplicity and credulity.

Then, in the musical overture of their broadcast, Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain bring in rare New Orleans local color. The wailing dirge of the ever-present negro funeral band on the way to the cemetery, is combined with the customary lively jazz selections played on the return, as if expressing joy at being still alive. As Smokey Joe expresses it:

KFUL

owned and operated by the

Texas Broadcasting Company

oOo

Studio:
Buccaneer Hotel
Galveston, Texas

oOo

Write for Rates

"... COMING to you from the studios of ... KSTP"

▾ ▾ ▾

St. Paul and Minneapolis and the adjacent Northwest vote for KSTP first in preference to any other local programs. And quite naturally, the NBC entertainment and service features have the majority of followers of net work productions. KSTP admittedly is first—nearly 70% of the listeners as against 17% for the station named second choice. The KSTP orchestra organization of thirty-five artists includes selected groups, which present everything from symphonic classics to the latest popular selections, and is the only full-time Radio station staff orchestra in the Northwest. In addition to this most important asset, KSTP gives most to the advertiser and listeners because it has the largest musical library — the largest technical staff — the most complete research, merchandising, sales, program, publicity, continuity, music and dramatic departments. The KSTP advertising department will be pleased to submit a detailed Radio advertising plan without obligation.

▾ ▾ ▾

Studios
St. Paul Hotel
St. Paul

▿ ▿

Studios
Hotel Radisson
Minneapolis

▿ ▿

Executive Offices
St. Paul Hotel
St. Paul, Minnesota

▾ ▾ ▾

NORTHWEST'S LEADING RADIO STATION

"Most assiduously, hits de nigger ban' goin' with the dead one and comin' back wif de live ones."

Smokey Joe is the re-incarnation of a real character: A famous negro coal stoker on the Pontchartrain R. R. of New Orleans, the second oldest railroad in this country, whose three coaches and ancient locomotive still ramble to the lake shore, while the engine belches great clouds of black smoke. Hence, its nickname among Orleanians of "Smokey Mary" and the cognomen of "Smokey" for its fireman.

Tee-Tain is the phonetic abbreviation for "Petit Celestin," that is, "Little Celestin," following the common practice among the unlettered Creoles of adding the word "little" to the son's name when it is the same as the father's. "Petit Celestin" is shortened to "Tit-Tin," pronounced "Tee-Tain." Celestin was a habitue of one of the grocery stores in the neighborhood of Durel's childhood home in the French Quarter.

Both Durel and Nogués made their debut on the stage when very young, and that is more years than they care to remember. They later played in medicine shows. Both were in the theatre in New Orleans and on the road. Nogués started in dramatic roles and later turned to comic characters, especially those of the old régime of New Orleans. Durel remembers with a chuckle his first black-face act at a church festival.

With the decline of the legitimate, they drifted into commercial art, and in this line are well known in the city. Hence, it appeared for a time that business would rob the stage of two born thespians, but fortunately Radio has brought them back, and New Orleans "Vieux Carré" characters have been made known to the nation in a vivid and lifelike manner.



The orchestra of WCFL, Chicago, has Henry Francis Parks as its studio director, a musician of long symphonic orchestral experience. Director Parks is shown in the center of the photograph, standing.

Old Doc Applesauce Shows Himself Again

***By* George R. Wood**

TAKE a great amount of sunshine, and cheery smiles, add good music and humor administered by RKO stars and you have the prescription that is the foundation of the program directed by Old Doctor Applesauce. This mysterious old character who styles himself "the old quack himself who cures your ills without any pills," is heard through WIL.

Each Monday afternoon at six o'clock a WIL announcer greets the Radio audience: "It's RKO and here we go with the program from the St. Louis Theatre studios. Your genial host and master of ceremonies, Old Doctor Applesauce, is ready to conduct the regular weekly program featuring the Mystery Number Contest with Walter Seim at the theatre pipe organ. Answers to this weekly contest run into thousands as the listeners try to guess the correct title of an old number played.

An outstanding feature of the Old Doctor's broadcast is the original humorous style of announcing that he has inaugurated for the program. His announcements are made from the "Applesauce Book of Poetry," "The Applesauce Book of Proverbs," "The Applesauce Book of Philosophy," etc.

The mysterious old doctor's identity was kept closely guarded until the St. Louis Radio show, when the listeners demanded that he appear, and so the secret was revealed—"Old Doctor Applesauce," Arthur A. Frudenfeld—assistant district manager for RKO.

In 1922 First In Dixie In 1930

WSB

The Voice of the South

Radiophone Broadcasting Station of

THE ATLANTA JOURNAL
ATLANTA - - GEORGIA
"The Journal Covers Dixie Like the Dew"

5,000 WATTS
Western Electric
Throughout

CLEAR CHANNEL
FULL TIME

Affiliated NBC *Network*

Maintaining a complete continuous daily service of 17½ hours

INCIDENTALLY, dear lady reader, you pos-it-ively must read What Women Are Wearing This Fall by that best of authority, Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin. Of course, in the September Radio Digest. And another article by Evelyn KDKA Gardiner, Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

* * *

Here's a tip to our friends with typewriter leanings: Radio Digest is planning soon to inaugurate a series of Radio Skitbits written by our readers. If they do as well as they did with the Amos and Andy skits we are going to enjoy some highly entertaining bits.



In a unique setting the Silver Slipper Orchestra of Station KPO, San Francisco, performs for audiences who delight to trip the "light bombastic" toe. The white object on the curtain behind the musicians is a Cindarella slipper, we believe.

Doc Johnson *of* KPO

Says, "When I Settle Down and Marry I am Going to Raise a Little Haywire Orchestra All My Own"

"Doc Johnson," who directs the "Home Towners" over KPO, in private life is Harry E. Jackson. Harry is a Radio salesman, and runs a Radio repair shop, and, as he himself says, "by fixing the sets I can be assured that they are in good working order to receive my programs."

"Doc" was born at Covelo, California, close to the Round Valley Indian Reservation, Mendocino County, in 1888. Like all back country people, he has a friendly twinkle in his blue eyes. He stands 5 feet 6½ inches, and, but for a few sparse hairs that nestle on the top and sides of his head, he is bald. "I have always been too busy to allow my hair to grow," says this KPO artist with a giggle. "From the time I was knee high to a grasshopper, I have had to git-up-and-git to satisfy a craving for food. My first employment was with the village blacksmith where I pounded out many an inspiring tune on the anvil."

"The tunes that I play on Radio KPO are the result of early environment," states Doc. "Ma and Pa were the haywirest musicians you ever heard, and so were my three brothers. We used to hold nightly concerts in the old home, utilizing every imaginable type of transportable instrument, with the exception of a piano, and the front parlor was the hangout for the neighbors. We all played by ear—whistles, banjos, accordians, violins. We went so far as to coax musical tunes out of almost anything from which a sound could be extracted.

"Then, too, we organized a little 'Tin Horn Orchestra,' the kind which is commonly called by Radio dialers of today 'Haywire,' and we were in great demand. We played for three years at various summer resorts throughout the State before we disbanded."

"Doc" was schooled at Healdsburg, attending the grammar and high schools of that city. In high school he excelled at pole vaulting and hurdling, and one year during the Water Carnival on the Russian river he won a silver medal as second place winner in the Single Oar race. There were only two in the race.

"Someday when I settle down and marry," states Doc, "I am going back to them thar hills and raise a hay wire orchestra of my own, so that the family name will be perpetuated for Radio."

Today Radio is richer in that the melodies that once cheered the pioneers on the trails are available and are sung by "Doc" and his "Home Towners" from KPO during the "Toreador" broadcasts every Monday evening, 9:00 to 10:00 o'clock; Tuesday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:00 o'clock; "The Midweek Variety Hour," Wednesdays, 9:10 to 10:00 o'clock, and the "Back Home" programs Fridays, 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock p. m.

Compares Acting, Radio

ARTHUR B. ALLEN, the squeaky voiced Gus of the Schradertown broadcasts at 8:30 Friday nights over KSD, is just the sort of personality the listener is led to expect from his Radio voice—a spry, energetic little man, with quick-moving hands and expressive shoulders.

Not a youngster any more, though capable of all the enthusiasms of a boy in school. His face is thin and narrow, with mild, blue eyes and a sensitive mouth above a long chin.

When he is talking his lips move very little—long stage experience has taught him the trick of "throwing" his voice from the back of his throat. But when acting before the microphone he is apt to take on droll contortions and mouthings, hunch his shoulders and wave his arms about, all to fit the character he is portraying.

"Broadcasting is different from character acting on the stage," Allen says, "because there you have action, costume and lighting effects to get your story across the footlights and you can represent a dozen different characters in pretty much the same voice. But in Radio you must have a voice for every character."

Brother Bob Described

AT LAST the public knows who "Brother Bob" is on the afternoon "Brother Bob frolic" at KTAB, Oakland, Calif. He is Ray Raymond, aged 36 years.

Originally hailing from Shreveport, La., he later attended the University of Kansas, played in musical comedy circles and then migrated into the advertising racket.

Nearly 6 feet high, and weighing 170 pounds, he has blue eyes and blond hair, admits a fondness for prize fights, supper dances and the talkies.

Which does he like better—acting or Radio work? Three guesses.

Congratulations to

RADIO DIGEST

on their

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

from

WREC

"The Voice of Memphis"

in HOTEL PEABODY

MEMPHIS LEADING STATION

SERVING: WEST TENNESSEE, EAST ARKANSAS, NORTH MISSISSIPPI

WCOC

owned and operated by

Mississippi Broadcasting Co.
INCORPORATED
Meridian, Miss.

1000 Watts to local sunset . . . . .
500 Watts thereafter.

100% Modulation. .

Licensed to operate on full time. . . .

Write for Rates

KTAP

1,420 Kilocycles {100 Watts} 211.1 Meters

Operating on Full Time

SERVING

An estimated population of over 300,000 with approximately 2½ million people living within 250 miles of SAN ANTONIO

Schedule of Rates
(Subject to change without notice)

		1 Time	13 Times	26 Times
1 HOUR	[7 P. M. to 6 A. M.]	$30.00	$24.00	$18.00
½ HR.	[7 P. M. to 6 A. M.]	15.00	12.00	9.00
	[6 A. M. to 7 P. M.]	18.00	14.40	12.00
	[6 A. M. to 7 P. M.]	9.00	7.20	6.00

FOR FURTHER DETAILS REGARDING CONTRACTS AND AVAILABLE TIME
Address: W. E. Remy
Advertising Manager

Alamo Broadcasting Co.
401 MAJESTIC THEATER BLDG.
San Antonio - - Texas

The KFRC Blue Monday Jamboree

***By* Monroe R. Upton**

KFRC's Jamboree was born—a good program is born, not made—way back (let's see!) sometime between the carving of the ten commandments and Lindbergh's flight to Paris. "Mac," occasionally known as Harry McClintock, started it all as a campfire hour. Come to think of it, though, it might have started with the Cuckoo Club, a KFRC weekly "funfest" that flourished during the station's 50-watt days, long before Don Lee purchased it, added 950 watts and moved it to 1000 Van Ness avenue.

The Jamboree is just about the only West Coast program that has managed, by hook, crook or kilocycle, to become an institution. It has taken it's place along with marriage, "Skippy," the one-way street, the Pacific ocean, aloofness to the 18th Amendment and the story about the traveling man who went downstairs to devour the remainder of the biscuits—a part and parcel of American life on the Pacific coast.

The personnel of the Jamboree force includes the comedians—Pedro, the dumb janitor of Seal Rocks, who sleeps on a high stool for days at a time; Frank Watanabe, who specializes in playing with nitroglycerin; professor Hamburg, who does strange things with a sword; Lem and Lafe, the blackface pair, and Monroe Upton, a comedian of parts and special writer for KFRC.

Besides there is Norman Nelson, a tenor who specializes in old tunes, and who does dramatic parts, serious and non-serious; Juanita Tennyson, Edna O'Keefe, Jean Wakefield, Lucille Atherton, Margaret O'dea, who is possessed of an exceptionally rich and sweet contralto voice; Edna Hazel Warner and others.

Nature Faking

"I have gone into the stock breeding business," said Brown.

"You have?" replied Smith, "And what are you going to raise on your farm? Horses, cows and pigs?"

"No, No!" Brown rejoined. I'm going in for something new. I'm going to cross carrier pigeons with parrots so we can send messages verbatim."



Without hesitation we announce that Bonnie Daynes, shown herewith, is our type of girl. She is one of the talented artists of KDYL, Salt Lake City, Utah. Appearing with Norman Mork in the spot broadcast bearing the title of Diane and Phil.

Girl Wins $100 for DUBRONSKY YARN

By David B. Hampton

WHO killed Leon Dubronsky of KHOL?

You will be surprised—especially if you were one of the many contestants who submitted 500-word theories in answer to the question, which was published as the title of a mystery story in the April Radio Digest.

Not one person named the actual killer.

Almost everyone mentioned in the story was accused, but the individual who is revealed here by the author, Mr. David B. Hampton, as the real murderer.

All the manuscripts were read and reread by the judges. One after another was eliminated.

***Margaret J. Ayotte, 2430 Ninth ave., Watervliet, New York,** was adjudged the winner of the one and only prize of $100. Her theory was declared the most ingenious and most nearly correct. She cleared all the other characters on whom suspicion had fallen and named the murderer as "Mr. X." She attributed the motive to revenge, and accounted for the missing finger to the desire of assassin for the ring.*

Following is the explanation as originally written by the author, Mr. Hampton.

AFTER several weeks of fruitless investigation endeavoring to solve the mysterious murder of Leon Dubronsky and how he could telephone a Radio station two hours after he had died, Smiling Pat Donovan succeeded in gaining permission from Captain Rawlston to place the case in the hands of the noted criminologist, Professor Robert C. Marsby.

Seated in the cozy apartment on Cherokee Street, Donovan related in detail the incidents surrounding the mysterious murder, and presented all the evidence he had been able to uncover, and in his most eloquent manner appealed to this expert for assistance. Marsby, as was always his habit, sat listening without ever interrupting. Then, before saying a word he strolled to the window and blindly gazed out over the rooftops of surrounding bungalows, and, slowly tugging at his chin, weighed the evidence placed before him. At length he turned to Donovan, his face serious and his cold blue eyes piercing into the eyes of his guest.

"Pat," he said in a toneless sort of way, "how many times must I warn you of the folly in chasing clues? They are the most dangerous and misleading steps in solving a crime of this nature. Here you have certain facts in this case, and you totally ignore them to go chasing rainbows. Stand at a window and look off into space. Forget everything. Forget all you've heard or seen and give those little brain cells a chance to function. Shut everything else from your mind.

"Automatically the puzzle will twist around into a nucleus and grow into a logical solution. Now this case does not warrant my devoting time to it. I'll start you off on the right path and see to it you get the congratulations of that Scotchman, Captain Rawlston."

"LET us start by elimination. The fact that no weapon was found in the room is of no importance. The locked door is an old, old gag. A small pair of pincers with long claws will easily lock or unlock doors that have the key on the other side of the lock. I dare say if you carefully examine the key used you will find tiny scratches on the point. The mere knowledge that Mr. Truewald conducted a butcher shop is trivial. Likewise the pertinacious attitude of the landlady, Mrs. Conway. And the young girl, Mrs. Truewald, is just as innocent as you would like her to be. The major thing and key to the solution you entirely overlooked. TWO HOURS AFTER DUBRONSKY DIED HE PHONED THE RADIO STATION. Common sense will tell you the impossibility of such an action."

So far the discourse was of little assistance to Donovan, but he knew he must content himself by listening to the professor, and eventually he would learn the truth. However, he said:

"Then according to that I should arrest the assistant Radio announcer at KHOL because he took the second phone call."

"Exactly," the professor quickly retorted. "Now, Donovan, you are using your head and not your legs. That man is guilty of this crime. Who else could do it? Why, my boy, I'd feel ashamed of myself if I were in your shoes. Except for the motive I will reconstruct the little episode if you care to listen."

Donovan was very anxious to listen and after they had lighted cigars and settled back in comfortable chairs Marsby proceeded to unravel the mystery. And his smoothness of speech made it impossible to doubt his words.

"Dubronsky and the girl returned from dinner and, reaching their floor, he tried to persuade her to enter his room. She refused. Both went to their respective apartments. Mrs. Conway entered Dubronsky's room to reprove him for his actions towards Mrs. Truewald. After she departed the murderer, having gained access by a passkey prior to Dubronsky's homecoming, and hidden in the clothes closet, leaped out and killed Dubronsky. I think that explains the actions of Mrs. Conway and the girls."

"Well, not exactly," Smiling Pat interjected.

"THEN you are not allowing freedom of your brain cells," remarked the professor. "Mrs. Conway realized her position. She was the last person to have seen the murdered man. Quite naturally she endeavored to get out of a precarious role by subtly reflecting suspicion on Mrs. Truewald. On the other hand, this young lady was on equally as thin ice. Fearing the consequences, she lied, hoping to build an alibi. The last point to clear up is the missing finger and reason for severing. My only thought on the matter is that Dubronsky wore a particular ring that the murderer craved."

True to Professor Marsby's prediction, Donovan, within half an hour secured a written confession from Lawrence Palmer, and the last few stray threads were gathered up and explained in this document.

KTRH

The Rice Hotel

Station at

Houston, Texas

broadcasts nightly on an assigned frequency of

1120 KILOCYCLES

or

267.7 METERS

Featuring CBS Programs as well as the highest type of local entertainment



Broadcasting time available to enterprising businesses desirous of reaching a majority of South and Southeast Texas homes.

All types of talent available through our service and continuity department.

Station is equipped with double turntables to handle programs by electrical transcription.

Write for rates or consult Standard Rate and Data Service.

The name Leon Dubronsky was an alias, his real name being Horace A. Widdemer. He had been a violinist in a motion picture theatre in Dallas, Texas, until the advent of talkies, when this means of livelihood was relegated to the graveyard. He tried being a street musician, then turned to burglary, and, while robbing the Palmer house, he stumbled over a chair in the bedroom and awoke the sleepers. In the fracas that followed Mrs. Palmer was shot and killed, and Widdemer escaped by jumping through the window.

Palmer had recognized the ring on the deceased's finger as belonging to his wife. It was impossible to remove without lopping off the finger first, and he was determined to retrieve the jewelry for sentimental reasons. Lawrence Palmer was not erratic in his speech, as he felt confident the Dallas police would verify his confession and he would be liberated without a prison term.

Among those who submitted theories especially clever and worthy of honorable mention were the following:

Miss Ione Lester, 2418 Ninth ave., Watervliet, N. Y.

Charles Albright, R. F. D. No 4, York, Pa.

Helen Browne, Box 18, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, San Diego, Calif.

Oliver W. Cory, Waldeck, Sask.

Mrs. J. H. Reser, Conway, Mo.

Belle Nugent Gross, 256 Grove st, Oshkosh, Wis.

Mabel Derrickson, 2225 Stewart st., Puyallup, Wash.

Oscar Bryer, 2006 Howe st., Chicago, Ill.

W. S. Mills, 215 Peterson ave., Creston, Iowa

Naomi R. Buchanan, 1522 Fifth ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

Edith Keenan, 1004 Sixteenth ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Mervin L. Gardner, R. F. D. 4, Wells, Minn.

Miss Katherine MacIlreavie, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

V. A. Custer, 12 N. Goodwin ave., Kingston, Pa.

James V. Wiskin, 61 Livingston ave., Kingston, Ont.

B. S. Grewal, 3839 Richton st., Detroit, Mich.

Melvin Tischler, Library, Pa.

O. H. Smith, 147 Park Drive, Allegan, Mich.

Lillian Borvan, 2806 S. Harding ave., Chicago, Ill.

Van D. Valentine, Murray, Ky.

Beating the Racketeers

(Continued from page 48)

son of fashion in Chicago. Cooney was back on the stand and the Coon-Sanders Orchestra was holding forth merrily. Newspapers could get no facts on the procedure of Cooney's amateur sleuthing. Then, at last, he admitted that all but one in the gang had been taken. The fifth was not long to remain free. The show was just about over, and then—Coon-Sanders and their band went off the air entirely. Fans again were in a turmoil, but needlessly. Coon and Sanders were merely taking a well earned rest after seven years of hard work. They came back to their public when they opened their summer engagement at the Dells. So far there have been no more interruptions in their careers. Cooney has been unmolested and his family are in good shape. It is a known fact that four of the gang are behind bars and it is suspected that the fifth has joined his companions.

Cooney will not say anything of his adventures. He does not deny that they are true, but he is still silent about the whole affair. There must be a reason, but that would probably be another story to solve. Ah, verily, truth is stranger than fiction, but truth never finds an adequate ending place. Would it be possible to say of Carleton Coon and his family, at this point, "and they lived happily ever after"? No. There must still be more to tell, but until Cooney wishes to tell it, we must all wait. At least we can be reassured that he is in no danger, and that should difficulties arise, he is fully capable of meeting them.

Dawn of Radio

(Continued from page 70)

tion had the future of Radio at heart and it was their desire to give the listeners entertainment. Lined up against this little army of two were several of the officials of the Westinghouse Company who also had the future of Radio at heart. These men were of the opinion that all persons connected with the theatre were in league with the Devil. To permit these lost souls to broadcast might give Radio a bad name! As Ripley would say, "Believe it or not."

White and Cowan carried on and the officials who opposed the appearance of Broadway talent at the WJZ microphone were forced to abandon a losing fight. The fan mail which poured in proved that the public was getting what it wanted. White and Cowan had won the fight.

One evening after a strenuous broadcast Major White was on his way home. He met a friend who owned a restaurant and as they chatted this man said, "I've got a band playing in my place you ought to put on the air." Major White asked whose band it was. The man replied, "There's a fellow running it by the name of Vincent Lopez."

The Major had never heard of Lopez and his friend insisted that they go to the restaurant right then and there. "The boys are playing now and it will give you a chance to hear them." White was tired but his friend was so insistent that he permitted the man to persuade him into going with him. The band was playing.

Major White says now that it sounded just the same to him then as any other good band might have sounded. He saw no reason to get excited over the work of the musicians. However, he decided to ask the leader to broadcast some night.

He was introduced to Lopez and gave the invitation explaining that while there would be no financial return in it for the musicians he would see to it that transportation facilities for the men and their instruments would be furnished. Lopez smiled. "Oh, never mind that. We can all go over in the Hudson Tube. When do you want us there?"

The Major named the date and the time of the broadcast. Sure enough, Vincent Lopez and all his musicians appeared at the Westinghouse factory on time for the scheduled broadcast. Bass viol, drums and all the trip had been made under the Hudson by tube. Perhaps you've heard of this man who, in 1921 inconvenienced himself and all his bandsmen in order to promote Radio during the pioneering days—this Vincent Lopez?

One stormy night that same winter the Major and Tommy Cowan had scheduled a program of great variety. Two singers by the name of Billy Jones and Ernie Hare were to open the evening's broadcast with some duets. They opened the show alright. And they kept it open for an hour. Then they kept it open for another hour! Major White, with the company's car loaded down with entertainers, was enroute from New York to Newark.

The storm had drifted the snow and the trip consisted of one delay after another. At every corner where a telephone was available the Major called up Tommy—"We're on our way. Keep Jones and Hare singing until we get there." Back to the car he would go to battle the elements. When the half-frozen entertainers arrived at the studio Jones and Hare were singing their forty-second number!

Cowan went to the microphone to make an announcement and Billy Jones flopped into a chair—all in. The Major leaned over to speak to him. Jones looked up and murmured, "Thank God you're here!" Then the Major told him the sad news. "You'll have to sing one or two more songs, Billy. The crowd is frozen. They'll be alright as soon as they get thawed out," he whispered, "but you and Ernie will have to help me out just a little longer."

Billy Jones never said a word but the Major says he will never forget the look which the singer gave him as he slowly pulled himself out of the chair and motioned to Ernie Hare to join him at the mike. They sang another song, this pair who were to become famous as the "Happiness Boys," now known as "The Interwoven Pair." Forty-three numbers is, I think, a record for one continuous duet recital.

They were a hardy lot those Radio pioneers. Let's give those boys and girls a big hand.

Crockett Mountineers

(Continued from page 33)

and the fellow who buys one must eat it with the woman who cooked it."

"And that's where the fun begins," chimed in Allen, the youngest. "Sometimes a real old man buys a young girl's pie, or a young fellow like me gets one from a woman old enough to be my grandmother. That happened to me twice, and my whole evening was spoiled."

The Crocketts agree, however, that the pies are good, no matter who bakes them. Their women-folk know how to cook.

"The only thing I don't like about the girls up here is that they don't know how to cook," said Johnny.

"Just before we left for New York," recalled Albert, the third son, "I was at a party where they bid a pie up to $4.75 before it was finally sold. That was the highest price I ever remember being paid. It surely had me guessing until I found out the reason. It seems that one of the girls told two fellows who liked her a lot the kind and color of the box her pie would be in. Neither of them thought the other knew anything about it and, as they both wanted to have it with her, they kept raising the price until one of them ran out of money. The other got the pie and the girl, but it was against the rules."

No, the Crocketts are not really at home in New York. They miss their hominy and home baked ham. They miss certain beverages unmentionable here, and they miss above all yellow corn meal and sorgham molasses. But when they get into the Columbia studios and establish an intimacy with the microphone and their fiddles, they are themselves again. Real mountaineers, happy in the ease and simplicity of their own music, unmindful of urbane conventions, light-hearted, sincere. Their songs, so different from modern jazz, stir the heart and stimulate smiles. Undoubtedly they are bringing back the family to the hearthstone.

Terror

(Continued from page 32)

the slaves were never considered. Slaves had neither wrongs nor rights.

The best people in town bought and sold them, whipped them or sent them to the jail to be whipped; but nobody cared for them, so why should they care for anybody?

Tonight the uncorking of the bottles uncorked their own fiery spirits and they exchanged stories of the wrongs they suffered. They bandied the reputations about of the highest families and told what they knew of the scandals that found no other publication.

If they grew boisterous and reckless, had they not waited on white orgies? If they drank too much, had they not carried to bed many a master—and mistress—too stupefied to do anything but strike and curse the faithful slave that tried to save the family name? And what pay did they get?

"They's white folks in 'is town 'at has too much and brack folks as has too little," groaned Mrs. Lynch's wench "Cuba," and Carpenter's "Ticklepitcher" whined:

"My old missy so mean to me dis mawn' I just couldn't seem to please her nohow. I come might' near cuttin' her old fat th'oat for her."

CURACAO DICK broke in:

"My massa make so much trouble about me not keepin' de house warm dat I 'bout raidy to burn it down and th'ow him into it."

The Spanish Indian "Wan" or "Juan" snarled:

"I like-a burn de whole damn town down."

Another Spanish negro, Pable, spoke with a flare of willingness:

"Cut all de white hearts out and I'll drink dey blood to dey health."

Mr. Ellison's Jamaica restored the note to its proper frivolity by waving his old violin in air and shouting:

"And me I plays de fiddle whilst you cook de whites!"

This met with a whoop of approval. Mrs. Van Borsum's Scipio and Benson's Mars and Kelley's London all rose at once and shouted:

"Come on evvabody, we go out and set de town on fiah!"

There was a deafening clatter of mugs on tables at this. But Pemberton's Quamino howled:

"Hit's pretty damn cold for dat. Where at we all go when de houses all burn? We better wait till summer come."

This brought a big laugh, and they decided to postpone the destruction for more comfortable weather. Meanwhile, they called the roll and all the guests agreed to do their shares in the judgment day. Each promised to send his master's house up in smoke, except Tom Peal's Bastian, who shook his head.

"I got too nice a house. I keep it for to live in maself when we all is free."

BUT unchecked freedom was still beyond their vision. Somebody must always be master, and it pleased Cowley's Cato to say:

"How we gwine divide de govament when we git it?"

In deference to the tavern keeper who stood laughing by, filling the glasses as they were drained, Kip's Harry said:

"I elect Mr. Hughson for king."

Latham's Fortune went one better:

"And Miz Hughson for queen!"

Vanderspiegel's Brash shouted:

"And Miss Hughson for second helpin' as queen."

Tiebout's Venture piped up:

"And who is Peggy goin' to be?"

Bayard's Phaeton was ready with a solution:

"We make Caesar general of de army and Peggy'll be Mrs. General."

This was the most popular proposal of all, for Caesar was the host, Caesar provided the liquor that inspired all this phantom glory.

Next there were plans of war. They cheerily agreed, as amiable children slay their Indians in droves, to a wholesale murder of the tyrants of their households.

Quack, who belonged to Roosevelt the painter, announced that he would burn down his house and cut his master's throat, but he would keep his young mistress for himself.

Debrosse's Primus whooped that he didn't want his mistress: "She too mean and lean."

FOLLOW the fortunes of the little white slave girl, Mary, and her sweetheart, Tom, in this thrilling historical story of old New York in the September number of Radio Digest.

Women Deserve Beauty

(Continued from page 41)

together. Select a rouge that blends well with the powder and lipstick a shade darker for daytime use. In the evening use lipstick the same color as your rouge. And, of course, keep all puffs clean and sanitary."

When making-up, first apply a light base of powder to neck and face. With the rouge puff draw a "V" from a point just under the cheek-bone, widening towards the ears. Blend it naturally into the cheeks, dab a speck on the chin, dust over with powder and your complexion is set for the rest of the day. Lose the bad habit of dabbing powder on your nose every few minutes. In the first place it is poor taste to do this in public and secondly it is unnecessary.

Some faces need special treatments. If you wish to make your face look thinner, start rouging close to the nose and then smile as you draw the puff in a triangle up toward the temple. A dab of rouge on a double chin will cast a shadow that minimizes, and a speck on pale ears will give a more youthful look to the face. For thin faces start rouging out on the cheek, under the cheekbone and blend towards the ears.

When rouging the lips always follow the contour of the mouth. To make a large mouth look smaller, first apply liquid rouge with a piece of cotton wrapped around an orange stick, following the contour of the lips but not touching the corners. Then lightly blend in the lipstick over this.

Of course, care of the hands and complexion is not enough to create personal beauty. Eyes mean a great deal, posture means just as much, clothes count, hair—you see, there is plenty to keep us busy.

FOR brightening dull eyes Miss Lewis suggests the application of absorbent cotton pads that have been dipped in witch hazel. Use a boracic acid solution with an eye cup every day.

French women, who are famous for their snapping, bright eyes, use an excellent eye tonic made from camomile flowers. Fill tiny cheesecloth bags, which can be made in spare moments and kept on hand, with a teaspoonful of the dried flowers. Steep in boiling hot water a few moments and then when cool apply the bags to the eyes for five minutes.

To carry your clothes well, add poise and symmetry to your appearance and give proper space to all the organs of the body, correct posture is essential. When we stand correctly it should be possible to draw a straight line from the side center of the head right down to the instep. All general exercises assist greatly after we once have our eyes opened to our errors. With 1930 styles the head must be held high and the chin in, though avoid drawing it in unnaturally, which gives a pouter pigeon effect. Greater erectness from the hips is necessary this year and you'll find it gives a wonderful feeling of relief to the abdominal region. The back should be flat, but not curved inward; knees straight and the weight of the trunk swung forward a little so that the arches of the feet have a chance to sustain the pressure of the bones.

Please try this posture and keep it in mind so that you don't slump back into a look of utter defeat. There is nothing more freeing for the entire spirit than correct posture for it gives every muscle of the body, and every organ, a chance to function properly and it relieves your mind of "body consciousness."

HAIR counts! If it is woman's crowning glory when perfect; it is also her crowning disgrace when neglected, allowed to straggle and follow its own very ill bred ways. "Man was born to conquer nature, not to follow it," and woman was born to conquer the wild impulses of her hair. "Brushing went out of fashion with long hair," I've actually heard women say. Helen Lewis told me that brushing went out of fashion when the modern rush and bustle came along to make us neglect a lot of important though tiresome things.

There is no short cut to hair beauty. You must take time, every day at whatever hour suits you best to brush and brush and brush. In one of the drawers of your toilette table which is always kept clean and free from dust, keep a good, stiff-bristled hair brush. Wash it frequently. When you have ten minutes to spare, slip into a kimono, sit down before your mirror and begin brushing through your hair; up and down and all over, but gently to avoid breaking hairs. Sing while you're doing it so the time will pass quickly.

Hair should be washed whenever it is dirty. Every fortnight is a good rule for the woman who lives away from the smoke and grime of big cities. Once a week for the rest of us. If you find it dries your hair, apply olive oil with a medicine dropper the night before your shampoo, and massage your head thoroughly. Use a pure shampoo with an oil base. Be sure to get the last drop of soap from your hair. Rub it briskly with a towel until dry—unless you are fortunate enough to have a sunny back porch or garden where you can let the sun do its miraculous work.

If your hair refuses to fall nicely into place, have it thinned out by an expert barber. If you are not sure of the style that best becomes the contour of your face, consult a clever hairdresser. Straight bobbed hair should be clipped every fortnight if you want to look well-groomed. A lightly perfumed tonic, not too oily, should be applied every other night, massaging for about five minutes.

AFTER getting all these things down to routine—and there is no woman alive today who cannot find the necessary time for these simple treatments—it is time to think of clothes.

According to Miss Cornell, the most important thing about dressing is knowing your own style.

Be fashionable, yes, but retain your individuality. Styles are *adaptable* to all figures, all ages, all sizes.

The first thing every woman must settle about clothes is color. What are "your" colors? When you have decided

this, stick to it through thick and thin, regardless of that "gorgeous red" dress you saw in a shop window the other day but which was never your shade. From simple housedresses to our most elaborate evening clothes we should follow our own color charts. Colors that enhance the value of your hair and eyes naturally add to your beauty. Colors that detract—well, we won't even consider them.

To the well-dressed woman good taste is more important than money; the combination of little money and much taste gives far better effects than much money and little taste. To be well dressed, Miss Cornell told me, a woman must simply produce an impression of harmony; absolute harmony with one's individuality and surroundings.

To get the full value from your clothes, especially today, your figure must be supple and graceful, giving an impression of youthful flexibility. Such grace and fluidity one cannot counterfeit; one can only create them by toning up muscles and removing superfluous fat. Corseting, alone, will not do the trick. Nineteen-thirty clothes are so soft and clinging that they do not hide bulging hips and spreading waistlines.

HERE, again, enters the question of posture and also exercise and dieting. I have told you how to test your posture and you can get the necessary exercises over the Radio every morning. But, again, it is a matter of perseverance and faith in yourself. As to diet, I can only repeat what Miss Cornell said to me: "Ask your doctor." We all know that to reduce we must avoid fats, sugar and starches; to gain weight we must concentrate on these things. But let your doctor tell you in what proportion they are to be included in your meals.

"It is amazing, but true, that we often see tall, thin women with their hair piled on top of their heads to accentuate their height," Miss Cornell complained. "And then why do dumpy women wear satin clothes rich in highlights that emphasize every rotundity? Florid women have a way of preferring bright rouge and brighter gowns that must make other people think they're color blind.

"Wearing the proper colors to enhance your type of beauty is such a simple matter it seems odd that many women wear the wrong ones. Blonde hair and pale clear skins look best in soft colors and pastel shades. Dark or brunette hair and olive or dark skins usually wear sharply defined colors and vivid shades best."

Beauty is much more than a lovely skin or a mass of copper-colored hair. Unless every item dovetails exactly into the scheme, dark eyes may go for nothing and soft, clear skin be a complete loss. No architect would attempt to build a house with a Gothic pinnacle and Grecian columns; if he did, the result would be ridiculous. So in constructing a type of beauty if you try to combine a Grecian torso with a wild tangle of curls, the result is bad. Evolve your type first, and then harmonize every element with it.

And don't forget to keep smiling or, as Miss Cornell expressed it with music: "Keep your sunny side up."

Problems of beauty and home-making are discussed on the Magazine of the Air broadcasts over the Columbia Broadcasting System every weekday morning. If you need assistance in any of your personal beauty problems, Miss Helen Lewis will be glad to answer your letters if you write to her, care of the National Radio Home-Makers Club, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Conradt-Eberlin is preparing another article to appear in the September issue of Radio Digest.

Vacation Follies

(Continued from page 23)

Clarence Hayes, the Aunt Jemima Boy in the West, has another fish story. To be correct, it's a fish story told on Clarence. Hayes attempted to cast, and by some trick the reel failed to unwind properly. The fish-hook caught Clarence in the lobe of the right ear. Medical attention wasn't available, so Clarence came home with the hook in his ear.

The obvious comment was forthcoming—"the biggest fish caught this season."

Clarence is a Southern lad who did his first broadcasting in 1920* when he played with a Kansas City dance band. He has been billed through the NBC as "The Voice of the South."

Johnny Toffoli, featured San Francisco NBC accordionist, had an early vacation too. Back on the job, Johnny wore a wide grin. Inquiry revealed that the youthful musician was a benedict. The bride formerly was Aurelia Brovin and the ceremony was celebrated at El Cerrito, Cal., with the mayor of Richmond, Cal., among the guests.

Ted Maxwell and Bernice Berwin, known through the Pacific network as "Jack and Ethyl," always experience difficulty winning a vacation. One of them must be "written out" of the weekly "Let's Get Associated" program which they headline.

Each week, Jack and Ethyl appear together. It's no small problem to present one without the other. It's allowed twice during the year—once for Jack and once for Ethyl. The problem falls to Carlton Morse, author of the Jack and Ethyl episodes. That puts Ted in a class with Wolf. He must take his vacation in jumps.

Bernice plans to join her husband, a San Francisco attorney, in an extended motor trip.

Charles Marshall, leader of the Hill Billy gang, spent his vacation at Emerald Lake, a quiet rendezvous near San Francisco. He chose a resort nearby in event he was needed suddenly at the studios. He was. The vacation lasted three days.

Jennings Pierce, chief announcer, characterized his vacation as: "Well—um— WONDERFUL!" The reason—Allan Thompson Pierce, a second son born to add gladness in the Pierce household. Jennings Jr., is just more than a year old.

Georgia Simmons, known as "Magnolia" to the Pacific network audience, managed to slip down to Los Angeles for a week-end. But when she demanded reservations for her return journey, the trouble began. Georgia had to be in the studios at 10 o'clock the following morning. "No reservations" said the ticket clerk.

Georgia talked about the possibilities of reaching San Francisco by plane. At last a gleam of recognition appeared in the agent's eye. "Ah, you're on the Radio," he grinned. So Georgia reached San Francisco early the following morning.

Max Dolin, NBC musical director since the inauguration of the Pacific Division, is taking a long, long vacation. "Springtime — early summer — wanderlust," Max smiled. "I've got to be going." And just to insure a real vacation, Max resigned, effective June 1. "New York—and a lot of places," he answered to the query, "Where are you going?"

**Doty Hobart, who writes about the old-timers just getting started in first broadcasting studios in 1920, must have missed Clarence.*—Ed.

Another sportsman is Henry Burbig, the Ceco CBS star. Burbig delights in hunting, fishing and building birdhouses. He has a summer place in Connecticut with a bathing beach to which he loves to invite his friends, and on his dock he has installed a loud speaker so that they can't get away from Radio even while swimming.

Henry M. Neeley, Philco's "Old Stager," is a flower farmer. Once in bygone years he lived in a houseboat on the unspellable river flowing past Delanco, N. J. This summer the pastime is still floriculture, I think, but the dashing Old Stager is apt to change fads instanter.

Norman Brokenshire, CBS master of umptymonies, will spend any possible vacation by attending every 70-degree cool talkie theater in New York City. Norm also goes in for gadgets and inventing, having been a draftsman not so many years ago. In fact, he was about to buy, as this went to press, a little machine shop on East 52nd Street, New York, in which to work out several inventions he had started in a corner of his apartment.

Evangeline Adams, CBS 65-year-old astrologer, is spending her leisure moments collecting battered up chairs and primitive spinning wheels in the remote villages of the mountainous districts about New York, John Barclay, CBS and Philco soloist, will continue to spend the summer with his social registerite friends at cocktail parties, golf country clubs, dances and society musicales.

A simpler sort of life is the plan of Henry Schope and Judson House, NBC tenors, who have inveigled Walter Preston, bass, to join them in periodic golf and tennis matches—object: to reduce three somewhat corpulent figures. The three heavyweights are also fond of swimming.

Simpler still is the leisure life of the Crockett Family, CBS hill billy singers. Elemental in their pleasures, they admit that when no one is looking, they sometimes rent a hay wagon, and, far from the roaring racket of city motors, ride tranquilly through the woods, eat their corn pone out of a basket lunch, and fiddle happily to the stars. NBC's Pickard Family, too, can stand the city strain just so long. Then they take an excursion back home to the Tennessee mountains, where corn has other uses than becoming roastin' ears and folks are folks. There they visit and rebuild their morale.

On the CBS announcing staff, the very sophisticated and elegant Ted Husing, national sartorial example, has been, as you would suspect, spending his days off this summer hunting for peculiar and striking vestments, matching cravats with waistcoats, and searching for the proper spats for his gloves. If he'd had more time, Ted probably would have steamed over to Bond Street, London, to shop and shock the Prince of Wales' tailors and haberdashers. David Ross, the other famous CBS introducer, has put much of this summer into banging tennis balls around when not engaged in writing or reading poetry, or hunting for second-hand book bargains.

FLYING—often as a passenger of Clarence Chamberlain—has been filling in the spare time between Davey hours and rehearsals for Chandler Goldthwaite, musical director and organist. In fact, he even sold the idea of aviation to Margaret Olsen and James Stanley, of the same hour, and planned a cross-country flight for the foursome to Stanley's summer home in the Adirondacks. Stanley, by the way, is a great woodsman. Woodcraft, canoeing and hiking are his chief delights.

Andy Sanella, musical director of the Empire Builders, steel guitar and sax soloist, is another aviator. Andy flies his own plane and thus has been spending his minutes off. Bob MacGimsey, three-part whistler of the same program, went back to Lake Providence, La., this summer to help supervise the picking of the cotton crop on a large plantation of which he is part owner. But Empire Builder Harvey Hayes, the "Old Pioneer," is spending the warm months in a Broadway production, and has little chance for recreation or rest.

Will Rogers, another aviation booster who always uses this means of transportation, has been kept pretty busy this summer but has managed to work in some polo games. When not busy or playing polo on his Beverly Hills, Calif., estate, Will scowls, frowns and counts on his fingers what it costs to keep a string of polo ponies.

Frank Luther, Chase and Sanborn quartet second tenor, has been spending his summer horseback too, but not in polo games. Luther has been seen mostly on the bridle paths of Westchester County. Horses are good friends of Luther who, ordained a Disciples minister, was brought up on the Western plains around the camp fires of the cowboys. He insists that is all the vacation he will take as he has no use for mosquitoes or city children in the country.

PAUL TREMAINE, young CBS orchestra leader, has already spent his vacation period in Colorado collecting cowboy songs and getting acquainted with horses once more. Previous to his rest he hadn't been on a horse for five years, so the Columbia System gave him a new soft seat cushion when he returned.

Of all the horsemen, NBC or CBS, Guy Lombardo, however, seems to be the most practical minded. Guy admits, without shame, that every possible spare moment he has is spent riding a nightmare. Pulling a card from his cardcase he said, "I'll show you how I spend my vacations, such as I have." And there, printed on the card, is a quotation from "Don Quixote" reading, "God bless the man who invented sleep!"

Two more network batoneers who have similar tastes are Fred Rich and Hugo Mariani. Both are strong for prize fights. Rich also likes to meet and talk with the cauliflowers. Golf is his favorite exercise while tennis holds the favor of Mariani. Harold Sanford, a third conductor, of whom there is no "whomer" when it comes to Victor Herbert's works, goes in for walks in Central Park, New York, and climbing mountains when he can get that far away from the big city.

The stick wavers still have the floor. Frank Black, who got into the business because years ago at a hotel where he was vacationing there was a vacancy in the orchestra, is spending his off time at the wheel of a large, new custom-built car, reliably reported by eye-witnesses to be a block long. Like Black, Mayhew Lake, whose military band is more or less new on CBS, has a custom-built job twenty feet long with a wheel base of 146 inches. Besides tinkering and motoring, hunting and fishing allure him to the open spaces.

NAT AND Jack Shilkret, and Joseph Pasternack have been pounding the golf balls furiously this summer. In addition, the latter has been doing a bit of Giant rooting while the former has been observed to take several five and six mile swims along the shores of Long Island.

What's that you said, Mr. Editor? I have to finish up? Why, I haven't told a thing about how the Chicago NBC and CBS stars are spending their two weeks, if any. All right, I'll make it snappy. Here it is:

Joe Koestner bought a brand new golf suit, set of matched clubs, a dozen balls and a book of rules, but hasn't had time to use them. Harry Kogen, a brother NBC musical director, took a long drive around the country. John Wolfe, Farm-Home hour star, joined forces with Gordan Vandover (the Harry of the Tom, Dick and Harry vocal trio) in a fishing expedition to a point north of Baraboo, Wis. After looking over the minnows Wolfe and Vandover shipped back, Sen Kaney, prominent Chicago NBC announcer, held a conference with himself and decided to postpone his vacation till next winter, when he plans to set out for Sarasota, Fla., to do tarpon fishing. Tom Breen, Jr., young but handsome NBC announcer, took his spare moments to the airports where he added a number of hours to his solo total. And—I almost forgot—Al Cameron, of the Al and Pete (Bontsema) duo known also over CBS as Shave and Smile, won't be playing any more sand lot baseball this summer. Al got playful in May and, seeing the boys playing scrub in the park, joined in long enough to slip going around third and wrench a leg. Pete has since induced Al to go back to checkers.

Yes sir, all of the announcers, production directors, accompanists, hostesses, continuity writers, engineers and operators have had or will get the usual two weeks' vacation, and all were unanimous in their declaration that they would search for spots where Radio sets have never been seen nor heard.

But those who have returned didn't find those spots, nor will those still waiting to go. You can't get to Tibet in two weeks, anyhow.

Jack Shannon Goes Talkie

(Continued from page 51)

"I'll never forget the night when Rogers left the show to go into pictures. During the finale, actors, stage hands and all rushed on to the stage, and together with the audience, which also caught the spirit, joined in a demonstration which has never been equalled in any theatre.

"WILL ROGERS has left indelible impressions with me. His acts, great and small, reveal the true-blooded man that he is. I well remember the time he refused to attend the opening of the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh. He was asked to name his own price, and he received a telegram from the then President of the United States urging him to be there, but with all of this pressure, he said he had to refuse. His reason—he had a polo game scheduled with his three kids at his place on Long Island for the next afternoon."

Jack Shannon can spend hours talking about this renowned comedian. His study is decorated with souvenirs of Will Rogers—and the wallpaper has the Will Rogers motif.

"I must here say a word about my genial manager, Henry Walker," said Jack Shannon, concluding the interview, "whose cheery laugh is like a sunbeam in a garden. His memory is infallible inasmuch as he has never yet overlooked the little detail of extracting his commission before mailing me a check."

And back again to Will Rogers, "Our paths may be racing criss-cross over Radio waves, but I have a feeling that they will meet some day."

And when Jack Shannon is not busy producing acts over the Radio, he spends his time carrying home blue ribbons from dog shows for his Boston terriers, the "darlingest things" when they are at a distance from one's sheer hosiery.

Will Rogers Begins Career

(Continued from page 16)

Before he died, Clem Rogers felt that his son had more than repaid all the trouble he had caused in his early youth. In fact he said that he had seen every ambition of his life realized save one; he had always hoped sometime to be chosen chief of the Cherokees. He had served as a member of the Cherokee Indian legislature during several terms in territorial days. Later he was a member of the white man's convention that wrote the constitution of the present state of Oklahoma. His county was named for him. He stood high in the councils of that tribe of intellectual red men which had already given several famous mixed bloods to the nation, including former U. S. Senator Robert L. Owen. He was well informed, a shrewd trader, and a good manager; energetic, progressive, a ranchman with hundreds of acres in fee and a substantial stockholder in the First National Bank. But he died regretting only that he was ineligible to the office of the Cherokee tribal chief for the simple reason that he was not a full blood.

A jest has always been appreciated in Claremore—there is serious belief there that the spirit of the town gave Will Rogers his start. The name of the town is rather a grim jest. It is after Chief Claremore of the Osages, though it is in Cherokee territory. Chief Claremore died there when the Cherokees under Too-An-Tuh gained a smashing victory in the spring of 1818—and later the whites named the town after the loser. Or maybe it would have been funnier to have named it after the winner!

HOMER DENNY, the assistant treasurer of Rogers county and the largest man in the county, says that Will Rogers tells the story of "the first calaboose ever built and the first prisoner put in it."

"This man's name was Bud Weyburn and he was incarcerated for killing Widow Kreighton's gander goose," Homer says, and adds,

"Bud pleaded self-defense and was liberated on his own evidence."

It isn't history, or at least it isn't worth remembering unless it is enriched with a bit of laughter, Claremore agrees. Then, all the clouds have silver linings "and some lined in and out the same way."

Back in 1905 Will barnstormed the middle-west with a special train of Tulsa boosters and L. M. Nichols, now an Oklahoma newspaper editor, recalls that trip vividly.

"Bill Rogers (it was always Bill then, never Will) was the feature of the trip," Nichols says, and he points with pride to a paragraph in the old Tulsa Democrat in which he said that on March 15, 1905:

"The feature of the trip is Bill Rogers' fancy rope juggling. Mr. Rogers is an adept, and his exhibition shows he is skilled beyond his reputation. He is the center of attraction and when dressed in his cowboy outfit creates a sensation. He gives an exhibition at every stop."

Rogers was even then in the managerial class, for Nichols recalled that at one point he left the train to hasten to New York City where he was presenting a rodeo in Madison Square Garden.

Rejoining the train at Indianapolis on March 20 Rogers put on another exhibition, and Nichols in describing it added this significant sentence:

"Rogers is reputed to be one of the

wealthiest men in Indian Territory."

This was long before the comedian vaulted into the big money class of performers. It is evident that since the turn of the century the Rogers fortune must have assumed proportions.

With the circus, the traveling rodeos and the Tulsa special train Rogers had covered most of the world before the war. Thousands will be scratching their heads now to recall one of these visits to their city, so they can say they "saw Will Rogers when . . ."

Read another chapter in the interesting career of this extraordinary man, who has now become a Radio favorite. See the September Radio Digest.

Judith Waller of WMAQ

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was Sophie Braslau, the operatic singer.

"All our first programs were musical, but before very long I got into the practice of having theatrical people go on for us. We had one hour a day in which to broadcast, at first seven to eight in the evening. In October of 1922 I added another hour, changing the broadcasting session from 7 to 8 in the evening and again for 9:30 to 10:30. I laugh when I recall those naive days! How hard I worked! In these days when artists are tumbling over themselves for a chance to get on the air it is a very different matter from having to go out and find them and beg them, sometimes, to come in, with dire threats of what would happen if they were late. I had to go out and knock at private office doors, ring door bells. And then I had to put my proposition up to them which, in brief, was this:

"'Will you come and give us a little private performance for nothing? Of course, you'll get some publicity out of it.'"

Well, the craving for the publicity of the average theatrical and operatic person is well known and in the case of the early days of Radio it was no different. Miss Waller got 'em! How she got 'em! Soloists, singers, choral clubs, pianists, violinists, actors. Glance at a hit-and-miss listing of a few of the early broadcasters from Judith Waller's one-man station:

Ed Wynn, Carl Sandburg, Roger Babson, Julian Street, Ernest Truex, Louise Groody, Ben Hecht, Fritz Leiber, George Arliss, Ralph Morgan, Mary Garden, Rimini, Raisa, John Charles Thomas. They were all grist for Miss Waller's microphone.

The first quarters of the WGU (changed to WMAQ in May, 1923) were in the Fair store. They were moved in 1923 to the La Salle Hotel. Here they remained until the recent completion of that towering Daily News building on the banks of the placid-flowing Chicago River, to which the Radio studio was moved.

Radio was getting under way as a national activity. The popularity of WMAQ was on the increase. The work attendant upon running a station (which included everything there was to be done) was too much for one small lady. And so she commenced to expand her staff. An announcer first, than an assistant; a secretary. An orchestra—the Whitney Trio, organized by Robert Whitney, eight years ago—is still in the service of the station.

Two things Miss Waller has stressed from the first in the programs she has prepared: Good music, as opposed to jazz, which was taking up most of the time of Chicago's other station in 1922, and the educational aspect of Radio. It was she who inaugurated the Daily Educational Broadcasts which have since become a part of the Middle West's school programs.

Miss Waller is a Chicagoan. She finished off her education after high school by a trip abroad.

"But my real education," she will explain to you, "began when I became a Radio person—a pioneer in the broadcasting game."

N. Y. Negroes' Opinions

(Continued from page 12)

know. We can only judge by his voice. It must be a good program. Everybody I know seems to like it, but it just don't interest me, that's all."

* * *

John Jones, taxi driver, 49 East 128th Street: "Amos 'n' Andy are to be congratulated on being able to put on such a fine program every night. I do not think it is as good now as it was, but I think I can explain that. They hit a high spot with the introduction of Susie and the threatened breach of promise suit. Anything which followed that would naturally be anti-climactic. But as a graduate of the DeWitt Clinton School, I marvel at their ability to find interesting material. My favorite programs are the talks on current events by Mr. Kaltenborn over WABC and any serious discussions of political or economic nature. I do not think any of us feel that Amos 'n' Andy are caricatures of our race. Sometimes a fare will ask me if I am driving a "fresh air taxi." It never makes me sore.

* * *

What a Negro Educator Thinks of Amos and Andy

PRINCIPAL Laurence C. Jones of Pineywoods School, near Jackson, Miss., is a colored educator who has won warm commendation from Southerners and Northerners alike. He has this to say about the "boys" of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company:

"In going about the country gathering aid for our school I find that Amos and Andy are liked and looked forward to both by white and colored folks. Down here in the South, all you have to do is go in most any poolroom or little place of business and you will see Amos and Andy in the flesh—mostly Amos."

Principal Laurence—as he is known to the white folks of Mississippi—conducts a country school in the sweet-smelling pineywoods of that state. A pupil and admirer of the late Booker T. Washington, he has set to work and built up a school founded on the sound commonsense principles which the late Dr. Washington advocated, whereby the pupils at his school learn to be good farmers, carpenters, cotton pickers, mechanics, as well as imbibing some book learning.

Incompatible

(Continued from page 51)

And, at that, Amelie's feelings almost reached the surface.

"Do you want a divorce?"—her voice she had to keep taut and hard to keep it under any control at all.

Sid shook his head. And the movement was curiously, passionately emphatic, though so brief.

A change came into Amelie's eyes, but she only stuck to her guns and said, calmly that she wanted no divorce. "There'll never be another man. *That* isn't it."

"And there'll never be another woman for me—you know that, too."

And by this time he could speak in level, firm tones as well as she. They were oddly blank, so to speak, those tones of his, throughout the rest of the talk; they betrayed nothing. Now he went on:

"I've been thinking how to arrange your income—" And she must follow that lead.

It was characteristic of Sid that he held no rancor now. There had been resentments in the past, many little resentments. But now, strangely, in this climactic hour of his failure, his feeling of failure somehow was robbed of resentment, leaving only such an abysmal sense of hollow unreality in life that for the time it was like a dreadful anodyne that was going to wear off and leave him, after awhile, the prey to his pain. He told himself she had always in all ways been above him; it was by a lucky fluke he had won her.

SLEEP, for them both, was hard to come by that night. In her room Amelie lay hour after hour with eyes wide open to the dark. She knew that Sid wasn't sleeping, either; from the adjoining room came a repeated sound of striking matches—he was awake and smoking cigarettes. And cigarettes were bad for him. She was sorry he was wakeful and smoking—sorry he was thus evidently upset. But she was a million times more sorry that he hadn't been more upset!

Ah, if Sid had given way to selfishness and fought her plan and clung to his claims on her, that night, everything would have come out and all might have been cleared up forever. But Sid was not only self-depreciating; he was a gentleman—and sometimes this is a great disadvantage with a woman.

Amelie could not get away fast enough after that night. This was the impossible, now. She hurried to a hotel in town the very next day.

When the Fletchers separated it was hard for their friends to grasp the situation. Divorce these gay and strenuous moderns could easily understand, but separation without divorce—this was beyond them. And there seemed no good reason for separation; true the Fletchers differed in many of their tastes yet they had always seemed to get on perfectly well. You never could tell!

And the queerest thing about it was that Sid and Amelie still seemed so friendly! The departure from Fair Haven was not known for what it was till afterwards; but some Fair Haven people had happened to see them at the steamer when Amelie was sailing for Europe, and that was after the news had been well spread about and aired. Sid had come to the steamer to see her off! Why, it seemed almost indecorous! And he had been overhead asking her to write him, and the eavesdroppers were almost sure she said she would!

SID had not intended going to that steamer. Everything had been adjusted between them, all the arrangements for her maintenance, all the plans and decisions vital to the living of their two lives separately. It had been hard, this period of talking over and adjusting; but it was carried out with faultless manners on both sides.

The pride of being each as decorously remote as the other was all that kept them from breaking down the walls between. And, even so, some happy accident, some common moment of the weakness which would have made their strength—this might have saved them. But it did not come.

The nearest to giving way to his real feelings that Sid had come had been on the day she left their home. He had come home early, not knowing she was determined to leave that day but mis-

trusting that she might. He had found her trunks downstairs, but Amelie was going about taking a mute farewell of her home; and from a distance he had watched her before she knew he was there.

She had moved about, gazing at this object and that, as if striving to fix them indelibly upon her memory. She went from room to room; she lingered in the room which once, long and long ago, had been intended for a nursery. Then she went to the garage, and called the dogs, and stroked and caressed them.

Then she walked slowly about the grounds, looking at the groupings of shrubs and flowers she herself had devised. When she came back to the terrace she stood staring out over the vista of Sound, and green woods beyond, which she particularly loved. She moved broodingly back to the house, but when she saw him regarding her from a window she smiled—as if the world were not cracking beneath them, their world!

The chauffeur was swinging the car into the driveway. Sid came out. The chauffeur piled in the bags. The chance for that needed overflow of real feelings in this midst of all this play-acting, was gone.

WHEN she had been abroad about a month he received a letter. She had promised to write. But it told him little beyond sundry enumerated items of her activities. Of her thoughts, her feelings, her satisfaction or dissatisfaction with her new life, it told nothing. He replied immediately, not forbearing to question her about these things. But this letter she did not answer, nor the second letter he wrote. After that, excepting through the legal intermediary who handled the business end of their affairs, he heard nothing from her—nor she from him—for nearly two years.

Nearly two years had gone by when Amelie, recently returned to America, chanced to run across Charlie Hamblin, of the old Fair Haven "crowd," on the street in New York. And after greetings, without any show of constraint she asked after Sid.

"How's Sid?" she asked. Just like that—quite naturally: "How's Sid?"

Hamblin looked at her curiously—he, like others, had never grasped the true "ins" of that Fletcher smash-up.

"Haven't you heard from Sid lately?" he questioned back.

"No, not directly, not for a long time."

"Well, the fact of the matter is," said Hamblin, "that Sid's working too hard."

"Sid always did work too hard," commented Amelie. "Sid's that kind—he works hard and he plays hard."

"He's not doing much playing now," said Hamblin, rather grimly. "He's doing the work of about six men—trying to pull through. I admire conscientiousness as much as anybody, but Sid's too darn conscientious!"

"Trying to pull through?" she repeated, for that phrase struck her ear, sudden and unexpected and ominous.

Then Hamblin tried to catch himself up: "See here, if Sid hasn't told you, it's not for me to—"

"No, tell me," she insisted. "Tell me, Charlie — *what* is he trying to pull through?"

"WELL," he told her reluctantly, "you see business has sort of gone on the rocks. And Sid's company's had pretty hard sledding, I guess. And you know Sid, hell-bent—excuse me, but that's the only word for it—hell-bent to do the square thing by everybody. He'd do it, too, if it's possible—he's the squarest, the gamest, and the finest fellow I ever knew."

"Yes, I know," said Amelie.

"But he's trying to do the impossible. He'll succeed only in killing himself if he doesn't watch out. Gone down about twenty pounds these last six months."

"Oh," turning white and faltering, "I never had an inkling—"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have—"

"No, thank you for telling me, Charlie."

Going back to her hotel, her thoughts and emotions were in a turmoil. Sid was having "hard sledding"—had been having "hard sledding" for months—and all this time he had never let on to her.

She thought of the more than generous allowance he had insisted on her taking. Sid had always been generous, but there had been no need of her taking so much—especially after she'd left him! She had been ignoble to accept it in the first place! And now, when he was up against hard times—and toiling "like six men" to avert disaster—still saying nothing to her, shielding her from unpleasantness, trying to seal her in a niche of pleasantness. Oh, he *was* generous—splendidly if foolishly generous.

She had never appreciated the magnanimous heights of his generosity. Even Charlie Hamblin appreciated him more than she did—even Charlie Hamblin whom she'd always despised as a wastrel and a profligate. Even Charlie Hamblin appreciated him, proclaimed him the "squarest and gamest and finest" fellow he ever knew.

And the thing that moved her most, just then, was that Sid in his genuine humility, would repudiate these virtues. Sid who was slaving "like six men"—who had lost twenty pounds. And who had never let her know.

SHE wanted to see him. To tell him that she knew. She would return some of those bonds he'd insisted on her taking — she'd *make* him take them back. She resisted an impulse to go straight to his office; she wanted to see him, oh dreadfully—to *see* him—to see if he looked as terribly thin and worn, with those twenty pounds gone, as he must look.

But she wanted to see him most just because she hungered to. A hunger that had been there since first she left him, denied at first, then admited as a childish inconsistent whim, and then gnawing her to madness. A gnawing hunger unappeased for two years.

For she had succeeded in finding no rest during those two years. Although she had hoped that, after the agonizing wrench of parting, she might somehow fabricate herself a kind of calm—if not actual happiness—a kind of calm and unruffled contentment, at least.

Love had failed her—had brought only strife and torment. So she had resolutely buried Love. And sought to find a surer and more lasting happiness seeking it in bright, beautiful places and in new congenial companionship. She had looked up a beloved girlhood friend out of her school days and it was in this most stimulating companionship she had gone to Europe. So had never had loneliness for an excuse. Together they had visited Paris, Spain, Florence—thanks to Sid's liberality she never had to stint herself in her travels.

They had reveled in beauty and the poetry of old, forgotten far-off things—at least Amelie had seen them around her, and knew they were fit to be reveled in. Wasn't it enough that she should spend her days enmeshed in all this gleaming loveliness? Wasn't such beauty, and the absence of all strain and fret strife—wasn't this enough?

AT NIGHT, often, lying awake, and listening to mute, sad voices which seemed to be singing, lonesomely, in her heart, she wondered that she was so unappeased. Why? For she had been unhappy *with* Sid. It was because she couldn't be happy *with* him—because neither of them could be happy together—that she had chosen to go away while (so she had told herself) she could still take some rainbow fragments of her first dream with her; before everything was sodden in an ignoble prose—so ignoble that the difference between tolerance of each other and downright intolerance seemed fairly unimportant.

She made herself stop thinking of Sid; put him out of her thoughts. You can put a person out of your thoughts; but not out of your heart. Not even, sometimes, when you have watched Love die, and have deliberately buried it.

And with the meeting with Charlie Hamblin her hunger to see her husband became deeper and more compelling than any of the perfectly good and logical reasons for seeing him.

She wanted to see Sid—just because she wanted to see him!

But she downed the impulse to go straight to his office and, instead, called him later from her hotel. And then, instead of hearing Sid's voice—a gratification she didn't know how much she'd been counting on until it was denied her—she heard a stranger's voice say Mr. Fletcher "wasn't in."

"When will he be in?" impatient of the delay.

"Not for several days. He's home sick."

"Oh—is he very ill?"

"I don't think so—he's got a cold, I think."

AMELIE hung up the receiver. All the rest of the day she couldn't settle herself to anything. Finally, that night, she called up the house in Fair Haven and inquired after him. She didn't give her name but learned that, though in no serious condition, he was a very sick man; a trained nurse was coming in the morning.

Next morning Amelie caught the 8:17 to Fair Haven.

When the station taxi jolted into the graveled driveway, the dear familiar scene brought tears to stand in her eyes. An alien housekeeper received her and, regarding her rather dubiously, asked if she were the nurse.

"Yes," said Amelie. Then: "I'm Mrs. Fletcher. I've come to take care of my husband."

The housekeeper still looked dubious, but Amelie brushed past her and mounted the stairs—the stairs of home.

At Sid's door she paused with beating heart, then knocked. His voice bade her enter, and she entered. Oh, he *was* thin—even as he lay in bed she could see he looked thin. And he did look sick! But the smile, the amazed, unbelieving, irradiating smile which came over his face was worth going far to see.

"Amelie!" he cried. Then: "How did you get here?"

"In a taxi," she answered tenderly, frivolously. She had to be frivolous just then, lest she break down in a way one must not in a sick room.

She came and drew a chair beside him. They clasped hands—he held hers tightly.

"When did you get back?"

"A FEW days ago," she answered. "I called up your office—that's how I heard you were ill. Why I came—here." She had almost said "why I came home."

"I'm glad you called me up. Are you back for good?"

"Yes, I've had enough of Europe—am ready to try my own country again."

"Are you? I was afraid you'd forgot-

ten it and everything in it." Then: "You—might have written me. You promised to write."

"I know."

"Why didn't you?"

Her slight gesture seemed to say untranslatable things.

"It would have made me happier," he pursued.

"No, I thought it would make us happier, give us a better chance for the new life—both of us—the less contact we had with each other."

"Well, are you happy?" he asked, after a pause.

"I want you to get well," said Amelie, with soft irrelevance. Then she went on quickly.

"There was one thing I specially wanted to see you about, Sid — you've been wonderful! My bonds."

"Your bonds?" bewildered and suddenly worried.

"Yes, all those bonds you gave me. You were too generous, Sid — I don't need nearly so much. And, now, that times are so bad and you're having hard sledding—"

"Who told you I'm having hard sledding?" he demanded.

"I ran into Charlie Hamblin, and he let it out."

"I wish Charlie Hamblin'd mind his own business," he mumbled irritably.

"I'M GLAD he told me. For *you* never would have. Now, Sid, I want you to take part of those bonds back."

"I won't take them back. But you're the dearest, the most generous girl in the world!"

"No, I'm not; not at all—I'm just beginning to realize how ungenerous I am. It's *you* who are the most generous person in the world! And because you're generous I ask you to do this one thing to please me — to take some of those bonds back."

"Well, we'll talk about it when I feel better," he parried. "I'm a pretty sick man, you know."

"You're a humbug," and her little crooning laugh was very, very kind.

Presently the doctor came, and he allowed Amelie to install herself as nurse. But he insisted that the trained nurse be retained, as well. Later, alone with Amelie, he confided that her husband was seriously ill. It was only a cold, to be sure, but the germ then migrating around was an unusually pernicious one. A tricky, treacherous bug! Did insidious things to the huskiest, to the most rock-bound constitutions.

And though Mr. Fletcher had been blessed with an unusually good constitution, of late he had been abusing it frightfully. Not that his motives weren't admirable, to be sure, but it was criminal, in a way, for a man to overwork himself, to run himself down like that.

"Nothing short of criminal!" reiterated the brusque doctor. "Yet you've got to admire them—these plucky, dogged men who keep on plugging, trying to save a sinking ship because there are others on it, when they themselves are too sick to hold their heads up. Mr. Fletcher should have been in bed days ago. And I've had a few other men like him—no give-up in 'em. I tell you, Mrs. Fletcher, the heroes in this country, these times, are not only the ones who get their names engraved on bronze tablets!"

Amelie listened, thrillingly proud and curiously ashamed, and, at the same time, with a sudden tug of fear at her heart.

"Do you mean Mr. Fletcher's condition—is dangerous?" she faltered.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said the doctor, "but he's certainly a sick man—you ought to know it. He needs the best of care in every way."

"He shall have it," she promised fervently.

IT WAS hard for her to give place to the nurse—but she realized that the other's expertness outweighed her own eager devotion. And there were many little ministrations, unostentatious services yet with their own value, which she could perform.

She could keep the exterior domestic machinery running smoothly, so that no confusion ever penetrated to disturb the quiet sickroom — could act as a buffer between all exterior problems, worries and that room's peace; it surprised her how busy she could thus keep herself, and it made her feel, thankfully, that her presence was of some real use.

And she could personally prepare extra dainties, such as were allowed for Sid's tray—lovingly she arranged those trays, making them attractive, never forgetting the single flower in its slender crystal holder and it touched her, Sid's touched pleasure, every time, at this being the work of her hands.

Then there were prized intervals when the white-uniformed despot let her take brief charge of the sickroom, and she would administer his medicine, eyes punctiliously following the clock, would shake up his pillows, sponge his face and hands, finding a strange sweetness and comfort in making him comfortable. And, sometimes, she would just sit beside him, letting him hold her cool hand in his hot ones.

One such time, when they were alone, after a long silence, Sid said:

"Amelie, are you going to leave me again—after I get well?"

"Do you want me, Sid, even if we fear things will go wrong between us again? We don't understand each other very well somehow, sometimes, dear."

"NO MATTER," and Sid's voice choked on it. "If we two, together, have got to misunderstand, then we've got to. But if we're together, my girl, it can't be so bad. If you'll stay with me now, I'll never misunderstand as badly as I must have when you came back from Aunt Hattie's."

She bowed her face against his. She somehow understood him too well, now, even to think of asking about the mystery of those letters. *That* was nothing, anyway — suddenly and curiously revealed itself as nothing—when you found the deep heart of Life as he was doing, now.

"You and I, Sid—you and I—I can't understand why, but somehow—you and I—" She was weeping.

"You and I," he murmured. "There seems a lot we can't hope to understand, but we can understand that much—you and I. For better or for worse—even if it's mostly worse—you and I. But it won't be 'worse' again."

They talked on a little, with silences in between that were fuller of meaning than any talk could be; but finally came out the roots, the little weak roots, of their great trouble.

"I was so miserably *jealous*," said Amelie. "Not of anybody, but of your interest in everybody. And we'd got where we — where you didn't make up with me as you used to do; even when we did make up."

"I thought you'd got bored—were sick of me," from Sid; and at the same time she was saying:

"And finally I couldn't bear it any longer—I had to go."

HE TRIED to grasp the tangle: "The main reason, I think, I hung on to things I thought you despised was that I thought you despised me a little, too. I wanted to sort of 'show' you. Wanted *not* to show how much I cared. For I thought the best you could do was to keep on *trying* to love me. Because you looked down on me."

"Look down on you!" Her arms were around him, her head bowed against his cheek. Then, presently: "Oh, why did we have to be so blind—*why* were we so blind?"

Then it was Sid who made, who voiced, the solemn discovery.

"It was a lack of trust," he said soberly. "We had love, but because we didn't trust each other's love, that only made things go worse with us. Different tastes — they don't matter; but they helped ball us up when I got to doubting your love and you. Oh, Amelie, how could you help knowing I couldn't help loving you!"

She clung to him; and comprehension, true communion, came to them at last. And out of that deep and throbbing joy they began to plan the new life which would begin for them when Sid got well.

But Sid did not get well. The insidious and tricky microbe which, with hurried stealth, did for so many thousands of human lives that autumn, did for Sid Fletcher on the fifth day after Amelie's return. At the end he was clear-headed, and looked at Amelie, whose hand he was tightly holding, with clear bright eyes.

"Thank you for coming back. That—your coming back, and understanding at last—will make whatever place I go to seem like heaven."

"Oh Sid," trying to control her sobs, "you *can't* go. You must stay with me—you're going to get well."

"I am well. I've been well since that day—you said you'd stay."

Amelie started to speak again, to protest and beseech, but the nurse gave a warning sign. Sid's head fell back on the pillow, his eyes closed, but he still clung to her hand.

Presently, he murmured faintly: "You and I—always you and I—"

The whisper died away. Then the nurse came and gently disengaged Amelie's hand.

Amelie stayed in Fair Haven. Fair Haven thought that was strange; it had concluded that dislike of the place had counted in her break with Sid.

But Amelie wanted to stay in her home; and Fair Haven—hadn't Sid loved Fair Haven? She wanted to live close to her memories—the bitter ones made up for by the sweet; and dreams—dreams out of youth and out of that one brief, deeper oneness at the last—seemed still to float invisibly in the air. Dreams she had dreamed here with Sid and which, though never fulfilled, seemed, in her thought of them, here where they had been dreamed with Sid, to bring him somehow close.

THE END

Chic Sale

(Continued from page 9)

come right down and got to stomping around the Weekly Broadcast office.

MAW: What's old man Dancey's stomping got to do with it?

WHEEL: That's it—he broke his leg.

MA: Oh, Pa! You don't mean it!

WHEEL: Yes, sir . . . stomped on a board with a knothole in it and went kersmack right through the floor!

MA: Poor old man Dancey. . . . Was it broke bad?

WHEEL: Was it broke bad? Just completely splintered. And to make matters worse, there he was stuck in there tighter'n a fence post . . . wedged in tight as a drum.

MAW: Heavens, Pa. . . . His broken leg caught in the floor!

WHEEL: That was the situation that faced me. I knew that the main thing was to be cool and calm. So I walks slow like all around him, takin' the situation in from every angle. Finally I sez, "Mr. Dancey, does she hurt you?" By that time he was sputterin' and carryin' on so he couldn't even answer. Then I looks at the floor. She was a new one . . . hard pine . . . gummy and tough. Mighty, mighty hard on a saw. Next I takes out my watch and feels his pulse. . . . And let me tell you, Emmy, she was pumpin' away like a Ford pullin' a hill.

MA: Wheel Wilkins. . . .

WHEEL: "Just keep calm, Mr. Dancey," I sez. "You're in trouble, you're catched. The main thing to do is git you out. He didn't answer, so I picks up my saw and felt the teeth. It had jest been sharpened. Then I started in sawin' a little jerky at first until I got her goin' good. Well, sir, I was sawin' along great when all at once I struck somethin' that sent the cold shivers up my back that I'll remember till my next dying day.

MA: Did you hit a nail in the floor?

WHEEL: Nail in the floor? What I hit was in his leg. Yes, sir, Emmy, I was cuttin' his leg off and didn't know it.

MAW: Pa! This is terrible!

WHEEL: Yes, sir his leg was wedged in there, and there wasn't nothing else to do. But when I realized what I was doin', I almost give up. . . . I looked at the raw. . . . Three teeth broken. . . . My new handsaw. . . . I sez, "Mr. Dancey, this is terrible." . . . He just groaned. . . . There wasn't anything else to do but finish, so I started in again and kept right on sawin'.

MA; you didn't . . . cut off his leg!

WHEEL: Oh, yes I did. Only, doggone him, he didn't say anything about the iron rod runnin' right up through the wood like a artificial bone.

MAW: Why didn't you say it was his artificial leg?

WHEEL: Oh, I thought everybody knowed that. . . . But that ain't the worst. In cuttin' through that iron rod I dang near ruint my best handsaw. Then, jest the minnit old man Dancey was sawed free, he made a grab for Lon Biggs.

MA: He did?

WHEEL: Yes, sir, but Lon ducked out the door, old man Dancey after him. . . . And down the street the two of 'em went, lickety split. . . . Old man Dancey a-gainin' every jump.

MA: You know you are making that up, Wheel Wilkins. Old man Dancey couldn't run with his leg sawed off.

WHEEL: Oh, yes he could, Emmy. You know that high curbing that goes along there past the Broadcast office. . . . Well, he hobbled out there, got his sawed-off leg on the curb and his long leg in the gutter. He was off. . . . Big step with the long leg and short step with the sawed-off leg. Sparks a-flyin' as that iron rod would hit the curb. . . . Click-a-de-click, click-a-de-click. Kind of jerky, but he was gainin' on Lon every click until he reached the end of the block. Well, sir, the curbing give out there so old man Dancey had to stop. Lon got away.

MAW: I wish he had caught him . . . that old Lon Biggs.

WHEEL: Now, Emmy, don't be too hard on Lon. . . . He's in trouble enough. Old man Dancey crossed over and come walkin' up the other side of the street. Had to do that so his short leg would match up with the curbing. When he got back the crowd met him. He was redder than a beet, . . . puffin' like a steam engine, and yellin', "I'll sue him, I'll sue him. . . ."

MAW: Serves Lon right for the way he runs his newspaper.

ROD: Mrs. Wilkins.

MAW: Yes, Rodney.

ROD: Rosie ain't back yet. Maybe I'd better go find her.

WHEEL: I'll go, Emmy.

MA: Wheel Wilkins, you stay right here in the Liberty Bell Filling Station. You'll get up there and meet Lon Biggs and . . .

LON: Talking about me, Mrs. Wilkins?

MAW: Lon Biggs.

WHEEL: Hi, Lon. . . . Come in! Gittin' right spry in your old age, ain't you? Outrun a one-legged man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

LON: That's what I wanted to see you about, Wheel.

WHEEL: Well, Lon, cut your dog loose. What's on your mind?

LON: Wheel, I think I can patch it up with old man Dancey if you'll help me.

WHEEL: I don't think anybody can help you out. He'll sue you quicker than a hound dog snaps at a biscuit.

LON: Well, he's up talking to a lawyer now. I sold him his accident insurance policy that gives him $300 for a broken leg. I guess he'll collect that.

WHEEL: What're you driving at, Lon?

LON: I'll pay his doctor bill. If I do that the insurance company can't sue me, because I can show I done all I could for the patient.

WHEEL: Well, where do I come in?

LON: That's just what I want to ask you. What are your charges?

WHEEL: Well, let me see . . . fifty dollars.

LON: Fifty dollars? That's robbery.

WHEEL: You charged me that much for advertising in your paper, didn't you? All right. . . . My bill's fifty dollars.

LON: I don't see how you figger it?

WHEEL: I'll itemize her fer you. . . . To sawing off one wooden leg $5.00.—To ruinin' one good handsaw $5.00.—To hushing up crowd and quieting patient $10.00.—Let's see now, that makes $20.00.—To being on hand and knowing how $30.00.—Total $50.00. There you are, Lon.

LON: Well, Wheel, I guess we're even. I'll jest give you back the same $50 you paid me last week.

WHEEL: Now, that's the spirit, Lon. And to show you my heart's in the right place I'll tell you what I'll do. . . . I'll fix your floor for nothing.

LON: Great. . . .

WHEEL: And when I git through with her you won't need to worry about any more accidents like that. Because I'll use all clean timber . . . no knotholes.

LON: She's settled, Wheel. We're friends again. I'll buy the drinks.

WHEEL: What color you want—red, brown or white?

LON: Sarsaparilla.

WHEEL: Let's see . . . sarsaparilla . . . that's brown. Here you are, right next to the ice. . . . I'm takin' red . . . that's strawberry. She's cold, too. You know, Lon, this new soft drink department pays quite a profit.

Pop! Zisss! went the bottles. The two old-timers gurgled the contents without aid of straws.

LON: What's the news?

WHEEL: A fellow was here today from Germany, made a trip in that Graf Zeppelin.

LON: What'd he say, Wheel? I'll put it in the paper.

WHEEL: He was sittin' right there in that chair you're sittin' in. . . .Drinkin' lemon sody. Talkin' as natural same as if it'd been you. I sez to him, "Of course, I never did any Zeppelin travelin' and I expect there's things fer it and things again it same as there is in any other travelin'. Fer as I can see, a Zeppelin isn't anything more than a big balloon with a steerin' gear. With a balloon you'd get in. . . . There'd be no use askin' when you'd be back. Maybe you'd hear from him agin and maybe you wouldn't. I sez, "How does she go up and land?" He sez, "She takes off and lands just like a bird." I sez, "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that." You see, by that time we was pretty friendly and I sez, "Lights like a bird?" And he sez, "Yes." "Well," I sez, "did you ever try lightenin' her on a bob-wired fence?" Course he could see I was jokin' and just laughed. But he did tell me about his trip. He sez you get on same's boardin' a bus, and when they're all in, they blow a whistle and as big as she is they ease 'er out of that shed like a hot dog slidin' out of a bun. And up she goes as easy as smoke out of a chimney. And he sez it won't be long before we're all travelin' like that. "Well," I sez, "t's all right, but it's goin' to be mighty hard on the farmers. Take right now, our crops are two weeks late on account of our hired hands watchin' airplanes. . . . And when a Zeppelin goes over they're liable to quit altogether."

LON: That's right, Wheel; it'd be better for the country if they stuck to autos.

WHEEL: Better and safer. You take a auto. If you git a puncture, all right. Git out and put on one of the spare tires. But say your Zeppelin gits punctured. Where are you? You ain't got a spare Zeppelin, have you? A Zeppelin with two spares tied on the end would look like flyin' link sausage.

ROSIE: Pa . . . Pa . . . (She's out of breath and panting.)

WHEEL: What's the matter, Rosie?

ROSIE: I run all the way . . . I . . . I'm out of breath.

ROD: If anybody robbed you of that money, Rosie . . . I'll . . . I'll gimmie my monkey wrench, somebody.

ROSIE: Mr. Dancey's on his way down here with a lawyer . . . he's going to sue you for cutting off his leg.

WHEEL: Sue who? . . . Me?

LON: You mean me, Rosie?

ROSIE: No, he's going to sue you, Pa. . . . It's all over town . . . everybody's talking.

WHEEL: Why, dog my hide. . . . Yonder he comes walking down the curb and a crowd following him! Look, Lon. . . . Got his sawed-off leg on the curb and his long leg in the gutter. . . . The danged old curb runner. . . . I cut off the leg and this is the thanks I git.

LON: Rosie's got it wrong . . . he's suing me, Wheel . . . not you.

Half the town was now crowding into the filling station.

VOICE: There he is . . . that's Wheel Wilkins . . . he cut off my leg.

VOICE: Are you Mr. Wheel Wilkins?

WHEEL: I reckon I am. . . . That's what they call me. . . . State your business.

VOICE: Gibble's my name. . . . I'm representing Mr. Dancey here. . . . You cut off his leg, I believe?

WHEEL: Guess I did. . . . I sawed her off. . . . Ruint my saw.

VOICE: Mr. Dancey's accident policy says he is to get $300 if his leg is broken accidentally. . . . You, Mr. Wheel Wilkins, came along and sawed it off on purpose. . . . By doing so you have kept him from collecting on his accident policy . . . so he is suing you for the $300. Here are the papers.

WHEEL: Well, I'll be danged! . . . Dancey, you old curb runner!

"Wheel" Just Growed

By **E. W. Weiss**

"BUILDING a new character for a Radio program must be a natural process," said "Chic" Sale in an interview shortly after he had given his premiere Radio program for the Pennzoil Company on Sunday night, May 18.

"You know," said "Chic," "when the idea of adding a new character to my long list of rural friends was presented to me, I just said to myself that he had to come the same way the others did. Naturally, I had to start with the mental picture of someone I had known in my early days in the country. Of course, we didn't have filling stations in those days, but certainly there was a prototype of "Wheel" Wilkins, the genial proprietor of the Liberty Bell Filling Station, somewhere in my store of memories.

"So I made my start on a quaint, kindly inhabitant of my home town, borrowed a little from other characters I had created, blended them together in my mind, and produced "Wheel" Wilkins. Not that it was as easy as all that. I had to invent a dozen new mannerisms, and I had to express them all in a voice; I had to give "Wheel" his own unique way of saying things, a set of homely phrases all his own. Of course, this was a task that I had been specializin' in for many years, and it was more or less of a natural thing.

"As he stands right now," concluded "Chic," " 'Wheel' is a right likeable sort of a chap. I like him. He's shrewd, yet he's kind. He likes his little joke, but I've got a feeling that beneath it all he can be downright serious, too."

"Wheel" Wilkins appears every Sunday night in the Liberty Bell programs in behalf of the Pennzoil Company.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 39)

person he is, for I know the somewhat astounding salary he receives. "Fifteen minutes a day of work," I say to myself, "then all the rest of the time to play and a nice big check. And just because you happen to have a Lon Chaney voice." But when the broadcast is over I find that it isn't all luck, not by any manner of means, nor is it all leisure. For Phil Cook not only takes all the parts in his sketches, but he writes every line of his skits himself, composes all the music to his songs and writes the words. And when you write enough nonsense to fill a fifteen minute program six days a week, for four weeks a month, for twelve months a year, it gets to be, in Phil's own words—"a man-sized job."

No, I don't think he has so much leisure, in fact, I can't see where he has any. As for that big check, I guess he earns it.

Phil was born some thirty-five years ago in Coldwater, Mich., but he has lived most of his life in New York. Before he became interested in Radio he was the art director of an advertising agency and still tosses off a few posters and magazine covers, and gets paid for them, too. He wrote the musical comedies—"Molly, Darling." "When You Smile," and "Plain Jane." They all had Broadway runs.

If Phil went to a mike twice as the same character in a month the instrument would totter from surprise. Just look at a list of his recent activities at NBC—Radio Chef, Line's Shine Boy, The Seely Air Weavers, Champion Sparkers, The Physical Culture Shoe Prince, The Cabin Door, Real Folks, Flit Soldiers, Interwoven Entertainers, Fleischman Hour, Eveready Master of Ceremonies, Buck and Wing—well, that's enough.

Did I mention that Phil plays the ukulele, the guitar and violin?

Yes, there's a lot of talk about everyone being equal, but you'll have to admit that any man who can talk in seven different dialects, write his own show, play in the above roles, and on the above instruments, draw magazine covers, et cetera, et cetera, has more than his share of gifts. Then had good looks and a likeable personality—it's just too much.

Yet for all Phil Cook's talents you and I supply him with something he couldn't get along without. WE are the admiring audience. And when you come right down to it the admiring audience COULD get along without the stars, but the stars couldn't get along without the admiring audience. Am I not right? If it weren't for you and me and all the rest of us admiring, where would the stars be? (And I claim there is some real philosophy in this.)

Oh, I forgot—he's married, and happily so, he says. Though he did tell me he tried out all his jokes first on the wife.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 37)

commingle the details of design, the little occurrences of chance, making the perfect intricate pattern. So here. The Opal. Years ago it had disappeared. It had been hidden. Murders, also long ago, had been committed. For the Opal? Why not? And had one of the victims hidden it? Had it, by chance as far as we are concerned, been hidden in the very room where the safe stood? Had the explosion, which tore the room so thoroughly to pieces, dislodged the Opal from its place under some beam, behind some panel? I thought so. With your kind permission I still think so."

"At least I've got it now," said Parks.

"YES, you've got it now. Well, having planned this all so prettily, Mr. X, knowing we'd rush off downstairs, had his moment to remove the two bodies. He had intended murder; he had secured his end; he discovered that no murder had been committed! At first he had thought to mystify, further in case of detection later on to have a pretty sizeable legal barricade to fortify himself behind. No corpus delicti, absolutely no conviction. Could any of us have sworn in a court of law that either Dicks or Parks was dead? We could not! All of which Mr. X knew when he planned his murder.

"But later how much better he was placed when he found that both of his victims lived! He treated them, saw them coming along, restored them to us knowing that we would carry on the good work. There was chance again, this time helping him. He was clear of murder, and had reaped the reward by having the loot.

"There remains the article snatched up from the floor by Andregg. It was, of course, his drug. We had all noted his peculiarly nervous condition before; we also marked how after the explosion we missed him downstairs; more than one of us must have marked how, when he came in, he was a man altered. We said to ourselves, 'Here's a funny thing.' Andregg seemed on edge before the murder; immediately after he appeared calm and self-contained, even relieved of some strain. So, of course, when one thought of it at all, one realized what was the matter with him and that he had had a shot.

"NOW, here was another most intriguing consideration. Andregg was no physician, yet we all thought that he was! How much design, how much chance all along the line? And when Andregg swore that Parks was dead, Dicks dying, we supposed that he knew whereof he spoke. But, I must confess, that thinking things over I was struck by that first remark of his; that Parks' body was already cold! Odd, wasn't it? There'd scarcely been time for that, you know! I judged later on that Andregg was either mistaken there, or was lying! Which was it?

"If lying, then was he our Mr. X himself. If mistaken—then he was terribly confused, or did not know his business. How clear this point became when Mr. Gateway advised us that Andregg was not a physician at all. Mistaken; that was it.

"So I was lured along my little pathway. For aught I knew Parks might be dead, might be alive. What chance had we to investigate? Then there was that black band about his body—"

"Deflected the blow!" cried out Dicks.

"It had to be considered," returned Savoy, and went on: "I asked Laufer-Hirth about it; he had seen it once when he and Mr. Parks journeyed together. —Well, well; what next? Why, the knife itself left on the floor. Mr. X had dropped it there—for what earthly reason? For us to see, of course. But why?

"YOU'LL see that in my little workshop I had no end of little bits flying about, wanting to be filed in their proper places. They abhor confusion, you know. And I got them into such a pretty pattern before I was through—"

There came a rap at the door; a heavy voice saying something to one of the Filipino boys. The boy came in, saying, "They are ready to go, sirs."

"Tell them to wait," cried Savoy sharply, a note as of anger in his voice. He drew curious eyes upon himself.

"I'm going on with this, and you're going to listen!" he rasped out. "You're going to be interested. Mr. Nemo is going to be interested, for I'm going to tell him my theory of his vanished Flower of Heaven.— Just a moment, however, before that. The Guest Book again. I found much in it to ponder on, those first thoughts many men had jotted down. Andregg had written: 'Here is not a haven, but heaven.' What did it signify? In a word, the thought of haven came to one who had been a fugitive, knowing times of great stress; to Andregg heaven was a place where he was sure of his drug."

He sprang to his feet.

"As the first step to the end," he said in a queer voice, "I want you to hear something which Laufer-Hirth can tell you. Tell them, Amos; what's on your mind?"

Laufer-Hirth shuffled uneasily. His eyes roamed here and there, and came back pleadingly to Savoy's stern face.

"WHAT we just read in the Guest Book—those words under Thraff Willcyzinski's scrawl—were written by Andregg *yesterday!* Will Little and I saw him write them; Paul dictated—"

It was a long breathless moment in which minds confused groped in a maze.

Piled near by were the several traveling bags. Savoy amazed them further by demanding sharply:

"Parks, will you open up your bag for us?"

Never did a stranger look dawn in a man's eyes than in the eyes of Mainwaring Parks now. His face went swiftly as white as death.

"Open it!" rang out Savoy's voice.

"Open it, Mr. X! And let Mr. Nemo see where his Flower of Heaven is!"

"You're crazy, man!" gasped Gateway.

"You're mad! Mad!" burst out Parks.

Paul Savoy, sudden loathing in his face, stepped back and threw out his arm, pointing at Mainwaring Parks.

"There's your cowardly Mr. X!—Through the tangled threads of chance and design he has at last come to the tether's end. He knew nothing of Thraff Willcyzinski being alive, but planned all the time to saddle Andregg, poor goat, with his crime. For that he kept Andregg waiting all evening for the drug he had promised to bring; for that he dropped that same drug where Andregg would seize upon it, then hide it like a guilty secret."

"FOR that is the black band about his chest, a band that would hold a knife handle in place, making it appear that the blade was buried in his breast! To find a man with a knife in his heart, is to be assured that he is dead! Yet, remember, Andregg cried out that already the body was cold! A crowning touch, so simply arranged by a man in a bathroom on a freezing winter's night. Remember how one arm lay across his chest, the sleeve torn, as if offering itself to one who would question more closely if death had come already? That arm, we may be sure, had been held in ice water for some minutes. There may even have been, for aught we know, a thin coating of some sort of wax over the pulse itself. How easy to have the other duplicate hunting knife; how natural to leave it behind on the floor; how simple to give himself a long shallow scratch of a cut and how crafty to keep himself hidden until that wound should heal! For who shall peer into his internal organs, and say where the blade went or did not go! How easy to hide the hinges and screws in Andregg's bag in case anything were discovered!"

"Hinges?" cried Gateway. "What do you mean, you fool?"

"Laufer-Hirth knows; I showed him the trick this morning. You stand in the bathroom where Parks stood when Dicks was struck down; you get your victim under a certain heavy beam that crosses the ceiling; you engage him in talk; you give a sudden strong pull to a bit of molding, and down crashes the heavy beam on your victim's head. Oh, it's an old game in a new dress, that's all. And now cut open his bag, for you'll find it locked; and take out the Flower of Heaven he was so sure of making his own. And now, Gateway, you'll have that part of my little theory which has to do with the million dollars. It was never placed in the safe at all; all the while it remained snug and safe in Mainwaring Parks' pocket! He did put a folded manilla paper in the safe; it was blown to bits, of course. He kept the million."

"You mad fool!" shouted Parks.

But both Dicks and Gateway were upon him.

"I 'M THE fool," growled Dicks. "I was on his trail and he knew it, so what did he do? I was sure of nothing; he knew that. So he tells me a wild tale and I, thinking he does not know that I know what I do, come here at his invitation. He comes near murdering me, and I am the loudest to swear that he had nothing to do with attempted murder, but am led to think him a victim, too!"

"You have it all, gentlemen, I think," said Savoy, and stood dusting his hands together. "Mr. X. had an agile brain. He planned Andregg first as his scapegoat. Heaven appeared to send him a better in a poor, defenseless mad man, and he switched to him. It was so obvious that he would do that! And how nicely he fell into a trap which, I swear, a child should have avoided! No doubt he had some tale to tell, explaining how he had guessed that Thraff Willcyzinski was alive; but it was a difficult thing. He could not say that he actually knew, that he had seen the man, for then he must have been bound to tell us. Just a hint was what he was trying to build up. So when I showed him the Guest Book and he saw that what appeared to be Thraff Willcyzinski's writing appeared there in fresh ink, he leaped—and fell! Shall we go now?"

Mr. Nemo was on his knees and with a sharp knife slit the leather of Parks' bag. The loveliest imaginable product of the art of a craftsman in precious stones was revealed.

"The Flower of Heaven!" cried Mr. Nemo softly.

Paul Savoy sighed.

"Or of Hell?" he asked of no one in particular.

"Just the same," burst grumblingly from Gateway, "there is one thing you can't fool me with, Savoy! It's easy enough now to pretend that you knew all along that it was Parks. Somehow, the last day or two, you've managed to stumble on the truth."

There were twin devils dancing in Savoy's eyes.

"Didn't I tell you, that first night you came?" he chuckled.

"You did not!" cried Gateway angrily.

Savoy turned to Temple.

"Remember my memorandum, Captain? The one you and Gateway pulled down from the ceiling?"

As if Captain Temple could ever forget! Now, looking abashed, also he looked mystified.

"You crumpled and threw it away," ran on Savoy. "Gateway retrieved it, then dropped it as of no consequence. I picked it up the next morning, having a fatherly fondness for my own little creation, and here it is. Will you two be so good as to read it again?"

Temple and Gateway read together:

"Temple, his enormous curiosity rampant, investigates my inspired notes! A ludicrous incident, surely! Plainly, a rather knotty situation has embittered individuals, stimulating animosity. Look inward. Vastly educational."

"Piffle!" exploded Gateway.

"Exactly," and by now Paul Savoy was fairly chortling. "Piffle of the purest ray serene, my dear Gateway. But suppose you look through the silly lines again; third time's a charm, you know. Do as the memorandum so naively commands: 'Look inward.' Which means into the note itself, whereupon I assure you you will find it 'vastly educational,' in the sense of being informative. This time, however, look only at the first letter of each word! And see what you can spell out for yourself!"

Gateway snatched the paper from Temple's hands, and began mumbling out the letters, taking as commanded the first of every word. As he advanced in his task his brows lifted higher and higher. And when he had finished he looked at Paul Savoy as at some creature never so much as glimpsed until now. He grew so red of face that it seemed as if all the blood in his body had rushed into his cheeks. And then, with mortification and defeat all but mastering him, there still shone in his eyes a wondering admiration.

"Mr. Savoy," he said ponderously, shaking his head, "I'm a dub. And you—you—Dicks, lead me back to Frisco and get me canned. I'm through."

(The End)

Paul Oliver's Good Luck

(Continued from page 7)

for her smile of approbation. And when Olive sings, Paul always smiles his encouragement.

Aside from music, football is the most interesting subject to Paul. Often during a lull in a rehearsal you will find him discussing the relative merits of football teams with Phillips Carlin, another football enthusiast. Paul's favorite team is New York University, and conversely the N. Y. U. team's favorite Radio star is Paul Oliver. "Chick" Meehan, the famous N. Y. U. football mentor, is one of his closest friends. Paul can talk quite authoritatively about the capabilities of every member of the football squads for some seasons back. He is a frequent dinner guest at Mr. and Mrs. Meehan's.

He often sings for the boys and attends every football game on the schedule that does not take him too far away to come back in time for the Wednesday red letter hour. He was a guest at the recent N. Y. U. dinner when the boys got their letters for football. Football, N. Y. U. football particularly, is so absorbing to him that whenever possible he travels with the team to their summer training camp. He plans to be with them this summer at Farmingdale.

When not busy rehearsing new songs Paul likes to go about exploring New York City and its environs, seeking out strange things which interest him. Naturally, Oliver has a decided mechanical bent and as a result spends some time in manufacturing plants in and near New York, observing the various processes through which all sorts of products go. Most of these excursions are solitary. Regularly, after a strenuous rehearsal and after each Wednesday evening's broadcast, he hurries to the Y. M. C. A. for a plunge in the pool. Early the next morning he arises and tunes up his car, which is his companion during the fall and winter months, just as a high speed power-boat is his favorite in summer.

Motoring from his Mount Vernon home, he drives about the countryside. On other days he will park the car at some subway entrance and travel underground all over New York. An excavation for a skyscraper fascinates him. So does the Bronx Zoo. And because he carefully hides his identity none of the people he questions suspects that the unassuming gentleman with a curious turn of mind is the tenor star whose melodious voice is so well known to millions.

IN THE summer, Paul Oliver's idea of a seventh heaven is a boat on a quiet lake where he can fish and sing softly to himself. "I know of nothing so restful and soothing to the nerves as a fishing trip. In hot weather the strain of daily rehearsing and of weekly performances before the microphone is pretty severe and Radio artists particularly must keep well and fit", he explained.

Paul Oliver is an ardent swimmer and has always spent a great deal of time in the water during the warm months. His chief joy, however, is to slip off by himself, and when he is tired of fishing he puts in hours of practice as he cruises about on the water. The story is told that a number of admirers learned the places he liked to frequent and used to steal up on him to listen to his songs in the open. He had to change his haunts a little when he discovered his hidden audience. "I find that such outdoor practice," he explained, "is a splendid thing for my voice. I like to test it out in the open. Often I find a spot where it is fascinating to sing and hear the echo as the notes come back to me."

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New studios on the main floor of the Hotel Orlando building were formally dedicated March 7, 1930, with a reception and special broadcast programs. Since that time, the station has increased its time on the air from about three hours a day to the present schedule: Going on the air at 7 a. m., signing off at 1:30 p. m.; going on again at 5 p. m. and signing off at 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening.

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steel chassis

Vari-Tone *and* **Automatic Sensitivity Control**

Also latest PUSH-PULL Amplification

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Pioneer Builders of Sets—11th Successful Year
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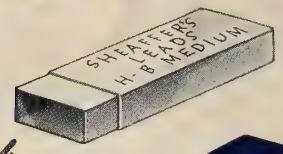
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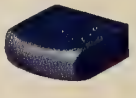
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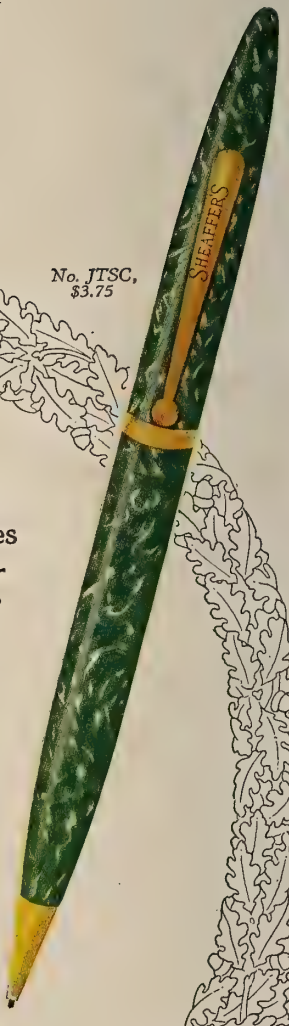








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Radio Digest

September

Thirty-Five Cents



HELEN MORGAN
Guest Artist

Al Smith and His "Rad-dio Man"

E. Phillips Oppenheim

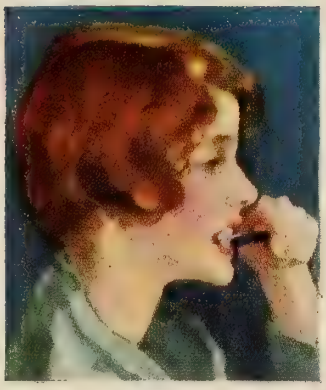
Rupert Hughes

ABRAHAM LINCOLN *on the Air* by RAYMOND WARREN

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are 4 out of 5



The Dentists' Dentifrice should be your FAMILY DENTIFRICE



MANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

And today, there are people who do not think of using Forhan's, until their mouths are beyond the help of ordinary tooth-pastes.

But the well mouth needs Forhan's. It is a dentifrice safe and pure and mild—as fine as a dentist can make it, for it was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

The tiny teeth of children—those precious first teeth which have such an influence on the future health and beauty of the mouth—need the scientific cleansing which they will get with this gentle dentifrice.

The teeth of boys and girls also need Forhan's protection, to supplement the dentist's watchful care. No dentifrice can do a more thorough job of reaching every fissure and crevice of the teeth during these critical years.

In the adult mouth, Forhan's serves a double purpose. It cleans the teeth, of course, but in addition it helps to stimulate the gums. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it rouses sluggish circulation, brings to gum tissues a pleasant tingling, and helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan's is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Swiftly .. in 6 places your skin grows lovelier

1. The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable —and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
2. The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
3. The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
4. The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's Milkweed Cream prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
5. The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
6. The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

* * *



Picture yourself as my mannequin . . . learn why "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young"... *Frances Ingram*

SMOOTH as a bride's satin—gloriously fresh and clear. That can be *your* skin.

For my Milkweed Cream does much more than keep the texture soft and fine. It keeps the skin free from impurities. It guards against blemishes and wards off wrinkles. It gives to your skin petal-like smoothness that only a healthy skin can know.

Study, on my mannequin above, the six starred spots where lines and imperfections first appear. Scrutinize your own skin at the same six places. Then you will realize why the extra help toward a healthy skin that my Milkweed Cream brings is so vitally important in retaining the appearance of youth.

You may be older than my mannequin or your birthdays may be as few, but remember this—no matter how old you are, if your skin is kept *healthy* it is bound to look young—no matter how young you are, lines and defects begin to stamp your skin as though with years.

Guard well, then, the six starred places — the column above tells how — and your skin will respond swiftly with new charm.

With its protective and pure ingredients, Ingram's Milkweed Cream will care for your skin as no other cream possibly can. It cleanses splendidly and smooths away roughness and blemishes. Tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes soft, clear, altogether lovely.

And, if you have any special beauty questions, send the coupon for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesdays 10:15 to 10:30 A. M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

* * *

Frances Ingram,
Dept. R90, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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LILLIAN BUCKNAM is known as the Girl with the Dimples at the Columbia station, WABC. You hear her sing on the Voice of Columbia, Grand Opera Concert, Cathedral Hour and in the Musical Album.

September, 1930

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HELEN NUGENT was only 17 when she decided that fame could be achieved by serious effort and her native ability. She became a member of the Cincinnati Summer Opera—and eventually contralto soloist. (CBS).



MARY McCOY is another busy soprano who finds her time booked constantly at NBC. She is best known on the program, Works of Great Composers. Fancy those eyes looking at you the next time you hear her.

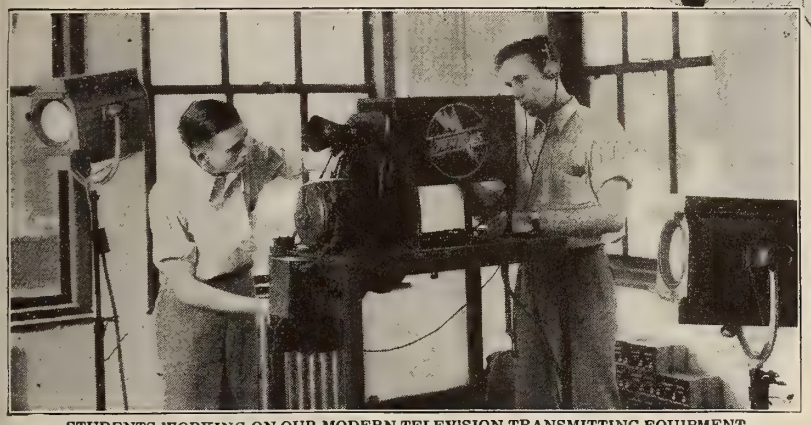


DOLORES CASSINELLI is noted not only for her operatic voice but for her beauty and agility. She keeps in trim by fencing. She is like lightning with her thrust and parry, and there's sunshine in her smile.

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Come In—*Please*

SIT DOWN, if you will, in that easy chair. You are in the home of the publishers of RADIO DIGEST.

Whatever your taste, please relax and *be yourself*. We want to know you *as you really are* and we want you to know us the same way. Through the somewhat inadequate medium of this printed page, we are trying to be hospitable—sincerely and wholeheartedly so, while telling you "the story of our life."

The Triple Merger

DURING the past few months, Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., a publishing organization with a background of over half a century, has been busy forming the Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, and acquiring for this new company not only the RADIO DIGEST of Chicago, founded and formerly published by "Buck" Rayner of the Windy City, but also the RADIO REVUE of New York, founded and published by Walter Preston of Gotham Town, and RADIO BROADCAST founded and formerly published by the distinguished house of Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Effective with this issue, all three of these magazines have been put together—merged is the commercial expression—into one publication dedicated to the service of the American Radio public. It is in a full sense a national magazine for the family, i.e., for those who listen to any of the many types of programs which are being broadcast night and day throughout the length and breadth of the land. The listeners, not experimenters, constitute our reading audience.

We Pay Tribute

BEFORE going on we want to interrupt to pay our enthusiastic tribute to those publishers whose vision brought forth the triplet which now is known as RADIO DIGEST. To us, the present publishers, they have seen fit to entrust the handiwork and brain child of their earlier efforts, cognizant of our plans and convinced that under such auspices the merged child work will grow to great stature, mentally as well as physically.

It is too soon for the new parents to make visionary promises or boast of the bigger and better things to come. Performance is by all odds the better spokesman on such matters. But we must confess, again in a spirit of tribute to our predecessors, that we shall derive untold inspiration from their labors during the period of infancy.

We want our readers to know that this merger is no ordinary business transaction devoid of human feelings. If human affairs can be said to have a soul then this one has. It is to a large degree the outgrowth of a common inspiration and of a substantially unselfish desire to serve PEOPLE, not things, in a fearless but emotionally human manner. And in line with this feeling, the previous *publishers and editors* of RADIO DIGEST and its other component publications have been invited to be perpetual contributors to the contents as well as to the spirit of the magazine. We are glad to say that most of them have already been enrolled in the active ranks.

Meet the Staff

THE officers of Radio Digest Publishing Corporation are: President, Raymond Bill; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Spillane and Randolph Brown; Treasurer, Edward Lyman Bill, all of whom have had extensive experience in the music and Radio fields, and all of whom are principals in Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., and Federated Business Publications, Inc., the latter including among its other properties Radio-Music Merchant (formerly Talking Machine World), Sales Management and The Antiquarian Magazine.

In addition to the Board of Contributing Editors, the personnel of which will be announced later, the executive editorial staff is: Editor, Raymond Bill; Advisory Editor, Henry J. Wright, formerly editor of the New York Globe and the New York Sun; Associate Editor, Charles R. Tighe, formerly managing editor of Radio-Music Merchant, and Managing Editor, Harold P. Brown, editor of RADIO DIGEST under its former management.

The business organization is as follows: Business Manager, Lee Robinson, also business manager of Radio-Music Merchant. Advertising representatives; R. G. Maxwell & Co., Inc. The head of this company, Ray Maxwell, is one of "The Four Maxwells," the others being, respectively, president of Crowell Publishing Co., Life Publishing Co. and Williams & Cunningham Advertising Agency.

The circulation of RADIO DIGEST alone averaged 116,000 for the first six months of 1930 and at 35c per copy. While this constitutes an exceptional record for a new magazine, it is no more than an indication of what the future holds for the dominant magazine of the Radio field. The public

interest in this magazine is obviously logical because Radio is destined to play an important role in the future of the entire world and consequently in the lives of those by whom it is peopled.

Our First Issue

THIS September issue is the first number for which the present management is responsible. In the short space of time prior to its publication it was impracticable to inaugurate many of the plans we have in mind for improving RADIO DIGEST and making it a most valuable and interesting magazine for the entire family. We have, however, increased the total number of pages more than one-third as an indication of the good measure we desire to give from a quantity standpoint. We have printed the magazine on a much finer grade of paper stock and a paper which is also both heavier and whiter than that formerly used. We have introduced a new and rather distinctive type of rotogravure section. We have initiated a department by an outstanding Radio engineer in which every month we shall endeavor to interpret for our readers in language they will understand the scientific progress which is being made in Radio reception, Radio broadcasting and television. We have improved and refined the typography. We have initiated several other new types of editorial features which will be presented on a more imposing scale in succeeding issues.

Finally, and most important, we have launched a program of editorials in none of which shall we aim to talk about subjects which are platitudes or express viewpoints which are innocuous, but in all of which we shall endeavor to serve in some powerful constructive manner the great audience we are reaching. Other improvements and additions will follow in rapid order, but we would rather let you see them in actual existence than to herald their advent. Meanwhile, we do want to make these points of publishing policy entirely clear.

The Editorial Policy

RADIO DIGEST will not be edited with any endeavor at salacious or other cheap appeals. It will aim to enable the American public to appreciate in a greater degree and in larger numbers the world of romance, entertainment and knowledge which is open to them through the Radio. Apart from its lighter entertainment values, we contend that Radio already constitutes one of the world's greatest sources of information that is strictly current, as well as historical. Much knowledge can be gleaned from the Radio which is reliable and which is world wide in scope. We do not think any magazine has ever had a greater or finer opportunity to enrich the family life of the American people, and we hope to measure up to the great opportunity which lies before us as the first and dominant magazine serving the American Radio public. In attaining this goal we seek not only the reading interest of our audience, but also its suggestions, comments and help given in a first hand manner. We want each and every reader to be in part at least a builder of RADIO DIGEST, as the greatest and most influential magazine of all times. It can be just that with *your* help, but only with *your* help.

THE PUBLISHERS

Advance Tips

LINDBERGH. Specially written feature of the greatest world hook-up in history. Jesse Butcher, personal friend of Colonel Lindbergh, tells what happened and how.

THE PRESIDENT. As we go to press Doty Hobart, Radio Digest special feature writer, is in Washington obtaining an intimate story of President Hoover's personal views and reactions to broadcasting.

HEYWOOD BROUN. Famous New York columnist will be represented in the October Radio Digest with the first publication of his Radio column.

VICTOR HERBERT. "As I Knew Him" by Harold Sanford who worked, played and lived with the celebrated composer and undoubtedly knew him better than any man now living.

F. W. WILE. Noted news correspondent's story of the trans-Atlantic broadcast of the London Disarmament Conference. A facsimile of George Bernard Shaw's penned prediction of the outcome of the Conference will be included in the story.

ABE AND DAVID. Way Down East up-to-date, popular feature of coast-to-coast network. How they get their unique material for stories told by Peter Dixon.

GENE AND GLENN. Inside story of one of the most popular teams of the Mid-West. Narrative of romantic and dramatic incidents leading up to the partnership.

RUPERT HUGHES. Famous author depicts days of terror in the early history of old New York in a fiction story about a girl who was sold into bondage.

J. S. FLETCHER. Distinguished English author of mystery stories tells what happened to the Langthwaite Pearls. Short and very fascinating.

* * *

THE FUTURE FILE. Not all of these may be ready for the October number. Some of them are certain to be. Our "Future File" includes these:

JERRY BUCKLEY. Results of our own investigation of the tragic death of Detroit's reform announcer.

THE R-100. Our own original story of the part that Radio played in the trans-Atlantic flight of England's greatest dirigible.

RUDY VALLEE. In a series of original articles written exclusively for Radio Digest.

HOME BUDGETING. Selections of the best ideas and advice included in the programs of John Wanamaker and other authorities.

THOMAS A. EDISON. An exclusive interview with the famous inventor regarding his scholarship tests for the selection of embryo geniuses.



ALWYN BACH *of the National Broadcasting company staff, whose well modulated voice and meticulous pronunciation won for him the 1930 gold medal for diction, began the study of words in a dictionary at his mother's knee*

"Try Singing to Speak Well"

Song is the Best Medium and Exercise whereby One May Acquire Perfection of Speech, declares Alwyn Bach, Winner of 1930 Diction Medal

by

DRAKE EVANS

THE first time I ever saw the NBC announcer, Alwyn Bach, was about a year ago from the control room of Studio E at a broadcast of one of Tex O'Reilly's "Soldier of Fortune" talks. Floyd Gibbons was also in the control room that night and as the tall, dark Bach stood before the announcer's mike and there came to our ears his smooth, velvet tones, Floyd Gibbons nodded his head in approval and prophesied, "There's the boy that's going to pick off that diction gold medal. Just wait and see."

And true to the Gibbons' prophecy, Alwyn Bach received in June the gold medal which the American Academy of Arts and Letters gives annually for good diction over the Radio. The winner last time was Milton Cross.

But lest you put too much trust in Floyd Gibbons' ability to see the future, I heard him make another prophecy that night. It was over a year ago, mind you, and the war correspondent was at that time on the air only one night a week. He wasn't so hopeful about his Radio opportunities. Said he: "I'll never be able to make enough money to afford to live in this man's town." Which proves, I think, that as a prophet Mr. Gibbons bats only fifty per cent. However, this is a story not about Floyd Gibbons, but about Alwyn Bach.

In giving the gold medal award the American Academy of Arts and Letters aims not merely to improve the diction of the announcers themselves, but to aid in raising the standard of spoken English throughout the nation. The committee which selects the winner is composed of fifty eminent judges of spoken English who weigh the talents of the Radio announcers of the entire country—judging them for excellence in diction, quality of tone, and the general cultural effect of the voice.

With the increasingly immense popularity of Radio, our spoken language is coming into the control of a few men—and these, the Radio announcers. Eventually their influence will do much to standardize our language and do away with local dialects. And so when one man is heard in millions of homes, how he pronounces his words, how he modulates his voice is vastly important. A tremendous responsibility rests upon his shoulders, or rather upon his tongue. As he speaks, so will the nation.

Certainly Alwyn Bach is worthy of this coveted award. His voice is rich, smooth, cultured, his pronunciation and enunciation crystal clear. I, speaking to him, found myself becoming conscious of my own pronunciation and striving to imitate his perfection of diction. It was an actual vocal lesson just to listen to him.

ART of speech is best improved through the art of song. If you can't sing, sing anyway. It gives you a sense and appreciation of rhythmical expression. Then there's the dictionary game. Every letter list will disclose familiar words which you have mispronounced all your life. Start with "a". How would you pronounce "adult" or "addict"? To save you the trouble of looking it up the accent is on the final syllable. How would you pronounce "Babel"? Would you use long "a" or short "a"? The dictionary is the best text book for diction. Let the author introduce you here to a close-up study of Mr. Bach—maybe you'll "larn somethin".

The NBC announcer was born in this country; but a few years before his birth his mother had come over from Denmark. His earliest remembrance of her is seeing her sitting studying a dictionary. While she was cooking she kept the dictionary on the kitchen table. She would stir the soup with one hand and thumb through the book with the other. In the evenings she would keep it close by as she sewed, pausing occasionally to scan a page, memorize a few words, and then say them aloud as she darned or mended. She eventually came to speak English with perfection.

Her son, however, born in this country, under no handicap as his mother was, as a child spoke the language in a very slovenly fashion, mumbling his words, dropping his final letters, as is the way of most boys. "Alwyn," his mother would say in distress, "I am ashamed of you. For heaven's sake, use your lips." His mother's corrections and insistence on good speech, Bach says, was his first step on the road towards the gold medal.

DESPITE his Danish parentage, Alwyn Bach doesn't look like one's conventional idea of a Dane. For aren't the Danes of old Viking stock, and shouldn't Vikings be tall and blonde and blue-eyed and rollicking? Alwyn Bach is tall—six feet two—but his hair and eyes are dark brown, his complexion olive, and anything less rollicking than his serene dignity and poise would be hard to find. He has been accused of being *too* dignified and precise in his speech, but he feels that dignity is essential to the best work of the announcer.

As he said in a recent newspaper interview: "I never wisecrack when I announce. I think it is an announcer's place to be merely an announcer and to let the entertainers entertain. Attempted humor is liable to fall flat on the air."

Singing, printing, the war, broadcasting—those four words sum up his professional life. When only sixteen Bach began to study singing. Before a year was

(*Continued on page* **121**)

Al Smith *and his* *Rad-dio Man*

(Editor's Note: Norman Sweetser, of the National Broadcasting Company staff of announcers in 1928, was sent, at the personal request of Al Smith, on the campaign tour of the United States to act as special announcer. Mr. Smith always referred to him as "the rad-dio man"—but let Mr. Sweetser tell you about that in this, his first published account, of his association with the Democratic candidate for President.)

PROBABLY the greatest thrill of anticipation which will come my way, even though I live to be a thousand, were eleven words which were poured into my left ear from a telephone receiver.

Early in the fall of 1928 my telephone bell rang. I don't remember the date but I distinctly recall my thoughts prior to the interruption. The night before Milton Cross had sat on my new fall hat. He didn't do it intentionally—but Milt is just as heavy when sitting as he is when standing. At the time he apologized. But he didn't have to wear the hat. I did. And the hat was, at one and the same time, in my hand and on my mind when I went to answer the telephone.

Funny thing. Milt's voice greeted me from the other end of the wire. But his reason for calling had nothing to do with hats.

"You've been elected to accompany Al Smith on his campaign trip," he said. Eleven words. But what eleven words!

And that was the thrill.

It had fallen to my lot to act as announcer on a few occasions in the past when Mr. Smith had spoken before the microphone. I had not been what one might term "a Smith man" at the time of his party nomination but my association with this dynamic man changed that.

One cannot meet Al Smith without recognizing in him a vital personality. And when a person comes into a situation which brings him on common ground with the man that person just naturally becomes "a Smith man," and he stays "a Smith man" right on. He won me from the start. Perhaps I didn't need much encouragement. But whatever praise I have for the man is sincere and don't think I'm laying it on too thick when I say, when bigger and better men are born the sample produced by the Smith family should serve as an excellent pattern to copy.



Al Smith in a characteristic pose before the mike

Al Smith is not a good microphone performer. He is probably one of the worst. From a technical standpoint, I mean. He simply wont "stay put". I have never seen a speaker less shy of the mike than Mr. Smith. He ignores the instrument. Unquestionably he despises the microphone as a mechanical device. But as a medium through which he can reach the people he realizes its value.

Trained in the old school of oratory he loves the close contact of a living audience. When he is speaking to both a seen and an unseen audience he forgets all about his unseen listeners at the first demonstration of approval from those present. He will either walk away from the microphone in order to face without obstruction the responsive audience or, as happened in Omaha, he will deliberately pick up the microphone standard and place it aside!

IF YOU heard that Omaha speech you may remember hearing a noise that sounded like static coming over your loud-speaker less than five minutes after he came on the air. After setting the microphone aside he never again addressed it directly. I tried to adjust it so that the speech would register properly but he waved me aside. And the mike picked up his speech as best it could from a most unfavorable angle.

As Governor of the State of New York Mr. Smith was one of the pioneer radio politicians. And as I said before, he positively is not mike shy. He has no fear of it therefore it was up to me to increase the democratic candidate's respect for the microphone.

Now, I knew it would be useless to tell the man that he must "stay put" when on the air. I had threshed that out with him before, begging him for his own good to realize that his unseen audience outnumbered his visible listeners a thousand to one. His

as told to

Doty Hobart

By

NORMAN SWEETSER



Norman Sweetser

reply was always the same. He was sorry but he didn't feel he could do himself justice if he neglected those who came to see as well as hear. And he meant just what he said. I found Al Smith to be absolutely honest in every statement he ever made. To be at ease when speaking, this tried and true orator feels handicapped unless he has the freedom of the platform. The microphone annoyed him so he moved it, that's all.

FROM Omaha we went to Oklahoma City. Long before the hour of the broadcast I went to the hall where he was to speak. With me were the A. T. and T. engineers. I superintended the set-up. That night everything looked perfectly natural. When Mr. Smith rose to address the gathering he found, as usual, a small table in front of him with the microphone standard in front of the table.

I shall have to give the man credit. He waited through three or four bursts of applause which interrupted his speech before attempting to move the mike. Then imagine his surprise when he found it immovable. I had ordered the standard screwed to the floor. Never will I forget the look of amazement which swept over his face momentarily. Then he smiled—and, lifting up the little table, he moved his position, table and all, about six feet to the left!

His speeches always were of the greatest interest to me but I want to tell you I don't remember hearing a word Al Smith said in Oklahoma City. With the mike six feet from the speaker, and away to one side at that, I was sure the broadcast must be going over pretty pitifully. It certainly was not going over as it should. Of that I was sure and stood by trying to figure out some way to lick Mr. Smith—to cure him of his antagonism for the mike.

Our next show was at St. Paul. This time I fastened both table and microphone standard to the floor. What is more I arranged the chairs for the overflow crowd which always filled every platform. And as a final precaution I ushered as many people as possible to the stage and seated them in a semicircle around the chairs in the center which were reserved for the candidate and his party.

When Mr. Smith arose to deliver his address he found himself hemmed in on all sides. The only way he could have licked me that night was to have climbed on the table! Needless to say, he did not do that.

From that night on he was cured. And don't think he didn't know who was responsible. He did. The next day on the train he sent his secretary for "the rad-dio man", as he always called me. I travelled in one of the cars with the newspaper men. When I entered his private car I found him smiling. And the smile never left his face throughout the interview. He accused me of everything—of fastening the table and microphone standard and of arranging the chairs on the platform.

"NOW, that's alright," he said. "I know it's up to you to see that the rad-dio gets a break. And you don't have to tell me again that it is for my own good. I know that, too. But, as a personal favor to me, please don't ever tie me up like that again. I mean hem me in with people. Why, I didn't dare move for fear I'd hit someone."

"Alright, Mr. Smith," I said, "I'll promise not to interfere with the seating arrangements if you'll promise not to move the microphone again."

He laughed. "I promise, Norman."

That was the first time he had ever called me anything except "rad-dio man". From that time on he always addressed me by my first name.

And ever after he treated the microphone with due respect.

Why does he say "rad-dio" instead of "radio"? I really don't know. Probably because he started calling it that in the early days and, like the good showman he is, found the comment created by his pronunciation of the word an incentive to establish "rad-dio" as a good trade mark.

By the way, do you know how Colonel Lindbergh pronounces aviation? "Aviation." And no one objects.

Accompanying the democratic candidate on the long campaign journey were Mrs. Smith and the daughter, Emily (the wife of Major Warner). Mrs. Warner frequently asked her father to change his pronunciation of "rad-dio". One night, whether intentionally or otherwise I do not know, Mr. Smith did pronounce the word in the generally accepted manner. Just once. The next day I asked him how he happened to say "Radio". He smiled and replied, "I have to please some people sometime." He never said "Radio" again to my knowledge. Nor did I ever here his daughter chide him about "rad-dio" after that.

Mr. Smith spent much of his time in the car with the newspapermen. The boys kidded him a bit about his pronunciation of "rad-dio". His comeback was that it was a new word and that he felt he had just as much right to call it "Rad-dio" as everyone else did to call it "Radio". One morning he came into the car beaming, carrying a telegram. He read the message aloud and then passed it around. It stated that the Al Smith pronunciation of the word was just as correct as the accepted "radio." It was signed by a distinguished philologist.

HIS best campaign speech was never delivered in public. It was an extemporaneous talk given in the newspaper men's car over a campaign issue brought to the candidate's attention by a member of the press. I have never heard a better speech and I have listened and had to listen to several hundred. Every point of the issue was covered in perfect continuity during the hour and a half which the man spoke. He was never in-

terrupted. Every press representative sat spellbound. No notes were made and everyone was so thoroughly interested that no one thought, before Mr. Smith left the car, to ask his permission to review it. This speech, either in full or in part, was never published.

I well remember one question which was asked the candidate by a reporter. "If you are elected will there be a 'White-house Spokesman'?" Mr. Smith smiled and replied, "In every office I have ever held my association with representatives of the press has always been decidedly harmonious. If I am elected there will be no White House spokesman other than Al Smith, in person."

ALL his speeches are dictated. Copies of these are sent to the reporters prior to the event. This rule goes for speeches made to visible or invisible audiences. The man then makes a few notes on the faces of legal sized envelopes and, referring to these notes, delivers his address. While the speech is not word for word as dictated he never misses the point of any dictated sentence.

In addressing a lonesome microphone in a studio Mr. Smith never loses control of his oratory. Nor does he neglect his customary emphatic gestures. One peculiar habit which the man has when speaking either in public or in a studio, is to rise slightly on his toes when emphasizing a point. It frequently gives him the appearance of teetering, especially when dramatic phrases follow each other in rapid succession. He sways before a lonesome mike just as he does before a visible audience, in order that his voice reach every corner of the hall. He hammers home many points with that banging fist of his—even though there be no table to strike.

When we first started on the trip I used to have the microphone which I used, for my introductory remarks and announcements, set-up in the wings on the stage. On one occasion I was called away from my position for a moment. When I tried to get back to the instrument I found myself blocked by a mob of unruly spectators who had rushed the stage-door and pushed by the single policeman on guard at that point. It began to look as though I would be unable to reach my mike in time to sign off. Providing there was any mike lift when I got there. Fortunately, several bluecoats came around from the front of the house as I was about to declare a personal war on the invaders and, literally surrounded by the law, I reached the instrument just as Mr. Smith finished his address. Luckily the mike had not been tipped over in the crush.

After that I had a telephone booth placed in the wings and was able to shut myself in that "hot-box" for my announcements. Did you ever remain in a booth with the doors closed for any length of time? Wow! I was used to working under all sorts of conditions on reportorial Radio assignments but of all the places I have ever worked that booth was the most uncomfortable from a physical standpoint. The only salvation was that it gave me privacy and an assurance that the microphone was protected from an over-enthusiastic public. I don't like crowds and I never will. Except at a distance.

Prior to one speech on the trip the newspapers were filled with stories of threatened demonstrations of an unfriendly nature to the candidate when he made his appearance on the platform. Naturally we were all somewhat anxious and there was a feeling of tenseness in the air. From my position in the wings I saw Mrs. Smith, who had arrived early, turning in her seat to look back through the audience. She seemed to be worried. I made my way to her and asked if she would like to move over into the section reserved for the press. Her reply was typical of the devoted woman, "No, thank you, Mr. Sweetser, I'm quite alright here. I know, you thought I might be safer there. These people are alright. There won't be any demonstration antagonistic to Mr. Smith. I'm trying to locate Reverend Stratton. They tell me he is here tonight." Mrs. Smith, never having seen the gentleman in question, was anxious to get a peek at him. That's why she was twisting and turning in her seat!

IN October RADIO DIGEST you will read about Herbert Hoover's experiences and reactions before the microphone during the last Presidential campaign, as told to Doty Hobart by the man who accompanied the candidate on his tour. The story brings to light some new characteristics of the President that have never before appeared in print.

PERHAPS some of you have wondered why Mr. Smith never accepted the challenge of the late Dr. John Roache Stratton to debate before the microphone. I can tell you this much—that it wasn't because the candidate was afraid to match wits with the gentleman. In fact he offered to meet Dr. Stratton at a later date when the time would not conflict with his schedule. Al Smith would have reveled in just that kind of a show. But he knew that every minute of his time on the air was being paid for out of the funds of the Democratic Committee and he felt it would be unethical to permit an opponent to use any of those expensive minutes. He was pledged to use money raised by subscription for the good of the party and the Reverend Doctor made it quite clear that his quarrel with the candidate was purely personal.

Election night.

It was Mrs. Smith's birthday and at the Democratic headquarters a large cake was conspicuously placed.

I was standing by with a microphone ready for an instantaneous hook-up should Mr. Smith care to make any statement on the air.

Long before the candidate arrived the returns showed that Mr. Hoover was piling up a pretty heavy lead. A decided gloom was settling over the place as those at headquarters realized how the tide was running.

Then Al Smith came in. Smiling Al Smith. Smiling in the face of all this gloom.

"What's the matter here? Why so downcast? I'm not going to be deported. I'm still a citizen—the voters can't take that away from me!"

Anyone can be a victor and smile. It takes a big man to smile at defeat. And Al Smith never stopped smiling.

He called me to go with him when he went to the private office to dictate his congratulatory message to Mr. Hoover.

MR. RASKOB listened to the dictation of this message. He was stunned. As campaign manager a statement was due the press. But he hadn't pulled himself together sufficiently to make it.

Al Smith slapped him on the back. He was still smiling.

"If I were Johnny Raskob I know what I'd say."

And Mr. Raskob was governed by the advice of the defeated candidate in making his statement.

As soon as this was over Mr. Smith rose and said, "Come on, Johnny, let's go home."

He left the Democratic headquarters that night without making a statement on the air. But he left with a cheery word for everyone, his head high and the ever-present smile on his face.

Within a week he was on the air again! At his own request. He wanted to thank his supporters and he felt duty bound to tell them of the deficit in the campaign funds. Perhaps you may remember his appeal for contributions with which to wipe out the debt. Now, an appeal of this kind is not a desirable task. But Al Smith does not wish the unwanted jobs on the other fellow. He tackles them himself.

One of my proudest possessions is a copy of the book, "The Story of the Democratic Campaign of 1928", auto-

graphed by Mr. Smith. It was the first copy off the press and was presented to me by the defeated candidate in person.

Do you remember the advertisements which used to inform poor forgetful mortals, like ourselves, of the super-retentive mind possessed by a fictitious character who was always greeting an old friend by the name of Addison Simms of Seattle? Had the advertiser known of Al Smith this fictitious character might never have attained such lasting fame. Where the advertiser's character knew but one man Al Smith knows and can call by name thousands of men. Unquestionably Mr. Smith has one of the finest memories for names, faces and statistics with which I ever came in contact.

Day after day I saw the busy man meet and greet by name people in all walks of life. Many of these men and women he had been introduced to in a casual way during his political activities in New York State. I don't know that I ever saw him "rack his brain" to recall a name. The name just naturally comes to his lips without any seeming mental effort.

There is a story about a newspaper man who borrowed five dollars from Governor Smith and who, though his intentions were the best, forgot to return it. I am told that when this reporter came to cover a political speech during our journey he met the democratic candidate backstage and was greeted by name by Mr. Smith, who laughingly asked the man if he had come behind the scenes to pay back the five dollars. I did not witness this meeting myself so cannot vouch for the yarn. It is typical of Mr. Smith, inasmuch as he always connects some incident in which these acquaintances figured. Nor does he need to have the party involved owe him five dollars in order to recall the names of the thousands of people who have come in contact with this remarkable man during his long life as a public figure.



No escape here—Al found himself surrounded by a fence of mikes at Albany

As with names so it is with statistics. Where we think ourselves fortunate if we can remember that two and two make four Mr. Smith unhesitatingly will delve into intricate figures concerning a public expenditure. Providing, of course, that he was familiar with those figures at some time during his political life.

Once this man's brain absorbs facts of any kind pertinent to his life interests it automatically catalogues them for future reference.

UNQUESTIONABLY the radio fans will have a chance to hear Al Smith on the air again. He is a man with the interest of the public at heart. I don't know what he will have to say when next we listen to his voice but you may be sure that he will bring a message well worth hearing.

In closing I wish to say that Al Smith is about the only orator I have ever heard who can "orate" before a microphone and not sound foolish to an unseen audience. Loud speakers are not kind to the average orator. Furthermore, here is an orator handicapped with a speaking voice which is not pleasing—as to its reproducing qualifications. Yet handicapped as this orator unquestionably is this man is what we call "a natural" when it comes to audience appeal. I am convinced that the sincerity and inherent honesty of Al Smith's personality as expressed in his rather harsh voice overcomes all handicaps and places him on a separate pedestal as a microphone artist.

National Open GOLF



L. C. Smeby (left) chief engineer at KSTP, St. Paul, carried a short wave transmitter around the course on the running board of his car.

By
Don W. Hood

THE back stage of a big theater on the opening night of an expensive production or the city room of a metropolitan newspaper, when an extra was being "put to bed", were never as dramatic as the Radio control rooms during the last two hours of the broadcast of the 1930 National Open Golf Tournament at Interlachen Country Club, Minneapolis, last July.

The golf-minded public depended upon the Radio for an accurate running account of this great sporting classic and the wise Radio operators decided that the public should have what it wanted. And so, for thirty days before Bobby Jones was scheduled to tee-off, Radio engineers virtually swamped the course, testing, diagraming and studying the best means to broadcast a play-by-play account of the event.

The importance of the National Open can be determined by glancing through the sporting pages of any newspaper, no matter how large or small, for the period before July 11, the date the tournament started. Representatives of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company realized the tremendous interest the public was showing in the event. Naturally each system battled to outdo the other. The final result was that both systems told the world of Bobby's victory in a neck and neck heat.

The Radio reporters scored a "scoop" to be sure, but the credit for this remarkable feat belongs to the engineers and their assistants who labored day and night at the course while the thermometer registered between 90 and 96 degrees. The broadcast of the tournament was described as one of the greatest Radio engineering accomplishments of the year.

The hazards of the now famous Interlachen course offered more problems to the broadcasters than to the golfers. A long shot would carry the pill over a sand trap or one of the water hazards but there was nothing that could stop a surging, milling gallery which numbered 15,000 persons. Therefore, the broadcasters agreed that they could not consider stringing wires over the course.

THE next step was to develop a short wave transmitting system. After the first test, the plan was nearly

TOURNAMENT

Affords

Peak Broadcast Achievement

Ted Husing Packs CBS Transmitter and Antenna on his back as he trails Bobby Jones at Interlachen—KSTP—NBC Radio Reporters Trundle Transmitter in Perambulator

abandoned when it was discovered that high power transmission lines along one side of the course set up so much interference that the voice of the announcer could hardly be heard.

Finally it was decided by engineers from WCCO at Minneapolis, to erect a number of short-wave receiving stations around the course. They had an idea that by locating the receivers at strategical points, the portable transmitters could send a strong enough signal to overcome the power line interference. This plan was definitely decided upon by WCCO, representing Columbia and KSTP of St. Paul representing the National Broadcasting Company.

E. H. GAMMONS, vice-president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Corporation, operators of WCCO, announced that Ted Husing, crack sports announcer for Columbia, would carry a portable transmitter all around the course. However, engineers at KSTP couldn't fancy the idea of carrying a miniature station on their shoulders, so they built their transmitter into a baby carriage. Stanley Hubbard, manager of the station, was responsible for this.

With everything apparently set for the broadcast of the final leading matches, things began to "break" too fast in the last two hours. As Ted moved about the course following Jones, then MacDonald Smith and others, he became a receiving station himself for news, for by this time a troop of Boy Scouts, with their wig-wag system were sending information from every part of the course, as the gallery shoved him along.

All was not going so well at KSTP's headquarters either for Phil Bronson, sports announcer, was crowding the mike for all it was worth and still he was behind. Horton Smith was making a brilliant play for the fourteenth green; MacDonald Smith was accomplishing wonders on the sixteenth and Bobby Jones was nearing the eighteenth. It was too much for one man to cover at one time.

Things looked bad until L. C. Smeby, chief engineer for KSTP got an idea, like Radio engineers sometimes do. He sent two men with the baby carriage outfit to cover Horton Smith. They certainly gave the customers a treat as they dashed over the fairway pushing a new wicker carriage. Another announcer was sent up on the roof of the clubhouse, which overlooks the eighteenth hole, to cover Jones while Smeby himself loaded an emergency transmitter on to his car and sped out over the course to cover MacDonald Smith.

Bronson, in the meantime, remained at the central receiving station. He was equipped with headphones as were the other three men. Thus he was able to carry on a four-way conversation while the Radio audience listened closely. It was the only way, Bronson said, that he could cover three greens simultaneously, without causing interruptions.

THE equipment Husing carried weighed about 20 pounds? It consisted of a transmitter, strapped to his back and a microphone which rested at the proper elevation on his chest. The batteries were carried by a helper. The aerial consisted of a 10-foot bamboo pole wound with heavy wire and fastened to the transmitter case.

Both stations brought the details of the big event to their respective networks without a delay, but it took more than 40 engineers, announcers, technicians and helpers to accomplish this feat.

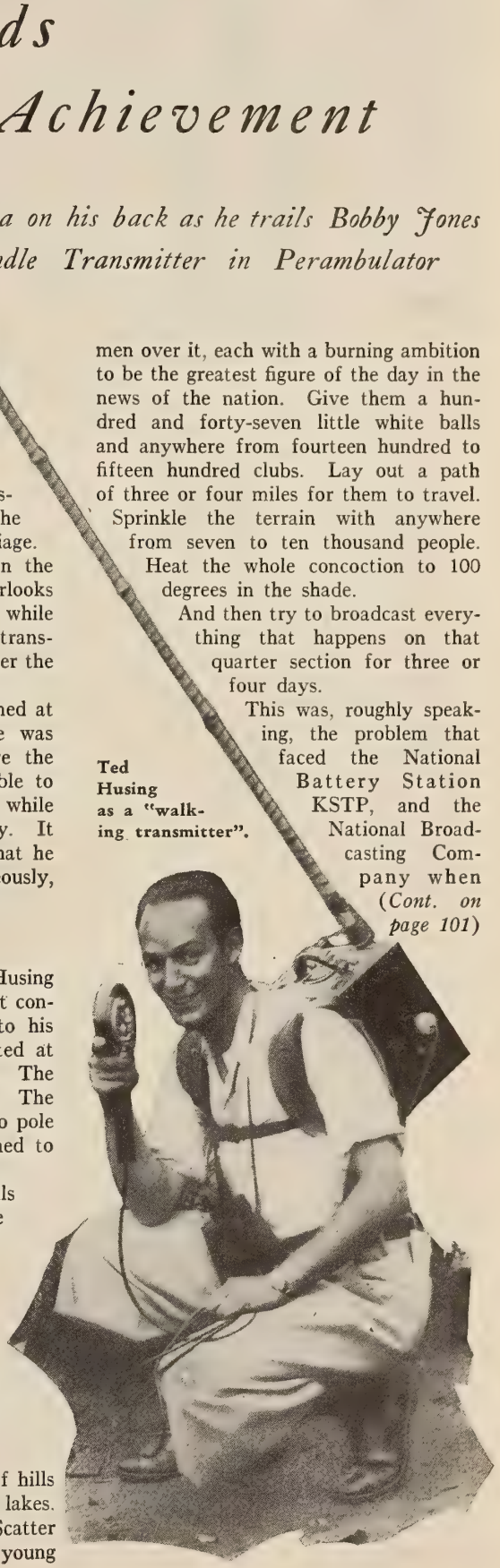
Following is the story of this historic broadcast written for RADIO DIGEST *by E. D. Jencks of KSTP.:*

TAKE a quarter of a section of hills and grass and trees and lakes. Punch eighteen holes in it. Scatter one hundred and forty-seven or so young men over it, each with a burning ambition to be the greatest figure of the day in the news of the nation. Give them a hundred and forty-seven little white balls and anywhere from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred clubs. Lay out a path of three or four miles for them to travel. Sprinkle the terrain with anywhere from seven to ten thousand people. Heat the whole concoction to 100 degrees in the shade.

And then try to broadcast everything that happens on that quarter section for three or four days.

This was, roughly speaking, the problem that faced the National Battery Station KSTP, and the National Broadcasting Company when

(*Cont. on page 101*)



Ted Husing as a "walking transmitter".

Evangeline Adams Guarantees Matrimony

By Peggy Hull

THE MORE you hear of the hazards of matrimony through the individual selective system from the lips of Evangeline Adams, America's foremost astrologer, the more alarming the transaction becomes.

The lottery of the wedded state is an adage as old as life itself.

Wherever man and woman have been joined together, whether in Iceland, Patagonia, Capetown, Hollywood or Kokomo, the element of risk has always been present and never underestimated.

Indeed, so prevalent has the belief become that marriage isn't worth the gamble that weddings have fallen off in prodigious numbers.

It would appear that the present generation, wiser in their ways and more inclined to learn by example, are becoming increasingly wary of the ancient institution.

At any rate, the vital statistics have presented such a dearth of licenses to wed that public spirited men and women are sending up resounding cries, asking that something be done about it.

Evangeline Adams, nodding her gray-bobbed hair, sits in her studio in Carnegie Hall, high above the surging traffic of Seventh Avenue, and not only agrees with them, but goes farther. She asserts that something can be done about it, and that something is nothing more or less than taking the speculation out of the hymeneal ceremony.

With a gesture that would do credit to Napoleon or Mussolini, Miss Adams, enthroned in a Jacobean chair, surrounded by curios and a herd of elephants, insists that any risk at all is totally unnecessary. She knows an insurance against the failure of marriage as safe and certain as Charles Lindbergh.

If you would understand this priceless gift to mankind; if you would know something of how to solve a problem which has been harassing humanity for centuries; if you would enjoy a permanent and satisfactory matrimonial adventure, then come with me and spend a profitable hour in the Adams studio, while the sturdy-figured astrologer, looking like a miniature warrior, charts a marriage path along the heavens.

Miss Adams, be it known, is no upstart with a flair for looking into the past, present and future. She has brought to her work a background as illustrious as any which shines through the pages of American history. If there is anything in heredity, then it is not curious that she has been able to take the ancient science out of the gutter, dust it off and place it again in the important niche it once occupied in the affairs of men. For Miss Adams is a direct descendant of that distinguished statesman, John Adams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, second President of the United States, and John Quincy Adams, another member of the family to occupy the White House.

WHO else but the daughter of a maker of a nation would be brave enough to sally forth in the face of deep-rooted prejudice and intolerance and gallantly rescue the once time-honored science of reading the stars from the hands of charlatans and fakirs?

Hers has been no easy path to success. Every inch of the way has been beset by combatants just as determined to prevent her from winning as she was to win. Something of her years of struggle, of her incessant battling is apparent in her fearless eyes and direct, brusque manner. Sentimentality, a love of ease and the garden variety of vanity have had no place in her life, consequently she is not a woman to whom to carry a petty and unimportant complaint.

If you face a real problem, she is a sympathetic listener and, as thousands will testify, a wise counsellor, but the person who nurses a grudge against the world because there wasn't a golden spoon in his mouth had better beware!

Neither does she deal in any brand of flattery, subtle or otherwise with which people given to divining the future have been accustomed to salve their clients. When you walk into Miss Adams' studio you might just as well leave all your pride behind along with your pet persecutions. Because, before you are seated you realize that this remarkable woman is not interested in what you think you are! She knows what you are and better than you do yourself. Such is the wisdom of the heavens when their odd hieroglyphics are interpreted by Evangeline Adams.

When I had taken a seat before her where many famous men and women had preceded me, she gave me a cursory glance and then said, "I don't know just why we were brought together——?"

"I WANTED you to tell me how the stars can help people be happily married?"

A light came into her brown eyes and she leaned across the desk with her arms folded. "Oh yes, I remember now. But you shouldn't have to ask me that? It was in China that the sages first applied astrology to matrimony."

"Yes, that is true. But the Chinese are so vastly different psychologically that a system of selection which might prove successful with them could be just the opposite with Occidentals."

Famous Astrologer Who Broadcasts Over WABC Assures Marital Bliss for Those Who Mate According to the Stars—Influence of the Planets, on Life, Love and Success.

"Not astrologically speaking," insisted Miss Adams. "The stars operate without prejudice or preference as far as races are concerned and it was China's experience selecting marriage partners, sight unseen, that proved the stars know best."

A SECRETARY came in and laid a group of charts before her. The one on top caught and held her attention. Those odd symbols which mean nothing to the rest of us, revealed a character, ideals and habits that were strangely complimentary to her own.

Laughing, she picked it up and showed it to her secretary.

"There," she said, "is the chart of the kind of man I would want to marry if I were going to do such a thing."

The secretary did not hesitate to reply, "Yes, that is what I thought myself."

Turning to me Miss Adams continued slowly, "The planetary aspects, unlike a pretty face or manly chest, do not conceal one's tendencies. The gold diggers are stamped as indelibly as though their hands had been photographed clutching the wallet of a guileless male, and the roue, the rascal and the criminal are as easily detected as a regular offender's picture in the rogue's gallery.

"This is why it is so unnecessary for people to go through years of bitterness, regret and in many cases, tragedy.

"By the same system of charting the stars which foretell great events, so can the end or dissolution of marriage be foretold, and sometimes avoided, for there is a percentage of free will in every person's life.

"Before I came to New York to live, a famous actor and actress who had taken Boston by storm took their dates to an astrologer, a friend of mine. He saw such

(*Continued on page 108*)



Evangeline Adams is adviser to business and professional men and women and others



RAY PERKINS

the *Old Topper*

A man of ideas is the song-writing, piano-playing young radio entertainer at NBC

P. H. W. Dixon

RAY PERKINS is the kind of a person who is always having ideas. Now, ideas are welcomed in the broadcasting studios and not a few of Perkins' inspirations have been greeted joyously by executives of the National Broadcasting company. But they've learned, these executives, to examine from several angles the propositions of the song-writing, piano-playing, silk-hatted young Radio entertainer.

For instance, he almost convinced studio officials that the microphones were all wrong. They should be masked, he said. In order to help comedians, he suggested a mask of the Average Radio Listener with a broad smile on his face. Then, in order to provoke the finest in the emotional actors and actresses he actually drew a design of a sorrowful face equipped with a special valve to release glycerine tears at just the right moment. This to be attached to the microphone, of course.

And when he suggested installing stationary elevators with the building arranged to move up and down, he just wasn't taken seriously.

Perkins has carved his own niche in the façade of broadcasting. Listeners declare he is a perfect one-man show and he certainly has the requisite talents.

On New York's Tin Pan Alley, Perkins is known as one of the best of the song writers. "Under a Texas Moon" is his. "Lady Luck" is another recent one. And if you turn back the pages of popular music you'll find that "Scandinavia", "Stand Up and Sing for Your Father", "Down the Old Church Aisle" and many other of yesterday's hits have the Perkins' name attached.

He sings, too. No Caruso, of course, and no operatic ambitions. But pleasantly and with an enthusiasm seldom heard outside a bathroom about shaving time of a Sabbath morn. And he plays the piano.

He's had an interesting career in the entertainment world. He was born in Boston but made the trip to New York before he was old enough to be excited about it.

Went to Columbia University where he became really interested in the footlights. Was a leading spirit in the Varsity Shows of 1916 and 1917, his last two years in university. Before he was out of college, he had had his first song published. It was written for one of the Shubert's girly-girly shows at the old Winter Garden and his royalties totaled $7.37. As soon as he graduated, the Shuberts offered him a job and he contributed various tunes and lyrics to Shubert musical shows. His first big hit was "Bye-Lo" which is still remembered.

THE World War came along and Perkins managed to get into the military intelligence division where he admits he had a lot of fun and excitement. He now is one of the senior officers in the reserve branch of the M. I. D.

When the war ended Perkins went back to song-writing. He was associated with George M. Cohan for a year. For a short time he sold bonds but didn't find it interesting. He had some success in vaudeville and made a number of phonograph records and music rolls that were popular. He was music editor of the Dance Magazine for a while and spent some time in the advertising department of the New Yorker. In 1926 he made his debut on the air over WJZ as "Judge, Junior". When that series ended he left Radio until a few months ago when he came back to the air as "Old Topper" with the Crush Dry Cronies.

He is a staff production man for the National Broadcasting company and works at the job. Among the programs that came under his direction are Atwater Kent Sunday night concerts, the Catholic Hour, Hoppin' Bells, Metropolitan Echoes, In the Good Old Summertime and the Elgin Program.

Among the ideas he introduced as a production man was one reminiscent of a railroad system. Three flags are used, one yellow, one red and one green. When the program is running on schedule the production man displays the yellow flag. If it is to be speeded up, the green flag is waved and the red flag means "slow down, you're ahead of schedule".

He is married and has a son. He is very much in love with his wife and, with apologies to Merton, looks upon her as his "best friend and severest critic". When he broadcasts he insists that she be in the control room and when the program is over, she discusses it with him from notes she has taken while he was broadcasting.

HIS home is in Scarsdale, Westchester suburb of New York, and he likes to give parties. On the living room table in his house he keeps a box of puzzles because he believes that it is the most effective way to get a party started. He likes to collect puzzles and tricks and spends much of his spare time looking for new "gadgets" in novelty shops.

(*Continued on page 109*)



Lois Chambers

Lois Chambers believes in smiles and you will note that Lois practices her belief. Her KNX listeners maintain that this is the smile they hear in her joyful songs.



Harriet Gordon Bingham

Harriet Gordon Bingham, who plays the part of Ann Rutledge in The Prairie President, which resumes a new series of episodes in Lincoln's life at WLS, Chicago, this month.



Marion McAfee

Marion McAfee went to Paris to win fame, became leading soloist in the Orchestre Philharmonique, then with the Royal Opera in London. Now she is with CBS, New York.



Carlotta King

Carlotta King comes to Radio through her experience with sound pictures in Hollywood. Mike fell for her soft mellow voice and she is a favorite with CBS listeners.



Helen Snyder

Helen Snyder is a favorite at any one of the Chicago stations where she happens to be booked for song. Her audience at this writing is at the end of KYW air lines.



Col. A. H. Griswold handed this message to Eileen Seymour at San Francisco NBC and it traveled around the world in five minutes.

Virginia Morgan and Santos Ortega as The Newlyweds in the CBS program, N. Y. Essie Palmer is Suntan maid.



Godfrey Don Amazio Ludlow of Australia is now an American citizen—here are the papers. You hear him over the NBC networks.

Trouble in the air? Jack Keough, NBC announcer, takes guns and mike and goes up to see about it. Great trouble shootin'!



Holy catfish! Look at this one! Bobbe Deane keeps it in a dishpan and it is now rose pink. California sunshine does it!





Maria Hoffman came over from Germany a short time ago and signed up as mezzo-soprano for American broadcast concerts.



KPO Toreadors on Parade

It's an old Spanish custom . . . These gallant toreadors heckle the old papa cow at San Francisco.



Jolly Bill and Jean at WEAF

"Gotta watch out for these big swishamacallums," says Jolly Bill to little Jean at children's hour.

Smart things for fall wear are shown here as described by the CBS fashion expert. Left: Maggy Rouff evening ensemble of Canton faille and transparent velvet. Dress of slim grace is of dawn pink velvet lined with crepe, which extends from very wide sleeves to form a deep border.

Center: Augustabernard evening dress of green chiffon type velvet (imported by Cheney Brothers).



Right: Imported Sunday Night Supper Dress developed by Reig-Suttro-Fox and shown by Cheney.

Paris has decreed that the autumn, 1930, is plaid. Top: a Claire Any model; fabric a new worsted plaid crepe. Fine rayon over-check offsets the deep dark navy. White satin stitched vestee and cuffs.

Center: This Drapolaine is an example of fall vogue for frosted effects in worsteds in a new shade of brown. The creamy beige flat crepe blouse repeats the bow motif of the skirt yoke.



Below: Cashmere suede—note the use of flat fur advocated by both Lelong and Lanvin for the Paris mode.



Harlow Wilcox, regular announcer at WGES, Chicago, has made good on various programs heard over national hook-ups, including Chic Sale of Liberty Bell renown.

"Baaa—these birls just brought me up here to do a little kidding over the air," says William A. Goat, and then he began sniffing at the mike as a delectable possibility.



Long John Barclay, baritone, and small Adele Vasa, lyric soprano, meet mike to mike at CBS. Mr. Barclay measures six feet seven up and down.

Robert Gomberg is a young violinist who has gained distinction for his artistic feeling in violin presentations at CBS.

Harold Sims is shown below in the midst of his creations for simulating sounds of all sorts heard on Empire Builders programs.







Harvey Hayes is another notable on the Empire Builders program. He is a veteran of the stage and a typical Westerner here.

Arabesque is one of the big hits of the past season which comes back this fall with splendid reception from listeners.

▲ ▲

Arabesque is written by Miss Yolande Langworthy who also appears in the cast. This is a scene portrayed in the story you will find on page 33 of this Radio Digest.

▲ ▲









Ginger Rogers

Ginger Rogers is still in her teens, but she has become one of the most popular stars over the New York key of the CBS.

Arabesque

In this Episode of the Famous Columbia Serial Myra Loring and Her Players Intrigue the Great Achmed with a Story of a Dream Child and War

By Yolande Langworthy

"DRIFTING Sands And A Caravan", the moon hanging low; thus the sheik of the desert viewed the approaching strangers, his captives. Just a group of players, English players—with their star, Myra Loring, beautiful and proud, leading the way to the tent of Achmed, bold brigand of the desert.

Achmed, with his friend, Doctor Gilbert, and his dancing girl, Zuweida, were used to interruptions of this kind, for Achmed's men were always capturing something, or someone. But the group this evening looked more exciting, more of the civilized world was in their demeanors.

In his usual, suave manner, Achmed approached Myra Loring, who seemed utterly composed, but being an actress, the sheik felt that perhaps—it was a pose. He was attracted by her bravery, and her beauty, knowing he could scatter her company on the desert, and take the English actress to his palace, at first as a captive, and later—well, the future would take care of itself.

Then came the time when Achmed decided to tell Miss Loring that he wanted her company set free on the desert and she must come with him.

Myra Loring suspected that Achmed was not truly of the desert, or entirely an Arab, his English pronunciation was too perfect. Asking him as to how it happened that, being an Arab, he spoke such perfect English, Achmed told her he had been educated at Oxford, and traveled a great deal.

Myra Loring then decided to give Achmed a fair proposition. Dr. Gilbert looked on with amusement knowing full well the utter ruthlessness of Achmed's attitude, and the Gypsy dancer in jealousy sought the relief of her act, dancing in wild abandon, barefoot, on the desert sands, that so soon would call her little, lithe body back to its own.

So Myra revealed her plan to Achmed, as she stood with her company before this powerful sheik, richly garbed in his flowing robes, a veritable king, in all but Kingdom.

The plan was this: If Myra Loring and her company should entertain Achmed, with a play each evening for any allotted time, would he let them go free, whenever the time might come that he should feel they had thus paid for their freedom? The wise chieftain saw through Myra's brave desire to stall for a time, and understanding that she would belong to him at his leisure, anyway, he signed the bargain. Then he departed to his fortress palace, some distance away from where they had been encamped, to lie in ambush for such hapless caravans as should chance to pass this way.

AND so the play went on, Zuweida, ever jealous of the love of Achmed for the English actress, also felt a growing fondness for the stalwart Doctor Gilbert of the troupe. Myra, trying to be brave, and working hard, secretly felt herself falling in love with Achmed,—and Achmed remained just as suave, relentless, cruel, and scheming night after night after the nine gongs rang through the palace.

Tonight the stage would be aglow with the beauty of Myra's acting voice and form, Achmed would sit entranced through the play, only to return to his moods at its end.

Myra tried to make each play end with a moral to change Achmed, from the bandit that he was to the man she believed he could be. A hopeless task to all but a woman who loved a man. Then came a night after the nine gongs, and this play gripped Achmed, mind and heart. It was called "Dream Child". Would you like to hear the play? Well, read on.

We are first introduced to Hassan of the Arabs and Miriam of the players.

(*From the original broadcast manuscript.*)

Drifting sands and a caravan, the deserts' endless space;
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veiled face.
Brigands bold on their Arab steeds, trampling all in their wake,
From out of the mystic Eastern lore, one page from the book we take.
The sands of time move slowly in the hour glass of life,
But not on the desert's drifting sands, where bloodshed is and strife.
Out from the cruel, lashing sting of the world's merciless hate
The soul of a man to the desert came to grapple its chance with Fate.
Ruthless, daring, brutal and suave, the outer husk became
But deep down in his innermost heart, the man was just the same.
And so the drama unfolded for you is set where, in days of old,
Eastern Kings of culture and wealth lay buried in tombs of gold.
Drifting sands and a caravan, the desert's endless space;
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veiled face.

HASSAN: Don't move Miriam, and don't scream, it would be useless, absolutely useless.

MIRIAM: I did not intend to scream, Hassan.

HASSAN: Remarkable. So many women scream unnecessarily.

MIRIAM: Yes. Some women would if they were afraid of you. I am not, Hassan, not afraid in the least.

HASSAN: On the contrary, your very denial of fear makes me think you are trying to quiet your own fears.

MIRIAM: You are mistaken Hassan, I'm an adventuress, and in my life I must have courage————, is it not so?

HASSAN: No, I do not think that, you are too—let me see what shall I say—too much like the white lily,—too pure yes, that is it, you are like the Orchid, rare and untouched, by the fire of experience. Yes, that is it exactly.

HASSAN: I would speak the truth, with you Miriam, lovely name. It was in the Bible. Oh, be not astounded I have read your Bible.

MIRIAM: But why the past tense, it was in the Bible, rather than is?



Miss Yolande Langworthy (above) has captured the heart of the nation with her modernized Arabian Nights—a series of playlets by captive English thespians in the hands of a desert sheik.

MIRIAM: Hassan, many a white flower carries in its depths, that which destroys the flower, to the observer it is white only.

HASSAN: Well, if so all the better, for tonight you go with Hassan.

MIRIAM: Where do we go Hassan and why?

HASSAN: Clever, aren't you? Well, to me the Bible is no more.

MIRIAM: But it did mean something once?

HASSAN: You find out the past of Achmed, not the past of Hassan, that is my own, and I do not intend that you should know of me or of my past actions.

MIRIAM: No, but how can we be together, and yet be apart?

HASSAN: You intrigue me with your innocence, and yet your astounding wit, Miriam.

MIRIAM: But you say nothing of my charming form, perhaps I'm too athletic for Hassan, is that it?

HASSAN: Miriam, I love you, I intend to make you mine tonight, after the play we go away together, or——

MIRIAM: Or you attack the palace, and kill; is that the alternative, Hassan?

HASSAN: Exactly Miriam, of the soul.

MIRIAM: And just what do I get in return for leaving, what I came to find out, Hassan?

HASSAN: For coming with me, I shall tell you of Achmed, and what he is doing on the desert now.

MIRIAM: Oh yes, that will be interesting, no doubt.

HASSAN: Which? Coming with me, or finding out what your Achmed does to make golden dollars for his golden coffers?

MIRIAM: Both events will please me extremely, Hassan. I love the desert, and have always wanted to live the rest of my life free, far away from civilization.

HASSAN: Very good, it is a promise, you will come with me?

MIRIAM: I promise Hassan, on my honor as an Englishwoman, here is my hand. Oh, why did you do that?

HASSAN: (*Laughing*) Why to mark you, I mark my men like that with the crescent, the wound will heal, but you're mine now. Remember, mine, and at midnight I come for you.

MIRIAM: Yes, yes, at midnight, but tell me first as part of your bargain, what Achmed is doing in the desert?

HASSAN: My sweet one, oh, I would caress you now, Miriam.

MIRIAM: At midnight and not before, Hassan, and then I shall be yours in your own hills.

HASSAN: It is so. Yes, well Achmed, is the head of the —sssh! Quietly, I tell you. Achmed superintends all the movements of the men who sell hashish in this part of the country.

MIRIAM: Hashish, the narcotic? Achmed doing such things, destroying lives with drugs. Oh no, not that.

HASSAN: It is so, and he knows I know. I also am one of his so called men. Hm, little he knows how I hold him in my hand, in the palm of my hand so—— but I would ask of him his love, his Miriam, and he would not refuse, he is a coward in peace and in war.

MIRIAM: Go now Hassan, and return at midnight.

HASSAN: It is well. I have your word and you are marked with the crescent, see the blood has mingled with mine, as I too have wounded my hand. You are mine now, Miriam, mine. (*Laughing*) Achmed the proud bandit, the sheik of the desert, loses his love to a Bedouin. (*Laughing*) At Midnight.

(*Music up softly*)

MYRA: Miriam.

MIRIAM: Oh yes Myra, how are you?

MYRA: Never mind how I am, I heard every word that Hassan said to you, every word.

MIRIAM: Well?

MYRA: You shall not go with Hassan tonight, I shall go dressed as you.

MIRIAM: But I was only acting with Hassan, Myra, I'm not trying to outwit Achmed, I couldn't. You know that.

MYRA: I don't know anything, I only know that Achmed loves you.

MIRIAM: But you love Achmed, Myra.

MYRA: Yes, I love him, but he only cares for me, for what, well, you know. My soul does not attract him, does it? No, it's your soul, he loves and wants, and pleads for. You're not a woman of the world, although you played well in Hassan's hands tonight, but it wasn't acting it was intuition, because you were fighting for the man you care for. Now, I'm going with Hassan at midnight.

MIRIAM: Myra, you're mad, absolutely mad, I won't let you do this, I came into your lives here for a reason best known to myself, I do not intend to hurt Achmed, now.

MYRA: No, because you love him, that's why, naturally you would. He's the twin brother of the man you loved, and never——

MIRIAM: Don't Myra, don't—

MYRA: At midnight I shall be here on this divan, in the dull light with veils, he will never know, and you shall entertain the rest of the household.

MIRIAM: But he will look at your hand, Myra.

MYRA: Let him look, let him look. (*Laughing*) Now, with a dagger it's just the same, see.

MIRIAM: Oh Myra, have you gone mad?

MYRA: Not mad, just become sane. I've been in this desert for over a year, being noble, fine, and trying to make Achmed a man, a real man, then you come along with your soul, and your innocence, and he loves you, really loves you, and I love him, and I've watched over him for hours, hoping he would understand my love was real, and now I'm going out to Hassan, and I don't care what happens. If you try to stop me, I'll kill. I'm desperate now. All I have left is the saving of the man I love, and the woman he loves.

MIRIAM: But Myra, I can never be anything to Achmed. Once away he will love you and forget me.

MYRA: I'm living in the present tonight, Miriam Montgomery, and I'm through —through with being what I've been, I don't care now.

MIRIAM: But Myra, you're too fine to do this.

MYRA: What about you, aren't you fine too?

MIRIAM: I would never have lived long enough to reach the hills, with the Bedouin, Myra, I've always carried this.

(*Continued on page 106*)



A tender moment between Achmed and Myra, played by Reynold Evans and Georgia Backus.



Like some exquisite flower.

The Road

Felice Looks far down the Toulon Highway Dreaming of Adventure and Escape from old Arleman — two men invite her for a ride —

THE house was set in a cleft of the pine-covered hills, fashioned of mouldering white stone painted pink, struggling against its inborn ugliness and succeeding only because of the beauty of its setting—the orchard, pink and white with masses of cherry-blossoms in the background, the brown earth with its neatly-trained vines. Félice's window faced east, and as usual, when the sun came from behind the hill and lay across the faded carpet of her room, she rose with a yawn, sat up in bed for a moment or two, slipped softly out, and stood before the window.

It was always the same, what followed. She stood and looked for a while at that towering wall of stony, pine-hung mountain, at the blue-smocked men and women crouching in the vineyard, at the white church upon the hill, the orchard touched with snow, and the corner of a field of violets, bending a little with the morning breeze. And then she sighed. It was always the same.

Félice bathed and dressed, daintily and carefully, herself like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals. She left her room—as bare almost it was as a nun's cell—spotlessly neat, with the breeze sweeping in through the wide-flung window, a breeze which brought a perfume of mimosa to mingle with the fainter odour of lavender which hung about the linen and the plain white muslin curtains of the little chamber.

SHE took her morning coffee, served by an apple-cheeked, sour-faced domestic, in a corner of the wooden balcony which had been built out from the one habitable living-room. The petals from a climbing rose-tree fell upon the coarse but spotless cloth, bees hummed



"I live in the valley there," she told him. "It is a little dull."

to Liberty

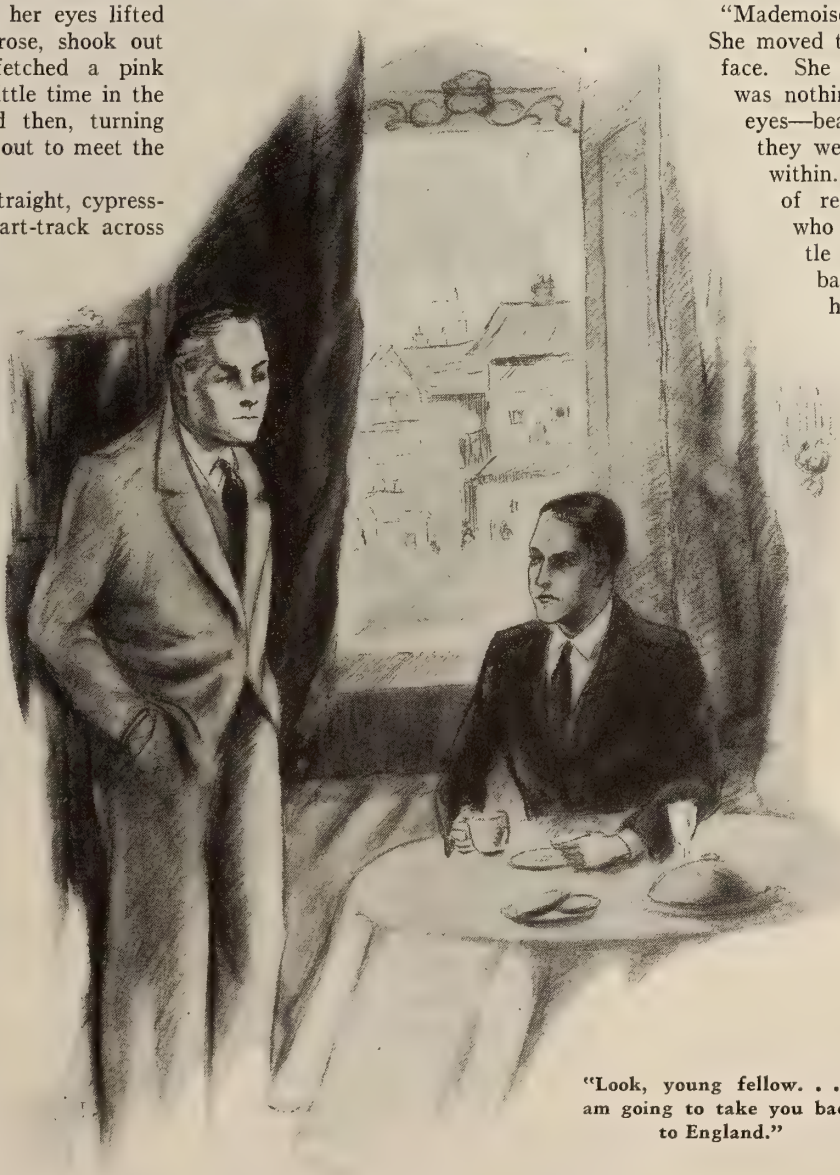
By

E. Phillips Oppenheim

around the drooping jasmine, the soft sunshine every moment grew warmer. Félice finished her breakfast, yawned, and dreamed for a time with her eyes lifted to the hills. Then she rose, shook out her neat white skirt, fetched a pink parasol, wandered for a little time in the garden and orchard, and then, turning her face southward, went out to meet the adventure of her life.

She walked down the straight, cypress-bordered path—a mere cart-track across the brown-soiled vineyard—down a narrow lane until she reached the one spot which she never neared without some quickening of the blood. For Félice was nineteen years old, and beautiful, though no one but the glass had ever told her so. And this was the road to liberty, the main road to Toulon and Marseilles on one side, to Cannes and Monte Carlo on the other. She had told herself repeatedly that if ever freedom came to her it would come along this road. And because her worn-out invalid father had been a little more peevish and trying than ever on the night before, and because of other things, freedom seemed to her just now so specially desirable.

HER adventure came to her in a cloud of dust,—a long grey motorcar, with luggage strapped on behind, and two men. Unrecognizable though they were, she caught the flash of their curious eyes as they passed. Then she stepped back with a little gesture of dismay. A cloud of dust enveloped her. She bent her pink sunshade to protect herself; she was disposed to be a little irritable. Then her heart suddenly commenced to beat fast. She had heard the grinding of brakes, quick footsteps were approaching along the road. Was this, perhaps, the adventure at last?



"Look, young fellow. . . I am going to take you back to England."

"Mademoiselle!"

She moved the parasol from before her face. She had self-control, and there was nothing in her gravely inquiring eyes—beautiful, soft brown eyes they were—to indicate the turmoil within. Her first instinct was one of reassurance. It was a boy who addressed her, a boy of little more than her own age, bare-headed, not altogether at his ease. He spoke in halting French.

"Would mademoiselle be so good as to inform a traveler whether this is indeed the road to Cannes?"

Félice answered him with perfect gravity—in excellent English.

"There is but one road, monsieur, as you see, and it leads, without doubt, to Cannes," she told him.

The boy remained embarrassed, but he was very resolute.

"We thought it might be the right road," he admitted; "but to tell you the truth you looked so awfully jolly and all that sort of thing, you know, I couldn't help stopping. Don't be angry, please," he begged.

She lowered her parasol momentarily—he stooped anxiously to see if indeed it were to hide a smile. She said nothing.

"You speak English awfully well," he

continued, "but you are French, aren't you?"

"I am French," she assented. "I have just returned from what you call a boarding-school in Brussels. We always spoke English there."

"And now?"

She motioned with her parasol.

"I live in the valley there," she told him. "It is—a little dull. That is why, I suppose, I permit myself to talk with you. My father is an invalid, who rises only for two hours a day, and there is no one else. But your automobile returns. You know the way to Cannes, and you must go."

THE car had slipped slowly back in the reverse until it had stopped almost by their side. An older man was leaning back amongst the cushions, a man whose hair was turning grey at the temples and whose eyes were tired. He looked out upon the two with a faintly sardonic smile. The girl returned his gaze with frank curiosity, and his expression gradually changed. For all his cynicism, Maurice Londe had a soul for beauty. The girl, with her neatly-braided hair, her exquisitely undeveloped figure, her clear complexion, her large, soft eyes, her general air of sweet and spotless childhood, was immensely and irresistibly attractive.

"This is my friend—Londe," the boy said, with a wave of the hand. "My name's Arthur Maddison. I say, couldn't we persuade you to come just a little way with us? You don't seem to have much to do with yourself, and we'll bring you safely back."

Félice looked longingly along the road. She pointed to where it disappeared in the distance around a vineyard-covered hillside. To her that disappearance was allegorical.

"Farther than that," she sighed, "I have never been."

"Come with us to Cannes for lunch," the boy begged. "We'll bring you back. Do! It's only an hour's run."

She looked wistfully at the cushioned seats. The boy was already taking off his motor-coat.

"But—I have no hat," she protested.

"We'll buy you one," he laughed.

"I have no money!"

"It shall be our joint present," he persisted, holding out the coat. "Come. We'll take great care of you, and we'll have a splendid time. You shall hang the hat in your wardrobe to remind you of this little excursion."

She sat between them and the car started. To her it was like an enchanted journey. When they began to climb she held her breath with the wonder of it—the road winding its way to dizzy heights above; the vineyards like patchwork in the valley below; the mountains in the background, gigantic, snow-capped; Cannes white and glistening with its mimosa embosomed villas, in the far distance.

"Oh, but it is wonderful to travel like this!" she murmured. "What beautiful places you must see! . . . . If you please!"

She withdrew her fingers quickly from beneath the rug. She seemed scarcely to notice the boy's clumsy attempts at flirtation. The light of worship was in her eyes as she looked towards the mountains. The boy felt the presence of something which he did not understand, and he began to sulk. Maurice Londe frowned slightly, and for the first time made some efforts at polite conversation. And so they reached Cannes.



She clutched his arm. . . a short, fat man descended upon them.

THEY bought the hat, for which he let the boy pay, although the fact obviously discomposed her. She carefully chose the least expensive, although one of the prettiest in the shop. At the Casino the boy, whose further efforts at primitive flirtation had been gravely, almost wonderingly, repulsed, began to tire a little of his adventure. He spent much of his time paying visits to neighboring tables, and made the acquaintance of a dazzling young person in yellow, from Paris, who kept him a good deal by her side. It was Maurice Londe, after all, who had to entertain their little guest.

Afterwards, when they had walked outside for some time upon the little quay and the boy failed to rejoin them, Londe made some sort of apologies for his companion, to which she listened with a little shrug of the shoulders.

"So long as it does not weary you, Monsieur," she said, softly, "I am content. I think that Mr. Arthur Maddison is rather a spoilt boy, is it not so?"

"Perhaps," his older friend admitted.

"Tell me some more, please, about the countries you have visited," she begged. "But one moment. Let us watch the people land from this little steamer."

"Trippers," Londe murmured, with a glance towards them. "An excursion from somewhere, I should think."

She clutched at his arm. A short, fat man, with bristling black hair and moustache, descended suddenly upon them. He addressed Félice with an avalanche of questions. Londe fell a few paces behind. When she rejoined him she was very pale, and there was something in her frightened

eyes which disturbed him most strangely.

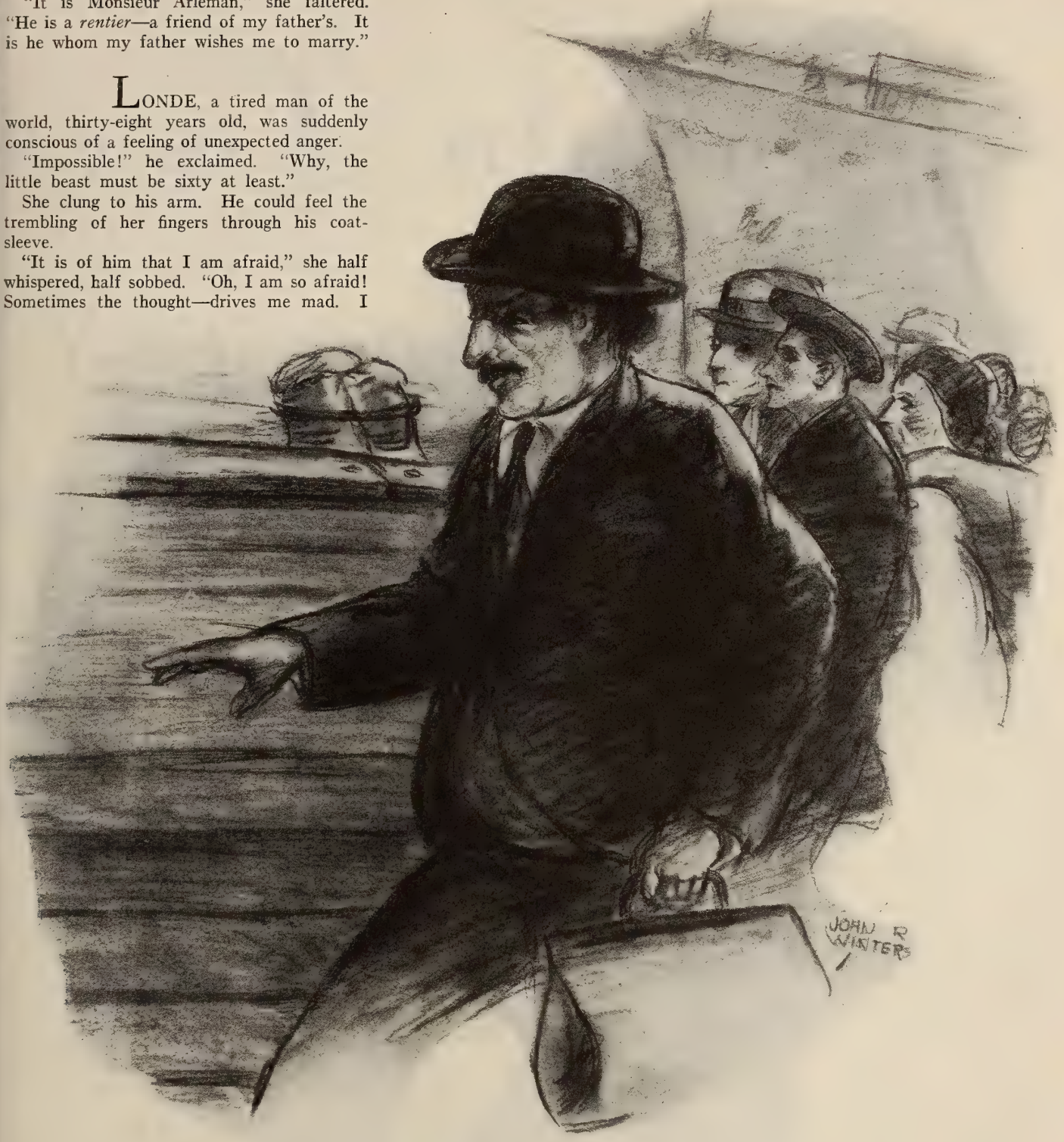
"It is Monsieur Arleman," she faltered. "He is a *rentier*—a friend of my father's. It is he whom my father wishes me to marry."

LONDE, a tired man of the world, thirty-eight years old, was suddenly conscious of a feeling of unexpected anger.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why, the little beast must be sixty at least."

She clung to his arm. He could feel the trembling of her fingers through his coat-sleeve.

"It is of him that I am afraid," she half whispered, half sobbed. "Oh, I am so afraid! Sometimes the thought—drives me mad. I



cry to myself, I wring my hands. I felt like that this morning. That is what drove me down to the road. That is why I came when your friend asked me. That is why I would do anything in the world never to go back—never!"

Londe drew a little breath. Her words seemed to ring in the sunlit air.

"But the thing is preposterous!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"We are very, very poor," she continued, under her breath, "and Monsieur Arleman is rich. He has an hotel and much land. He has promised my father an annuity, and my father says that one must live."

Once more they drew close to the front of the casino. In the distance they saw the boy with the young lady in yellow, on their way towards the shops. He was bending over her, and his air of devotion was unmistakable.

"He has forgotten all about me," Félice sighed. "I hope—there won't be any trouble, will there, about my getting back? Not that I mind much, after all."

She looked at Londe a little timidly. It seemed to him that he had grown younger, had passed somehow into a different world, with different standpoints, a different code. The things which had half automatically presented themselves to his brain were strangled before they were fully conceived.

THERE shall be no trouble at all," he assured her. "I shall take you back myself now. Perhaps it is better."

They got into the waiting car and

(*Continued on page 122*)

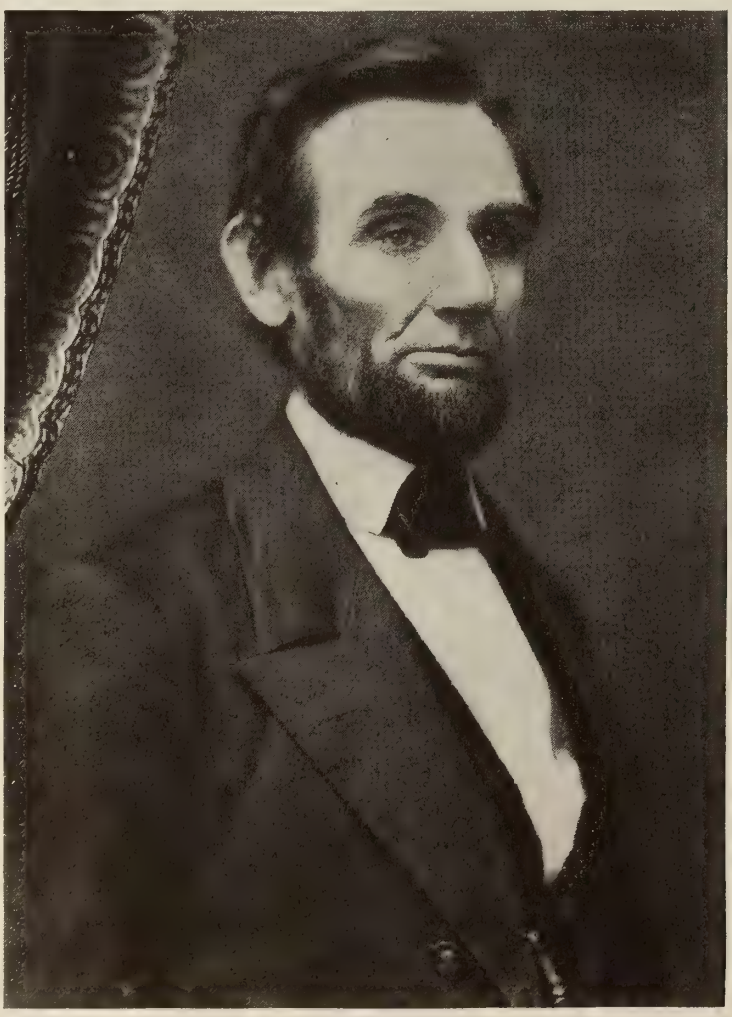
Lincoln Lives Again at WLS

IT IS a reliable old maxim in literature that every story should begin at the beginning. In complying with the request of the *Radio Digest* to give the history of my dramatized biography of Abraham Lincoln, being broadcast by Station WLS, of Chicago, under the title of "The Prairie President," I must begin with a date ten years prior to that of the begining of Radio broadcasting—the year of 1909.

The year of 1909 was the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, and the magazines and newspapers were filled with articles, stories and pictures of the great Emancipator. The farm in Kentucky, where he was born, was purchased by popular subscription and presented to the government that it might be retained as a national shrine. There were hundreds of Lincoln celebrations; for the first time, lives of Lincoln were in demand, and the demand was supplied by many new and interesting books. Indeed the widespread interest now manifest in the life and character of Abraham Lincoln is to a large extent traceable to that great centennial year.

In the year of 1909 I was a hopeful artist, in the embryonic stage, and these graphic stories and the pictures of Lincoln held a peculiar fascination for me —especially the pictures, which I mounted on cards, captioned "Lincoln as a motif." And, as time drifted on, in my mind those things developed into "Lincoln as a *motive*." I began to collect everything pertaining to this wonderful man that my usually somewhat flat purse would allow. Today my collection of Lincolniana fills one room of my home and includes a wide variety of objects aside from about six hundred books and an equal number of manuscripts.

I was born and reared in Hannibal, Missouri. This little Mississippi river city is rich in historical and literary lore. Several of the opening battles of the Civil War were fought within a few miles of Hannibal and it was the boyhood home of Mark Twain, who used it as the setting for his immortal story, "Tom Sawyer." People were there who had known and remembered Lincoln, as a frequent visitor to Hannibal. On one occasion, at the tavern there, he played chess with a man named Bradstreet. After a while, Lincoln, getting the worst of it, stopped. He had been debating with Douglas and his mind was not on the game. Perhaps that is one reason why he became the Lincoln whose memory will endure forever.



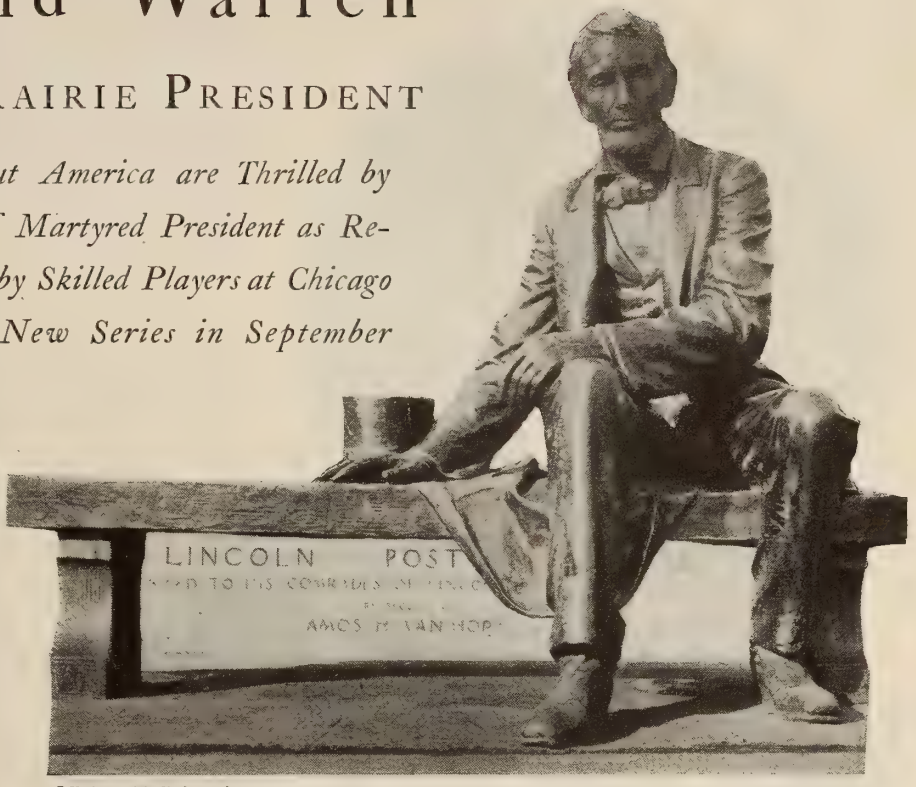
Abraham Lincoln, reproduction from original negative made at Springfield in 1860 for use in Presidential Campaign.

MY GREATEST delight was to talk with those old people, and with the many quaint and unique characters, both black and white, with which the town was well populated. The vivid memory of their faces, their ideas, and their varied dialects has served me well in the creation of the many characters of The Prairie President. Oftentimes, in those long summer afternoons that are gone, I would lay on the grass at

By Raymond Warren

Author of The Prairie President

Patriotic Listeners Throughout America are Thrilled by Dramatic Episodes in Life of Martyred President as Reproduced in Authentic Detail by Skilled Players at Chicago Station—Author Presents New Series in September



©Underwood & Underwood
Lincoln Statue in front of Essex County Court House at Newark, N. J.

the crest of one of the huge hills which encompass Hannibal on three sides, and speculate about life, and death, and prinsipalities and powers, and things present and things to come—particularly those things which might come to a small town boy whose life was lived largely in his dreams, and some of those dreams have now been partially realized.

UNTIL about three years ago my work was exclusively that of a painter and illustrator, although the literary bee had been buzzing in my bonnet all the while. And the Lincoln interest was furthered by the formation of a friendship with Dr. William E. Barton, the eminent historian, whose juvenile biography of Lincoln, "The Great Good Man," is illustrated by me. In the law office of Hon. William H. Townsend at Lexington, Kentucky, hangs a life-sized portrait of Lincoln, an original conception of mine. Mr. Townsend is the author of two excellent books on the legal phases of Lincoln's career. In a recent letter to me, he says, "Dr. Barton writes me that he believes you will take your place, along with F. B. Carpenter, as a Lincoln artist. As you know there can be no greater praise than this." Be that as it may, being a painter is an aid to my Radio dramas, because I always visualize the scenes as pictures while writing them.

Through the years, the desire to write and illustrate a biography of Abraham Lincoln became my greatest ambition. But it was no easy task; I met with many delays—delays which were, I am sure for the best. With the advent of marvelous Radio came the greatest medium of distributing education, culture, and entertainment that the world has ever known. And so the idea was evolved to undertake, in connection with the other work, an elaborate dramatic presentation of the life of Lincoln in a series of Radio productions; to *re-create* the personality and character of this man together with the various historical backgrounds before he moved.

But an idea is one thing—putting it into operation, quite another. As I was opposed to this work being used as the ballyhoo of some advertiser, it required the sympathy and backing of an institution, and of men, of the highest ideals and purest Americanism—it required a sponsorship not impelled by selfish or mercenary motives. Fortunately that institution existed in Prairie Farmer and its splendid Radio auxiliary. Mr. Butler, publisher of Prairie Farmer, Mr. Gregory, its editor, and Mr. Bill, director of WLS, all are men of the same patriotic idealism and broad humanity that reposed in the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

The Prairie President was planned in two series, of thirty dramas each; the first series, beginning with a prologue, after which followed, in the second drama, the birth of Lincoln, and on through the first fifty years of his life, ending with his departure from Springfield as President-elect. The second series, was planned to begin with the inauguration of Lincoln, through the years of his Presidency, the Civil War period, closing with the assassination at the beginning of his second term. The first series commenced on the first of last November and continued weekly until the end of May, of this year. The second series will begin on Friday evening, September 19th, and will be continued for thirty weeks thereafter. Up to the present time this is the most elaborate and longest historical program ever broadcast.

IN WILLIAM VICKLAND, who plays the title role and directs the productions, we were fortunate in securing a man who not only is an excellent actor, but a man whose voice, manner and figure are admirably adapted to his painstaking characterization of Abraham Lincoln. His work has been praised by the most severe dramatic critics. As I recall the many actors and actresses who have impersonated the wide variety of characters necessary to the different episodes, I can remember no instance in which any of them were either mis-cast or failed to enter fully the spirit of the story. I have been especially appreciative of the work of Theodore Doucet, who has played more different parts in The Prairie President than any other artist, and whose "Uncle Les"—Lincoln's yokel friend and political adviser—has been an interpretation of a very high order.

WHEN the biographer or dramatist turns to the historical figure for his materials he is confronted by a highly complicated and at first unintelligible and confusing mass of evidence and tradition from which he must make his selection. This is especially true of Abraham Lincoln, of whom more has been written than of any other man. The author must then separate the wheat from the chaff and, after that, retain and emphasize everything that for his purpose is significant, rejecting everything that is not.

Frederick C. Hibbard, the noted American sculptor, recently told me that one of the greatest pitfalls that he and his fellow-craftsmen have to guard against



William Vickland whose impersonation of the principal character makes Abraham Lincoln live again in hundreds of thousands of American homes.

Grace Lockwood Bailey as one of the negro characters in the episodes in Lincoln's life broadcast by WLS, Chicago.

Lincoln visualized for the listener at the time he became President-elect.

Abe and Ann Rutledge, one of the sweetest heroines in history, impersonated by Harriet Gordon Bingham.



is the injection of too much of their own personality, and sometimes even their physical likeness, into their works. That is equally true of every form of art, and therefore it is highly improbable that any figure created from history exactly reproduces the original from which it was drawn. I do not believe that it is humanly possible for it to be otherwise, and I am sure that it is not to be desired.

THE writer, in contemplating an historical figure slowly comes, after a patient sifting of the evidence, to certain conclusions about the character of this person and the events within the range of his career. But such conclusions are invariably modified by qualities of the author's own mind. Just as a living man must present a dozen different appearances to as many acquaintances, so he is considered by later generations, if his memory survives after he is gone.

No writer, myself or another, could ever say of his historical heroes: "This was Lincoln, this was Douglas, this was Seward—this was Grant" and so on. We cannot say that even when writing of our most intimate friends. The biographer, or dramatist can but say, "This is the man as I know him," in the hope that he has ability enough to persuade us. The most that I or another can do in the use of history is to become so familiarized with the records as to have ample authority for forming not the only, but a reasonable and consistent view of a great character, and hope for the best in the presentation of it.

Yet, since writing The Prairie President dramas,

the belief has come to me that there is no better way to gain an understanding of an historical character and epoch than to dramatize it; for all of the story must be torn apart and carefully dissected, allowed to clarify in the mind and then be compressed and rebuilt in an entirely different manner, that is, put into logical and natural-sounding dialogue, which in every instance demands human reaction, together with a thorough and sympathetic understanding of the subject. In no instance, within my experience, would it have been possible to have taken a given chapter from any one of the many biographies of Lincoln and transpose that chapter into a drama. On the contrary, each episode has required the perusal of many books and, oftentimes, a single line of dialogue is the sole result of the study of many pages of some musty old volume or time-yellowed document.

For instance, in telling the story of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, which will be one of the broadcasts of the second series of The Prairie President, I have been able to reproduce the whole episode just as it occurred. From the contemporary account of James B. Fry, Provost-Marshal-General, Lincoln's bodyguard on that occasion, we have a first hand account of his departure from the White House and of the railroad journey to Gettysburg. I have utilized the scene on the train to bring out the facts pertaining to the composition of this classic, as well as to portray several touching incidents of the journey.

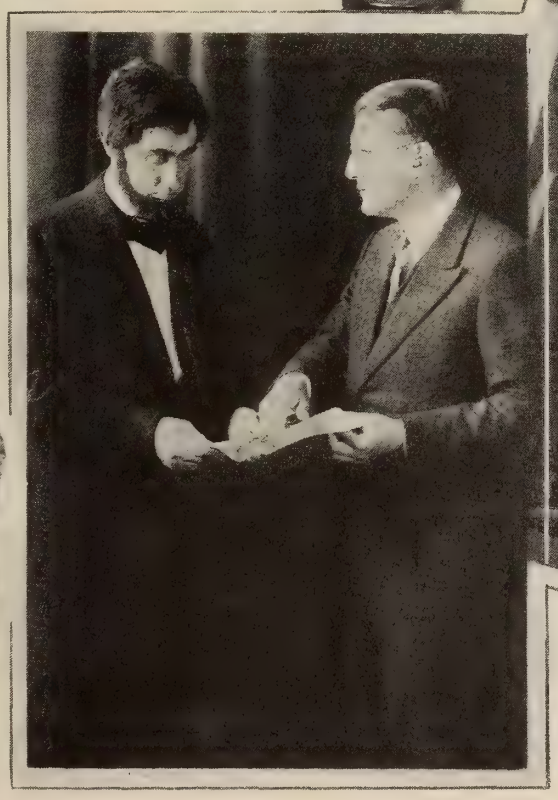
From an extremely rare volume in my collection, one of a small edition printed in 1864 for the per-



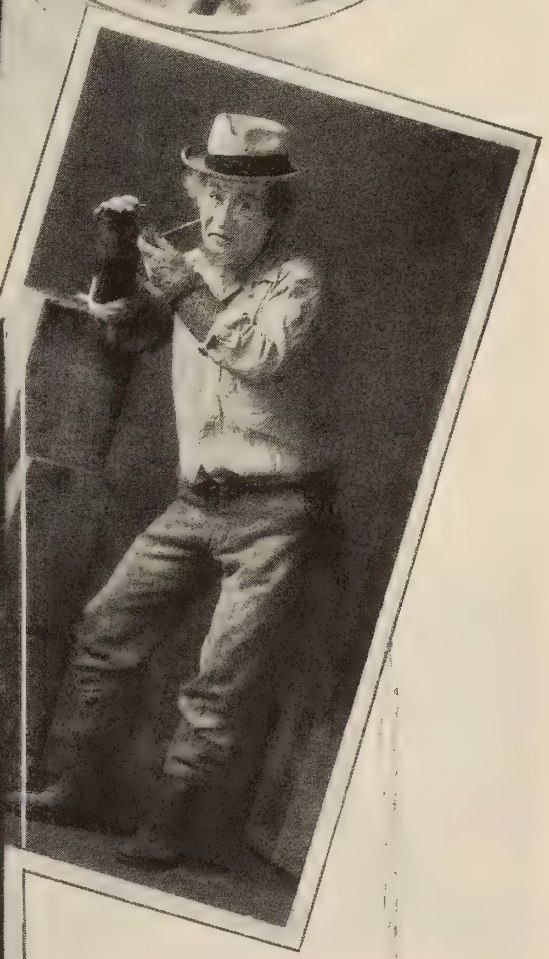
Raymond Warren, Midwest historian and author of the Lincoln Radio dramatization.



Theodore Doucet as Uncle Les, Lincoln's yokel friend.

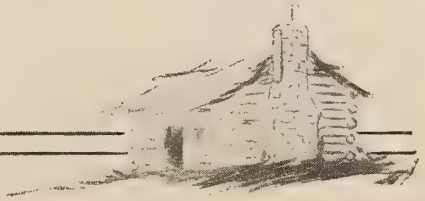


Mr. Warren offering accurate historic information to the Radio Lincoln.



Vickland's conception of Lincoln, the rail splitter.





sonal use of the Governor of Pennsylvania, I am enabled to give the parade to the Soldier's National Cemetery correctly, and an exact reproduction of the ceremony on the platform, beginning with the last part of Edward Everett's lengthy discourse, followed by the song composed especially for that occasion by a local poet, then Lincoln with his immortal words, after which will come the benediction as given by Rev. Baugher, a Gettysburg minister — all word for word as they were uttered in that long-ago time.

One of the important issues before the American people between 1858 and 1861 was the Dred Scott Decision; a decision of the United States Supreme Court, which related to human slavery. In school every child hears of the Dred Scott decision, and we adults occasionally run across mention of it in our reading; but I will venture to offer as my opinion that not one person from a thousand knows anything about the Dred Scott decision; and until a few months ago I was one of this large majority. An historical essay giving a technical explanation of the decision, together with an account of the characters involved would require quite some time in the writing and the space of many book pages in the printing.

In the twenty-fifth episode of the first series of The Prairie President, under the title of Gathering Storm Clouds, the drama opened with a scene composed after considerable research to give, correctly, an account of this famous—or infamous-decision, together with the history of the actual characters involved. The following is taken directly from the manuscript of the play:

(SOUND OF NEGRO PLAYING BANJO AND SINGING "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING")

HARRIET: Take yo' feet off'n dat table! Who do you think *you is?*

(SOUND OF CHAIR MOVING, ETC.)

DRED: Humph! Who do you think Ah is? Who is Ah? Mought jes' as well ax who is Presi-*dent Bu-canon*—or Queen Victory, (DISGUSTED) Who is Ah? Aside from bein' yo' henpecked husband, Ah is de mos' famous nigger in de whole world. Ebery big politixer in de country is discussin' Dred Scott. You is honored, woman—you is honored an' you don' 'preciate it.

HARRIET: Dred, it ain't 'cause it is *you* them big men is talkin' so much fo'. It's what you stands fo'—*Slavery.* What dey is talkin' 'bout is de Dred Scott *De-cision,* an' not Dred Scott hisself— you is jes' a figger-head, I done hern Massa say *dat.*

DRED: Humph! Figger-head is Ah?

HARRIET: Dat what he say. An' you got a po' figger, an' they ain't no too many brains in yo' wolly ole head. (LOUD LAUGH) *Figger-head!*

(REPEAT LAUGH)

DRED: Jes' you wait till dat United States Su-preme Co't han' downe de Dred Scott Decision, den Ah show you sumpfin'. You'll be moughty proud you is Dred Scott's wife. We'z gwine t' be free Honey! An' our gals'll be free too—Ah jes knows we will, an' Mistah Blair he say so too.

HARRIET: Dare yo' goes agin', gettin' yo' self worked-up.

DRED: Den I can take de job what dat minstrel show has got waitin' fo' me. He say folks all over the country want t' see Dred Scott. I kin' war' fine clo'es an' a stove-pipe hat jes like de preachers and law'yers.

HARRIET: Don' count yo' chickens befo' dey is hatched. Like as not dat Supreme Co't gwine t' say, 'Dred Scott, slave you is an' slave you stays.' Only de good Lawd know what dem big Jedges gwine t' say, an He ain't tellin'.

DRED: But, Harriet, didn't de Missouri Jedge say dat, 'cordin' to de law, while we was wif Massa Emerson in Illinois an' Wisconsin Territory, I was a free man—dat I had jes' as much right t' make a slave out o' a white man as a white man had t' make a slave out ob me? I axes you, didn't he say dat?

HARRIET: But so long as nobody tole you so, when we was dare, it didn't gain you nothin'; here we is, back in Sain' Louis—slaves again.

DRED: Dat's right! Dat's jes what de

(Continued on page 114)

When Lincoln Mourned

Petersburg, Ill
February, 1930.

RADIO STATION WLS
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

We were interested listeners last Friday p. m. when you were broadcasting The Prairie President.

My husband's father, James McGrady Rutledge, was an intimate friend of Lincoln and first cousin to Ann Rutledge.

We have often heard him tell about their courtship and when she became so very sick with no hope of recovery. Father Rutledge went on horseback (leading an extra horse) to meet Lincoln and bring him to her, and after he had talked with her and come from the room he was deeply affected and tears were streaming down his cheeks. And when the storms and rain would fall on her new made grave he would cry and moan in anguish. They were to have been married the following Spring had she not died.

Father Rutledge used to carry the chains for Lincoln when often surveying near Petersburg. He and Lincoln have slept together and on the old Rutledge homestead three and a half miles northwest of Petersburg (over 40 years ago) stood an old log house in which Lincoln plead his first law suit.

It was then a deserted building except for the recreant old hens that seemed to take special delight in finding a place to lay eggs and a roosting place on stormy nights. The homestead was sold to Mr. P. Grosball now deceased, but now belongs to his heirs.

MRS. HARVEY RUTLEDGE



Francis E. Bryant homestead at Bement, Ill., where Lincoln and Douglas conferred on June 29, 1858, for their historic debates.



Interior of the Bryant homestead showing room as it appeared when Lincoln and Douglas met there.

Amos 'n' Andy

Contest Winners Tell How They Happened to Write Successful Skits—Andy Falls for a Skin Game That was Rough on Rats and Tough on Cats

HERE is something about the winners of the recent Amos 'n' Andy script contest. Last month's issue of RADIO DIGEST went to press too early to include anything regarding the personality, biography or habits of life of the five winners. Since then some information has come in to the editor which he passes on to you, feeling sure you will be interested.

The winner of the first prize of $100.00 —E. D. Dorrance, Mitchell, S. D.— seemed such an adept at negro dialect that we at once jumped at the conclusion that he hailed from the South. To our surprise we learn:

"Contrary to all expectations and insinuations I am not a southerner. American born, I arrived in this world at Scott's, Michigan, on the tail end of the Blizzard of 1888. And when the blizzard stopped blizzing it dropped me in Mitchell, the corn palace city—one of the best in the state!

"I have always been interested in negroes and their talk. I am doubly so now that I have won this money. . . . Whut dat you say? Whut is I gwinter do wif dis prize money? Boy, never you min' 'bout dat. I'se got a sister way out in de state o' Washin'ton an' I sho' got a hankerin' ter see her. And dis is mah oppertunity."

The winner of the second prize of $50.00 was Mrs. Jeanette B. Sizer, whose husband, Dr. Alexander Sizer, is resident physician at D. J. Carroll Memorial Hospital, Schuyler, Virginia—a small inland community in the Blue Ridge fastnesses. Her account of herself is both humorous and illuminating.

"There's nothing much of interest to tell you about me, save, perhaps, that Amos and I share in common the same native state, Ole Virginny, also a love of the dialect of the Ol' Uncle Neds and kind old mammies of long, long ago. We like to keep it pure and undefiled, as we've heard it spoken ever since we could toddle. And we still have some of the genuine article sojourning among us, for which we give thanks. (A bit ambiguous, this last; but, you know, I mean Uncle Neds and Mammies and dialect are still to be found with us.)

"My chief interest in life, next to my fine old country-doctor husband and young son, are sick babies and 'shut-ins'.

"The Radio furnishes for us our main recreation and Amos 'n' Andy are our favorite funsters. You see, we live back here in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, where even a fugitive from justice would be safe from detection; and for more than twenty years we've ridden old Sorrels and Henry's; ushering in two generations of sturdy mountaineers, 'peddling pills' and burying our mistakes on the trail of the lonesome pine.

"Our two setter pups are Amos and Andy, if you please, and have many traits in common with the Radio pair; for instance, Andy, the larger of the two, is very visionary and improvident, while Amos always keeps a weather eye for the cook's appearance and his ear cocked for the dinner bell. Both are very democratic.



Susie Kuhn who won Skit prize. Andy, the Big Cat and Rat Man (One of the Winning Skits)

"My reference to the 'fugitives' is not to be passed on as an invitation, as it might not work, since our roads are being improved.

"You ask how I got my idea for the little sketch—just from some of the strange things our dogs have brought home."

Third prize money found its way into the lap of Miss Beatrice Biggs of 805 Walnut St., Clinton, Ind., who is twenty-four years old and for the last seven years has been a semi-shut-in, an invalid. No hint that she is unwell, however, enters the tone of her manuscript or of her letter.

"I've been a Radio fan," she announces brightly, "ever since I left school in 1923 to 'enjoy' ill-health. The telephone conversations in Amos 'n' Andy, especially, intrigue me. While listening to one of their dialogues the idea came to me that if I had the opportunity I should like to write an episode, giving Amos the best of a situation for a change and giving, also, Andy's reaction to the matter. When I read the announcement of the contest in RADIO DIGEST I decided that was my chance, and the manuscript I sent you is the result of my efforts. And—that's all."

ONE at least of the five winning dialogue manuscripts had a basis of actual truth. That was the fourth prize winner—J. W. Evans, 304 East Second St., Rome, Ga. His manuscript had to do with Andy's disastrous introduction to a safety razor.

"The idea," says Mr. Evans, "I gained from the gift of a safety razor by one of our office men to a negro employee. You see, for a number of years I have been in the agricultural implement manufacturing business here in Georgia, and both our plants, here in Rome and in Atlanta, employ large forces of negroes. This has given me an opportunity, which many southern businesses have, of studying the negro at work and at play.

"If you could have seen this particular negro after he had tried to lather his face with Octagon soap, with a stencil brush which had been used in a yellow stencil marking pot, you would appreciate the humor of the situation. However, I have tried to convey it to you in my manuscript.

"I can miss a meal without much discomfort (I have grown accustomed to that). I can miss a night's sleep and get by the next day fairly well. But to miss Amos 'n' Andy is just taking that much happiness out of life and leaves a vacant place which nothing can fill.

(*Continued on page 103*)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

ARE you a member of the Cheerio Circle? Do you set your dials for those spiritual and mental setting-up exercises broadcast every morning at eight-thirty, or seven-thirty, or six-thirty, according to where you live? Or even five-thirty, as some listeners do on the coast? Are you "somebody, somewhere" who gets a birthday or anniversary greeting, the wish of concentrated good will? Would you like to know something of the man behind the idea, of "Cheerio" himself? Of the Cheerio family?

Cheerio

Of "Cheerio" I may not tell you a great deal. If I did there might be a wholesale cancellation of subscriptions to this magazine. That is what happened to a certain newspaper that at one time revealed his identity and described him personally. Loyal Cheerio listeners feel as he does, that he can do most good by remaining anonymous, by entering their homes not as a definite personality, named, pictured, but as a spirit, a spirit of helpfulness, of cheer and comfort and inspiration.

It was over four years ago that the man who calls himself "Cheerio" came to New York with the idea for his program. For fifteen months broadcasting companies were uninterested in his plan. It was so unusual for anyone to want to give something away.

Finally his chance came. With Russell Gilbert for music and stunts, and Geraldine Riegger to sing, he went on the air for fifteen minutes over one station at NBC. Now, three years later, his program is broadcast for half an hour over twenty-nine stations, and the pioneer cast of three has grown to twelve—'Cheerio,' Gil, Gerry, the "Sweet Lady," Pat Kelly, Harrison Isles and his "Five Little Peppers," and Miss Lizzie who brings in the famous canaries, "Blue Boy" and "Dickie."

Is the program liked? Ask NBC's mailing department. Last anniversary week there were fifty thousand letters sent in by enthusiastic listeners.

"Cheerio" has been called the greatest influence for good the radio has, and he gives his services without compensation either in money or in personal prestige. As is said in answer to those who write in about the program, "The purpose of the Cheerio broadcast is easily explained. It is the use of the radio *to broadcast* the ordinary friendly act of any person who drops in to see a convalescent invalid or other shut-in, to say: 'Good morning, I hope you have a fine day to-day.' Every



Geraldine Riegger

effort is made by 'Cheerio,' and by the National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with him, to keep his identity secret—not because his identity is important, but because the impersonality of the broadcast is believed by him to be vital to the success of its purpose. He gives his services and the Broadcasting Company cooperates in giving its facilities and also in furnishing the music for the programs. In the fall of 1926, Mr. Herbert Hoover approved the purpose of this broadcast and made possible the use of funds for the necessary incidental expense: clerical, library research, etc."

The Lovebirds

But of the Cheerio family I may tell you a lot. First there are the "Lovebirds," Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gilbert, otherwise "Gil" and his "Sweet Lady."

Lovina Gilbert, whose lilting soprano voice comes over the air each week day morning, is a five-foot scrap of a person possessed of that enviable combination—a fluffy blonde prettiness backed by all sorts of efficiency and ability.

She was born in Philadelphia and so early manifested her ability to sing that she was kept six months longer in kindergarten to help train the new children. At sixteen she went into concert work. A short time later, piqued by a remark that she couldn't earn her own living away from the parental roof, she packed up her bags and went to New York to "show 'em." And she showed them. The very first day she had an engagement with a musical comedy.

From musical comedy she became a vaudeville head-line and it was in this work that she met one Russell Gilbert. In fact, he was in charge of the act, and engaged her for her sweet soprano voice. It wasn't long until his admiration for the voice took in its owner also. Lovina became Mrs. Russell Gilbert.

When her husband joined forces with "Cheerio" three years ago, the "Sweet Lady" came in to sing the very first Saturday, and although she did not take a regular part in the program right at first, she did constitute herself the official critic and by her advice and suggestions did much to help the broadcast.

But what is one lovebird without the other? Soon Lovina was with her husband, singing duets with him, or singing solos, and taking over, too, many of the details of direction.

So popular did "Gil" and his "Sweet Lady" become that on their first wedding anniversary with the Cheerio Exchange—and this was three years ago when th

program was only on three stations—they received over three thousand letters of congratulation. And the letters have been coming ever since. Not only letters come in, but there is hardly a day that the mail does not bring them some gift—flowers, a box of homemade cookies, a hand-worked pillow, gifts of all kinds and descriptions. One gift Lovina especially prizes is a piece of lace from a wedding gown 74 years old. The giver was at that time a woman of 98 years, and since then the Cheerio Circle has celebrated with her her hundredth birthday.

The Gilberts live in Jackson Heights, Long Island, where in the hours she spends apart from Cheerio broadcasts, rehearsals, and plannings, Lovina takes care of her young son, runs her house, and finds time to be the vice-president of the community's Republican Club.

With her husband Lovina does a great deal of social service work, putting on entertainments in the various soldiers' and sailors' camps. This is done with Mother Davidson, Daniel Frohman's sister, who was the first person to give entertainments in camps during the war and who has continued it ever since.

The Story of a Hobby

The story of Russell Gilbert is largely the story of a hobby that became a vocation. For shortly after Mr. Gilbert married his "Sweet Lady" he gave up vaudeville and went into business. But he didn't seem able to get away from his acting and singing and playing. In the evenings, over the week-ends, he was putting on shows, getting up entertainments. Once he was directing a minstrel show, working on a percentage basis. The man in charge of selling the tickets fell down so badly that there wasn't any percentage. Gil was out of pocket. He took it philosophically—their risk of the show business. And besides it was just a hobby anyway.

But the affair weighed upon the conscience of the ticket seller. He felt he ought to square things. So when he heard that "Cheerio" was looking for a man to do music and stunts on his program he made an opportunity for Gil to meet him.

The combination was made immediately, Gil singing, playing, doing dialect jokes on the program, and managing to get down to his office by nine. Business was still his vocation, you see.

But gradually the Cheerio program as it went from fifteen minutes, to twenty minutes, to half an hour, began to take more and more time. The immense volume of mail told of its popularity, as well as of the popularity of the individuals working in it. Gil decided to let the hobby be the vocation.

Now he devotes his whole time to Cheerio. He and Mrs. Gilbert put on a special program every Saturday, and whenever "Cheerio" is absent Gil, "bats" for him.

Russell Gilbert has versatility plus. He can tell a joke in about every dialect there is, can play the piano, guitar, banjo, ukelele, and sings in a delightful baritone voice. Also he can write dramatic sketches, and has put together many an interesting interlude for other programs at NBC.

The young Gilbert is his father's severest critic in the matter of these sketches and insists that they be funny. "What do you mean by 'funny?'" his father asked him once. The lad thought a minute and then gave the, to him, perfect definition: "Something that makes me laugh."



Pat Kelly

Gerry

Another of the Cheerio family is Gerry.

You all know the tale of the harried mother who has to hold the baby with one arm and stir the soup with the other. Well Geraldine Riegger learned to play the piano holding her baby sister with one arm and practicing with the other, switching arms from time to time, of course. For Gerry, Cheerio's well loved contralto was going to be a pianiste, not a singer.

This was back in Columbus, Ohio, Gerry's home. And as Gerry played she used to sing. It happened that a singing teacher, Mrs. Nathan B. Marple, heard her. Whereupon Gerry was advised to make voice her forte instead of the piano.

When the Metropolitan Opera star, Madame Alcock, came to Columbus Gerry sang before her. Madame Alcock was impressed, advised New York, an application for a Julliard scholarship, lessons from Madame Sembrich. It was easy advice to give, not so easy to follow.

But here the Women's Music Club of Columbus entered the picture. One day Mrs. Riegger telephoned the office where her daughter was working for the day and told her she must come home at once to get ready to leave for New York the next day. The Women's Music Club was paying her expenses.



Lovina Gilbert

In New York Gerry applied for a Julliard fellowship and although the time for the application had passed, the committee stretched a point in her favor and allowed her an audition. Gerry came, sang, and conquered. She not only won a fellowship that year and lessons with Madame Sembrich, but won them for four more years, five times in all. Three years is the normal duration of a fellowship, four years is rare, and five, rarer still. Gerry is perhaps the only contralto to be so honored. All five years she was taught by Madame Sembrich.

Gerry came into radio work in 1925 with the Morning Prayer Program of the Greater Federation of Churches over WEAF. She was with that program for two years and in 1927 came to Cheerio. She has also sung with the Sixteen Singers over WJZ, and with the National Grand Opera and American Radiator programs. WEAF.

Besides her radio work Gerry is a soloist at the Ft. George Presbyterian Church, and under the auspices of the Federation, is a featured artist in many other churches.

Gerry believes she has had a longer consecutive broadcast experience than any other person at NBC. For five years she has been singing every morning for six days a week, as well as working on many evening programs. Anyone want to take up this challenge?

For two weeks during July, she and Harrison Isles, the musical director, were in complete charge of the Cheerio program, as both "Cheerio" and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert were absent.

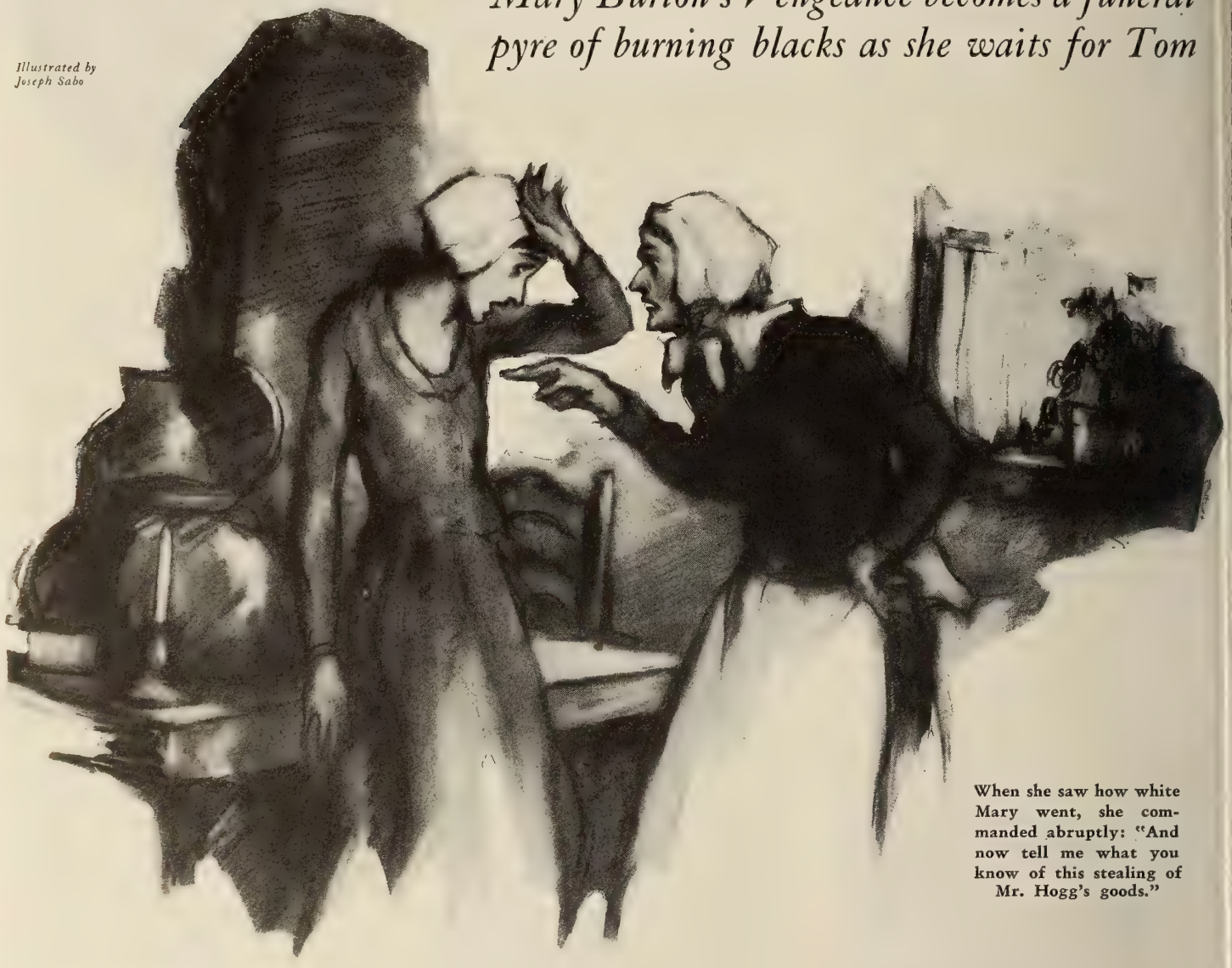
Gerry's fan mail is voluminous. She says she never wants to give up her radio work, but that she has ambitions to sing in concert and oratorio.

(*Continued on page 110*)

TERROR

Mary Burton's Vengeance becomes a funeral pyre of burning blacks as she waits for Tom

Illustrated by Joseph Sabo



When she saw how white Mary went, she commanded abruptly: "And now tell me what you know of this stealing of Mr. Hogg's goods."

By Rupert Hughes

JOHN HUGHSON kept a hideous tavern in Jew's Alley. It was the disorderly rendezvous for hapless slaves who could steal away from their quarters attached to the estates of those early New Yorkers who were subjects of the King of England.

Into this frightful hole came Mary Burton who had been bonded by her father to a British sea captain. She was only a slip of a girl. On the way across the Atlantic she met a boy, little older than herself. He too had been the victim of an unsympathetic father who had taught him to steal. Having seen several of his playmates hanged for no more serious offense than the theft of a handkerchief, Tom Wilson decided that his neck was his own. He ran away and happened on the same ship with Mary. They decided they had much in common.

But at the dock Mary had been auctioned to a tallow chandler and was hustled away. Tom, bereaved, joined the Falmborough, a man-of-war assigned to attack Spanish merchantmen. He hoped thus to obtain enough booty to ransom Mary himself. But when he returned he could not find her. Inside of a year she had borne a child for her first master. The child died. Then she fell into the hands of Hughson.

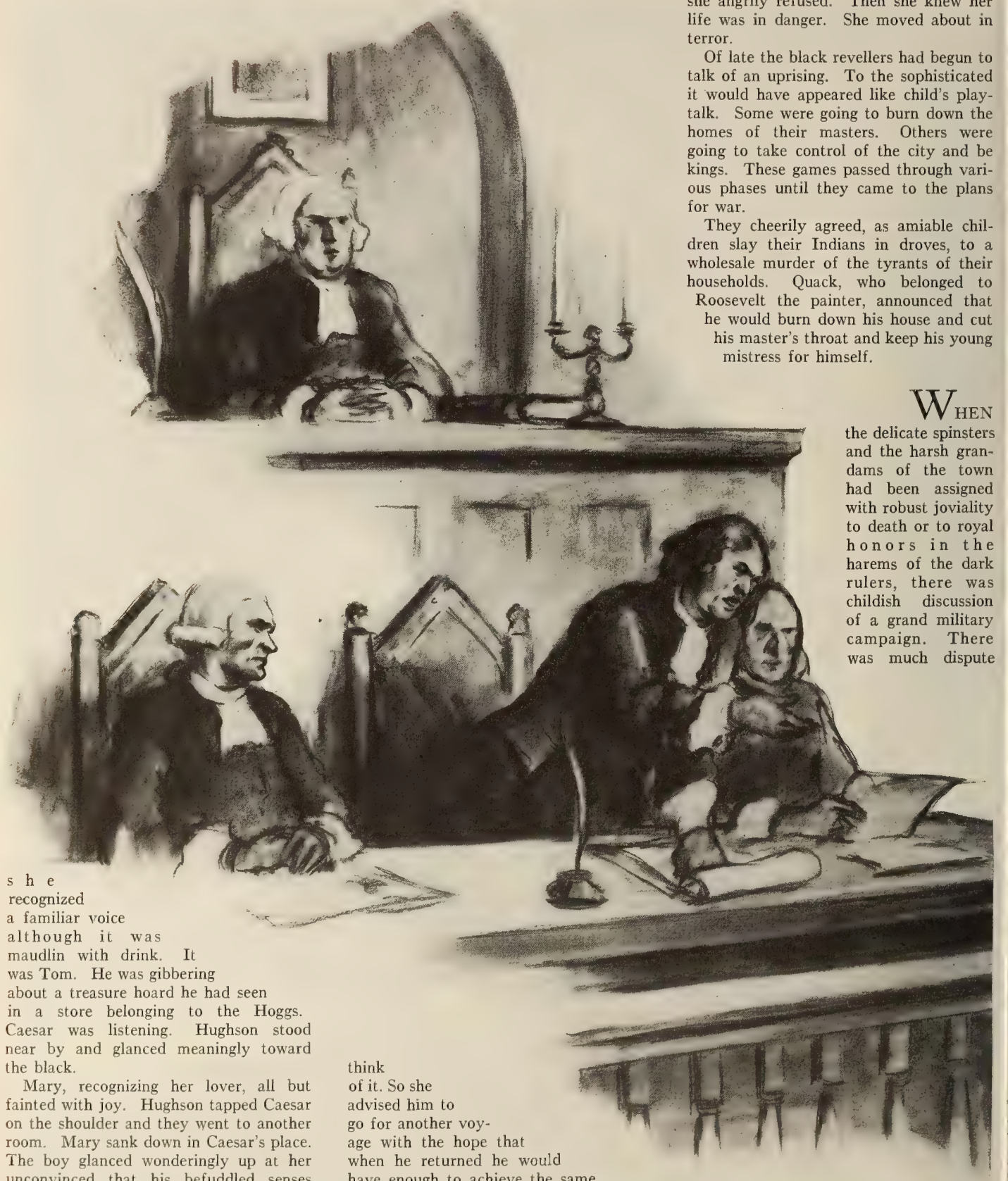
Here she worked arduously, serving liquors, gathering wood and looking after the comforts of the negro slaves who were being dumped into New York by the shipload. In the Hughson household were his wife, daughter and a young widow, Mar-



The wind was in such virulence that the smoke itself carried the news before the bell in the adjoining chapel gave tongue to the alarm that called forth great numbers of gentlemen and others, and slaves.

garet Salinburg, who was called Peggy Kerry, "the Irish beauty from Newfoundland." They did not share Mary's horror of the blacks. Sometimes Mary had to fight her way out of the arms of an amorous brute. Most insolent of them all was one fellow called Caesar. He belonged to Vaarck, the baker, and by devious means obtained sufficient funds to pay for Peggy's board and keep.

During all this time Mary had no idea of what had become of Tom, the boy who was to redeem her for his wife. Then came a noisy night when she saw a curly head bowed over one of the tables. And



she recognized a familiar voice although it was maudlin with drink. It was Tom. He was gibbering about a treasure hoard he had seen in a store belonging to the Hoggs. Caesar was listening. Hughson stood near by and glanced meaningly toward the black.

Mary, recognizing her lover, all but fainted with joy. Hughson tapped Caesar on the shoulder and they went to another room. Mary sank down in Caesar's place. The boy glanced wonderingly up at her unconvinced that his befuddled senses were not deceiving him. Then they clasped, embraced and wept together.

TOM told her of the Spanish gold and suggested that his early training would make it possible for him to acquire sufficient of treasure to take them both away for a new start in life. But Mary was horrified that he should even think of it. So she advised him to go for another voyage with the hope that when he returned he would have enough to achieve the same end in honesty.

There was hope and pride as she resumed her life in Hughson's. But the next day she discovered that Hughson and Caesar had robbed the Hoggs and brought the plunder to the tavern where they hid it under a broken stairway. She was terrified that she would be implicated by the discovery. Peggy taunted her. Caesar tried to give her some of the goods, which she angrily refused. Then she knew her life was in danger. She moved about in terror.

Of late the black revellers had begun to talk of an uprising. To the sophisticated it would have appeared like child's play-talk. Some were going to burn down the homes of their masters. Others were going to take control of the city and be kings. These games passed through various phases until they came to the plans for war.

They cheerily agreed, as amiable children slay their Indians in droves, to a wholesale murder of the tyrants of their households. Quack, who belonged to Roosevelt the painter, announced that he would burn down his house and cut his master's throat and keep his young mistress for himself.

WHEN the delicate spinsters and the harsh grandams of the town had been assigned with robust joviality to death or to royal honors in the harems of the dark rulers, there was childish discussion of a grand military campaign. There was much dispute over the governor's house and the fort. Some were for burning these down first; others for capturing them and turning the cannon on the ships in the harbor. This was a most pleasant prospect, for the negroes had no love for the ships that had brought them all here in their ghastly holds.

Once New York was captured, Ticklepitcher was inspired to a project for making all of America a black empire like the Africa whence they or their ancestors had been recently stolen.

Ticklepitcher recommended that the army under General Caesar should march at once on Albany:

"I been dere once—last Whitsuntide was twelve months—and hit's a better town dan dis old New York. Nice fat Dutch gals dere!"

THE hilarity went on and on unchecked while Mary moved among the actors, carrying away dishes, mugs, bottles, wiping up the refuse of the liquor and even the disasters of the silly beasts who would put down the British power but could not keep down their own draughts.

Suddenly as if a cock crew and scattered a company of spooks, the midnight hour struck and the slaves remembered the long distances they must plod through snow-packed streets unlighted and the little sleep between their majesty and the morrow's early chores.

There was a hasty lighting of candles, in lanterns, since a slave abroad at night without a lighted lantern was liable to forty lashes at the town whipping post.

It was long after the last tawdry reveller had toppled through the door before Mary had finished her tasks and was permitted to take her broken back and her broken heart to her very lonely bed.

The night had been unkind to her and she remembered it with a repugnance that came back long after and took such revenge upon the poor slaves and their white hosts as carried all of them through months of woe and shame and nearly all of them to the gibbet or the fire-ringed stake.

Whether the slaves were in jest or not about the flames, there was no question about the earnestness of their masters.

The next morning the town was shaken by the hue and cry of the robbery. Mrs. Hogg was not the woman to suffer a theft in silence. Almost the first place the sheriff thought of was Hughson's and he arrived with a gang of constables and deputies to ransack the place.

Everybody pretended horror at the incredible accusation and Mary's wide eyes of fear gave her a look of innocence.

One of the deputies was Mr. Kannady the peruke-maker. Mary saw him poke his cane in the very hole in the broken stairs where a mass of Spanish silver lay; but the dolt never suspected what wealth he stirred in the dark.

WHEN the posse departed to search the combined tavern and shoeshop of the Dutch John Romme, who was in no better standing, there was loud laughter in the Hughson household.

It was choked off short when the sheriff came back next day and arrested Caesar. He explained that Mrs. Hogg had seized a sailor named Tom Wilson, who had seen her open the drawer of money. The sailor proved his innocence, but remembered talking of what he had seen to a big black man whose name he did not know, but whose description fitted Caesar.

Mary's heart bounded at the name of Tom, but nobody recalled her knowledge of him, and when Caesar demanded to be confronted by his accuser, the sheriff said he had sailed away on the man of war.

Caesar protested his innocence, of course, but he was dragged off to jail. For a slave to be so much as accused of theft meant that he would be hanged—perhaps alive in chains. Under the load of so many fears and shames, the Irish beauty from Newfoundland underwent her travail, with more fear and shame to follow.

The sheriff kept coming to the Hughsons and searching. He never found the treasure, yet was never convinced that it was not there.

Mary played her part in the game until, one crisp evening when she was sent to Kannady's shop to buy a pound of candles. Mrs. Anne Kannady asked her kindly to stand in out of the cold and fell to gossiping with her, questioning her about the Irish beauty and her brat and the evil company that frequented the place.

Mary parried all of the woman's clever suspicions, but something broke in her when Anne said:

"You're only a child, my child, and a stranger in the country, and no mother. I give you a mother's blessing and a bit of advice, my dear. Break away from that dark crowd you throng with, or they'll soon have you a thief like themselves. Many's the nice girl gets sent to the gallows for thievery."

When she saw how white Mary went, she commanded abruptly.

"And now tell me what you know of this stealing of Mr. Hogg's goods."

"I know naught at all," Mary cried, and cried it again and again, but with a new kind of fear. She was less afraid of the gallows than of this sudden tenderness, this unforeseen appeal to be a good girl, and to undertake honesty. And that word "mother!" She had had a mother, but such a one! such a leering drunken burlesque of the thing a mother ought to be. Anne kept pestering her with gentle sighs that melted her as spring rains whispering to the ice at night dissolve it into tears. When at last Anne had her weeping, she demanded:

"HAVE you no mind to be freed of such a life?"

"Oh, and but I have that!" Mary sobbed.

"Then you discover the goods that have been stole and I'll see to your freedom."

This was so wild a promise that Mary laughed at it and it checked her tears until Anne convinced her at last that lib-

(*Continued on page 111*)



At length one of the jurors reminded her: "Does a hundred pounds of good Province money and your freedom mean nothing to you?"

Made

By

Evans E. Plummer



Rin-tin-tin,
The nation's pet,
Wags his chin
On the NB net.

IN THE beginning the Creator gave man a whole world full of creatures to do with as he would. Some were made to look at and leave alone, others were made to challenge his fighting spirit, still others were made for food—and then a few, a chosen few, were made for petting.

The animals that were set aside for human companionship serve a very useful purpose in nature's plan. A man who is really a good friend to his animal friend is apt to be a good friend to his human friend as well.

Have you ever noticed that the artist—the singer, musician, actor, painter, poet—clings to a pet of some kind? It is the exchange of a mutual love unembarrassed by human conventions. The singer touches a note of ecstacy in the privacy of her studio—just her little feathered songster as audience and critic. And the bird reacts instantly, its tiny throat thrilling and vibrating in harmonious response. The artist knows she has sounded forth something eternal and fundamental. Her heart is warmed to the sincerity of the compliment and she is able to sing with greater assurance to her human audience.

However, the feeling between the artist and his inarticulate friend is something more than that. The pet fills a sort of void for the overflow from an over-full heart. Tastes vary. Women trend to the weaker kind that require motherly protection. Men prefer strong animals—lusty vital creatures.

One of the most aristocratic and largest of the Radio dogs is Hector, the proud boast of Toscha Seidel, violinist. Hector weighs 170 pounds without his collar and, should his high standing be questioned, he would oblige you by rising to a full six feet five inches of dog on his hind legs.

Yes, Hector is a Great Dane—a great, Great Dane. His pa is Argus, international champion; ma, Tecla, national female champion, and he has a brother named Lindy who is national champion of America. Hector might even show up his old man and brother excepting that he has never been entered in a competition, although he is three years old.

The big pet of Seidel is gentle despite his ferocious appearance. He loves children and will never hurt them. On one occasion a pickaninny baby sat on the floor sticking a pin into Hector's nose. Rather than frighten the child, Hector kept his position and permitted it to go on with its game of pin sticking, while drops of blood slowly trickled down his face.

May Singhi Breen (de Rose), the "ukelele lady," has probably the most unusual pets of all the stars. They are a collection of white snails. She isn't quite sure why she should choose snails for pets, but she swears she is terribly fond of them. May also has a trio of goldfish and a large collection of "still" pets—china and metal animals and birds of every sort and description from animals to ducks. One pair of porcelain frogs, which happen to be croaking in duo, she has named "Peter," after her husband, and "May."

GRAHAM MCNAMEE has three pedigreed dogs, Reinald Werrenwrath spreads his affections over two dogs and two cats, Giuseppe di Benedetto owns two police dogs, Virginia Gardiner owns an Irish wolfhound, Mary Hopple bathes and combs the tangles from the hair of an aristocratic spitz, and Walter Damrosch, true to Wagner, keeps two dachshunds.

Olive Kline, soprano, is glad she owns



Toscha Seidel, Mrs. Seidel and Hector.

for Petting

Great Artists Have Great Loves—Emotions That Go Beyond the Human Pale and Embrace the Lower Species—from Horses to Frogs

two police dogs. If she hadn't, she might not have been alive today. While swimming at a Maine resort a year ago she was seized with a cramp when a hundred yards off shore. Her cry attracted her police dogs who immediately plunged in to rescue her. One of them caught hold of a shoulder strap of her bathing suit and towed her to shore.

Yolande Langworthy, Arabesque's author and star, owns two turtles, Scrub 'em and Captain—two tiny green and brown Japanese turtles, twelve years old and as similar as peas in a pod. Yolande feeds them ant eggs imported from France, and once, she admits, almost killed them by varying their diet with domestic flies. Scrub 'em and Captain spend their time racing with each other and keeping in form for that meet with the inevitable hare in the land of Make Believe.

Helen Nugent, the Cincinnati bred CBS soprano who writes her mother daily as every well-behaved child should, has come to believe that "Beggars can't be choosers," and for that reason continues to keep as pets the two birds given her by a friend just back from Havana.

THEY really were a beautifully-colored pair of "parakeets", according to the tag on the cage, but magic, in the form of a bird bath, proved their downfall. The rainbow colors came right off in the water and the parakeets became common English sparrows. The two grey birds still live in their handsome cage, but Helen's attachment for them now is purely sentimental.

And if you knew David Ross, the æsthete, you wouldn't think it unnatural that he has an aquarium full of frogs and tadpoles. David has an active scientific curiosity and he is absorbed in watching the gradual change from tadpole to frog and is fascinated by the poetry of their development.

Add strange pastimes of CBS stars: Marion McAfee, vocalist, goes in for training white mice. They lead a very complete social existence, too, for Marion has provided them with tables and chair, games and whatnots. They are happy little mice and wouldn't be so rude as to run up even a close friend's shin.

Judson House, popular NBC tenor, weighs around 250 pounds and is one of the largest men the mike ever confronts. But, as you might suspect, he has one of the smallest pooches in the world for a pet—a mite-sized pekingese.

Horses claim the attention of Bob MacGimsey, the three-tone whistler, Arcadie Birkenholz, violinist, and Frank Luther, much starred tenor. If they ever meet on the bridal path, who knows but what they'll form a mounted band? Della Baker, soprano, is another lover of horses. She divides her attention between breeding thoroughbred horses and dogs.



Oh what a happy home for some wayfaring flea! But Mary Hopple would soon send it fleeing for this contented Spitz gets his skin rug renovated daily.

Birkenholz carries his love for horses even to playing polo, at which, incidentally, he is an expert. And of course the wise-cracking ex-cowboy, Will Rogers, loves horses. Not only is he extremely fond of polo, but has his own polo field and string of ponies on his beautiful Beverly Hills (Calif.) estate.

Little Jane, star of Jolly Bill and Jane, early mornings NBC children's feature, likes horses also. Each morning on the way to the studios she passes a bakery where half a dozen wagons wait to be loaded. Every animal recognizes her footsteps and immediately climbs to the sidewalk to receive the lumps of sugar she inevitably carries.

Jolly Bill Steinke himself is a pet lover too. He has a real dog at home but is famous throughout Radioland for the imaginary dog, "Jerry", whose barks punctuate the Jolly Bill and Jane programs each morning.

Next to dogs, Rudy Vallee likes cats. There is a kitten in the restaurant where Vallee eats lunch each day. The two are pals. The crooner insists on calling the animal "Rudy," despite the fact that it "ain't that kind of a cat."

Naomi, Princess and Tony are not members of a royal house nor three ladies of the ensemble. They are hunting dogs possessed by Henry Burbig, CBS comedian. The three English setters know where there are pheasant to be caught and need only the happy sight of master Henry dressed in his brown leather jacket to recall that the days when dogs can be dogs, have not passed.

LUCILLE BLACK of the Nit Wits goes so far even as to base the interior decorations of her home on Puff, her tan Persian cat. Puff is very elegant and very vain and spends her days in the corner of a divan or on cushions piled up for her pleasure. For fear of offending Puff's sense of the beautiful and harmonious, Lucille has contrived to bring the loveliest shades of red and green into her

(*Continued on page 110*)

MARCELLA

She Hears All, Sees All—and Tells Everything
Ask Her Anything You Want to Know



Gypsy

THAT peculiar poignancy which makes the singing of Gypsy and Marta of KPO unforgetable can be traced to the rather unhappy but romantic history of their mother. She was a member of the Polish aristocracy and a very young girl when she fell in love with and married a young German-American, thereby forfeiting her standing in Poland. So it was that she left her native land and, though her love for her husband was worth the sacrifice, the rest of her life was saddened by her longing for her girlhood home.

It was in America that Gypsy and Marta were born, two daughters with strangely different characters. Gypsy, the dreamer—artistic and serious, a reflection of old world courtesy and bearing. Marta, typical American, carefree—frivolous. Gypsy with grey eyes penetrating and studious. Marta with laughing blue eyes; ever on the alert for a joke; a lover of outdoor sports. Gypsy with thoughts only of writing, composing and gardening.

Both were graduated from the University of California and both aspired to careers on the stage. Shortly after graduation, however, they both married, Gypsy becoming Mrs. Harry George Musgrave, wife of a Lt. Colonel in the United States Army and Marta, Mrs. John Henry Reavey, wife of a civil engineer. Stage careers were abandoned, but both took to music, Gypsy touring the country as Elsa Kaulbraska Musgrave, Polish concert pianist; Marta as Martha Reavey, soprano. The singing duo became popular over KPO way back in 1925 where they have appeared regularly until recently when they decided upon a much needed vacation. So at present these popular artists are heard only on special featured programs from the Frisco station.



Marta

* * *

THIS attractive young man is Mr. James J. Jeffries of Radio Station WFAA, Dallas. Do you really want me to tell you *all* that he does down at WFAA, Louise? He does seem to be the whole works down there—it makes one wonder what the rest of the staff does. To begin with he is staff tenor—*de*-luxe. He's heard the first thing in the morning as Chief Big Boid of the Early Bird's Orchestra; then he is Sergeant Jimmy, of the Famous Sandman Soldier Parade; Jerry, of Jerry and Irene; and one of the best character players in WFAA Radio plays.



James Jeffries

His is a blonde attractiveness, hair tinged with red and eyes that are sometimes more grey than blue. He's short of stature and more or less heavy of build. He's a charming boy with a spontaneous sense of humor which is a delight to all who know him. He says that he's just a young man tryin' to get along—and he's doin' it.

* * *

YOUR favorite, Don, is popular with others, too, for 'tis said that Clyde Morse's fan mail is something tremendous. He has been spending a belated honeymoon at a cottage on an island in Loon Lake, somewhere in the Adirondacks, but will probably be back at the post at WHAM by the time you read these lines.

* * *

MANY thanks, John and Herbert and all of you who so kindly rushed to my assistance in regard to the finding of Cecil Wright. It seems that when Cecil left KTHS some eight months ago he travelled out to join the staff at KFRC where he is still singing hill-billy and yodelling songs and playing the guitar and harmonica.

He is a lad of about twenty-two years, friendly, naive and genuine. He says he dislikes most songs you "can't understand." So he has been singing those you "can understand" for more than a year. Everything that he sings he has learnt by ear, being a total stranger to any kind of music lesson. Can't you just guess from his picture that he was a good foot-ball man back in the high school days in Hot Springs?



Cecil Wright

* * *

BECAUSE selling wall paper and paints wasn't a job he thought he could stick to and make his mark in the world, E. L. Tyson, more familiarly known as "Ty", became a Radio announcer. That was fully eight years ago when Radio was very much of an infant and to be an announcer required some ability as an entertainer as well.

Ty's debut in Radio was not entirely unpremeditated. He had been a soldier, an actor of parts and a salesman. In his days at Penn State College he majored in base ball and theatricals. An old pal, Bill Holliday, with whom he had staged many a play and evening of entertainment in the old home town in Pennsylvania, had come to Detroit and entered the Radio business.

Holliday was manager of WWJ, the Detroit News station, the first Radio station to broadcast regular programs for the entertainment of listeners. He invited



E. L. "Ty" Tyson


Georgia Fifield

Ty to be his assistant. Ty accepted and has been with WWJ ever since.

In appearance he is wiry, without hint of excess weight, vigorous, dynamic when dynamics are needed, hard to rattle and smooth tempered. He possesses a keen, but dry, sense of humor and never has he been known to laugh at his own jokes. (We certainly would like to know him!)

In his spare time, of which he has little, Ty plays a bit of golf,—for the companionship of the fellows rather than because he's a "fiend." Now and then he goes bass fishing with an old friend, Bill Finzel, veteran Detroit orchestra leader. And, oh yes, he does a bit of farming— "digging a flower garden each spring while the wife stands over me with a gun."

But you mustn't misunderstand that last, however. Ty is quite a homebody—because he wants to be. You see "Mrs. Ty" is the girl from the old home town back in Pennsylvania, and then there's five-year-old Virginia who is his pride and joy.

* * *

THEY'RE married—but not to each other! We're talking about these two you see pictured herewith, the original "Mr. and Mrs." of KNX fame. And it's true that their mike work is so realistic that everywhere they go new acquaintances can't believe they're not really married to each other. They are, in real life, Georgia Fifield and Edwin John (Eddie) Albright.

Both Georgia and Edwin have families. The former is a young society matron of Beverly Hills, the famous city of famous residents. Edwin originated other features, notably being the first Pacific Coast broadcaster to put the "family" idea on the Radio map.

Edwin is about five feet, ten inches tall; has thick black hair, black eyes, and likes deep-sea fishing and all manner of outdoor sports.

Georgia is petite, strikingly titian locks, blue eyes and one of those "Peaches and cream" complexions. She likes best—her little son and daughter, the former all "boy" with horseback riding his favorite sport, and the latter a real girl who likes to play with dolls and pretend to "make house."


Eddie Albright

In addition to her work at KNX Georgia is also a director and is prominent in the affairs of the Beverly Hills Community Players' organization which gives notable productions during the winter season, including many noted film stars in its ranks.

Eddie started as "The Hired Hand" y'ars and y'ars ago at KNX and has remained with the organization since the first program was put on the air when the station became the property of its present owners.

* * *

ONE of the youngest announcers to have worked on the NBC networks is Jack Brinkley—full name John Daniel Brinkley. He was born in 1907 in Oxford, N. C., which accounts for his charming voice. When he was just a little shaver the family moved to Richmond, Va., where Jack received all his schooling During the years he attended the University of Richmond he worked as reporter on a Richmond newspaper. In fact his inclinations have always been literary. He writes as a hobby and hopes, someday, to build a reputation by his pen. He also goes in for acting at every opportunity and collects old books and prints. (Nice person.)


Jack D. Brinkley

Forgot to say that Jack is now the "voice with the smile" at WTIC in Hartford. This good looking youth with the dark brown eyes and the wavy hair is rather slight and about five feet eight inches tall.

* * *

FOR some time there has been some little racket down Cleveland way for a story about one Freddy Stone. And at last when we were just about ready to give it up as hopeless a letter from WJAY comes through! Freddy was born in Boston in 1904 and seems, from all reports, to be the type that the girls like (or some of 'em, at least). I think he must be typical—of something. Very tall, rosy cheeks, wavy black hair, brown eyes and a romantic disposition coupled with a sweet tenor voice. (We fear he's a ladies' man.)

His Radio career included broadcasts over WBBM, KYW, WHK, WEHS and WJAY where he is now chief announcer and heartbreaker,—the latter we mention with all due respect to the charms of Joe O'toole, of course. It was, Joe (having met Freddy in Chicago some years before) who brought him to WJAY. And now they're delighting thousands with their partnership. The two of them have just returned from New York where they made some more recordings for the Gennett Company.

Freddy's favorite sports are golf and baseball; he likes to read H. C. Witwer and Milt Gross; he considers Ted Husing and Norman Brokenshire to be his ideal announcers and Franklyn Baur and Gene Austin are his choice among all of the well-known Radio singers.

* * *


Alois Havrilla

ALOIS HAVRILLA is a Zecho-Slovakian by birth and didn't speak his first word of English until after he was twelve years old. And today he enjoys wide popularity and is included as one of our best liked announcers. Incidentally he has been continually praised for his flawless diction.

This young announcer started out in life as a concert baritone. He was teaching music in the New Jersey public schools when he received his first chance to go on the stage. He was engaged as soloist in the Broadway production of "Hassan." He followed that with appearances in "Mme. Pompadour," "Louis the 14th," with Leon Errol, and "The Princess Flavia." Then with Radio coming to the fore he turned his talent in that direction.

Havrilla is slender, of average height, light complected and notoriously good humored. He always approaches the mike with the same wide grin and that's doubtless why he won the title of "the genial announcer." What time he is away from the studio he spends at golf.

* * *

THE people on the Checkerboard Hour at WLS found that it was too hard work to get up for 6:30 a.m. broadcasts during the summer months so they simply laid off. However, now that September is here you'll be hearing them again.

* * *

FOR the information of the friends of the Mystery Announcer at WPEN, Philadelphia, his Musical Clock Program comes throughout the period between 6:30 and 10:00 a.m. every day.

* * *


Freddy Stone

A RECENT letter from Marcella Roth brings the news that she still *does* broadcast and that she can be heard every Tuesday evening over Radio Station WDSU. She is still the "Twilight Story Girl" and she mentioned something about a stamp club which she conducts through the station. Stamp clubs via air is a new one to this Marcella but she'd like to hear more about it.

First Jobs

Humble Beginnings Mark Careers of Some of Columbia's Most Notable Artists

By
Robert S. Taplinger

A GLIMPSE into the humble beginnings of its foremost artists form one of the interesting chapters in the history of Radio broadcasting, lending an air of authenticity to the old adage "Big Oaks from Little Acorns Grow."

The majority of entertainers now heard on various programs presented from WABC over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and whose names and voices are familiar to literally millions of Radio listeners, first started out in the work-a-day world in a most insignificant manner. For the larger part their tasks were arduous, and the hours as long as the pay was small—a far cry from today with the comparatively high salaries paid for a few minutes work.

Turning to this particular chapter wherein we may scan the stories of a number of artists, who are perhaps most representative among the Columbia System group, we find that. . . .

Freddie Rich, who conducts a number of important programs weekly, sacrificed such divertissements of New York's lower Eastside, as fights, "gang wars," dock-diving, and ball games, to become a pianist in one of Second Avenue's flourishing motion-picture houses. He was then fourteen years old. Ten hours daily he improvised music on the dilapidated upright to coincide with the action on the screen, and as heart rending scenes predominated, he concocted nine variations of "Hearts and Flowers." His weekly salary of thirteen dollars was poured into the family coffers, while in turn he was provided with fifty cents spending money. "That constituted my first and worst job" is Rich's comment as he looks back now.



Jesse Crawford's career began in a like manner. He found an opening as a piano player in a "flicker" theatre in a small suburb of Spokane, Washington. It was his first job anywhere, and his weekly wage was five dollars. Three years later he gave up his work, which was then paying him twenty-five dollars, to furnish the music at a nearby theatre for ten dollars, because the latter place boasted an honest-to-goodness pipe organ.

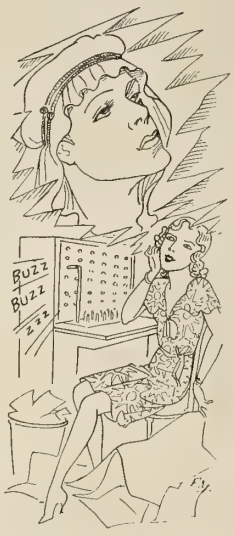


Another product of New York's Eastside is Fred Vettel, bass soloist. He was seventeen when he procured his first job as a driver on a brick truck. For a year and a half he unloaded the bricks from the barges at Twentieth street and the East River, for a daily compensation of three dollars. Incidentally, it was during his debut in the working world that he annexed the amateur light-heavyweight boxing championship of New York.

DALE WIMBROW also went in for strenuous labor. Dale who is known today as a song writer, entertainer, poet, wood carver and artist, formerly loaded one hundred pound strawberry crates in box cars. They were big luscious berries from his native Maryland, destined to appease the gastronomic fancy of the South, and for Dale's activities in sending them towards their destination, he received a weekly reward of fourteen dollars.

"My first job," recalls Norman Brokenshire, "was as janitor of the little red school house at Port Britton, Ontario, where my father was a school teacher. It was a three mile walk from home to school, and my work entailed all the duties generally allotted to a janitor, keeping the one room building clean, warm, and in constant repair. The old pot-bellied base burner stove required more wood than any furnace I've ever seen."

TO BE hired and fired by her own father in twenty-four hours was the fate of Harriet Lee of the blonde hair and contralto voice. Harriet first worked as a telephone operator at her parents' automobile salon in Chicago. Having seen Rudolph Valentino in a picture the night before, and being one of his ardent admirers, she thought it a splendid idea to call him at his Hollywood home. The expense meant nothing to fair Harriet, who longed to experience the thrill of hearing her idol's voice. After speaking with his valet and secretary, she learned he was on location. A little disappointed, she determined to try again the next day, but there was no next day—she was fired that night.



A cattle driver when eleven years old, was Lon McAdams, member of the "Rountowners Quartet". He was large for his age, and remarkably adept in the saddle, being regarded as one of the most promising cow men in all Kansas. Yet at no time during the eight years he rode the plains did he receive more than twelve dollars monthly. Monetary reward was of minor importance to the drivers. When McAdams Sr. installed in his barber shop the first telephone switch board in that part of the country, young Lon was called in to operate it.

The road to success was at the begin-

(*Continued on page 102*)



Every program at JOBK is worked out by a serious minded board of directors which includes professional men and chief executives.

Japanese *Fans* Pay *for Listening Privileges*

Monopoly Reaps Rich Dividends

By Hull Bronson

(Round-the-World Correspondent of Radio Digest)

BROADCASTING in Japan is on a paying basis.

In fact the stockholders of the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association receive nice dividends regularly. Of course the set owner and listener-in pays the bills, but he seems to be perfectly satisfied.

Figure this out: 200,000 subscribers to one station at an initiation fee of Y1.00 (50 cents in U. S. money) and a monthly fee of Y1.00 thereafter, or $6.00 a year—and what have you? Just $100,000 to start with (200,000 yen) and an income monthly of $100,000 or $1,200,000 annually. Not so tough to take—and no wonder the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association has solved the problem of making broadcasting pay—and without a cent from advertising!

There are only a few stations in Japan, as compared to the number in the United States—and they are all controlled by the J.R.B.A.—and they are all operated on the same basis as JOBK—the station with the 200,000 members and the $1,200,000 annual income.

These stations are located at Tokyo, Nagoya, Hiroshima, Kumamoto, Sendai and Sapporo. The JOBK station is located in Osaka.

Practically all of the Japanese stations are only 10 kilo stations—owned and operated by the J.R.B.A.—but under government supervision. All advertising is out—anything with the slightest smattering of advertising will not be allowed on the air, by any of the stations. That is a definite and fast rule.

The Radio stations of Japan do not care what sort of a set you buy or contemplate buying. They are not interested in how you obtain the set—on the cash or instalment plan basis. However, as soon as you buy a set and want to listen in—the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association becomes very much interested in you.

The set-owner must at once apply for the privilege of listening in. The Association gets your name—usually from the dealer who sells the set, by their own means of learning of your purchase or you pass the information along yourself. A printed notice is then sent out to the new set-owner.

HE MUST fill in the notice with this specific information: 1. Specify the receiving set by 'crystal' or 'tubes.' 2. State number of tubes in the latter case.

When the instalment of the receiving set is permitted, notice for payment of fees is sent from the association branch office concerned and payment has to be made very promptly.

The entrance fee of Y1.00 is paid to the department of communication of the government or the association by the applicant. The rules and regulations of the



Distinguished visitors are always introduced to Japanese listeners over the Radio. Amundsen, the great arctic explorer, is shown above.

Japan Radio Broadcasting Association further indicates what a subscriber must do and what he is entitled to and how the Association controls the listening-in very thoroughly: (these rules were translated from the Japanese forms as nothing in English was available).

Persons intending to listen-in are instructed to apply to the nearest branch of this association duly accompanied by contract paper and application for setting up the Radio receiver. A metal sign is provided the licensed listeners, which is to be fixed to the gateway or the entrance of the place where the receiver is placed.

PERSONS who lose or damage the said metal sign shall at once notify the association thereof and get a new one. A cost for making the new one may be charged him. The metal sign must be returned to the branch office of the association when the receiver ceases to function or the owner changes his address to a different association Radio district.

The rules state: "The fee of the listener shall be one yen (Y1.00) per month for every receiving set. Set owners shall pay fee for programs starting from the day the permit has been given to the day listening-in is given up."

The rules and regulations of the association then dwell quite specifically on the collection of such fees—in terms and in advance and so on—every cent coming to the Association is collected from the listener-in.

Number 10 rule is interesting: When the broadcasting has stopped for more than three days owing to unforeseen causes, fees for such absent time will be figured in accordance to number of days missed. Number 11 states that members of the association may install free of fees an extra loud-speaker.

Fees for listening-in will not be charged those who own a set for educational purposes only, also any social relief societies and for sets necessary in the business of the association.

That the association has considerable leeway in handling matters can be seen by Rule 13: Contract for listening-in will be cancelled in case of listeners not paying the fees in advance, or the permit for the instalment of his receivers revoked for any reason, or any breaching of the regulations of this association. Those persons who have had their contract cancelled may be refused another contract.

Rules 14 and 15 are not bad either: The broadcasting of this association shall not be copied to phonograph records and issued or sold or used as material for any persons without the sanction of this association—and this association shall not be liable for any accident occurring from broadcasting.

All the branches, however, maintain service stations. JOBK has 34 of them—for the district it covers. The service stations test all sets and loud speakers, furnish tubes for those worn out and see that the receiving sets are giving the best possible results to the listener-in. This service comes in on the one yen monthly fee.

THE average American set-owner will wonder how the Japanese manage to get all the set-owners to "come through" and subscribe to the broadcasting service—but they do—as the association is supervised by the government and the government is usually able to collect licenses and taxes of all sorts in Japan.

There are three main departments in each one of the broadcasting stations of Japan, as follows: General business department, broadcasting department and engineering departments. They are all organized in the same manner and operated more or less in the same general routine. The first general department is divided up as follows: 1. General business. 2. Management. 3. Promotion. 4. Collection of fees and subscription matters.

Each subdivision is headed by a manager who has his own staff under him. The broadcasting department has a social and educational department; literary section and news department. All are in charge of a general manager with an as-



No Radio day would be complete in Japan without the Geisha girls.



Lighter moments on the air are not forgotten. Japanese comedians are shown here putting over a good laugh. Note the shoe coverings.

sistant for each department sub-division.

The usual engineering department is maintained by the Japanese broadcasting plants. Most of the stations are of 10 kilo type—and the equipment is of the latest and most modern type. The Japanese government is very careful to see that the latest and best is being installed in the Japanese broadcasting stations.

A careful check of the likes and dislikes of the subscribers to the broadcasting service is used as a basis for the type of programs given the Japanese Radio audience. Usually the fan letters are carefully read and tabulated and a committee composed of leading men of Japan take these letters into consideration when adopting a program policy.

MEETINGS are held for adoption of programs—and such men as university professors, newspaper editors, doctors, novelists, big business men and professional men of all walks of life are called in for their opinions. By such an exchange of ideas, well balanced programs are usually put on the air and the subscribers are willing to leave the matter of programs entirely to the association and these committees. An occasional criticism may be heard from a subscriber who writes a letter to the association about "such and such program" or sends a letter to one of the various newspapers for publication in their readers' columns.

Visitors are seldom allowed in the broadcasting stations, but through some influential Japanese friends I was able to spend some time at the JOBK station in Osaka. K. Hiroe the managing director of the station was away at the time, but I was fortunate enough to find J. Kemuyama the program director of JOBK available and through an interpreter, (Mr. Kemuyama was not able to speak English) he gave me some idea of the way Japanese programs are built and the type of talent wanted.

It seems that athletics and the various stock market proceedings are popular in Japan. JOBK therefore caters to what the subscribers want by giving them considerable information daily on athletics of various kinds—such as baseball in season and wrestling.

Japan is a great baseball country the attendance outnumbering anything that the United States can ever report, even during the World Series. The stock markets, rice, cotton, silk and other exchanges occupy a lot of the "time" of JOBK during the day. An interesting feature that was put on June 1, is a continuous five hour program, from 5 to 10 in the evening daily, consisting of stories for boys and girls, music of various kinds for both young and old, news events from all over the world and orchestral selections. This five hour program has proved to be very popular so far.

An "employment office over Radio" has also worked out well. Every morning the announcer at JOBK gives a list of the positions available in and around Osaka and tells the interested listener how to proceed to get to the places wanting him, what the pay is and also asks the listeners to send in names of unemployed people so that these employers can be given the information.



Opera in its various phases always meets the approval of Japanese listeners. Here is the chorus. The cello is the only instrument.

THIS air employment office will be kept on indefinitely, according to Mr. Kemuyama. Occasionally a program is relayed by JOAK at Tokyo through JOBK and JOCK at Nagoya—the three stations on a tie-up.

The usual program is 30 minutes—however JOBK is not so particular if a selection runs into five or ten minutes over the stated time, since "time" is not sold and all the "air" is given over to programs for the benefit of the subscribers—and if a good number takes several mniutes more—it does—that is all.

Japanese narrations assisted by Japanese musical instruments seem very popular with the air audiences.

Orchestras are graded—as number 1, 2

(*Continued on page 116*)

Radio Can Kill War

THIS message is not entered in competition for the Nobel Peace prize. It is dedicated to the listeners of the world. It embodies a new plan originated by RADIO DIGEST, which in a practical sense makes it possible for Radio to kill war.

We never tire of hearing about peace proposals. We were thrilled by the first mention of the League of Nations. Every suggestion of disarmament, however fanciful, has stirred our pulses. The pact by which the nations renounced war as a means of settling their differences was hailed with universal demonstrations of relief. The treaties which bind Great Britain, Japan, and the United States to limit construction of warships was everywhere acclaimed as a triumph of common sense.

But no lover of mankind is convinced that any of these measures or all of them combined provide absolute assurance against repetition of the slaughter that made 1914-1918 hideous in the annals of the human race. Even while our Senate was engaged in the debates that culminated in ratification of the naval treaty, angry recriminations over tariff wars were reminding us that agreements, however solemn and binding their engagements to abstain from conflict at arms or preparations to enforce demands, may prove but fragile restraints against the primitive impulse of rash anger. Particularly when we rely solely on the buttress of legal restraint and do nothing at the same time to hinder rancor and the passion of hatred.

Who that has read the pages of history can say with full confidence that the pledges of chastened sanity will always withstand the thrust of insensate fury as long as the nations remain ignorant of each other's habits and feelings and points of view?

Every successive means of bringing populations into closer touch has been welcomed as a harbinger of harmony—the steamship, the railway, the telephone, the airplane, and last, and most promising of all, the Radio. Yet all these agencies of quick communication were in existence when the greatest war of all time rocked civilization to its center; all of them were turned into instruments of desolation and disseminators of the bitter exhalations of enmity.



Are we forever to accept these misuses of science's greatest achievements as the chief fruits besides convenience, comfort and wonder, of human ingenuity and study of the forces of nature? Are we so dull of vision as to see in our vastly magnified powers only powers of destruction when crises arise that dethrone reason? Are we so lacking in imagination and intelligence as to miss the full significance of man's new ability to talk to man in every tongue and in every clime, and so, by sheer knowledge of each other's lives and motives and feelings, to render impossible any thought of violence among civilized nations?

This is not idealism. Let us consider it only in its practical aspects. Suppose, for example, that the United States, through its appropriate officers, were to take time on the principal broadcasting stations of Europe and make use of it for talks by President Hoover or Secretary of State Stimson, not in discussion of questions of state, but intimate accounts of life in America—the things we do every day, the desires that animate us, the aspirations that uplift us. Other nations, quick to sense the value of such advertising, would speedily, by the same means, make themselves known to us—not as nations but as peoples.

AND there could be not only talks by the President, his Cabinet members and others of importance in governmental circles, but under the auspices of a special committee composed of outstanding public-spirited citizens, other broadcasters representing a wide variety of activities. Great athletes and sportsmen like William Tilden, the tennis champion, Vincent Astor, the yachtsman—great industrialists like Henry Ford and Charles Schwab—great philanthropists like John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and George Eastman—labor leaders like William Green—famous inventors and scientists like Thomas A. Edison—illustrious educators like Nicholas Murray Butler—popular actors and actresses like Douglas Fairbanks and Ethel Barrymore—in short, a wide range of men and women with names already known well enough internationally to possess the attention of interesting personalities. Then in complete contrast to these celebrities there could be programs by "the unknown citizen," representing typical men, women and children in various walks of life and resident in all parts of the country. They would serve in a living sense as a parallel to the international symbol of "the unknown soldier." In every case American programs presented in foreign countries would be by Americans so that we would be doing our best to acquaint our foreign brethren with composite America. Programs could be sometimes by cable relay, sometimes by reading of letters and sometimes by recorded or "spot" broadcasting. The programs themselves should be handled in each foreign country by our Ambassador, or at least presented under his auspices.

Of course, no program would be tainted by any trace of propaganda either commercial or political. The policy would be strictly one of acquainting the people of one

A Plan That Makes Even Peace Treaties Unnecessary

nation with the people of another in a manner both simple and sincere. That conception, moreover, should be kept sacred and inviolate. It represents, so to speak, a manifestation of good intent undoubtedly needed to win the cooperation of the powers-that-be in those countries where Radio broadcasting is a government monopoly. It will help stifle certain United States Senators and others who are apparently ignorant of the new requirements of international relations. It will give statesmen everywhere a new inspiration for their oratory.

To make our nobleness of purpose doubly clear, the American Government could buy time on the principal stations of the United States for broadcasting of programs here by the people and personages of foreign countries. In other words, we would also pay the bill to help our own people get to know and understand their foreign neighbors.

Is this not a great conception for the promotion and preservation of world peace? Have not our government and our people enough vision and enough fundamental unselfishness to bear gladly the burden of cost for such a worthy humanitarian end?

Have we not enough national pride to want to wipe out the stigma of being known as a money-mad, materially greedy people. Is this not a really economical and *effective* means of convincing our fellow men and fellow women throughout the world that we are human even as they are—that we have hearts just as big and souls just as eager to serve in a Christian spirit.

To know is to understand. In conversation by Radio we have a means of universal understanding dreamed of by the poet in his vision of a federation of the world.

Can any reasonable person believe that misunderstandings born of ignorance, would long survive the dissolving power of mutual knowledge? Who that has visited Germany in recent years believes that the people of Germany would ever have fought the people of America or the people of France or the people of Great Britain or the people of Italy if among all these peoples there had long been the friendly intercourse of intimate speech?

THE space here available does not permit enlargement upon such questions or the answers thereto, or even to describe in further detail the plan whereby Radio can kill war. Our primary objective after all is to project an idea and to leave the refinements and execution largely to the genius of others. Meanwhile, however, we cannot but express the hope that the President of the United States, the people of the United States and the leaders of the Radio industry (which has so great an opportunity to serve) will move swiftly so that *before the snow flies* the United States of America will be negotiating broadcasting time in *every nation of the world*, thereby assuming leadership not only in the spreading of good will among nations, but infinitely more important good will among peoples. Let us not procrastinate! Let us thrust aside petty politics in order to do a complete job *and a great job*.

RAY BILL



Voice of the

STRONG FOR GUY LOMBARDO

PLEASE record me as another admirer of the music as played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. I think they are the best. There are, of course, other bands who receive more free space in the papers, but this is due, I think, to the fact that these have got themselves in the public eye by means of something they have done other than playing.

The Royal Canadians have received very little publicity besides that gained from the broadcasting of their music, and this music, "the sweetest this side of Heaven" as some other close follower has so justly called it, has made them for me. If they were featured over NBC, instead of the CBS, I believe they would be a much greater success. The Columbia just doesn't seem to have the clear channel; the National does. I know this is true on this side of the country. I have to work very hard to hear Guy and the boys, from KDYL at Salt Lake City, Utah; but I do so, for their music with the poorest reception, is still good to me.

Your magazine is the best I have found for entertainment of the average listener. It has more to do with the programs rather than the technical side of Radio, the latter not being of much interest to me. I do not, however, like the grade of paper you use, but this is of minor importance.—Ed Russell, Wasco, Calif.

* * *

ODE TO RUDY

YOU received a letter from me quite a month ago, as you will remember, concerning an article that had been published in this magazine about Rudy Vallee. I wanted it published, and suppose it will be before long. I have written a piece of poetry however, that I would like very, very, much published if you think it is O.K.

I read every word in Radio Digest every month, wouldn't be without it. I enjoy it to the fullest extent, and will always continue to do so, long as it is as interesting as it is now.

I know a voice so sweet and clear,
So far away and yet so near.
It's so charming, and soothes all hearts in pain—
One all its own from a man always the same.
He's honest and true, and of his kind there's very few.
With his band he always sends us something new.
He has strived, worked hard, and deserves all his fame.
And with it all, comes his wonderful name.
With this verse, no other will tally.
But the one and only Rudy Vallee.

—Pearl Sutherland, Kokomo, Ind.

* * *

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

THIS is my first letter, written while flat on my back, due to a serious bone operation two months ago, and I'm just full of "talk."

I've had a Radio for two years and have been reading Radio Digest about a year and a half. It is by far the best—in every way—on the market; the only fault being the paper you now use is somewhat cheaper and does not give best results for the pictures and photos; and please let's not have any more yellow pictures as shown in July Radio Digest. They all look "sick."

I'm very tired of the knockers of "Amos and Andy." If they don't want to listen to them—why not listen to something else—or why not read some other story? You know you can't please "*all* the people *all* the time" but you *are pleasing* "all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time." So don't worry and don't pay any attention when they "Knock." For one thing, I don't like at all the letter of Mrs. T. C. Bragg, Detroit, Mich., in the July issue. I'm not a "poor farmer" nor a newly (or old-ly) arrived foreigner. I come in contact with all kinds of people. My mother was raised on a grand farm and had a fine education. I wouldn't mind changing places with some of the good farmers of the world. They're O.K. And what would Mrs. Bragg do if we had no farmers? Some of the world's best men were gentlemen farmers and foreigners. Evidently the farmer and foreigner have sense enough to enjoy the delightful and entertaining "Amos and Andy." More power to 'em and long may they broadcast.

If I couldn't do anything but complain, I'd not write at all. I know there are other people in the world with a Radio set besides myself and the air is full of programs to suit each individual.

I do not like KWKH on account of the sameness of the "rant and rave." I trade with both kinds of stores and I certainly get the best deal from the chain stores; they are cheaper, give much better food-stuffs and more courteous service. They do not discriminate between the rich and the poor. Their stores are neat and well arranged. So Mr. Henderson can't influence me; I'm free, white and twenty-one (and maybe a little more) and able to know whether I should buy from chain stores or an *independent merchant.* Sure, they are "Independent" due to their high prices, potatoes with holes and half rotten apples and I could name many other things.

Pardon such a long letter—my first and I'm so "wound up." I will not offend again.—Mrs. A. H. Kuykendall, Asheville, N. C.

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BRING IN THE GOAT

A FEW lines to compliment you and the staff of the Radio Digest on your good work. I first became acquainted with your magazine two years ago when I saw it on the newsstand. Since that time I haven't missed a single copy. Why not give the Philadelphia stations more of a writeup. I especially would like to see one about The Negro Achievement Hour from station WFAN. This feature is indeed a very fine program and I enjoy it because it is conducted by a member of the negro race, Theodore Miller, known over the air as "Ted Miller." Negro Achievement Hour is broadcast only in the winter and I miss it very much. Enroll me as a member of V. O. L. Club.—Edward Hinton, 11 St. Asaph Rd., Bala, Pa.

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WOODY'S "FOULING PIECE"

I WISH to pass on to you the following bit of punning by Quin Ryan, WGN announcer:

It was at a baseball game at Wrigley Field, Chicago, between the Cubs and Brooklyn. "Woody" English, Cub third baseman, was at bat and had fouled off quite a number of balls. On the next pitch the announcer declared: "There goes another foul by English. That makes about seven or eight fouls he has hit with that fouling-piece of his."—John Kelly, 1823 Woodside Ave., Bay City, Mich.

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MORE POWER TO 'EM

I GET a violent feeling of nausea every time I read the perfectly ridiculous arguments against high-power which continue to clutter up the best Radio magazines. These treatises on the undesirability of super-power are evidently composed by the descendants of those erstwhile gentlemen, who in the early days of the automobile, created the law that required every gas-buggy to be preceded by a man on foot some fifty feet ahead carrying a red flag to warn the goodfolk that one of the creations of His Satanic Majesty was on the road and to sit tight and hold everything until the diabolical menace was out of range.

I am located sixteen miles airline from the best 50,000 watt station in America. Its 300 foot antenna towers are plainly visible from the roof of my house. Instead of blanketing every degree from 0 to 100 on the dial as every anti-super-power fanatic insists that 50,000 watts would do, I find they were slightly in error. The truth of the matter is: WFAA blankets only two frequencies, 810 and 790. Below WFAA on 820 kilocycles WHAS comes in clearly without any interference from the 50,000 watt giant *visible from this address.* The same can be said of WMC twenty kilocycles the other side of WFAA. Can anybody call twenty kilocycle selectivity only sixteen miles from the station *blanketing?*

Down on 1040 kilocycles is the local bugbear, KRLD which annihilates every frequency between 1000 and 1090 with a 10,000 watt station which is received here with one-half the volume of WFAA although it blankets three times as many waves. "And I'll tell you why." WFAA's equipment is new. It is precision-built, crystal controlled, 100 per cent modulation. It incorporates every principle known to modern radio engineers. It's the last word in radio transmitters. It tunes sharply and sends out a powerful signal. But a 10,000 watt station with old mediocre equipment will blanket ninety or a hundred kilocycles with signal strength much less than that of the sharper tuning 50,000 watt station.

When WFAA had 500 watts it took *forty* kilocycles to tune it out; but now with 50,000 watts it can be tuned out in *twenty* kilocycles. Is this a disadvantage of super-power?

This is the static season in the South. From April to October the South is overspread by a blanket of static and exclusive of local stations the only ones that we can listen to are WENR and WTAM, both 50,000 watters. The only thing that can cure the South's static is super-power. On a fair night, WENR, 50,000 watts, 800 miles away, is as loud as WBAP, 10,000 watts, 32 miles away. W. A. T.

* * *

WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

NEARBY stations: KVOO, WOAI, KTHS, KWKH, KPRC, KTRH, and WKY will come in very well and clearly for a few seconds and then the next instant will fade far below the static level for twenty or thirty seconds when they come blaring back in like a local and then right back under the static again. It is this way all evening long. They are too *close* to be received well. It cannot be said of these stations that they *serve* this area.

These statements that I have made are not fiction or theory. They are cold hard facts as I have found them.

And speaking for the entire South, I entreat: Give us more and more watts.—Eugene Martin, 5446 McCommas Lane, Dallas, Tex.

Listener

NOT OUR FAULT

HAVE been reading your magazine for many months and my home town pride is touched because so little of Radio news from Houston ever gets to your paper. "KPRC" here in Houston is 5000 watts. I notice your list gives it only 2500 watts; showing you *are* about eight months behind on news.

R. S. Sterling who is running for Governor owns the station and we people of Houston get all the little friendly news of KPRC and the smallest station, KTLC every day on a Radio page of the Houston *Post Despatch*.—Evelyn Brady, 417 W. 12th St., Houston, Texas.

* * *

HIST! MUSICAL DETECTIVE!

ONE of the most entertaining and educational programs on the air is broadcast every Monday night from KNX Hollywood, Calif., at 9:30 P.M. P. S. T. I refer to the half-hour announced as the—Radio Musical Detective—which features in an original way an exposure of "stolen melodies". No favoritism is displayed, as the very latest theme songs and Tin Pan Alley concoctions are taken over the coals. It is about time that the truth was brought home to the public. The musical detective announces first some melody he ran across in his researches, as for example, the Yodel Song—and after his musicians have rendered the number, he discloses that some up-to-date composer (?) highjacked the tune, asking you to listen now to "SHOULD I? and see if you can find any resemblance. There is no doubt that this program enjoys great favor and a large audience.

The Radio Musical Detective invites the listeners to send in some of their clews, and judging from the many solved mysteries sent in, there is much interest taken all over the nation. Those sending in the results of their sleuth-work, are nominated assistant-detectives of the Radio Musical Detective.

When one listens to this program one comes to ask "What does copyright stand for?" It may be alright to steal a tune from a song which was popular fifty years ago, but those composers (?) are not satisfied with appropriating these and the works of the great masters, but they help themselves even to recent publications. How is it then that there are not more lawsuits for copyright infringements? One is led to believe that everybody is involved in that racket, and that therefore none has the nerve to expose himself to a turn of the table. What one, however, can not explain is the fact that the great talkie companies take those writers under contract, paying from $200 to $1,000 a week salary and on top of that a royalty. Surely we have genuine musicians in the United States, writers who do not steal or borrow their melodies. Yes we have, but as a rule they are not connected with Tin Pan Alley or with Hollywood.

How the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers, has the nerve to enforce and collect a License Tax for the presentations in Public performance for profit, on some of those tunes as exposed by the Musical Detective, surely is a wonder. In the meantime the talent and genius which we possess here in the United States goes a-begging, finding no publishers to take their compositions, and finding the chain radio stations tied up with the music trust, so that they will not put independent compositions or publications on the air. The only hope for the unknown genius and talent lies with the independent radio stations of America, and it is to be hoped that every one of them will give at least One Hour per week to present the works of writers not affiliated with the Society or the various talkie-publishers' combines. The Radio Musical Detective program will accomplish a lot toward educating the public that not everything that shines is gold.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, New Mexico.

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JUST FOR THAT, MRS. B.!

I AM a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and always read the "Voice of the Listener", because there are some clever and sensible letters written. I rather changed my opinion, when I read the letter of the world's original knocker, Mrs. T. C. Bragg.

So farmers, with no sense of humor, and foreigners just arrived in this country, are the only ones who listen to Amos 'n' Andy, Mrs. Bragg? What a laugh! If you please, I am no newly arrived foreigner, but am a one hundred percent American citizen, born and raised in this good old U. S. A. And I am not a farmer, but certainly wouldn't be ashamed of it, if I was, because they are real honest to goodness people.

If you would only stop to realize, fifty percent of our farmers are high school and college graduates. And I am sure they possess as much of a sense of humor as you, and I hope, a great deal more.

We all have different views and opinions, thank heaven, otherwise this world would still be back in the cave-man era. But since we have different ideas, the world has progressed rapidly. If you don't care for Amos 'n' Andy, I'm sure it isn't compulsory to listen to them, and there are a great number of stations you can turn to. One less listener will not cause them to die of grief, and I know they wouldn't care if you turned to another station.—Mrs. M. A. MacLeod, 1870 Erie St., Hammond, Ind.

* * *

COMING NEXT MONTH

THE June number was the first Radio Digest we ever purchased. We certainly won't miss another. We would like to read and see more of WTAM, Cleveland in Radio Digest. It is our favorite station and Gene and Glenn are our favorite program. Jake and Lena are really true to life. Gene is a real genius and Glenn's laugh and piano playing capture your heart at first hearing. Both Gene and Glenn have excellent voices and they blend well together. They are good, clean and well-deserving boys. Let's have more of them.

We also love Johanna Grosse and her fine organ playing.—Micky, Niles, Ohio.

* * *

ENDS SEPTEMBER 20th

A FEW days ago I sent in ten subscriptions for the "Radio Digest" also check for forty-one dollars to prepay a year's subscription for each one—one order was in Revelstoke, B. C. for which I sent in five dollars—making $41.00 in all. I am now working trying to get ten more subscriptions. Will you please tell me what day you have to have the subscriptions in—in order to enter the Radio Contest for the most popular radio announcer or program. I am working in the interests of Jerry Wilford—"The Vagabond of the Air" who is a great favorite in the West—Canada and elsewhere and we are all hoping to have him among the winners—— Mrs. Harry R. Rand, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mr. Jerry Wilford "The Vagabond of the Air" has the midnight hour at KSL in Salt Lake City, Utah.

* * *

OH, NATALIE READ THIS!

I WROTE to you several months ago to have an article in the Radio Digest about Coon-Sanders' Original Nighthawks. You were so kind to have a lovely article in a recent issue. I want to thank you so much. I appreciate your kindness.

Now, I wonder if I could ask another favor of you? I hope you do not mind.

Have you heard of Charles Dameron, crooning tenor at WLW? Of course you have. There was a small picture of him in July issue.

Will you PLEASE have an article about Charles Dameron in real soon? PLEASE! He has had a very interesting life—and plenty of fan following. Oh! PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE! have an article about Charles Dameron in real, real soon. PLEASE!

I still say that Radio Digest is the most wonderful magazine ever. Was so thrilled with the Anniversary number. I have been reading Radio Digest for five years and a subscriber for over three years. Oh! what a magazine.

PLEASE! Mr. Brown, have a special article about Charles Dameron of WLW real, real soon. PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!

Thanking you from the very bottom of my heart and wishing you everything wonderful.—Virginia Peters, 2479 Madison Rd. No. 6, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT NOW?

WE bought our Radio the last of February and our first Radio Digest in March and have not missed one since. It certainly is a wonderful magazine for Radio owners. We enjoy it very much because it makes us feel as though we knew the artists.

We agree with Mrs. L. L. Stoneking of Hannibal, Mo., and Miss Madalyn Weaver of Bethany, Ill., by saying that we would rather you would devote all your space to Radio news and artists and leave the fiction for some other magazine which has nothing more important to write about.

Will you please print a picture and a little information about Phil Cook, The One Man Show of the NBC.

Please do not forget that Smiling Ed McConnel promised a picture of Ed Junior upon request. We would like to see it soon, see if mother and dad will hold her while the photographer takes the picture and then we can get a glimpse of them also.

Please print all you can about Floyd Gibbons, as any story of his life could not help being interesting reading. Thanking you in advance we remain.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, Caro, Mich.

* * *

THE VOL GOAT, HENRY!

PLEASE allow me to become a member of the V.O.L. Correspondence Club. I also want to ask you to try and put more material in your magazine about station KTHS at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

I think it is the best station on the air, bar none, not even W. K. Henderson's KWKH or WENR or WLW. I like all three of those stations fine but they are not equal to KTHS. Campbell Arnoux, announcer at KTHS, is about the best announcer on the air.

I would also like for KTHS to have more time on the air as they share their frequency with KRLD at Dallas.—Paul Simms, Hope, Ark.



Here Comes the PARADE of the STATIONS



Excuse, Please, While We Get Settled—

GREETINGS to the Station Parade: We have been so flustered in packing up and moving all our things from Chicago to New York that it seems the band has moved into the middle somewhere and the drum major got lost in California. We ask your indulgence if the third trombone pipes up in Florida and the piccolo responds from Seattle.

Anyhow—aside from that—how do you like our New York dress? Really?

Just the same we are still the all-American Radio Digest that we have been before. Going to try and give you all the news we can get about your own stations wherever you are. And if you don't see your station getting representation in Radio Digest drop a line to the manager. Tell him to send us a story and some pictures because we are truly anxious to give every station a place in this Big Parade. There are no strings to the proposition.

So here we go. Strike up the band. And the first to come along is Henchell Hart with his story about the Tenth Anniversary of WWJ at Detroit.

Ten Candles

Detroit News Station WWJ Takes You Back for Decade

By HERSCHELL HART

ONE soft summer night a decade ago, Detroiters hurried through their evening meal, and, as quickly as possible, took their stand before huge white sheets stretched over blank walls of downtown buildings. On these the results of the day's primary election were being thrown by magic lanterns.

If you had been there you probably would have heard more than one conversation like this:

"Well, they can't beat this method of telling us who won the primary, can they?"



Jefferson B. Webb, Manager WWJ and of Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

"I'll say not—but you know, folks are always tryin' something new. Say, did you hear what *The Detroit News* is doing? NO? Well, they've got some kind of a new contraption—Radio, they call it. They said in today's paper they'd tell us the returns over it tonight—over thin air. Can you imagine that?"

"No, and I'm tellin' you, it can't be done; you gotta have wires—"

But *The Detroit News* station did tell those fortunate Detroiters who possessed crystal sets who won that primary,—did it over "thin air", and WWJ has been doing just that and more ever since.

Now about the time you are seeing this issue of Radio Digest, *The Detroit News* will be celebrating its tenth birthday. This is an especially proud day for WWJ because records show it to be the first Radio station in the world to inaugurate and maintain regularly scheduled broadcasting programs.

WWJ began broadcasting with a series of experimental programs, on 20 watts power, August 20, 1920. Many years before, men associated with *The Detroit News* had shown their interest in the experiments that later developed this new art.

As early as 1902, the late James E. Scripps, who founded *The News*, and his son, William E. Scripps, now president of the paper, financially aided the wireless telegraphy experiments of Thomas E. Clark, of Detroit.

On August 31, 1920, the public was informed by The News that a Radio broadcasting set was operating and that the results of that day's primary would be given. The same year, the results of the world series baseball games, the national election returns and the better class of musical programs were broadcast. Because of WWJ's close connection with *The Detroit News*, its program's standards were watched closely and kept free from the pitfalls of cheapness.

During 1921 the programs were built up. In January 1922 a Western Electric 500-watt transmitter was installed. This was the first of its kind sold by the Western Electric Company. A few years later, WWJ installed an improved transmitter and the 500-watt outfit was presented to the Michigan State College at East Lansing, Michigan.

The first orchestra ever organized exclusively for broadcasting was formed by WWJ. It was composed of members of the well-known Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

This was the year too, that WWJ broke another Radio record. It carried out over the air, to listeners in Michigan and neighboring states, the music of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Victor Kolar.



Miss Marion Martin
W W J
Program Director
Piano Soloist

Since that day, year after year, WWJ listeners have heard the symphony's concerts each Sunday afternoon in season, under the baton of Mr. Kolar. Among the station's best friends has been Mr. Gabrilowitsch; who until recently has refrained from stepping before the microphone in his role as piano virtuoso.

But Ossip Gabrilowitsch has never forgotten those early days and now that WWJ is celebrating its tenth birthday, he is appearing on the gala program as a soloist.

Playing the accompaniment for Mr. Gabrilowitsch is a Little Symphony, all members of the Detroit Symphony, under the baton of Mr. Kolar, associate conductor.

Jefferson B. Webb, manager of WWJ, and also manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, has had his production department arrange an evening of entertainment typical and worthy of this most important event in the life of the station.

VARIETY is the keynote. The Oleanders, directed by Ole Foerch, contribute a period of dance music and features. Other studio entertainers, including Miss Marion Martin, program director, and piano soloist, and John Prosser, baritone and announcer, are being heard.

Master of Cermonies will be E. L. "Ty" Tyson, a veteran of eight years with the station, and in charge of announcers.

Others on the staff of WWJ who have an active part in the program, are: Robert L. Kelly, assistant manager, and Harold Priestley, announcer.

Throughout its life, WWJ has given of its time and energy to civic benefit. One winter in the early days a storm was so heavy that all communication, including the Associated Press wires, was cut to many towns and cities in Michigan and Ontario. Realizing the anxiety of the residents of these communities for their friends and relatives elsewhere, WWJ offered its services to the Associated Press. For several days, until the wires could be replaced, news bulletins, information and messages were broadcast both to newspapers and individuals.

AT THIS time, also, WWJ was co-operating with the Detroit Police Department in the tracking of criminals, the suppression of crime, the recovery of stolen property and in helping locate missing persons. This service proved Radio's advantage to the police and resulted in Detroit being the first city in the country to adopt Radio as one of its most important methods of maintaining order.

WWJ became a member of the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company in 1925, the first station in this section of the country to accept these programs.

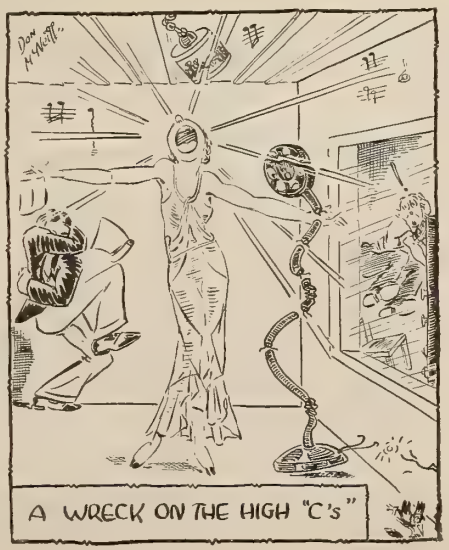
With this entertainment as a basis and active production and program departments, WWJ has become one of the best favored stations within its listening area.

* * *

Just have to look at that call to the South. It's Louisville—WHAS of the Courier-Journal

WHAS, Louisville, Has Staff of Sixty Artists

WHEN the manager of WHAS, radiophone of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times*, calls the staff



roll, a list of artists, formidable as a theatrical revue, is at hand to respond with other entertainment.

The Greater Louisville Ensemble; The Royal Hungarians; Jack Turner; Ray Bahr and his music; 'Lizabeth Ann; George Weiderhold, basso; Louis Rigo, director, and the *Courier-Journal* Little Symphony; George Austin Moore, monologist; Patty Jean, home economics director; and a multitude of others join the popular announcing staff, Joe Eaton, Don McNeill, S. P. Lewis, Alton Reed, and Bob Horan in the cheerful business of entertaining WHAS' many listeners.

When Mr. Radio was but a babe in arms, and his cries were the embryonic squeals of jazz, the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times* adopted him as a further means of serving their territory. On July 18, 1922 after exhaustive tests, the first regular schedule was put on the air. Since that date, without interruption, WHAS has continued to serve its listeners in an ever-widening area with the best possible talent and carefully planned programs. Twice boosted in power, the station now broadcasts with a power of 10,000 watts on a nationally cleared channel and a staff of three-score executives and artists is employed to provide programs for the seventeen hour daily schedule.

Down in old Kaintuck' in particular and almost everywhere in general tuners-in associate the name of Jack Turner with happy hours before the loud speaker. Jack has that happy faculty of radiating his personality across the radio waves so that each listener feels that he is being addressed personally and most tunefully. Possessing a "natural" unaffected voice, Jack can sing them old or new, furnishing his own accompaniment in a sparkling piano or ukulele style. His weekly fan mail looks like a section of a post office in the Christmas rush. And he lately has come into the limelight as a composer of popular airs which have caught on unbelievably well with his listeners, and which he has had published in sheet form. Turner joined the WHAS staff last year, coming from Milwaukee. Prior to that time he had been a headliner at a large Chicago station.

SATURDAY night on WHAS is synonymous with a presentation of the Greater Louisville Ensemble. This mixed quartette and string ensemble has been on the air four and a half years, being the station's first commercial account. The quartet, consisting of Esther Metz, soprano; Anna Scholtz, contralto; Joseph Eisenbeis, tenor; and William G. Meyer, baritone, has appeared in more than two hundred and fifty programs and is still one of the most popular features on the air. Beginning his broadcast on the theory that "the name is the thing", Gustav Flexner, managing director of the ensemble, has steadfastly refused to do the usual and have a lengthy commercial announcement concerning his business. He simply gives

the name of the sponsor, and two hundred and fifty broadcasts can't be wrong.

AN UNUSUAL group to be on the air, apart from one of the networks, are the Royal Hungarians, under the direction of the Gypsy violinist Lajos Ritzko. This spirited aggregation has been a feature of WHAS for more than a year, and the stirring, fiery renditions of Hungarian airs, as well as of popular selections and tunes of various countries, have placed these concerts decidedly in the realm of the sought-after in Radio.

The Man from the South in multiple form is an apt description of Ray Bahr and his Music, real "southland" dance band, whose torrid tempo reverberates from WHAS several nights a week. One of the outstanding dispensers of modern rhythm in Dixie, they play every number in their own unusual arrangement.

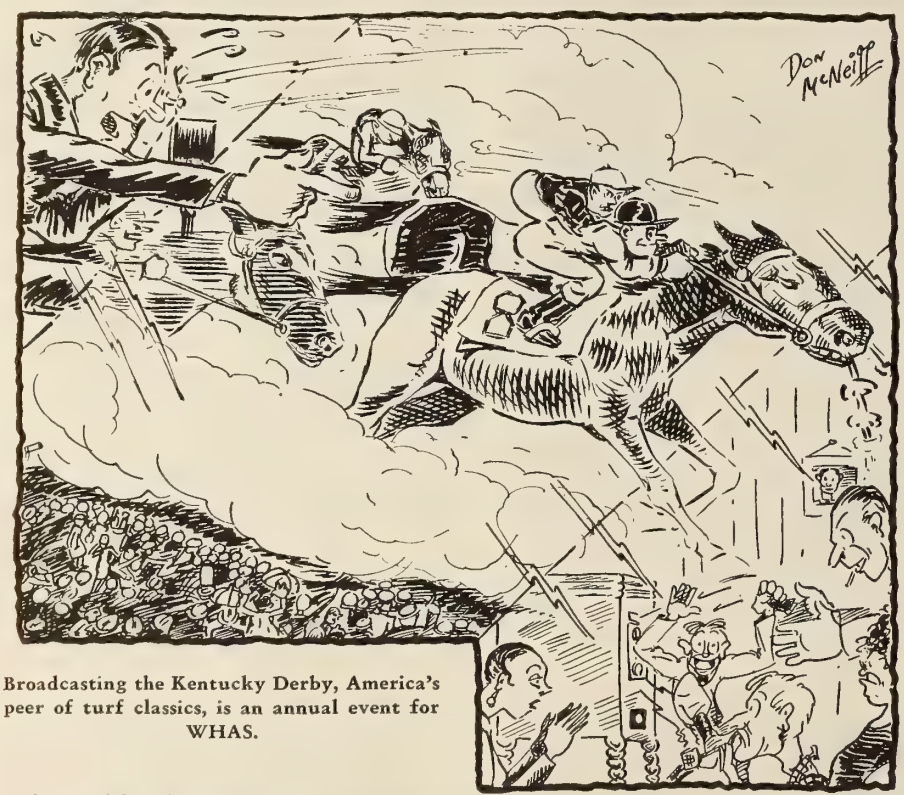
Ranking with the best in her line in the broadcast field, 'Lizabeth Ann, the "child artist", has won a wide reputation as a juvenile impersonator on the air. She writes and directs two commercial children's features on WHAS, taking the leading part in each. 'Lizabeth Ann is equally at home writing a cute bit of kid poetry, or improvising the wittiest of child sayings which keep the entire staff in an uproar during her programs.

George Weiderhold, basso, is one of a number of operatic singers who has cast his lot with Radio in the past two years. Mr. Weiderhold toured America and Canada for several years with an opera company and has appeared with some of the larger opera companies. He is musical director of WHAS, and in addition to his singing and staff musical activities, he is the gentleman who says "yes" or "no" to many of the hundreds of audition-seekers at the studio. He is very much at home before the mike as a character man.

There is romance in the career of Louis Rigo, director of the *Courier-Journal* Little Symphony. He came to this country from Hungary as concertmeister of a group of Gypsy musicians. He was concertmeister of the Chatauqua Orchestra for two years, and toured the country with various other musical groups. Now he wields an inspired baton, and produces soulful tones from his everpresent violin in the WHAS studios.

Those who have followed vaudeville undoubtedly remember George Austin Moore, monologist, who was a headliner in that profession for more than a score of years and whose reputation is international. His dialect stories and humorous songs have been heard and enjoyed by American audiences as well as in Canada, England, the Orient, Honolulu, and other parts of the world. Now he has turned to the microphone, and the radio audience has come to look forward to his tri-weekly song and story fests, on WHAS.

Mrs. Louise Huey, "Patty Jean", is director of the home economics department, presenting daily programs which have an especial appeal to the fair sex. A college graduate, (she majored in home economics) Patty Jean has developed a tremendous following among those who want the latest in chocolate cakes, and what to wear and why.



Broadcasting the Kentucky Derby, America's peer of turf classics, is an annual event for WHAS.

THOSE special musical arrangements and the new musical numbers heard by WHAS fans come from the pens of Nick Conte, formerly of La Scala, Milan, Italy; Ted Grubb and Wally Crane, staff arrangers; and Barry Bingham, lyricist.

The announcing staff of WHAS is headed by Joe Eaton, studio director, and is composed of seasoned veterans of the mike. Mr. Eaton came to WHAS from WOW, Omaha, Neb. He has an extremely likable personality which is much in evidence even on the air. He does a bit of clever vocalizing now and then, and the abundance of sweet scented letters in his mail box doesn't spell disapproval.

DON McNEILL, who came to the station from WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wis., has a sure, humorous style of putting over his programs which endeared him to WHAS listeners from the start. In addition to his turns at the mike, he is Radio editor of the *Courier-Journal,* does publicity work, and takes a bit of time out to sketch caricatures and cartoons for the Radio section of that newspaper.

Steve Lewis, who addressed the mike from WPTF, Raleigh, N. C., before coming to the Louisville station, is likely to burst into song at any moment, and listeners hear his jolly prattle often through the day's schedule.

Alton Reed, former Texas cowpuncher, who has been in various educational institutions for eighteen years; and Bob Horan, who is actively engaged in social service work, outside of his mike tasks, have been with WHAS since entering Radio.

The WHAS quartette, a feature of a weekly commercial program gives to popular numbers a zest, and modern harmony interpretation which has made the group a great favorite with the fans.

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KMOX Expands

KMOX, the most modern Radio station in the United States has reached completion and will go on the air on July 28th. All equipment even to the smallest insulator is the "latest word." The station is practically fool-proof and every emergency that could possibly arise has been checked. All batteries and tubes are in duplicate and two sources of power are available for supplying the transmitter with current.

KMOX came into being in 1925, underwritten by a group of St. Louis business men. The first program was put on the air from studios in the Mayfair Hotel on Christmas eve and was reported to have penetrated as far north as Alaska and as far south as New Zealand. The site for the new transmitter which is eight miles south of the city's limit, was selected last summer. Work was begun after the first of the year.

George Junkin, director of KMOX, always has maintained an attentive ear to the echoes of approval or disapproval from the listening public. His programs have been constructed accordingly. Thus he has brought the station to its present position of esteem and expanded facilities.

Knows Her Collegiate

WHEN Jane Froman, the "sapphire song bird" of WLW, sings about collegiate love, and dear old alma mater, she knows whereof she sings.



She rises for the school songs of seven different institutions. Before she went to the University of Missouri for degrees in Arts and Letters, and in Journalism, she had attended the following schools: a convent in Clinton, Mo.; Christian college in Columbia, Mo.; Central college at Fayette, Mo.; Forest Park university at St. Louis, Mo.; and five summers of voice training at the Oscar Segal school in New York city.

Now she spends her days working for a degree in music at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and her nights working for the approval of the Radio audience.

No "blue stocking" is Jane either, in spite of the years she has spent at her books. She's generally considered the prettiest entertainer at the Crosley stations. Her conversation is full of the smartest bits of argot, and her clothes are the envy of every female in sight.

* * *

A Radio Announcer Under Pressure

LEE GOLDSMITH, Station WCKY manager, Covington, Ky., had just gone to Kansas for his vacation. Jerry Akers was stationed at Coney Island for an orchestral broadcast. Maurice Thompson was alone at the studio to handle station announcements.

An artist did not appear. Two minutes to go.

Thompson hurriedly arranged a vocal program, but he could hardly announce his own selections.

Olin Davis, public school superintendent of Dayton, Ky., and sports announcer of the station, appeared. He was taken by two arms into Studio A. He began to protest. Thompson shushed him.

"Shh. We're on the air, and you must announce", Davis was commanded. And then proceeded to lock the door.

Davis had to announce and liked it. Shortly afterward a cop peered through the studio window. Davis insisted that he must go, for "my car is—". But Thompson did not hear the explanation.

Half an hour later Davis was released to the cop to explain why he had parked his car a yard from the curb where signs read plainly, "No Parking". Thompson was sorry; Davis was angry, and the cop? Well, he was one of those good cops who understood, and let Davis go with a reprimand. Davis says he isn't going to visit WCKY for awhile.

* * *

George M. Watson at KSTP

IT WAS in Shreveport, La., as the guest of K. W. "Hello World" Henderson, that George M. Watson took his first try at the microphone. After making his Radio debut, he began the study of music, learning the names of the composers, and visiting station after station in the South, the East and in Canada. He tried his hand at the microphone in various cities on his route, but it was not until he returned to St. Paul again that he shook off his "mike fright" and applied for a position at KSTP. His voice made an immediate hit, and he was put on trial as master of ceremonies of the Early Risers Club.

He is no longer a believer in the old saying that "a man can't make good in his own home town," for his work at KSTP has earned for him a place in Northwestern Radio circles. His hobby is Patsy, his own pet bulldog, and making toy airplanes. For a while he was destined to be a plane pilot and while in Memphis received a state license as a flier. He spent some time in the South handling sightseeing tours for airplane passengers, but has given up aviation entirely for Radio.



"Rags" Anderson, who won fame as master of ceremonies at WAIU, is versatile in musical accomplishments as the picture shows.

Favorite Teams At KIDO, Boise

STATION KIDO, Boise, Idaho, is the only station in that state of 1000 watts. Daily select features are being broadcast from KIDO—a continuous program from early morn to dewy eve and far into the night. Two of the features are the teams Cecil and Sally and Jake and Elmer, both of which have a large following in that vicinity.

KIDO is equipped with all the most modern equipment and "fixtures" including a full staff of station workers. With the prosperous condition of the state, the spread of Radio listeners is rapidly on the increase.

* * *

An Old Trouper Now Before the Mike

A VETERAN actor, is Charles B. Hamlin, cast as "The Old Settler" in WTMJ's Sunday evening "Now and Then" program, a feature contrasting life twenty-five years ago with that now. From his rich store of adventures all over this country and Canada, Mr. Hamlin recalls incidents of other years during this broadcast, and a *Milwaukee Journal* station orchestra plays selections reminiscent of pre-war days.

His Radio role harks back to the infancy of the celluloid industry when he was cast as the rube in Keystone comedies with Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin.

Mr. Hamlin wasn't born in a theatrical trunk, but before he had celebrated his fifteenth birthday, he was playing the title role in the original "Peck's Bad Boy". Soon thereafter he donned golden curls and thoughtful characteristics to become "Little Lord Fauntleroy".

Character parts always have been Mr. Hamlin's forte. At one time he deserted the playhouse for a season with Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch shows, where his disguise as an Indian was so deceiving that Col. Miller himself swore he couldn't tell him from the real Indians in the show.

* * *

WTMJ's Membership Card is Round

The WTMJ Club Four Aces is the only Radio club with a round membership card, and what's more, the only club in the world with a useful membership card!



WEAO student players in rehearsal

May Be a Kiss in the Dark?

Student Players Broadcast Drama With Lights Out

LIMELIGHT and footlights don't mean a thing in the lives of these intelligent young playfolk of the University of Ohio. It is much easier to work in the dim shadows of the studio with faces barely discernible. The effects to be obtained are not disturbed by distracting realities.

This group of campus actors is entering upon its third season as a regular feature of the WEAO program from Ohio State University.

The players face the mike every Friday at 8:30 p.m. for a half-hour program. Why the "lights out"? Here's the reason. The studio actors found that the bright lights and hubbub of the station kept them from getting in the mood for their parts. They tried turning out all lights except those in the control room and placing a small lamp by each microphone. The idea worked and now whenever the players are on the air the WEAO studios take on a Stygian aspect.

During the two years that the players have broadcast they have given more than seventy-five performances. Ten of these were special cuttings of Shakespeare, including such plays as Romeo and Juliet, MacBeth, Julius Caesar, Anthony and Cleopatra, Henry IV, and others of the same type.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's immortal comedy, "The Rivals," was revived and presented when the players celebrated their second anniversary at WEAO this spring.

Modern one-act plays; "three-actors" cut to thirty minutes playing time; dramatizations of short stories and even novels; and a number of original Radio plays written by members of the group, have all been included in the players' programs.

GWENDOLYN JENKINS, assistant director of dramatics in charge of Radio drama at Ohio State University, has been director of the players since the beginning of their broadcasts. She has been assisted by David Larrimer, now staff announcer at WEAO, and William Knepper, who has supervised musical settings and sound effects.

Virginia Ferree, prominent in campus dramatics, and Ann Bryan, who has studied with Jessie Bonstelle in Detroit, have carried many of the feminine leads, while Larrimer and Knepper had added acting to their other studio duties.

The players use the repertory system, with the same group of principals heading up the cast of each of the weekly plays. Additional material is recruited from the ranks of campus dramatic organizations.

Special technique for writing Radio drama has been studied as a new form of literature and eventually it is expected that leading universities will adapt the teaching of it as a part of a regular course in rhetoric and composition.

* * *

Neighbor Palmer of WAIU

By DOROTHY E. REED

GO UP to the twelfth floor of the Deshler Hotel in Columbus, Ohio, any noon, if you think the world's all wrong. Push your way through the crowd. There is always a crowd. Anywhere from fifty to two hundred people, milling (as they say in newspaper parlance) about. Look at their faces.

Tired country women, fresh from a morning's hard work—some of them with sleepy babies in their arms. Farmers, burnt to a dull brick red by the sun. Little boys. Ladies in kid gloves, with jewels at their throats. Everybody. And the same look on all their faces—pure adoration.

You look around for Buddy Rogers, but you don't see him. Instead, you discover a boyish, compactly-built figure seated at a small table. Before him is a microphone. He grins.

"Hello, neighbors!" he cries.

EVERYBODY grins back. Out beyond the Deshler in Columbus, out beyond Columbus in Ohio, thousands of people are turning on their radios. Thousands of people are grinning back. "There's the Neighbor", they say. "There's Fred Palmer, up at WAIU".



Neighbor Fred Palmer, WAIU and his morning's mail.

Neighbor Palmer is conducting his daily farm hour. He reads news items. He cracks jokes. He just talks. Sometimes he sings. His voice isn't like Rudy Vallee's; his jokes aren't the funniest in the world. Why, then, do hard-working farmers hitch their tractors to a fence-post, load up the family Ford, and drive miles just to see him? Why do letters pour into the station from far and near? Why do nice, grandmotherly ladies shower him with cakes and doughnuts and neckties?

Neighbor Palmer is his own answer to these questions. Once you hear him, you stop asking. You let yourself be carried along by the verve of his spirits, the vigor of his personality, the sheer friendliness of his manner. When he grins, you grin. When he frowns and says forceful things about the federal Radio commission, you frown and clench your fists—and sign affidavits. When he talks, you settle down for a regular chat with a next-door neighbor. You can't help yourself.

Visitors flock to the studio, expecting to see a tall, lean farmer, with a sprig of chin-whiskers and blue galluses. When they find a young man a shade over a quarter of a century in age, with neatly brushed hair and a trim dark suit, they wonder if they've been gypped. But Neighbor reassures them.

You bet he's a farm product—born and raised up in Van Wert County. Home-grown and hand-spanked. Went to a little red school-house. Raised bees for a while, but decided to go out of business when they stung him.

He adds that he has been stung often since, and much harder—and his listeners roar. Not because he has been stung, but because he is laughing at it himself. Only, here and there, you will hear some woman murmur, "Ah-h". You know she wishes she could have been there with soda or lard or whatever you put on stings.

Nothing high-hat about the Neighbor, if he does wear a white collar instead of a red bandanna. He likes to talk about the jobs he has held. When he worked his way through Wooster College and Ohio Northern University, he fired furnaces, waited table, led church choirs, and turned black-face comedian.

HE was a message clerk in the last house of representatives, coming over to WAIU every so often to broadcast a farm program. Pretty soon he couldn't push his way back through the crowds that surrounded the studio when he broadcast. They had to keep him there, so they made him the manager. That was less than a year ago.

Ever since then, Ohioans have been sampling his particular brand of neighborliness, and liking it. Now they have the habit. They couldn't get along without that daily pick-up of enthusiasm, pep, humor and cheery-heartedness that is Neighbor Palmer.

* * *

Washington Calls "KFNF Newsboy"

MR. and Mrs. James Pearson of KFNF, Shenandoah, Ia., are looking to their army of Radio listeners to send them to Washington. Mr. Pearson is known over the entire West as the "KFNF Newsboy" as he originated the idea of giving news digests over the air and commenced that popular feature almost 5 years ago and is still at it. It proved to be a very popular and interesting feature.

Besides that he commenced giving a Sunday school lesson review each week almost five years ago, and even advocated it some months before that. Now each Sunday morning at 8 a.m. (Central time) you will hear Mrs. Pearson sing a couple of inspiring Sunday school songs and then he will give a review of the lesson (International).

He calls it an institute for Sunday school teachers, as he aims to give the interesting high points as helps to the thousands who listen in, especially those who are teachers.

After the Sunday School period, the station puts on a real old fashioned church service for one hour, and this same "newsboy" is the pastor. It is safe to say Mr. Pearson as KFNF Radio Pastor has the largest Radio congregation of any single station anywhere.

He is not a theologian, but just one of the folks talking to the folks, in a clear strong voice, with clean, easily understood logic.

He is now a candidate for Congress in the 8th District of Iowa and many Radio fans are worrying as to what they will do for a Radio pastor, but Congress needs some "newsboys" like Pearson, say his Radio friends. Because of his great popularity throughout the state old political prognosticators look wise and say he has a good chance to win.

* * *

Donnie James and New Staff

THE fat—(when your correspondent says "Fat" he means adequately plump) and jovial Donnelly James and his Colorado University Serenaders have been a feature over KLZ for years. Their mirth and music from the Broadmoor Country Club has brought hundreds of letters from all parts of the country to this Denver station.

Myrl Harding, a new staff artist at KLZ, is fast making friends with her guitar and crooning contralto voice.

KLZ has its own studio pipe organ and often features Mrs. "Doc." Reynolds at the pipe organ.

The Studio String Ensemble under the direction of Eddie Wurtzbach entertains the KLZ listeners nightly. Franklin Hornaday, Lyric tenor, is often heard in solos and with various orchestras. Mr. Hornaday is one tenor who can sing an "aria" as it should be sung and also has the ability to sing the popular ballads in an interesting way.

* * *

"A GOOD REASON"

Little Mildred loved to meddle with the numerous jars of creams and powders on her mother's dressing table. One day she was being questioned closely about a missing jar of cream her mother had just purchased.

"But Mother Dear," replied the little miss after a long pause in the questioning. "I heard you reading the label this morning and it said, "Vanishing Cream.—Jonteel! What else can you expect."



Broadcasting from Catfishville

Jimmie Wilson's Catfish Band

Popular in Southwest over KVOO

A GLANCE at these fellows might lead you to call them "rank outsiders." And you wouldn't be far wrong; they are an "outside" bunch if there ever was one. An enormous following in the Middle West is familiar with their regular programs over KVOO, Tulsa, Okla., and like 'em. They are Jimmie Wilson and his Catfish Band, playing "by remote control" on the banks of Pole Cat Creek.

* * *

KLZ, Denver, and Its Personnel

BACK in 1920, before the government had assigned commercial calls to the broadcast stations, KLZ, Denver, Col. was broadcasting programs presented by "Doc," "The Mrs." and "Sonny" under the old special amateur call 9ZAF.

In those days, Doc Reynolds was chief engineer, operator and entertainer. Mrs. Reynolds was chief announcer and piano soloist while "Sonny", then three and a half years old, was probably general manager and used to recite over the Radio his little nursery rhymes regularly every morning.

SHORTLY after the government assigned the call KDKA to the famous Pittsburgh station, KLZ was assigned to th's, the pioneer station of the West.

Among the early features presented by KLZ was the broadcast of the Music Week opera, "Robin Hood", from the municipal auditorium. After having made arrangements to broadcast the opera, something hardly dreamed of at this early date, May 1920, "Doc." Ryenolds found that the local phone company could not give him telephone lines from the auditorium to his station at his home. "Doc," therefore, moved the mountain to Mohammed. He moved his transmitter to the loft of the auditorium and stretched an antenna between a couple of flagpoles on top the building. The opera was broadcast and heralded as a real achievement in those days. Later followed the broadcasting of the municipal band, the municipal pipe organ, football games, parades and may other events of interest. Progress came in long strides. Each day mennt added laurels.

The Eight Victor Artists gave their first Radio presentation over KLZ during these early years. Their appearance over Radio caused great excitement in Denver as they were the first great group of artists to perform over the Radio in this part of the country.

* * *

From the British Navy To the Mike

By CARL T. NUNAN

THE lusty voice of Don Thompson, who daily broadcasts over KPO the "Get Associated With Baseball" periods, was first heard in infant protest twenty-seven years ago in Rangoon, Burma, farther India.

"Ah", chortled his father, Robert D. Thompson, who seems destined to be the last of many generations of famous sea captains of the Thompson clan, "there's a voice as good as any I have ever heard giving orders to cut a throat or scuttle a ship". No doubt this grand old sailorman, who had earned his master's papers before the mast when the law of the ship was a blow and a word, the blow being dealt first by way of authority, looked upon his son and dreamed of another captain to

be added to the Thompson family's long list of sea celebrities. But such was not to be—for Don Thompson had no hankering for the sea—. "And in that", says Don Thompson, who now broadcasts sports exclusively for the Associated Oil Company—"I'm not unlike my father; his only liking for the foc's'tle was the way to get out of it. No siree! Swabbing decks, working a turk's head on a foot rope or furlin' a sail —well there are other things I like to do better".

AT the time of the boy's birth the elder Thompson was a Commander in the Irrawaddy Flotilla with headquarters at Rangoon. Rudyard Kipling has imortalized this same flotilla in his "On The Road To Mandalay"—a song with which Don's mother, herself a former medical missionary at Rangoon, sang her young son to sleep. These words must have brought back sweeping memories of a romance that was hers—"Can't You 'ear the paddles chunkin from Rangoon to Mandalay?"

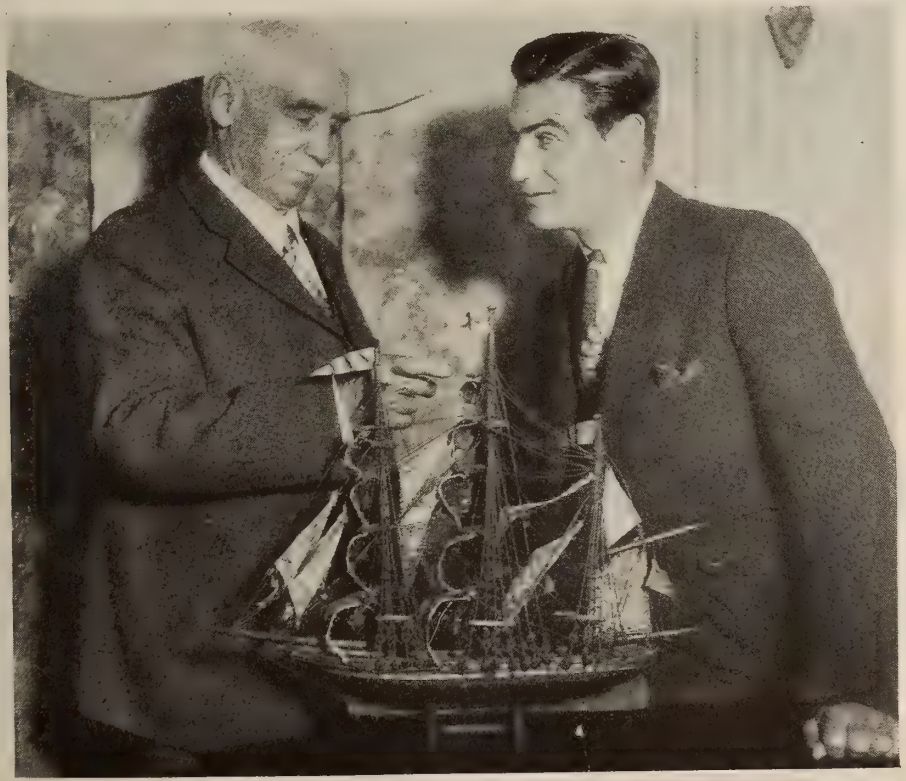
Don Thompson was brought to Eugene, Oregon, while still a small lad, and there grew to rugged manhood. He is six feet, three inches in height and 212 pounds in weight. During his college days he established himself as one of the country's brilliant football players—a reputation that carried him into the professional ranks where he held his own with the great "Brick" Muller and "Ernie" Nevers. He also starred as an all-around athlete. Tiring of professional football, Don decided upon a career. There were three inviting vocations, according to him, which held promise if one could get in on the ground floor; aviation, movies and Radio. As for aviation, he didn't want to fall into something hard. He couldn't see the movies; so he became one of the great Radio fraternity, first as a continuity writer for KPO, then part time announcer, and finally, in a few short months was elevated to "Sports Announcer". And in that capacity he has done a splendid job. His vivid and brilliant imagination, his knowledge of sports, coupled with periodical newspaper training, all aided him in giving KPO dialers the most comprehensive sports broadcasts in the West.

Thompson enjoys his baseball but still he is eagerly looking forward to the opening of the football season in the Fall, when he can again wax eloquent and thrill over the sport in which he gained undying fame.

* * *

"A Small Imitation"

THE programs of WCAH have the makings of chain programs; and why? because none other than the "littlest man in the studios" has a couple of hands in the making of them; George Zimmerman is the big little man, and his wife calls him a model working husband, and claims that he's "a small imitation of the real thing". Working right along with Mr. Zimmerman is Howard Donahoe, studio manager, and Anne Lysle Owen, staff pianist; Howard is well known in the studios for his "Quiet!" when the microphone begins to ooze forth its harmonious notes over the air! Howard and Anne work hand in hand in keeping peace and harmony among the Clever Kiddies.



Don Thompson (right), KPO sports announcer who 'listens in' as his father Robert D. Thompson (left), famous British Sea Captain, tells of a thrilling experience at sea.



Miss Dorothy Reese, hostess, announcer and pianist at WRAK, Williamsport, Pa.

* * *

OUT in Williamsport, Pa., there is a little fifty-watt station which specializes in home talent artists. It is WRAK and is a community activity in a sense, because the residents in Williamsport are said to feel that it is of, by and for Williamsport. Located in a three room studio in the heart of the town the station reaches an audience of possibly 65,000.

* * *

Exchanges Thought Waves Over Ether

"READY — Concentrate — Everybody wish!" So says Cheerio every weekday morning through a national network of stations associated with NBC and heard through WCKY at Covington, Ky.

Maurice Thompson, announcer at WCKY, at this time thinks of his mother out in Oakland, Iowa, and his mother, in turn, of him.

Thompson wrote to his mother that each morning at 8:30 o'clock found him announcing this program. He liked the feature so much he urged his mother to try to tune in the station. After several days of manipulating the dials of her receiver many miles away Mrs. Thompson heard WCKY, and since continues to hear Cheerio through the Covington station.

She wrote to her son that she could visualize him standing by the microphone at that time each day. Thompson had been thinking likewise. They had exchanged thought waves, just as Cheero suggested.



Lieutenant S. W. Townsend, sometimes known as the Admiral, at WFJC.

Townsend at WFJC

LIEUTENANT S. W. Townsend of the Naval Reserves, designer and builder of WFJC, Akron, Ohio, is at present operation manager and chief engineer. He spends most of his spare time with the Akron Naval Reserve Unit of which he is the commanding officer. He has built up the unit to, we believe, sixty some men; we do know that there are so many of them that they wear out office carpets through coming in to see the "Admiral".

Sam recently returned from a two-weeks, tour of duty at the naval station, Great Lakes, Illinois. In July he shipped as a Radio officer on the U. S. S. Wilmington. On his return from each cruise he is more enthusiastic over his navy than ever. The Radio duties he has when sailing or at the Naval Station he says are somewhat the same as in the broadcasting game, although the other duties of a naval officer in navigation, gunnery, seamanship and drill keep him from getting bored.

We have tried often to get him to wear his uniform at the studio, and though he isn't bashful he still continues to refuse.

* * *

Enterprising Director

JOSEPH H. UHALT, proprietor of Radio station WDSU of New Orleans, has been appointed Louisiana's state manager for the Fourth National Radio Audition. This is the first year Mr. Uhalt has been placed in charge of the details of the local and state auditions in Louisiana.

Uhalt will search the highways and byways for young singers who have operatic or concert aspirations or both and will offer them the opportunity to compete for a share in the $25,000 in cash awards and ten scholarships offered the national finalists.

* * *

"We intend to get a national winner or at least a finalist from Louisiana again this year," Mr. Uhalt declares in discussing the 1930 Audition. "Carmen Rosell and Ernest Ferrata, both of New Orleans, were national finalists in 1928 and Frances Tortorich of New Orleans was a finalist last year, and with the energy of our state committee and the enthusiasm already shown this year by young singers throughout the state, we should find a voice which will win first honors in the national finals next December. We are already preparing for local auditions and expect to have more of them and more singers than in former auditions."



Emil Straka, Jr., KSTP

Emil Straka on Symphony

FROM high school direct to the first chair position with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was the musical step which Emil Straka, Jr., new concertmaster of the KSTP Symphony orchestra took some seven years ago. Straka succeeds Howard Colf who has deserted Radio for a honeymoon in the Rocky Mountains.

Straka, a product of the Twin Cities, received his musical education from his father Emil, Sr., who was concertmaster of the Frank Danz orchestra in 1895, which later gave way to the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra. Emil, Sr., was known throughout the Northwest as a composer, conductor, and was active in musical circles generally since he left his home in Prague, Bohemia.

Emil, Jr. took his first music lessons when he was scarcely able to hold a violin. He is 26 years old and has been connected with Radio since its popular inception a decade ago. He is a graduate of the Mechanics Arts High School of St. Paul where he played in the high school orchestra and participated in various musical activities.

* * *

Twilight Hour at WWNC

THE Rev. Clarence McClellan of Fletcher, N. C., has manifold useful interests in addition to his pulpit work and the other duties devolving upon an Episcopal clergyman. Not only are his recent travels in Africa, Syria, Turkey and Greece the subject of certain well-known travel talks over WWNC at Five-forty-five each Sunday afternoon, but he has charge of the "Twilight Hour" which comes at 6:15 on Sundays. He presides at the "Poet's Corner" broadcast on Friday afternoon at four o'clock. An "O. Henry Story Hour" is also in preparation by Dr. McClellan for Radio dramatization.

* * *

Sereno Smith Puts H in Hope

Sereno E. Smith, manager of WCAH, is the man who put the H in Hope, and the Heart in Heartiness! His management is done in an indirect and forceful way and when he leaves the offices, it is only to leave for a seat in the transmitting room where he takes charge of the operations, together with Roy Cook, chief engineer, and Lester Naftsger, assistant engineer. The good looks of the engineering department belong to Don L. Hoge, and the man who is "little but mighty" is none other than Leland Wise.



Robert M. Hafter at WDAF Kansas City

Many Ballots Cast for Mystery Announcer



I WISH to bring to the attention of Radio Digest readers the inside dope on our Mystery Announcer, who has been entered in the Diamond award contest by his followers.

Every morning I give the fans a spiel on the contest and how to vote for their favorite announcer, M. A., the shortest announcer's name with the biggest following in Philadelphia.

M. A. which is short for Mystery Announcer, broadcasts an early morning program from 7 a.m. until 10 a.m. every morning.

This program is a complete show in itself, being composed of humorous sketches, singing, instrumental music, animals, and the like.

The Mystery Announcer is all of that, being known to no one; and when he makes a personal appearance he wears a mask. On several occasions he has had to be rescued from the mob of inquisitive women who turn out by the hundreds to try and get a glimpse of him.

The Mystery Announcer was a wireless operator during the world war, being attached to the mine-sweeper division No. 2, and following this, the U.S.S. "G. G. Henry". He was officially commended by Secretary of the Navy Daniels for bravery while his ship was on fire five days out of England. On this occasion, the crew had abandoned ship, leaving the burning boat in command of a captain and crew of four, who finally put out the blaze.

The Mystery Announcer and his gang "Musical clock program" have been on the air over WPEN for over nine months, in which time he has received thirty-six thousand letters from fans, mostly women.

HI-PRESSURE CHARLIE



Herman and Bob of WLAC who won popularity contest over large field of competitors

IN A recent Radio feature popularity contest conducted by a Nashville newspaper, Herman and Bob, with thousands of votes drawn from two hundred and twenty cities and towns in the Nashville area came out ahead and received as their award a beautifully engraved silver loving cup. Herman and Bob appear regularly in the studios of station WLAC, The Life and Casualty Insurance Company's station at Nashville, with Herman singing and Bob playing the piano. It may be "pusonality", but, anyway, they have an uncanny knack for getting an audience happy.

Editor Manages WTIC, Hartford

TEN years ago a Radio editor and critic came into the lives of Connecticut Radio listeners. Of course that long ago there weren't so many listeners; but as the years rolled by listeners increased and then it was that his name was mentioned by every Radio listener in the nutmeg state.

On the first of August, C. B. Kingston, better known nationally as Bud Kingston, signed "30" to his column, "On the Air". and resigned from the Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Herald,* to become vice-president and station director of WTIC in Bridgeport.

Much of the national fame which Kingston acquired he attributes to the stories published about him in the Radio Digest, when it was a weekly back in 1926. At that time he was the first newspaperman to broadcast in Connecticut and was appearing then at WTIC in Hartford as Radio cartoonist. In one issue of the magazine his method of teaching cartoons by Radio was featured as a most novel and yet most entertaining and instructive feature. The statement alone brought national interest and fans in all parts of the country tuned in on WTIC to learn how to become cartoonists. Aside from his interest and knowledge of Radio he is also a cartoonist of no mean ability.



Major Sim's "Highlanders" Broadcast from Woman's Club

Kilties Win Friends For WCHI, Chicago

"WI' A hundred pipers and a' and a' ! . ." Stalwart and picturesque in their waving tartans, sporrans and gaiters, each with a cairngorm brooch on his shoulder, these "Hieland" bandsmen of Major R. H. Sim "appear" with Sandy Mac Tavish over WCHI, Chicago, every Sunday evening between six and seven.

This station is maintained by the Illinoi Woman's Athletic Club. Social and com munity interests are kept in mind in shap ing its programs. As a result of the pre-sentation of the kilties band sons and daughters of old Scotland who have come down from the Canadian Northwest to populate the Great Lakes area have taken WCHI into its clan.

* * *

"The Anybodys" Stir Interest at KMOX

AMONG the features that excite the interest and stir the imagination of the Radio audience, there is one on the air that portrays the life of the average American family in a typical environment. "The Anybodys", George and Gertrude, Buddy and Junior, heard every evening over KMOX in St. Louis are just that family.

George is a commuter who likes to tinker with the family bus on Saturday afternoon, runs for president of the Bel-Nor improvement association, is attracted by unspeakable color combinations in ties. Gertrude does her own housework, plays bridge and goes in for spring clean-ing. Buddy and Junior are two typical red-blooded American youngsters who play cops and robbers, get into fights and build club-houses in the back yard.

George, of course, always gets in on the 5:50 train. His cheery greeting resounds through the small bungalow. Occasionally there are people in to dinner. Sometimes Mrs. Wilson, the gossipy neighbor, runs in for a little while. Sometimes there are quarrels in which Aunt Lucy, the soul of diplomacy, never interferes. And so on, through innumerable situations which might happen in any family no matter how well-regulated it is and nearly always do. Any trivial incident in a home may be the inspiration on "Anybodys' " program.

BOB HERRICK and Hazel Dopheide, staff members of KMOX, take care of all the parts in these ten-minute sketches. "The Anybodys" is in its tenth month now, and Radio listeners continue to follow the act with genuine and unabating interest. Every day brings telephone calls and letters that outline real happenings and incidents. These contributions are woven into the continuity, and probably account to a great extent, for the great appeal that the sketch has.

Surprising as it may seem, "The Anybodys" is something more than entertainment. The act has a practical application. It is not unusual for Miss Dopheide and Mr. Herrick to receive notes from their listeners informing them that the act has made members of their audience realize just how silly and unnecessary their own real life quarrels and arguments were. As a result—at least so say the writers—they've given up domestic scrapping.

Both Miss Dopheide and Mr. Herrick have had other successes before embarking on the "Anybodys". Herrick for two years has been the "Lillie" of "Willie and Lillie", daily black-face feature. He has also written the continuity for this sketch. Miss Dopheide is known for "Memories", one-act play in which she portrays as many as eight characters.

There is one thing that especially intrigues those who listen in on the "Anybodys".

"OF COURSE you are married" writes one person. "You couldn't quarrel so realistically if you weren't."

In spite of the realism of their portrayal, neither Miss Dopheide nor Mr. Herrick is married—to the other or anyone else. But they feel confident that they understand domesticity sufficiently to portray the conversation that revolves around the family circle.



Bob Herrick and Hazel Dopheide "The Anybodys" at KMOX, they have their ups and downs like any other American home. Their pretended squabbles bring curious letters. Here they are having a morning laugh.

East Meets West Over CNRH

RECENTLY there occurred the inaugural program of Nova Scotia's newest Radio station on the air for the first time. CNRH, the latest link in the Canadian National Railways Broadcasting System, located in specially designed quarters on the topmost floor of the new Nova Scotian Hotel, Halifax's newest *hostelry de lux,* has forged the final link extending the CNR system from coast to coast.

CNRV in Vancouver sends its voice over the waters of the Pacific, while CNRH speaks out over the wastes of the Atlantic. All Canadian hookups originating in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Jasper Park, Regina, and Vancouver, as well as Halifax, are the principal schedule of a strong program lineup. East will meet West, despite the "never the twain shall meet". For Halifax programs will be carried right through to British Columbia on chain broadcast and Vancouver programs will be on the air via CNRH.

The studios of CNRH are located on the seventh floor of the Nova Scotian and are the most scientifically designed yet constructed in Canada. The main studio is forty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and has a seventeen-foot ceiling. Acoustical material covers the walls. Mike outlets are also provided in various public rooms throughout the hotel, providing additional broadcast space. Lighting is all through indirect floodlights reflecting from the ceiling. It is almost weird in effect, making the casting of a shadow impossible. Temperature is kept constant by thermostatic-controlled ventilation, thus adding to the trueness of instruments and voices. There is in addition a small solo studio and a reception room. Mighty loud speakers concealed in the walls of the ball room and the lounge provide entrance for the whisper of a violin in Montreal or the throb of an orchestra in Vancouver. Programs in any part of the Dominion may be immediately available.

The importance of this service in a district so supplied with remote places as Nova Scotia is hard to calculate. From the speaker in lonely lighthouses down where the sea surges sullenly over some hidden reef, white-fanged and angry, to keep vigil with the isolated keeper—come magic voices from all of Canada. Fishermen toiling on the Grand Banks hear cheerful harmony in the cabins and forecastles when nightfall arrives. The farmer, when milking is over, turns his dials to rest from the day's labor in a flood of care-erasing music.



Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Evans of KPO San Francisco

Romance at KPO

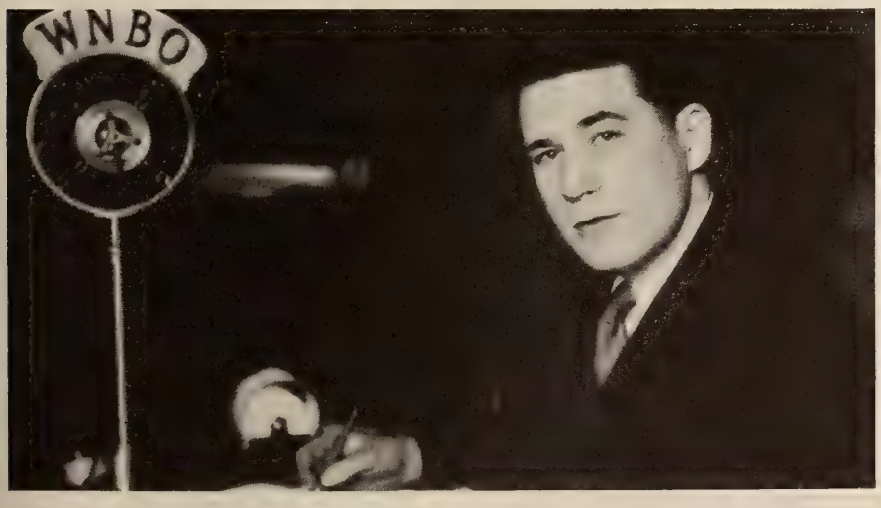
A ROMANCE that had its beginning six years ago, when pretty Jean Marie Lindsay and Edmund Evans, played leads in a dramatic stock company owned and directed by Evans at Ogden, Utah, culminated in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde W. Lindsay, 550 Joost Avenue, San Francisco.

Miss Lindsay who is known to radioland as Joyce Lindsay and Evans who is known as "Ed" of the "Sambo and Ed" "Beloved Vagabonds of the Air" team of KPO have both played in "big time" before entering the Radio field and were both noted for their histrionic ability.

The wedding was attended by members of their respective families, Radio stars from KPO and close friends.

The bride looked especially beautiful in a wedding gown of white satin, carrying an arm bouquet of bride's roses and sweet peas and wearing a coronet veil of lace and tulle trimmed with orange blossoms. The marriage ceremony, under a huge wedding bell composed of gorgeous flowers.

Hugh Barrett Dobbs, "Dobbsie" of KPO, on whose programs both bride and bridegroom are featured artists was honor guest of the occasion. Dixie Marsh, played the wedding march.



THE president and founder of Radio Station WNBO, Washington, Pa., John Brownlee Spriggs, seated at his desk in the office located in the Warner Bros. Theater. And, by the way, through his efforts, the station will be the Pittsburgh outlet for the chain of stations operated by the motion picture producers, Warner Bros., Inc. While not exactly sub-rosa, yet the power of the "man behind the gun" is evident at all times, expanding and increasing the coverage and power of the station, serving the Tri-State area, Pennsylvania, W. Virginia, Ohio, thoroughly.



These Preachers' Bad Boys are pretty good—they proclaim honesty as best policy.

3 Preachers' Bad Boys

THEY were not really bad; just full of mischief and utterly lacking any desire to work. Their sole ambition was to sing and play. The only times their fathers breathed easily was when they could watch the boys from the pulpit. And even then they were never sure that some member of the congregation would not find himself stuck to his chair with chewing gum.

In spite of everything, the boys persisted in singing. When they found each other they made a trio and called themselves "The Vagabonds." As "The Vagabonds" they began their career in a little known and long since forgotten Radio station. The next step was a place in the National networks. Today these Preachers' Bad Boys are featured at KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis.

The Vagabonds produce and announce a feature known as the Nation Wide Vagabond Club and take part with Tony Cabooch in "Anheuser-Busch Antics" over CBC every Tuesday evening. The response to their Vagabond Club was instantaneous. Five hundred letters came in by return mail. Their slogan is "Always Happy and Never Down" and club membership has grown to more than five thousand.

When you ask these Preachers' Sons, "How come?" they say: "We don't know unless it is because listeners believe in our honest effort to make good our promises to them. We try to fill all their requests. Honesty pays."

Calm After Wanderlust

AT TWENTY he's a veteran entertainer and he's done a lot besides entertaining, at that. He has traveled far and wide in his pursuit of several professions, but he is now announcer for KFEQ and intends to stay in St. Joseph, Mo., until his hair turns white.

Stanley Mahurin is his name. He says he has been in forty-nine states, forty-eight in the Union, and the state of poverty. He has hopped many a freight car, but has tooted the saxophone no less merrily for that.

He started out at thirteen as a magazine salesman and those who hear his persuasive voice over KFEQ will understand why he could make $60 a week even at that tender age, talking people in twenty states into subscribing for this or that worthy publication. He says he looked as old at thirteen as he does now, but that's not really antique, even so.

He finally got weary of tapping on people's doors from eight in the morning until midnight and so got a job as an orderly in a government hospital. This was convenient, for he could play for dances at night and his living expenses were all paid, besides. He bought five fine saxophones, but they all burned when a dance pavilion in Kansas went up in smoke. Nothing daunted, he organized his own orchestra, the Mel-o-Blu, which toured for two years under his baton, with the Edgar Jones Players, a stock company.

After this disbanded, he was with fifteen different musical organizations, in turn, in every state from California to Florida. He came to St. Joseph to play in a KFEQ orchestra, but now he dispenses information concerning nearly every offering KFEQ presents. He has a wife and little girl and says he is tired of wandering, so he'll stay put for awhile, that is, unless he takes to the air. His hobby is aviation.

* * *

Young and Active Is WBOW

WBOW, "On the Banks of the Wabash, in Terre Haute", is a Radio title famous throughout the Wabash Valley. Heard daily in thousands of Indiana and Illinois homes, it emanates from this popular 100-watt station, located on the campus of the Rose Polytechnic Institute five miles east of Terre Haute. WBOW's new studios are located in the heart of Terre Haute.

In its sixteen months of operation under the present ownership, WBOW, Terre Haute, Ind. has distinguished itself as an active and enterprising low-powered station. It's record contains many things to be proud of. For instance, WBOW was the first American station to broadcast an address by Sir Phillip Baring Greet, who personally visited WBOW's studios last January. Sir Phillip Greet is the venerable leader of the famous Ben Greet Shakespearean Players who are touring America; and although Sir Phillip has broadcast several times from London and Paris stations, he chose WBOW's studios for his American Radio debut.

Perhaps WBOW's most popular feature is its rube specialty team of "Si and Ezra". These two rustics of the air are known far and wide and are kept busy filling their many out-of-town engagements, for personal appearances.

* * *

Tom Coates at WEBC

FAMOUS among the popular features WEBC presents weekly, with Tom Coates at the microphone and Maestro di Leo on the conductor's stand, are "The Arrowhead" program and "The Arcolians" —both of which are heard also through WCCO in Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

In the presentation of the "Arrowhead Anglers", a true musical depiction of the splendors of the great Northwest's forests primeval is offered. Dorothy Shane, soprano, and Tom Coates are the soloists in the weekly appearance of the Arrowhead Anglers.

Among the other personalities at WEBC, are Jimmie Payton, master of ceremonies of the Early Risers' Club; Leland McEwen, staff organist; Jack Delahunt—the "personality boy" with the crooning voice; Tommy Gavin, president of the Advertising Club of Duluth.

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid. Okla. (night)
		50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.

Official Wave Lengths

Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago, Ill.
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-KTSM	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	20,000	KOB	State College, N. Mex.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Ia.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
		5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
265.3	1,130	1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		50,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WRBC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WQAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMAC	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
534.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miama, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

MYSTERY ANNOUNCER

DRAWS BIG VOTE IN

DIAMOND AWARD

See Rules and Conditions on page 100

YOU have until September 20th to vote in Diamond Meritum Award Contest. New votes, new nominations—better than all—new letters, interesting letters, stating in no uncertain terms the reason why such and such an artist, program or announcer, is the recipient of the attention. These still continue to come to our desk.

The Mystery Announcer of station WPEN, Philadelphia, comes in now for his due. There has been the last few weeks a vast demonstration in his favor. Listen to a few of the encomiums of the redoubtable M.A. of WPEN:

"He's different from all other announcers or artists", says Miss Clara Kinzle, 2132 East Birch St., Philadelphia. "There are no programs that can touch his. Everyone has gotten so much enjoyment from them that he gets my votes without hesitation.

"He spreads sunshine to his unseen Radio fans!" is a short but sweet sentence in which Miss E. Fleming, 2245 S. 24th St., Philadelphia, announces her preference for the Mystery Announcer!

Mrs. J. W. Smith, 3328 Creswell St., East Falls, Philadelphia: "I vote for this Mystery Announcer because I want him to gain something for his splendid efforts."

"I can't begin to tell you how wonderful I think The Mystery Announcer is! When ladies get up early and stay up from 6:30 on, just to hear him and his gang, why it's a sure sign he's good. The men also enjoy him. Why, my husband hates to go to work!" Thus declares Mrs. Beatrice Johnson, 2424 N. Broad St., Philadelphia.

"Why has the Mystery Announcer not been nominated before? I think he is a dear and his program is good, *and funny!* I like fun and WPEN is a station all to itself in that respect. Our Mystery Announcer greets you with a smile and a cheer at 6:30 and at 10:30 signs off the same way. He has a huge lot of admirers and it is only fair we should try to win him something for his kindness and his goodness."

People need cheering up early in the morning more than any other time, thinks Mrs. Florence Kerr, 370 Harrison Ave., Upper Dailey, Pa., and that is the reason that the haunting program of the Mystery Announcer stays with you all through the day. And there is Mrs. Madelyn Patten, 4010 Glendale St., Philadelphia, who apparently thinks the same.

But the Mystery Announcer is not alone the recipient of honor this month. Not by a long shot. The National barn dance at WLS comes in for commendation and votes from Mrs. C. L. Walton, 2381 Greenway Ave., Winston Salem, N. C. From Mark Twain's town, Hannibal, Mo., (also the home town of Raymond Warren, Lincoln biographer, whose article appears in this issue of Radio Digest) a lady writes in to vote for her favorite, but fails to mention, in the letter accompanying the ballot, the name of the gentleman (for we feel sure it *is* a gentleman!) for whom she casts her vote! And since the ballots, immediately they are received, are put in a special box along with thousands of other ballots (the letters coming to the editorial desk) it is manifestly impossible for the editor to determine for whom this lady (Mrs. J. T. Mills, 418 Oak Street, Hannibal, Mo.) desires to cast her vote. As a suggestion to other ballot casters, we'd like to request that you name the artist, program or announcer for whom you vote *in your letter as well as your ballot.*



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

BUT to proceed with a few more evidences of interest in the contest and the contestants . . . Fred Palmer of WAIU, Columbus, Ohio, comes in for a "lift" from Mrs. Viola Krebs, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, . . . Miss Mabel Valenteene, Highlands, New Jersey, says that she and the whole of Highlands are rooting for Jean and Glenn and their characters, Jake and Lena. Here is another enthusiast for Pat Barnes recently of WGN, Chicago,—"the man who gives the best entertainment and the finest of everything."

"There is nothing on the air the whole day long equal to Tom Grierson, organist at RKO Palace Theatre, Rochester, New York. He is an announcer as well. Let's have a picture of Grierson while you are counting his votes." That's what Mrs. Mary H. Stratford, Cape St. Vincent, New York, thinks; and we've no doubt there are plenty who agree with her.

Miss G. Hall, Madison, Wis., says that while we all have our favorite organists, there is little doubt in her mind that Mac Bridwell, organist at WIBA, Madison, should take the first money. For dance music, nobody can touch the Coon-Sanders orchestra.

"Irvin Bergman, WEBR, Buffalo, N. Y., gets our vote," writes Mrs. J. Mercio, 254 Trenton Ave., Buffalo. "And it's too bad he is not on a more powerful station so you can hear him, too."

REMEMBER—This is your last chance. All votes must be in by September 20, 1930. See bonus conditions on page 100.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

I Nominate .....

Station .....
(Call Letters)
in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Number **7**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please credit this ballot to:

..... (Name of Program) ..... (Call Letters)

..... (City) ..... (State)

Signed .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

THEY'VE GOT HIM WRONG

Fred J. Hart, working farmer and presiding genius at the helm of KQW, San Jose, California, is perhaps the most misjudged of the studio staff. Most listeners hear a "thin" voice and picture him as a little fellow, but in



reality he is six feet four and tips the scales at more than 200.

Besides reading the California Farm Bureau evening news at KQW, Mr. Hart operates a productive ranch over in Salinas Valley, in Monterey county, which is famous as a neighbor of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Within the Farm Bureau group is the cow-testing association through which scientists prove from time to time that cattle are highly susceptible to music to the extent that an increase in lacteal fluid is noticeable in the milch-cow.

So genial Fred Hart and his co-workers play "The Milky Way," and other numbers and give nice, stimulating lectures to the kindly bovine for the farmers who equip their milk-barns with loud speakers.

INDI-GEST has often wondered what, if any, reaction there might be to such a scheme. Here, in her own words is the story:

BOVINE LAMENT

I'm an old scrub cow with a warbly hide
And a ring-streaked and speckled bull calf by my side.

He's ashamed of his mother, I'm not proud of my son;
Of pride in our ancestry, there's room for none.

My dam was a blue cow with horns and legs long,
While dad was a brindle Jones bought for a song.

They were long-haired, thick-hided, wild-eyed and boney
Now one is in cans, the other boloney.

I have always meant well and tried to do right,
But trying's not doing if you haven't the might.

I had a good home with plenty to eat,
And a boss whose good nature could hardly be beat.

In fact, he was "easy"—no judge of a cow,
For he called me a good one—an error, and how!

But the Test Association threw a wrench in my gears
And shortened my life by a number of years.

The tester looked like the kind of a guy
Who could see through a sham with one glance of his eye.

Three-two was my test, when it should have been seven,
And that's why I'm well on my way to cow heaven.

One favor I crave—be so kind, if you would,
Inscribe on my gravestone, "She gave all she cud!"

* * *

FOOD FOR A CHILD

Karl Stefan, veteran announcer, of WJAG's noonday program had just finished telling about a Chicago man. This Chicago man had been brought into court for stealing cigars. His plea was something to the effect that it was done to get food for his children. Karl said: "This man must have over-estimated the number of calories in the cigars."

* * *

CHIROPRACTIC SONG

One of the KMA Country School pupils asked:

"May we sing the chiropractic song?"
"What's that?"
"A-Jus-Just You, Jus-Just Me!"

Frances E. Cherry, 605 Logan Street, Wayne, Nebr.

* * *

WHAT! NO BUTTER?

One of the most amusing things I have heard over the Radio was Harold Van Horn broadcasting over WMAQ the Grennan Cake Program:



Specializing on "Angel" food cake, he mentioned "Only the best *butter* is *used.*"

We all know no butter is used in this cake so this must have been amusing to housewives.—(*Mrs.*) *Edith Woodbridge, 4026 N. Mozart St., Chicago.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contribution to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

A SCEPTIC

Here is a bit of fun I heard over the Columbia System the other day. Believe you will get a laugh out of this story.

A prospective convert was being interviewed by a colored preacher like this,

"Brother Jones do you believe in the Bible?"

"I sure does."

"Well do you believe that Daniel was shut up in a den of lions and they never even touched him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now do you believe that the Hebrew children was put in the fiery furnace for about a week and was not burned at all; not even an eyelash was scorched?"

"No, sir. I don't believe it can be done."

"Well I am sorry, Brother Jones, but you can't join our church unless you believe all of the Bible."

"I just can't believe no one could stay in de furnace a week and not get burned, and since I can't join de church I ain't so sure about that lion story either."

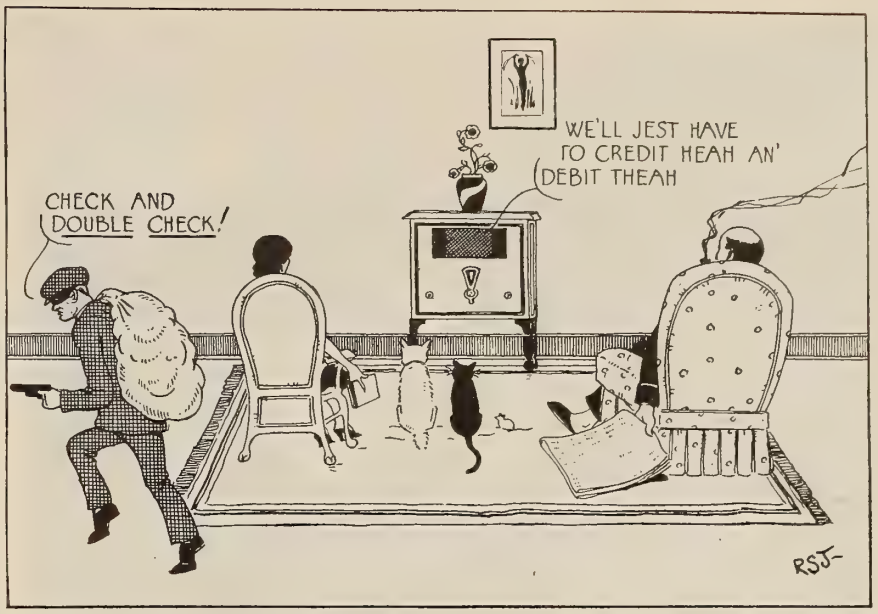
I like Radio Digest very much so must tell a joke on myself. I got a card through the mail and thinking it was for Radio Digest I filled it out and returned it and what was my surprise and disappointment to find out that the paper was the Literary Digest. Do you wonder that I now look the card over pretty good before I send it?—*Mrs. W. D. Cooper, 3001 Mitchell Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.*

WRITE A LINE

By Anthony Euwer

You folk who settle down and say
"Let's see what's on the air today",
And cock your hard-boiled ears the while
You click her on and twist the dial
Until at last you've switched into
Something that really interests you—
To you I say: If you should like
The stuff we pour into the Mike,
Why don't you just take up your pen
And write a line and say so then?

You listener folk! Your presence we
Must take on faith—we can not see,
We can not see one little smile
Or hear one word of praise the while!—
No plaudit comes of any kind.
To your response we're deaf, dumb. blind.
The only way that we can tell
Is when some letter breaks the spell.
So—should we please, just take your pen
And write a line and say so then.



WHY NOT THE HUTEL YOTAW?

Here's a good one pulled off by David Lawrence (NBC) while broadcasting the meeting of Governors in the Hotel Utah.

He said, "We are gathered here in the Hotaw Utel."—*Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Ave., Lexington, Ky.*

* * *

BRIGHT SAYINGS IN COURT—

Heard over KFOX June 27.

District Attorney. "What is your name?"
Prisoner. "Sparks."
District Attorney. "What is your occupation?"
Prisoner. "Electrician."
Judge. "What are you charged with?"
Prisoner. "Batteries, your Honor."
Judge. "Lock that fresh guy up in a dry cell."—*Harry Westgate, Jr. 1195 Washington Ave., Pomona, Calif.*

* * *

IN FRIENDLY DENIAL

"You have been entertained," they say
Across the Radio
When programs end. Been *entertained?*
And how! We'd like to know?

With music ending in a blast?
With words that faded out?
With static, grunts, and other things
Not fit to talk about?

Yet all announcers, heedless of
The hardships we've sustained,
Persist that "For the past half hour
You have been entertained."

—*Brown Hilton, Salem, Va. R.F.D. 1*

* * *

While listening in on WLW at 10:30 A.M. one of the tenor singers was singing, "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," which he ended by singing "The Sweetheart of Six other Guys."—Mr. A. M. Davis, Knoxville, Tenn.

ONE ON DAVY

On Thursday, July 24, Davy Lee (the child movie star) entertained on the Air Junior program from WENR. After Davy had entertained Everett Mitchell made him a member of the Air Juniors because it was a club for happy boys and happy girls and he knew that Davy was going to be a "happy boy and girl."

On the same evening while listening to WENR I heard Harold Isbell say, "You will now hear smiling Little Joe Warner singing with organ accompaniment 'Just One Moment,'" which sounded as if he were to sing one moment.—(*Miss*) *Marian North, Box 2, Perrysville, Ind.*

* * *

ANNOUNCERS GET MIXED UP

While listening in one Saturday morning to an organ recital by Arthur Chandler, Junior, the announcer (either George Shafer or Sydney TenEyke) certainly got mixed up. He first said, "This selection concludes Arthur Junior Chandler's program." Making another attempt, he said, "Junior Arthur Chandler has concluded his program."

Finally he begged the pardon of his audience and then got Arthur Chandler, Junior's name correct.

About two weeks ago, John S. Young, in announcing the Pure Oil program at the end of the hour, said that Puroil had pep that would suit a Scotchman's purse. In the middle of this announcement he giggled. I thought maybe he or some one in Vincent Lopez's Orchestra were Scotch. More power to your column, I N D I.—J. P. Frank, Jr., 226 North Second Street, Danville, Ky.

* * *

AND THEN HE TOOK UP GOLF

Golfer: "Well, Caddie, how do you like my game?"

Caddie: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."

Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.



Doree, Joe and Davey, the entertaining trio of the NBC Dixie Circus. Saturday, 8 p. m., EDT.

Sunday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 a.m.	8	7	6

The Balladeers.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
300	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
405.2	740	WSB	508.2	590	WOW

Morning Musicale.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	243.9	1230	WFBM
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WLAC	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	499.7	600	WMT
212.8	1410	WBCM	500	600	WREC
215.8	1390	KLRA	516.9	580	WIBW
230.8	1300	KFH	526	570	WWNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	545	550	WEAN
241.8	1240	WSPD			

2 p.m.	1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.

Roxy Symphony Concert.

Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KFAB
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA

3 p.m.	2	1	12n.

The Friendly Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
245.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KPRC
252.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	KFAB
265.5	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	429	700	WLW
277.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WPTF
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4 p.m.	3	2	1

National Sunday Forum.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
206.9	1450	WFJC	361	830	KOA
225.6	1330	WSAI	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WFAA
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEEI
333	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

Cathedral Hour.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

7:35 p.m.	6:35	5:35	4:35

Major Bowes' Family.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
227.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WEAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	535.4	560	WIBO
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			

8	7	6	5

Enna Jettick Melodies.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KPRC
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
221.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1020	WFAA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WIOD

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD

9	8	7	6

Our Government.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WFAA
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
227.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
232.4	1290	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

9	8	7	6

Majestic Theatre of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KPJF	309.1	970	KJR
204	1470	KGA	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	KTSA	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	410.7	730	CKAC
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267	1120	WDEL			

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15

Atwater Kent Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	380	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	385	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WGN
265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	KPO
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	469	640	KFI
300	1000	WOC	484	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WFI
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI			

10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15

Studebaker Champions.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
206.9	1450	WFJC	416.4	720	WGN
225.6	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
234.2	1280	WEBC	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
337	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR



Helen Olheim on the Kodak Hour. Thursday, 10 p. m., CBS., EDT.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Around the Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860). W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
227.3	1270	WADC	385	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEAN
10:45		9:45	8:45		7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WHO	380	790	KGO
315.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Reminiscences.
Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA	400	750	WJR

Monday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WWJ
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
10 a.m.		9	8		7

Ida Bailey Allen.
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			
11:15 a.m.		10:15	9:15		8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
Columbia Review.			

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

12 n.		11	10		9
49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KLZ
1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.3	1320	WSMB	345	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			
7:50		6:50	5:50		4:50

Roxy and His Gang.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.2	740	WSB
245.9	1220	WREN	440.9	680	WPTF
260.7	1150	WHAM	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIBO
302.9	990	WBZA			
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

A and P Gypsies.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			
9 p.m.		8	7		6

Maytag Orchestra.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA
209.7	1430	KECA	306	980	KDKA
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	361	830	KOA
245.9	1220	WREN	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ



Genia Fonariova in Troika Bells, NBC, Tuesday, 8 p. m., EDT.



John Gurney one of the Roxy Gangsters. Monday, 7:50 p. m., EDT.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9	8	7	6

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
226.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	554.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WGL			
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30

General Motors Family Party.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOC
333.1	900	WJAX	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			

Chesebrough Real Folks.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studio

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WE. N
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

8:00	7	6	5

Pure Oil Concert.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9	8	7	6

Eveready Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.9	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC



The Crawford Trio—Mrs. Jesse, Jessie and Jesse. CBS, Monday, 10:30 p. m., EDT.

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Revue.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

5 p.m.	4	3	2

Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
209.8	1430	WHP	492	610	WFAN
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WKBN
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267 9	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
236.1	1270	WJDX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

10:00 p.m.	9	8	7

Westinghouse Salute.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

201.2	1490	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
209.7	1430	KECA	303	990	WBZA
222.2	1350	KWK	306	980	KDKA
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
230.6	1300	WIOD	326	920	KOMO
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
245.9	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252.1	1190	WOAI	361	830	KOA
260.9	1150	WHAM	366	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	385	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station Chicago Studio

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
323.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Wednesday

8:30:a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	KPRC
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	WGR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

National Home Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBBM
245.6	1220	WCAD	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Revue.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333	900	KHJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WCHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
323	930	WBRC			

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ			

8	7	6	5

The Yeast Foamers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
260.7	1150	WHAM	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	484	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW			
8:30		**7:30**	**6:30**		**5:30**

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WFAA
252.0	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	WTMJ
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

Sylvania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

Forty Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

9:00	**8:00**	**7:00**	**6:00**

Halsey, Stuart Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

9:30	**8:30**	**7:30**	**6:30**

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
9:30		**8:30**	**7:30**		**6:30**

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.2	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	13	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WREC
285.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10:00 p.m.	**9:00**	**8:00**	**7:00**

Philco Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	258.6	1160	WOWO
49.2	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
215.8	1390	WHK	316	950	KMBC
227.3	1270	WADC	333	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	331.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	399.7	600	WCAO
238.1	1260	KOIL	448	67	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEAN
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:30 p.m.	**9:30**	**8:30**	**7:30**

Coca Cola Topnotchers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCSH
209.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOMO
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WWJ
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDZ	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	KGW
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
283	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHQ
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	517	580	WTAG
300	1000	WOC	536	560	WLIT
312.5	960	CKGW	545	550	WGR
316	950	WRC	545	550	KSD

11:30	**10:30**	**9:30**	**8:30**

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
235.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

8:30 a.m.	**7:30**	**6:30**	**5:30**

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC



Marguerite, Frances and Virginia of Morgan, Morgan and Morgan, NBC, Friday, 3:30 p. m.

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
8:30 a. m.		**7:30**	**6:30**		**5:30**
212.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

10:00	**9:00**	**8:00**	**7:00**

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	**9:30**	**8:30**	**7:30**

Busy Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL
201.2	1490	WLAC	245.6	1220	WCAO
204.0	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
209.7	1430	WHP	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC

11:15 a.m.	**10:15**	**9:15**	**8:15**

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ
225.6	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY
227.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WJAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.5	1040	KTHS	492	610	WDAF
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

11:45	**10:45**	**9:45**	**8:45**

Columbia Revue.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

204	1470	WKBW	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	500	600	WREC
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	535.4	560	KLZ
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ

1:45	**12:45**	**11:45**	**10:45**

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.3	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
228.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252	1190	WOAI	340	770	KFAB
260	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
263	1140	RVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
270.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00	**4:00**	**3:00**	**2:00**

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7	**6**	**5**	**4**

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	IOWD
02.8	990	WBZ			

8	**7**	**6**	**5**

Fleischmann Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

Eastern 9:00 p.m.		Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00		Pacific 6:00
Arabesque. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
30.1	9590	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
49.2	6120	W2XE	319	940	WFIW
204	1470	WKBW	323	930	WDBJ
204	1470	WLAC	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	337	890	WGST
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WSPD	385	780	WTAR
227.3	1270	WADC	390	770	WBBM
230.8	1300	KFH	395	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.7	600	WCAO
238.1	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	484	620	WLBZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
526	570	WWNC	526	570	WNAX
256.3	1170	WCAU	536	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WEAN
267.9	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

Friday

Eastern 8:30 a.m.		Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30
Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			



The Two Troupers, Helene Handin and Marcella Shields, NBC, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.

9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30
Maxwell House Melodies. Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
223.7	1430	KECA	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KOMO			

10		9	8		7
RCA Victor Hour Key Station—WEAF(354.3m-660kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	280.2	1070	WTAM
206.8	1450	WFJC	282.8	1060	WTIC
225.4	1330	WSAI	292.9	1020	KYW
227.1	1320	WSMB	299.8	1000	WHO
234.2	1280	WEBC	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KOMO
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	KPRC
263	1140	KVOO	333.1	900	WJAX
265.3	1130	KSL	333.1	900	WKY
270.1	1110	WRVA	336.9	890	WJAR
277.6	1080	WBT	361.2	830	KOA

10:00 p.m.		9:00	8:00		7:00
Mid-Week Kodak Hour Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)					
243.9	1230	WNAC	243.9	1230	WFBM
256.4	1170	WCAU	390	770	WBBM
500	600	WCAO	275.2	1090	KMOX
476	630	WMAL	238.1	1260	KOIL
232.6	1290	WJAS	316	950	KMBC
238.1	1260	WLBW	267.9	1120	WISN
220.4	1360	WFBL	370	810	WCCO
208.3	1440	WHEC	241.8	1240	WSPD
202.1	1480	WKBW	499.7	500	WMT
227.3	1320	WADC	337	890	WGST
215.8	1390	WHK	323	930	WBRC
545	550	WKRC	500	600	WREC
258.6	1160	WOWO	236.2	1270	WDSU
			234.4	1280	WRR

11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—Chicago Studios					
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	WKY	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	KPRC			

10 a.m.		4	8		7
Ida Bailey Allen. National Home Makers' Club. Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)					
201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.8	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
234.4	1280	WDOD	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:45		9:45	8:45		7:45
National Home Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
206.9	1450	WFJC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR

12:00 n.		11:00 a.m.	10:00		9:00
Columbia Revue. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333	900	KHJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	476	630	WMAL
223.7	1340	WGHP	492	610	WFAN
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
243.9	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
316	950	KMBC	536	560	KLZ
319	940	WFIW	545	550	WEAN

1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45
National Farm and Home Hour. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	326.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WBAP
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB
294.1	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 7		Central 6	Mountain 5		Pacific 4
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

8		7	6		5
Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.5	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KHQ
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC			

7		6	5		4
Nit-Wit Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFIW
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	KHJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ
230.8	1300	KFH	492	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1280	WFBM	535.4	560	WIBW
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

9:00 p.m.		8:00	7:00		6:00
True Story Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)					
201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGHP
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.8	1230	WNAC
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	WIBW	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	270	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.4	1290	WJAS	395	760	KVI
232.4	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.2	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236	1260	KOIL	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	WLBW	545	550	WKRO
239.9	1250	WDSU			

9:00 p.m.		8	7		6
Interwoven Pair. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	KGO
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	630	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

8		7	6		5
Cliquot Club Eskimos. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
225.4	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30
Armour Program. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
263.2	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

10		9	8		7
Armstrong Quakers. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.8	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

Raleigh Revue.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.9	1450	WFJC	380	790	WGY
209.8	1430	KECA	441	680	WPTF
225.6	1330	WSAI	484	620	KGW
245.9	1220	WCAE	492	610	WDAF
265.5	1130	KSL	509	590	KHQ
300	1000	WOC	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	509	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	517	580	WTAG
326	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WIBO
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WLIT
337	890	WJAR	545	550	KSD
361	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
380	790	KGO			

11 p.:m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Will Osborne and His Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
219	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	KDYL	526	570	WMNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Saturday

6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

Tower Health Exercises.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15

Morning Devotions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTF
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8 15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
251	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMI
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	500	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
230.6	1300	WIOD	345	870	WLS
232.4	1290	WEBC	361	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	366	820	WHAS
245 9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	390	770	KFAB
263.2	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM
303	990	WBZ	469	640	KFI
303	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590	KHQ

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	447.5	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKBN
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.6	1160	WOWO	536	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN			



Seth Parker and his cast of NBC, Sunday, 10:45 p. m., EDT



Will Osborne, NBC, Friday, 11:30 p.m., EDT.

10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	285.7	1050	KNX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	KOL	475.9	630	WMAL
236.2	1270	WDSU	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Dance Carnival.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	KFRC
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.4	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Individuality in Autumn Styles

"THE general lines of the coming Fall fashions will be last year's confirmed and elaborated," said Carolyn Cornell when I interviewed her at the Radio Home-Makers Club after her return from the Paris openings.

"When the drastic changes came in late last year," she continued, "dressmakers were just a little bit uncertain of the way women would view a return to feminine lines and frills. Therefore, such important details as waistlines, skirt length, design and cut were all rather vaguely defined. But after the amazing success of the new clothes during the past nine months, the fashion experts are no longer wary. Every question has been definitely answered and it will be much easier for women to follow the mode this season—and for many seasons to come, for I predict femininity is with us to stay."

That is certainly good news to all of us who found our last Summer's clothes entirely outmoded this year. Now we can go ahead and plan our wardrobes with the knowledge that anything we buy will still be good when another season rolls around.

Restrained lavishness and elegance are the keynotes of the coming mode with luxurious fabrics, intricacy of cut and gnerosity of yardage characterizing Fall clothes.

Lovely things have been done with wools and worsteds for Autumn. The tailored street dress, Miss Cornell reports, is the last word in Paris for morning wear, fashioned of lightweight worsteds, particularly in dark colors brightened with flecks, nubs or dots of rayon.

"The importance of rayon-patterned worsteds cannot be overestimated," she said. "They will be worn by all women, regardless of age or size, and they are stunning. There was a regular epidemic of worsted dresses pin-dotted with rayon on the mannequins at the Longchamps races."

AMONG the outstanding details of the Fall mode Miss Cornell reports belted dresses and coats, even hemlines, pleats, boleros, peplums, flounces and lingerie touches, such as collars, cuffs, gilets and vestees. Mannishness, of course, is definitely out and sophistication takes its place with a subtlety that is intriguing.

Waistlines are firmly placed at a point midway between the top of the hipbone and the normal waist. A famous French dressmaker told Miss Cornell that they only make the very high waisted clothes for American export. It is true that we have a way over here of going to extremes that is really deplorable. When short skirts were the thing it was only in this country that they were worn above the knee. One of the things that Carolyn Cornell is so emphatic about is that American women must give up this unfortunate habit of over-emphasizing fashion details. The experts who design our clothes know just how far they can go without making us look awkward and freakish and it is rather foolhardy for us to try to improve on their taste.



From Best & Company

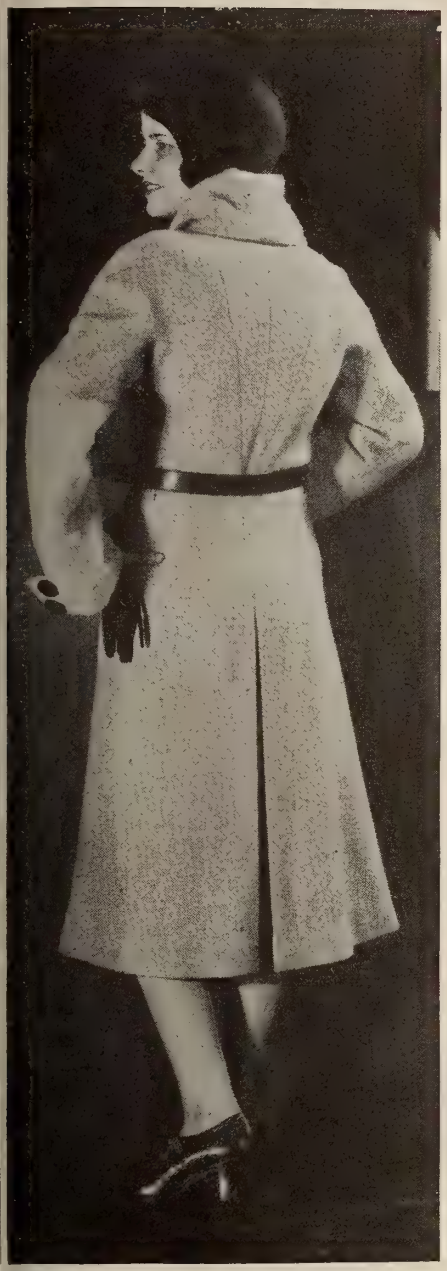
THE GLENCONNER, Soft felt with ribbon band; dark brown with a brown and beige checked scarf.



From Best & Company

Copy of Jane Regny evening gown.

Another thing Miss Cornell was insistent about is the fact that in dressing, as in everything else, individuality comes first. Thanks to Dame Fashion, we have at last definitely renounced the uniform style that was brought about by the exigencies of wartimes and which lasted right up to 1929. No woman should blindly follow fashion trends without taking into account her good points and her bad ones. If your costumes retain the general tone of fashionable smartness adapted to suit your own needs, you will have that indescribable something we know as "chic." Anything else is wrong.



From Best & Company

A Vionnet coat done in brown and beige tweed with brown leather belt and brown wooden buttons.

By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

Style Advisor of Columbia Broadcasting System

Radio Fashion Experts Outline the Latest Mode for Fall Season Emphasizing a Return to Extreme Feminine Lines and Frills



From Best & Company

Copy of Channel dinner gown with jacket.

But to get back to the dresses Miss Cornell saw—woolens predominated for informal daytime wear. The favored colors were all dark; black, of course; a deep midnight blue, dark garnet, dark greens, and a rich dark brown which is sure to be popular over here. These smart tailored frocks were all relieved by lingerie touches—piqué collars and cuffs, silk gilets, and the like. The dresses were all belted, with narrow belts of leather or the dress material of the same or contrasting colors.

If you do not like belts, however, you can easily dispense with them and indicate the waistline with an indentation, the hips outlined in pin tucks or shirring.

THE new skirt length for street and sports wear is four or five inches below the knee, a dashingly youthful length that still retains the dignity of the new mode. Afternoon dresses reach well over the calf in the smart fall costume while more definitely formal gowns, for afternoon teas and bridge or the matinee, swish about the ankles. Evening gowns will just clear the floor this Winter with trains reappearing on the regally formal creations.

Among the silk dresses exhibited in Paris crêpe led all the rest, with the old favorite, canton crêpe, predominating. Marocaine, flat crêpe, ribbed and semi-sheer textures are all good but satin was only seen in a very dull finish. Skirt fullness was stressed with circular cuts and godets. Pleats are coming back; from deep box pleats to the accordion variety, all around the skirt or in groups in front. The wide box pleats, which were shown mostly on tailored cloth frocks, were stitched to a point midway between the hip and the knees and then allowed to hang free.

Fancy sleeves will be seen a great deal this fall. Cuffs, scalloped edges, and contrasting facings to match vestees and collars will be good. Miss Cornell particularly noted several dresses with sleeves that flared above the wrist coming down in a tight cuff.

As has always been the case, black will be the favorite of the smart woman for her Fall wardrobe. Brown, the deep, rich shade Miss Cornell noted in Paris, will probably give blue a close race for second place. Greens and reds, while never so popular, will be good in the darker hues.

The tuck-in skirt and blouse style that has been coming more and more to the fore during the past few months will definitely take its place among the Fall styles. Intricately cut one-piece silk dresses, with different color waist and skirt, will be subtly fashioned to give the appearance of two separate garments. Such color combinations as black and pink or eggshell, brown and beige or a pinky beige, and Patou brown and oyster green will be the leading favorites.

THE real chance to splurge your taste for luxury and lavishness will be in your evening clothes for the coming season. Miss Cornell reports that beads, sequins and all sorts of glittering trimming are creeping back into favor. Soft, luscious velvets will be extremely smart for evening gowns and wraps, though velvet will be seldom used for daytime dresses. Evening shades shown in Paris

(*Continued on page* 120)

Opened Doors

Select Daytime Programs Take Homebound Housewives Beyond Their Four Walls into a Broader Cultural Knowledge and a Bigger World

By Betty McGee

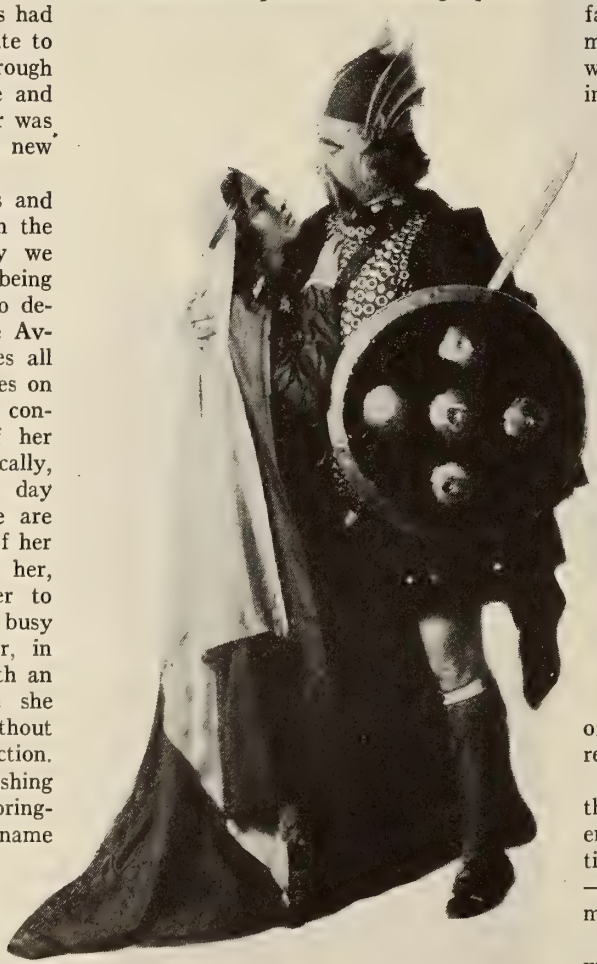
ANY examination of the history of women since the days in the Garden brings to light many distressing facts. Not to dwell on the sordid details, we may sum it all up by simply saying that woman has had a raw deal. It has ever been her fate to remain prosaically at home living through the old monotony, caring for house and babes, the while her lord and master was off waging his wars and conquering new worlds.

Passing lightly over the centuries and turning our gaze towards Woman in the year nineteen hundred and twenty we find her not quite the emancipated being the twentieth century would seem to demand. We are talking, now, of the Average Woman—the woman who does all her own work; raises her brood; lives on a modest income. Still her life is confined largely to the four walls of her dwelling place—not merely physically, but mentally. Her contacts each day with those outside her home circle are brief and hurried. The very nature of her work confines and encompasses her, never, for an instant, allowing her to escape from its burden. She is too busy to reach out for new contacts, or, in fact, to feel the need for them. With an unconscious philosophic acceptance she takes life as she finds it, but not without the toll of an unexpressed dissatisfaction.

Then came her Liberator, pushing down the walls that confined her; bringing her new life, new power. Its name was Radio. At first it came mysteriously and in disguise, clothed as Sorcerer and Entertainer.

But with the development of Radio, the introduction of the loud speaker, the increase in range of daytime programs, came also its unobtrusive entrance into the life of Woman. It all happened without her realization that it was happening at all.

As we have seen, Woman was always "too busy" to stop to learn new tricks to help her in her work. But after the advent of Radio the busy housewife grew to enjoy the sound of the cheery voice on the homemaker program and although she paid little heed, she unconsciously made mental note of some of the things she heard. And here we may observe, in addition to the quality of unobtrusiveness Radio possessed the magic power of repetition. Through the constant hammering in of its truths Radio taught Woman, even against her will.



Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have been devoting themselves to a campaign of pure English.

Of course no woman who is Woman at all can resist for very long tips on cooking. This was Radio's first wedge, and a very practical one. In this way Woman learned the value of balanced meals, of proper nourishment, and what is more, the importance of the scientific way of doing things.

Sister to cooking came sewing. Here again the housewife learned the easiest, fastest, the correct way, of making garments. She was soon not only equipped with constructive ideas but was initiated into the subtleties of dress as an art and a means to enhancing one's person.

Then of course there were talks on general care of the home. The housewife learned to do her routine tasks in almost one-half the time they had previously taken. For example, by following the directions of Ida Bailey Allen she learned to prepare a dinner in thirty minutes in place of forty-five or sixty.

WE HAVE seen how the whole family was benefited by this new knowledge on the part of the wife and mother. They were all better nourished. The children received a better start in life because they were raised acording to the scientific findings of those versed in the psychology of child training. And let it be noted here that one of the fine things about Radio is the authenticity of the programs presented, each program representing enormous research.

And at the same time Woman herself through the efficiency she has learned to employ has been enabled to devote more time to herself—to her own personal life —to relaxation, reading or possibly community enterprise.

For some time, however, the housewife had been laboring under the delusion that attention to her own personal attractiveness was somehow a sinful waste of time. So she never troubled to find out how to care for her hair or skin, or indeed did she think of herself as an individual with a personality all her own, and a potential charm. But with the confidence that Radio had already established in her heart, Woman was willing to be taught how to become more beautiful. And Radio accomplished this as it

had accomplished other things, as no individual with the best equipment and the best intentions in the world could have done.

With attention to her hair and skin and figure came an increased awareness of self as well as greater attractiveness. Friend husband noticed the change also and paid her little attentions that she had forgotten he was capable of. The old, old story of Woman's desire to hold her husband not because he is the father of her children and she needs support but simply because she loves him and still desires his love, repeats itself. Woman awakened the old feeling in the heart of her mate and stirred his pride in her comeliness, and we find them going out together more in the evenings even as in courtship days. Life indeed took on new bloom.

THEN instead of constantly being behind her husband in the news of the day Woman found herself ahead of him. There within reach of the loud speaker she heard the frequent summaries of the day's news. (And especially is this a Godsend to the farm woman out of reach of the large dailies.) Here was her chance to "scoop" her husband on the latest sensation. While he was busy at work she heard the voice of the Prince of Wales, or attended the sessions of the Naval Conference.



Larry Funk, czar of the NBC daytime programs from which housewives from coast to coast find much in culture and information.

And although there has been much talk of women in politics since Woman got the vote, active interest never prevailed in the remotest districts or in the busiest homes till woman could hear, without moving from her own living-room, speeches both informative and non-partisan. The Government Club of New York City and the League of Women Voters have done much to acquaint the Average Woman with the political situation as it stands today.

It is interesting to note some of the agencies which have been instrumental in developing women's programs. Commercial firms have done much to further the development of such programs. Among such contributors are the Washburn Crosby Company, Radio Household Institute, the Copeland Hour, the Consolidated Gas Company, and scores of others.

The agricultural colleges of the country as well as the United States Department of Agriculture also stand in line for their share of the credit in developing women's programs on the air. Dr. Louise G. Stanley, Chief of the Home Economics Department at Washington, is a staunch believer in the value of Radio as a great educator.

WOMEN'S clubs, as we have already indicated, have helped to promote feminine program broadcasting. The Congress of Women's Clubs of western Pennsylvania, located at Pittsburgh, sponsored the first Radio club on the air. Mrs. John Sloan, then president, showed her interest by giving it her full support and assigned to this task Mrs. Charles M. Johnson, the then chairman of the home economics department of the Congress. This club brought to the woman audience the most prominent speakers of the club world. Mrs. John D. Sherman, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs at Washington, D. C. proved her personal approval by her assistance in this phase of Radio broadcasting.

The decidedly cultural aspects must not be overlooked. Take that one tremendous factor alone—music. If Radio had done no more than to bring this one element of beauty into the heart of Woman it would have been enough. Through its mysterious power the very soul of Woman has been refreshed; her whole being relaxed—recreated. In large measure these programs which did so much to restore woman's sense of the beauty of things were merely by way of entertainment—programs tuned in for a moment of snatched relaxation. Other programs, however, were plainly designed to educate. Take for instance that marvelous opportunity presented in Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Series which reached all parts of the country through the NBC network.

Then again the long list of stations to broadcast the American School of the



Dorothy Hall at the Radio Homemaker's Club for a first lesson in cooking—and was it a success! Yum-yum, wait till you see those biscuits!

Air programs twice each week through the Columbia Broadcasting System presents itself with attendant significance. And as yet we have said nothing of the colleges and universities all over the country which spread culture by regular classroom broadcasts in a wide range of subjects.

But perhaps the most vital factor in this story of Radio and Woman's freer self is the stimulating companionship of her Radio friends. The popularity of Radio clubs is indicative of the fact that women are hungry for this companionship. Miss Marie K. Neff, a member of the National Broadcasting Company and a pioneer in the organization of Radio clubs recently made the statement—"My work with women in organizing Radio clubs brought home to me the truth that women have been starved for just such social contact. I count my broadcasting contacts as one of the most gratifying experiences I have ever had."

A few minutes' conversation with one

(*Continued on page 125*)

Forty-niners of Radio

By Madonna M. Todd

LATENT talent is being stimulated everywhere by Radio—in fact it has been for a long time. And still there is waiting-room in the wings for the individual who can mould good ærial entertainment from the heritage afforded by the theatre, vaudeville and concert stage.

But, oh for the "good old days" before Radio wriggled out of her swaddling clothes to become the undisputed and perfected mistress of the air.

"Breaking in" wasn't so hard.

It didn't seem to matter just what the potentialities were. A man or woman might have a penchant to write, sing or to play some musical instrument. He just got his stride and swung down the lane that led to one of the Radio stations that, even then, were springing up like the oft-mentioned mushroom. He was right sure of a job. Even though he wasn't paid for his work, there was fame to be won! And not a few of those stars shining brightest on Radio's Broadway today, got on the theatrical boards just that way.

In the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company, there are a corps of real pioneers of the West. Five of them are women who heard Radio's call long before most folk recognized her as more than an amazing—and mysterious—media, which provided diversion, far from perfect, if one rigged up a crystal set and clamped on the ear-phones.

Wilda Wilson Church, dramatic director; Georgia Simmons, famed for black-face interpretations; Peggy Chapman, among the first of the crooners to hum blues through the ether; Pearl King Tanner, who forsook the stage to present the first three-act drama; and Josephine Bartlett, who became a nationally known home-science expert, are the feminine "Forty-niners of Radio".

Among the men are Arthur Garbett, educational director of the Pacific Division NBC, and Bert Horton, of the National Players. Billy Page, the Penrod of the West and a star in his own right since he was 10 years old, is among the first of the juveniles on the air and H. C. Connette, continuity writer, discovered his penchant for Radio while writing for a newspaper in China.

Mrs. Church probably is the outstanding pioneer of the group. It was she who insisted first that a complete play could be presented via Radio successfully and she who talked a station manager into letting her produce "Dulce" nearly eight years ago. Mrs. Church was at KRE, Berkeley, Calif. The station was among the first in the San Francisco bay area and with its impressive 50 watts, it crowned the fan-famed Claremont Hotel, for years a society center and gathering place of the West Coast.



Miss Grace Abbott, head of the children's department of the United States Department of Labor, brings a great deal of useful advice to American mothers by Radio.

BESIDES proving that drama was acceptable to the Radio audience, Mrs. Church tried out educational features and read poetry.

"A new type of literature is bound to evolve because of Radio's demand for microphone drama and continuity," Mrs. Church tells her interviewer. "Already a great many prominent writers are devoting considerable effort to the development of the 'perfect' Radio drama and hundreds of men and women throughout the country are engaged in writing continuity. Each of these is a distinct type of literature built to meet the ever growing and increasingly diversified demand."

A quiet woman whose keen gray eyes and youthful attitude belie her years, Mrs. Church works diligently each day at the business of directing and producing scores of dramatic performances in the NBC San Francisco studios. For four years, she was director of dramatic productions at KGO Oakland, and found time to develop an occasional juvenile program. That was before sponsors discovered that grown-ups could be reached successfully during the four to five o'clock period which formerly was in a fair way to become universally a "bed-time" hour.

Speaking of "microphone literature", Mrs. Church points to the striking career of Helen Norris, a youthful, crippled author who lives in Medford, Ore.

"Miss Norris wrote to ask me what kind of plays could be presented through the air," Mrs. Church explained. "I described my ideal and Helen began to write. More than 12 of her plays were given at the KGO studios and they now are being broadcast by stations in Schenectady, N. Y.; Denver, Colo., and Portland, Ore. The homely realities of life, as she sees them each day, are used by the little girl as themes for her plays."

Microphone technique interests Mrs. Church tremendously. While the dramas which she has written or directed are

(*Continued on page 126*)

By Evelyn Gardiner, Director
KDKA Home Forum



The Hostess finds her electrically controlled refrigerator a great help when serving afternoon bridge refreshments.

Your Electrically *Controlled* Refrigerator

DO YOU homemakers realize that your business — that of home management— is the largest business in the country? There are 30,000,000 homes in the United States. Roughly speaking the total population of our country is 120,000,000. Just think, one-fourth of these people are engaged in a single industry. Surely no other one industry is composed of so many workers.

Is it not of importance to the progress of the nation how the management of these homes is conducted? Millions of dollars may be lost yearly if each one of these home managers is but a little inefficient. Home managers are directly and vitally concerned with the provision of the three main necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter. Of course, food is the most important and most of the time of the housewife is consumed with the buying, handling, storage and preparation of foodstuffs for the family meals. This function has greatly increased in importance due to the complexity of modern living. The health of the nation is largely in the hands of the 30,000,000 homemakers. Is there not a tremendous responsibility upon your shoulders?

We realize more than ever before that the preservation of food means the preservation of health. Knowledge regarding health and the care of foods is widespread and available to everyone today. But we do not always grasp the opportunity as it comes to us and make the best use of this knowledge. We have many things to learn about a great many subjects. We may know a little about our own jobs, but there are millions of other things about which most of us are ignorant. We speak of a well educated person as one who has attended high school or college, perhaps. He may know law, psychology, biology or engineering. But what else does he know? Does he know how to live? If he doesn't, can we call him really educated? So few of us know very much about health. And I wonder if we always follow the principles which we do know.

THE success of our jobs, as homemakers or workers in other industries, is largely determined by our health. Proper means of refrigeration is a great factor in maintaining good health. Most of us are very particular when buying food in the store. We demand wrapped bread and butter, sterilized milk, good sanitary conditions and clean, healthy employees. The things we see make a deep impression upon us. How many of us like to eat buns or cake left out on the counter where the flies swarm? And yet, I wonder if we are very careful when the food is delivered to us.

The milk is delivered in sterilized containers. It is left on the porch and there it may stay for several hours in the sun. Or we may bring it in and let it stand in a warm kitchen for some time before putting it in a refrigerator. Bacteria multiply very rapidly in warm milk. Even though the milk may not sour, it may be unfit for use. Think, then, of the risk you are taking with your most loved possessions, your family. Most people are conscientious and want to do what is right and safe for health. But sometimes, we all need to be startled a bit to realize our carelessness.

What means of refrigeration are you using? Is it adequate? Are you sure? If not, what can be done to improve it? Do you realize the importance of good refrigeration?

Think over these questions. Keep them in mind as you read this article. If you do not find the information here you need to answer your questions, ask those whose job it is to know about refrigeration.

What causes foods to decompose? There are millions of micro-organisms in air, water and food. Some are our friends and help us in many cookery processes. Others are the germs of terrible diseases. Others change the chemical composition of foods making them poisonous rather than beneficial. Two types of micro-organisms which cause food to decay are mold and bacteria. Given the right conditions they will grow rapidly in food unless prevented. They change good food into spoiled food, such as rancid butter, rotten eggs, or putrid meat. Of course, many spoiled foods may be detected by sight or smell. You would immediately throw such food away. But sometimes food is decayed and it cannot be detected by the senses. With certain foods, the senses may be trusted. But with others, these little bacteria may be present and no evidence given to the consumer.

Most of us have known for years that if foods were kept cold they would stay fresh longer. Yes, but just how cold must they be? And how long will they stay fresh? These are indeed very important questions and the answers to them are even more important. Let us be no longer content to thrust a food into a refrigerator, leave it there so long as we care to, use it when it fits into our menu and then trust to luck or good fortune that nothing disastrous will happen. But suppose you were not feeling well on that particular day? Or, perhaps your baby may be given some of this left-over food. What would be the result? Anyone with a weakened digestive system is much more easily upset than a well, healthy individual. An example of this occurred in a tea-room in a college town one day. Students, faculty and neighbors ate there regularly. After one noon lunch, several were quite ill. Others were not. The trouble was laid to a meat loaf made from left-over meat. And of course the real cause behind it was inadequate refrigeration.

REFRIGERATION is an all-year-round responsibility. It is impossible to depend upon the weather to maintain a low, and uniform temperature. Refrigeration is quite a modern innovation. Storage of food was unheard of among primitive peoples. They killed enough meat to satisfy the appetite and threw away what was left. Later when men began to live in houses they became more civilized and more intelligent. The first reason for food preservation was to provide for food in time of famine. At first salt was used for this purpose. This was not entirely satisfactory. Then foods were dried to preserve them. The use of cold was one of the earliest methods of refrigeration. Formerly, cold was not available in all climates and at all times of the year. Many methods were devised to provide cold when it was needed. The spring, well, basement, ice-house, watertight containers and caves have all been used at various periods.

In the 17th century a Dutchman discovered for the first time the existence of micro-organisms. But it was not until the 19th century, that Louis Pasteur discovered the relation of bacteria and other micro-organisms to the spoilage of food and the communication of disease. He discovered that these microbes might be killed by heat, thus preventing food spoilage. Then scientists studied the effect of cold as a means of preventing food spoilage. They have told us that if food is kept at all times at a temperature below 50 degrees, bacteria cannot multiply to any great extent and foodstuffs will remain fresh for some time.

There is no other one food which requires the care milk does in the home. Laws protect us from receiving poor milk. It is carefully pasteurized or certified, bottled and delivered to us clean and cold. Laws regulate the dairies, the employees, the health and cleanliness of the cows themselves. With all this scrupulous care and outlay of millions of dollars to protect the babies of the nation, should not the homemakers do their part in safeguarding them also? Many mothers are indignant if anyone infers that they neglect their children, and yet carelessness in the handling of milk is quite general. When the milk is spoiled and your baby is ill, do you blame someone else or are you ever the cause? Bacteria grow rapidly in milk unless the temperature is low. Quick cooling after milking is essential to prevent the growth of these bacteria. One investigation of this increase shows us that when milk is kept at 90°F. for one hour, the bacteria have increased over one and one-half million from the original. If kept at 50°F. the increase is but 33,000 bacteria. So we can readily see the need for quick cooling of milk and a uniform temperature of 45°F. or less for milk at all times.

For years, ice has been the principal method of refrigeration. If it were available everywhere and at all times, mechanical refrigeration would probably not have become so popular. But ice shortages have shown us the uncertainty of such a means of refrigeration. Mechanical refrigeration gives us a uniform temperature at all times. It eliminates the possibility of being without ice, thus causing food to spoil. There are no ice cards to put out each morning. No ice man can track his muddy feet over your kitchen floor. If you wish to go away for a few days, you can be sure that your food will be kept in perfect condition until your return.

WHEN selecting an electrically controlled refrigerator, there are several things to consider. The cost of course varies as to type and size. You are buying more than a cooling box. You have an electric mechanism which is far more expensive than the ordinary ice box. The initial and the operation costs of the two cannot be easily compared. It depends upon local prices, transportation costs and other factors. Weather conditions determine the operation costs to a large extent in either case.

If no warm air entered the box, very little electricity would be used in operating a refrigerator. But there is no perfect insulation which will keep out all air. Heat enters from three sources. About three percent comes from opening the doors, sixteen percent from the food put in and eighty-one percent from leakage through the walls. There are many kinds of insulating material used. Cork, corkboard, felt, sawdust, mineral wool, and paper are some of these. The material must hold air, it must not settle, rot or crack and it must last as long as the chest itself. It must be odorless. It must be strong. It must not absorb moisture.

The whole construction should be strong and rugged. Thick, continuous walls prevent air from being conducted into the refrigerator. The insulation should be well enclosed or cemented to the walls to close all air spaces. The openings should be few, the hinges and other parts made to fit tightly. Avoid metal so far as possible, as metal conducts heat, thereby using more electricity.

IT IS important, especially in a home with small children, that the motor be protected from any danger to them. It should also be protected from any moisture. The quietness of the operation of the motor is important to most women. Some are more silent than others, but you will find that all are being improved to the point where they will operate quietly.

The construction largely determines the temperature maintained. From 40° to 50°F. is a good range. The temperature should not be above 50°F. Good insulation, good circulation of air and low humidity are necessary for a low temperature. Hours refrigeration does not kill micro-organisms. It merely keeps them in a resting state and retards their growth. Above 50°F., the organisms which tend to destroy food increase at a very rapid rate. They multiply much less rapidly at temperatures below 45°F. It is easily seen why a low, uniform temperature is necessary. One can never be sure that food will keep even for a very short time, if there happen to be great fluctuations in temperature.

To insure air circulation be sure that the shelves of your refrigerator are perforated. Cold air is heavy and sinks to the bottom, forcing the warm air up. We do not want dead air spaces. Openings are put in the shelves to help the air to circulate. With the air, odors circulate, as well. Without a free circulation of air, the food at the top of the refrigerator, where the temperature is the highest, might not keep very long.

Food will not keep well in a moist refrigerator. A good circulation helps to keep the box dry. You will find that an

(*Continued on page 118*)

An Apology

The article about Amos 'n' Andy in Hollywood, promised for this month, has been postponed until our next issue. Amos 'n' Andy arrived in the Movie Capital too late to make it possible to obtain an adequate story for the current issue of RADIO DIGEST.

Maurie Sherman

Chicago's Popular Dance Orchestra Leader Graduates from Maestro of Cubs Ball Bat to the Little Baton

By Ann Stewart



Maurie Sherman

"STATION WBBM, Chicago. It is now time to take you to the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman for a half hour of dance music supplied by Maurie Sherman and his famous, all star orchestra. Maurie's first song will be——"

You can believe your ears, for what you have heard is perfectly true. Maurie Sherman and his band are back on the air and they are back to stay, broadcasting nightly as well as in the afternoon from WBBM in Chicago, and it is rumored that they may have some time on the Columbia Broadcasting System in the near future. Furthermore, all their activities take place in the College Inn, Chicago's center of night life in the center of the loop. In other words, Maurie and his boys are coming to the public with a big smile and the assurance that this time they will not stray far from their friends or the mike.

As a sort of welcoming gesture from his fans, Maurie finds himself swamped with congratulatory telegrams, letters and telephone calls. There are requests for him to play this song or that, for him to sing some of his oldest and best loved songs in his own inimitable manner, and last but not least to tell the world a little more about himself, where he came from, why he is an orchestra leader, and where he found so much good that he does with the dance music of the day. Now he has agreed to answer these questions by telling me the story of his life, and those who know him best have helped with the additional information that Maurie deemed too unimportant to mention.

When Maurie was fifteen years old, he was living in Chicago with his parents, going to school, studying violin very seriously and taking a good deal of time to act as bat boy for the Cubs. He was a great baseball fan and still is somewhat of a follower of all the sports, as can be seen later. School meant nothing to Maurie. He went because his father wanted him to go and because it seemed the thing to do. However, his leisure moments were spent at the Cubs Park, and he soon found that school interfered mightily with baseball, hence, school was cast aside. After a month of neglecting his studies, Maurie was summoned to the principal's office and asked why he had not come to school and where he had been. Maurie replied that he had been sick, which was an unfortunate answer, for the principal demanded a signed certificate from his doctor. It was a serious place to be in.

Not making the situation any easier was the fact that Mr. Sherman senior was really intent on having his son go to college. He acknowledged that Maurie was really an accomplished violinist, but that education was more important than a musical career, he was positive. Mrs. Sherman was perhaps a little in favor of the violin. Maurie was her favorite and she rather thought that he would make something of himself sooner or later. Knowing where the sympathy lay, Maurie went to his mother with the story of his experience at school. As a result, mother and son, as is the custom, joined forces and saved Maurie from complete annihilation at the hands of his father. Neither did the lad go back to school.

But Maurie's father was none too willing to let his son grow up to be indolent, so when Maurie was sixteen he got his first real job playing the violin in a dance orchestra whose other instruments consisted of a battered piano and a dilapidated set of drums. He was a real musician now, earning two dollars a night and a full fledged member of the musicians union. It is guessed that at last the young man was really happy.

"No, I didn't start my career selling newspapers," smiles Maurie. "I never earned any money except that which I was paid for my playing and that money was little enough for a long time." He played in bands of all sorts for some years before he made his first important connection, but during that time he had many interesting and some rather comical experiences in the light of what the name of Maurie Sherman now signifies. One glimpse into Maurie's life is especially memorable.

Sam Katz, now of the famous Balaban and Katz, was just opening his first movie house. He needed an orchestra of some sort, and Maurie, who was then about seventeen, applied for the job singly, fiddle in hand. Mr. Katz looked the plump, black haired lad over, listened to his playing and decided in favor of him to the tune of ten dollars a week. Maurie was decidedly pleased and felt that he was making a way for himself.

HOWEVER, success goes to one's head often enough and Maurie was not unusual in this human leaning. A few months after his opening in Katz' theater, Maurie went to his boss and demanded a raise to twelve dollars a week. There were some warm words exchanged in which might be heard the opinion of each gentleman on the other. The end came when Maurie and his violin made a speedy exit from the office of the redoubtable Mr. Katz sans job and a good deal of pride.

After losing that position, Maurie was forced to seek work from another source. He played in a concert orchestra on one of the Lake Michigan excursion boats,

(*Continued on page 104*)

VICTOR HERBERT

"As I Knew Him"

by Harold Sanford

A TENDER personal story of America's great composer by a man who knew and associated more intimately with him than any other man now alive. You will know Victor Herbert better, and love him for the man that he was after reading this vivid reminiscence by his old chum in the OCTOBER

RADIO DIGEST

Make sure of your copy by sending in your Subscription NOW.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

What About Television?

IN THE last hundred years scientific progress in many fields has been more rapid than at any other time in the world's history. Inventions and discoveries keep pouring down on us from the fecund womb of technology, crowding so closely upon each other that the average person feels nothing is impossible to the scientist. Books and newspaper and magazine articles have brought science to the public and the many advances of recent years have caught and held their imagination, creating a vast and eager audience interested in science. And during past years few subjects have created more discussion than television.

In television confident predictions of its coming have been made so frequently during the past few years that many proverbial pessimists have probably been convinced that we will soon see as well as hear by Radio. Research in this field has attracted scientists throughout the world. Almost every week some one asks us, "When will television in the home become practical?" But to attempt to predict how much water must flow under the bridge before television becomes practical would be futile—this is a sea whose shores no eyes can see. Tremendous progress has been made, but there are still many fundamental difficulties yet to be overcome.

Most persons want to know when television will become "practical" and this involves defining what we mean by practical. The first Radio receivers, whose panels contained innumerable dials, knobs and switches were "practical" but the newest sets are certainly much more practical since they contain but two major controls for tuning and volume and can therefore be operated with perfect ease by users who have absolutely no conception of what happens when they turn the dial. When television receivers first become available they will probably be practical in the same sense as were the early receivers. In other words they will be comparatively difficult to operate, requiring considerable experience on the part of the user before good results are obtained.

Many, when they consider television in the home, think of a device like a Radio receiver with a switch and a couple of controls and a screen at least three feet square on which will be projected a clear unflickering image—in other words they conceive something similar to a motion picture, on a somewhat smaller scale, with the difference that the television screen will record events as they happen. Actually, if we installed a television receiver to-day, we would see (perhaps) a small image, at the most a few inches square. Television in its early stages cannot be compared very readily with early broadcasting. The ear can be subjected to a comparatively large amount of distortion before it becomes painfully noticeable. Many of the important sounds produced by orchestra instruments can be suppressed and the music, to the average person, will still sound quite good. The eye, on the other hand, is very critical and easily detects even a small amount of distortion.

The promise of television is that we may see events at a distance, as they occur. Television annihilates distance for the eye as ordinary broadcasting does for the ear. To accomplish television certain definite problems are involved. A hopeful sign is that here in America at least four great industrial organizations are devoting a large amount of time and energy and money to the problems of television. Among the leaders in this work are Herbert E. Ives of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, E. F. W. Alexanderson of the General Electric Company and consulting engineer of the Radio Corporation of America, C. F. Jenkins of the Jenkins Television Corporation, F. Conrad of the Westinghouse & Mfg. Co., and V. K. Zworykin of the R C A Victor Co., and J. L. Baird of the Baird Television Corporation, the latter being an English concern with a branch in this country.

Practical television is not achieved because seeing faces and scenes has been and will continue to be demonstrated. The best demonstrations of this sort have been laboratory affairs involving expensive, complicated apparatus and competent engineers. Simpler apparatus has been designed and in fact is being used by many experimenters in this country and in England. But it seems to us that the appeal of television to this group is not that of receiving good pictures but of doing at one's home what is demonstrated in the laboratories of large companies with the aid of a hundred engineers and thousands of dollars worth of apparatus. The thrill they get is perhaps somewhat similar to that Galileo got when he looked through his glass—the first telescope—and with it saw thousands of stars never before seen by man. A thrill that made Galileo write his friend Kepler

"OH, MY friend Kepler, how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together. Here at Padua is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the professor of philosophy at Pisa laboring before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the

(*Continued on page 104*)

Howard E. Rhodes, who conducts this department is well known to many readers, having been Technical Editor of Radio Broadcast Magazine for the past few years. His wide experience in the fields of Radio and television make him capable of accurately and clearly discussing the important things that are continually taking place in these sciences. Some readers may have some questions to ask regarding the subjects discussed in this department. If these questions are sent to RADIO DIGEST *they will be answered as completely as possible.*

—The Editors

of the Radio Arts

The New Receivers

THE FALL months bring a time of the year when many people consider buying a new Radio receiver to provide countless hours of enjoyment during the following months. Many Radio receiver manufacturers have announced new models and the improvements they contain represent new factors to consider when purchasing a receiver. Indeed the constant improvements made in Radio receivers lead some to hesitate over the purchase of a new set, in anticipation of some sort of Radio millennium when receivers will be absolutely perfect. Improvements will always be made in the Radio art and he who waits for perfection will never enjoy Radio. Were the same idea to be followed in the purchase of automobiles some forty million people would still be walking for, after a quarter of a century of developments, the perfect automobile is not yet in sight.

The Radio receiver of to-day is a product which, both from a musical and technical standpoint, is capable of giving long and satisfactory service. It will not be greatly outclassed for a long time. In simplicity, ease of operation, appearance, and quality of reproduction it has reached high standards. So far as Radio design is concerned we have reached the era of refinement. But it is these refinements that influence many in the purchase of a receiver. Most of this year's improvements are technical in nature—in many cases they represent long careful laboratory work by the engineering staffs of the various manufacturing companies. In the following paragraphs we attempt to explain what a few of the improvements mean in the way of better reception.



National Broadcasting Company's Control Booth in New York

Tone Control

Here is a feature to be found on a number of the new receivers. The tone control usually takes the form of a small knob placed alongside the tuning control and it enables the user to vary the quality of the reproduction. With it either the base or the treble notes can be given special emphasis. The markings on the control differ among various sets but at the two extremes of the movement of the control there will usually be found the words "mellow" and "brilliant" or one of their synonyms. When the control is turned to "mellow" the lower register—the base notes—are given more emphasis than the treble; when the control is turned to "brilliant" the lower notes are suppressed and added emphasis given to the treble. There are several reasons why these controls will prove popular.

IN THE first place we have the problem of individual taste. Some listeners may like their music "mellow"

(*Continued on page 128*)

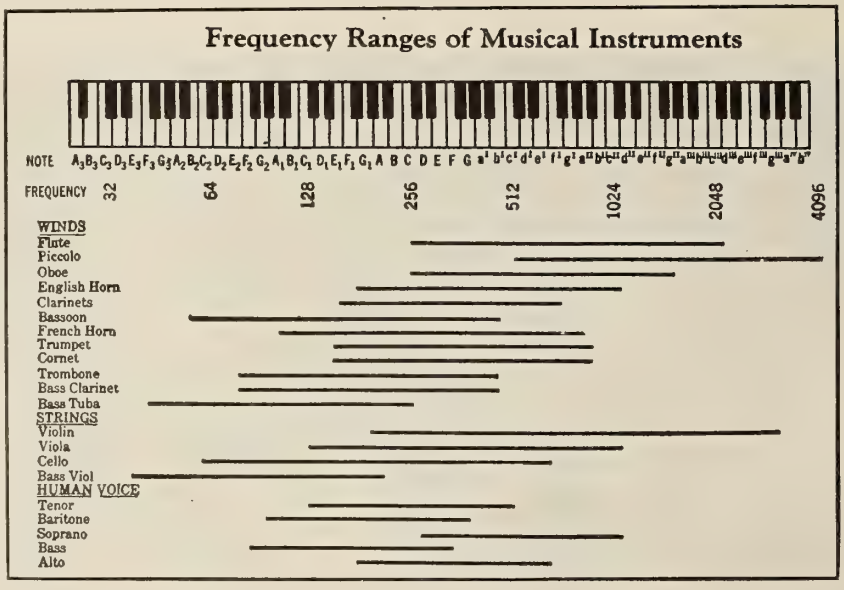
Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

Broadcasting

THE National Broadcasting Company announced on July 22 that an application had been filed with the Federal Radio Commission for a permit to replace the present transmitting equipment of WJZ with more modern apparatus. The new transmitter would have a rating of 50 kilowatts, but would only be operated at 30 kilowatts which is the same power at present being used by WJZ. Since the engineers do not desire to increase the power of the station we see no reason why the application should be denied.

This request for a new transmitter rather naturally brings up the question of what is being done in the broadcasting art to improve quality and service. The entire broadcast structure depends largely upon these two factors, for without excellent technical equipment and personnel the best program may be hashed in transmission. The quality of the transmission of a broadcasting station is no mysterious matter, in as far as it is a function of the apparatus installed. If it transmits impartially all the usual tones associated with speech and music, free from distortion due to overloading, and a few other technical bugs, and if the operators know their business, it will put out first rate stuff. If on the other hand the station does not transmit the low notes the output will sound "tiny" on a good broadcast receiver; if the high notes are lost the program will sound muffled, having that boom-boom quality. If the transmission curve of the station is sensibly flat between from about 50 cycles, which corresponds to a note about two octaves below middle C on the piano, up to about say, 6000 cycles, corresponding to a note considerably higher than the top note on the piano the station can hardly help sounding good on the air—unless the operators are plumbers and mismanage their jobs.

To give the reader a definite idea of the range of musical instruments, the chart on this page will be helpful. This chart shows the range in frequency of all the common musical instruments. The chart does not show, however, the overtones produced when an instrument is played, and it is the overtones that give distinctive character to two different instruments both sounding the same note. If the overtones are suppressed it is not possible to tell the difference between any two instruments, a piano and a violin for example. The overtones extend far beyond the range of the chart and it is to take care of these essential qualities of musical instruments, that it is necessary to extend the range of transmitters and receivers beyond the frequency corresponding to the highest note on the piano.



BUT good equipment is of little use without a capable staff to operate it. In broadcasting, the announcer has been elevated, by some, to a high and mighty place, but his work is no more important, and we are inclined to say his work is less important, than that of the technical staff. We would have no objections—in fact would rather like—listening to a program that just went through from beginning to end without any announcing, but we groan when we even consider listening to a program transmitted while the technical staff slumbered! The biggest job of the technical staff during a transmission is that of "monitoring". Skillful monitoring is an art in itself. The necessity for it arises from the fact that wire lines and transmitters cannot be built, at this stage of the art, to accommodate the extreme ranges in volume of many musical selections. A full symphony orchestra going full blast, with all the musicians sawing, thumping and blowing as hard as they can, produces about a million times as much energy as will a few musicians playing pianissimo. The orchestra conductor enjoys this but it makes the engineer sweat. The job of the monitoring operator, who obviously must have some musical as well as technical training if he is to do a good job, is to reduce that ratio of a million between fortissimo and pianissimo passages to a ratio that can be handled without distortion by the broadcast equipment. It is not a simple task. The object of the good control operator is always to leave the original alone as far as the characteristics of the equipment permit. Poor control operators either "let 'er ride" with the result that distortion occurs, or they adjust the control excessively with the result that the listener gets the impression that the music is "flat". A good control operator is like a good automobile driver who never pushes the accelerator down to the floor boards but always keeps something in reserve, and who never makes any very sudden swerves or turns but does this slowly and with forethought. Monitoring must always be done smoothly; the only abrupt changes in volume should be those written into the music by its composer.

BROADCASTING has now been with us long enough to have developed good control operators, who will always remain "unsung heroes" to the listener; but not to the engineer-in-charge who thanks his lucky stars many times for a good control operator.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Radio Digest's October Number for New Official Log and Call Book

K

KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL...Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK....Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ.....Boone, Ia.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF...Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore.
KFJM....Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
KFLX.....Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
KFPW...Siloam Springs, Ark.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC...San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM.Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI...San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM.....Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM.San Bernardino, Calif.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO.....Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
KGAR.....Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ.....York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa.
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCN.....Concordia, Kan.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
KGDA.....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW.....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
KGIW.....Trinindad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX.....Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO.....Oakland, Calif.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Tex.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawai.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
KMOJ.....Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR.....Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF....Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD.....Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO.....Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT.....Austin, Tex.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WADC.....Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM.....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
WASH...Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA...West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Forth Worth, Tex.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY.....Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
WCGU....Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH.....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY....Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD...Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC.....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
WEAO.....Columbus, O.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio.
WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
WEBE.....Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC. Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA.....Dallas, Tex.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ.....Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC.....Akron, O.
WFKD.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
WGHP.....Detroit, Mich.
WGL.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY.....West DePere, Wis.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
WHDH.....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL...Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK.....Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP. Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
WINR.....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY.....Cleveland, O.
WJAZ.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW.....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD.....Chicago, Ill.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
WJSV.....Washington, D. C.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ. San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.....Webster, Mass.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN.....Youngstown, O.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP....Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, O.
WKY..Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL.....Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX.....Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF.S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL.....Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
WMBD.....Peoria, Ill.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.

WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN....Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT.....Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
WNAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF....Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH...New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC.....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN..Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
WOC.....Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI.....Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI.....Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW.....Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
WPSW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.
WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC.....Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
WRBJ.....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
WRK.....Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY.....New York City
WRR.....Dallas, Tex.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ....Huntington, W. Va.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN....St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
WTAW..College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orelans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calg.ry, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY Charlottetown, P. E. I., 3 .5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C. 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. L., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc., 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc., 100w.
CHWC - CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9 kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC - CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 4111m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCL, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR; Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc., 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc. 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 556.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc., 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc., 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enc.osing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid-in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct..	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	8.00	325 votes
3-year three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12 00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

National Open Golf Tournament

(*Continued from page 13*)

they undertook to "cover" the National Open Golf Tournament at the Interlachen Golf Club, Minneapolis, by Radio.

Radio history surely was made at Interlachen July 10, 11, and 12, when KSTP achieved the first detailed broadcast of tournament play from the actual scene of the competition, with frequent descriptions of the shots as they were being executed.

IT WAS a tremendous task, according to Radio engineers much more difficult than the handling of such events as the welcome to Lindbergh in New York or the arrival there of the Graf Zeppelin, yet with the aid of short wave transmitters W9XAY augmenting numerous installations of standing equipment near the fairways in different parts of the Interlachen course, there scarcely was a time when immediate reports of play were not available.

Breaking its program on an average of every fifteen minutes during the day, this station kept listeners informed of the developments on the course during almost ten hours each tournament day and tied up for short periods from time to time with its network associate, the National Broadcasting Company.

Here is a little of the story of how it was done.

Stanley E. Hubbard, vice-president and general manager of the National Battery Company, owners and operators of KSTP, assembled his staff and action started.

Telephone lines were run from the Minneapolis studios of the National Battery station in the Hotel Radisson to the Interlachen club. Four pickup stations were established on the grounds. Of these, one was a general control station manned by a supervisor, a directing announcer, two Radio engineers and one contact man.

ONE sub-station was established back of the first green and another back of the tenth green to cover the outlying points of the first and second nines. A telephone station was established at the bulletin board in the press house a few rods from the main control station. At this station one man forwarded official scores as rapidly as they were posted.

The directing announcer reported these as rapidly as they were posted by speaking into the microphone at the control station. He was able from his place at the microphone to command a view of the first tee, the sixth green, the seventh tee and the ninth green and, by means of field glasses could identify players and follow and report the play.

For additional information as to the progress of the contestants he held conversations, audible to all listeners-in, with the assisting announcers at the sub-stations on the field. Observers and announcers at these stations were able to watch and report the play at the first green, the second tee, and the eighth green and ninth tee, for one installation and on the tenth green and eleventh tee, the seventeenth green and the eighteenth tee, from the other, while finishing players and others watching at the eighteenth green brought reports direct to the control station.

Other points were covered by the short wave equipment, one of the transmitters being mounted on the chassis of a large baby carriage, which was trundled after the important players or to vantage points where high spots in the play were visible.

THE broadcasts of these sets were picked up by short wave receivers and fed into the lines to the regular 10,000 watt KSTP transmitter to go on the air as they came from the lips of the observers.

By this system, every known method of covering the event was brought into play. Radio has, to date, nothing else to offer. Not until the portable television transmitter is developed is anything further possible in the Radio cover of such an event.

The organization of the cover made heavy drains upon the personnel of the station and the National Broadcasting Company. In personal charge of the installation and the principal broadcasts was Stanley E. Hubbard, KSTP vice president and general manager, assisted by Kenneth M. Hance, production manager.

The key man on the broadcasts was Phil Bronson, star Twin Cities sports announcer and former newspaper sports editor, who performed a prodigy of labor in handling the microphone at fifteen minute intervals for from ten to twelve hours daily.

At the sub-station on the first nine was an announcer ready at a moment's notice to cut in on the line and describe the play from his point of view in a conversation with Mr. Bronson. Because of the difficult problems offered on the second nine, the second sub-station had two observers reporting in such conversations.

Participation of the National Broadcasting Company brought two of its stars to Minneapolis for the event. One was a staff man from Chicago, J. Oliver Rheil, technical supervisor. The other was the renowned sports writer and Radio sports authority O. B. Keeler, of the Atlanta *Journal,* who has traveled in the train of Bobby Jones to the principal golf tournaments for many years, covering hundreds of thousands of miles and witnessing the play of every outstanding golfer in the country.

In addition to these men were eleven Radio reporters who caught the high lights of the tournament and brought instant news of the latest developments on the course either to the control station, one of the sub-stations or to the short wave operator.

IMPORTANT features of each day's broadcasts were the impromptu microphone interviews of Phil Bronson with the outstanding players as they finished their play. Within five minutes, for instance, after Tommy Armour broke the 71 of Bobby Jones on the first day of the tournament, listeners in all the forty-eight states and territories, in three nations of the western hemisphere and perhaps in some of the homes of three continents were hearing Armour tell of his experiences during that spectacular round.

Arrangements with sponsors of conflicting commercial broadcasts were made by Earl D. Jencks, commercial manager, to permit the broadcasting of tournament reports wtihin a few seconds of the time when the action occurred. Radio listeners thus were able to learn what went on at every hole with far more rapidity than those who followed one of the twosomes over the course or those who sat on the broad slope in front of the clubhouse and watched the play on tees and greens visible from that vantage point.

The location of the control station was particularly advantageous and the cooperation of the club officials helped to make the broadcast a successful one.

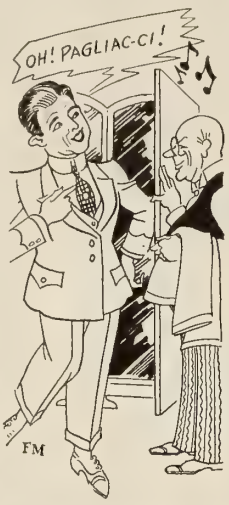
In an address over KSTP on the evening of the first day, John Burgess, press and publicity chairman for the Interlachen Golf club, pronounced the cover one of the most extraordinary he had seen and publicly congratulated the National Battery station.

AMONG those who were heard from KSTP during or just prior to the tournament were: Grantland Rice, veteran sports writer and authority on golf; Walter Hagen, the famous professional; Johnny Farrell, champion of 1928; Tommy Armour, former amateur and professional champion; Ralph Trost, veteran sports writer of the Brooklyn *Eagle;* Whiffy Cox, spectacular Brooklyn golfer; Gene Sarazen, veteran of many tournaments; Joe Turnesa of New York; Jack Burke now of Texas; Frank Rodia, young professional; Chick Evans, former champion; Al Espinosa, one of the best known figures in the game, and Tom Vardon.

First Jobs

(*Continued from page 56*)

ning a rough and troublesome one for Ben Alley, tenor, whose first job was as a road grader in his West Virginia hills. Ben sang as he labored under the warm sun, but the twelve dollars pay he received at the end of each week, was only for his construction work. Now he is paid for his singing alone. "The proudest day of my life" recalls Ben, "was when I wore my first long trouser suit which I purchased with my first week's salary."



Yolande Langworthy, creator of "Arabesque" organized a five piece orchestra after her graduation from the Haverdill Musical Conservatory in Toronto. She played the piano.

Quite opposite is the case of Lucille Black, principal accompanist at WABC, who was once engaged in the art of Terpsichore, specializing in ballet dancing.

Many orchestra leaders received their first pay after a humble start in their present calling. Claude MacArthur played the harp in his own orchestra at the age of sixteen for a small pittance. At the termination of each engagement which lasted until two or three o'clock in the morning, young MacArthur would drag himself home, tired and weary, but never forgetting to pack his hands in salt before retiring, so he might toughen his fingers.

MANY feminine vocalists on the radio today earned their first money teaching piano. Barbara Maurel, contralto, was but fourteen when she had a class of eight pupils who paid fifty cents an hour for instructions. Helen Olheim taught piano in Rochester in addition to her work in the clerical department of a furniture store. Adele Vasa, who sang in Grand Opera before entering radio, gave piano lessons in Newark.



Back in nineteen twelve, Paul Tremaine filled his first professional date at a dance given by mining officials in the local schoolhouse at Williamsburg, Colorado. At midnight the striking coal miners calmly proceeded to demolish the place with machine guns and when the bombardment had finally subsided, Paul and the members of his band were found hiding behind a bullet-ridden piano.

After running away from school to Canada to pursue a musical career, Will Osborne landed his first job at the Wayne Country Club, Pennsylvania. This was in 1924, and he and the four other musicians received eighteen dollars weekly.

Twelve year old Jules Alberti was ejected from a Chicago theatre on no less than three occasions before the irate manager weakened and Alberti was hired as custodian of the musical instruments at a weekly salary of five dollars.

Bill Fagan quit his first job as an office boy after one week elapsed because he was assigned to work until 7 o'clock in the evening. Now that he is a Radio entertainer he is about the studios almost every night until 10 or 11 o'clock.

Harry Browne of "Hank Simmons Showboat" was first a lecturer. It was after the Spanish-American War that he toured the countryside with a talk entitled "Six Months With Uncle Sam," which he enhanced with illustrated slides. "The only reason I turned to the lecture platform" apologized Browne, "was because I came back from the war so thin I scarcely cast a shadow and as a result I was unable to do any really strenuous work." His brother Bradford Browne, chief of the "Nit Wits," found his employment in a shoe factory near his home in Massachusettes. It was his distasteful duty to fasten together the inner and outer soles with glue of a repulsive odor.



A job as a hat checker at various dances given in Westchester County marked the start of Bert Lown, director of the Biltmore orchestra. He also had an interest in several refreshment concessions.

Time honored tradition has it that all good college graduates should sell bonds, and Don Clark, fresh from Union College, was no exception. He soon gave it up upon the realization that there were almost as many bond salesmen as potential buyers.

Helen Nugent and Irene Beasley were school teachers prior to their debut in the realm of song and music.

A tea shop at Schroon Lake, New York, was Charlotte Harriman's first commercial venture. She considers herself fortunate in barely making enough money to defray expenses.

"I WAS fired from my first job in a five and ten cent store," declared Georgie Backus, writer-actress, but not because I was unable to remember the prices." However, she refused to divulge the real reason for her dismissal.

Two announcers, Frank Knight and Harry Vonzell, began as bank messengers. Ted Husing commercialized his football and baseball abilities as a member of the Prescotts, a semi-professional athletic organization to which Lou Gehrig belonged.



Financial straits caused David Ross to leave college and obtain work. He became a waiter in a small restaurant until the irate proprietor found him composing poetry under a table with his tray for a desk. His services were promptly dispensed with.

Don Ball, another of Radio's voices, was leader of the combined musical clubs at Brown University and after his graduation he made his bow as a vaudeville entertainer, billed as the "All-American Ukulele Player."

GEORGE BEUCHLER was the boss and sole employe of his own messenger service that boasted an express wagon and a bicycle as his equipment.

The thrill and glamour of stage work has caused many a school boy, who has subsequently found his way into the Radio, to forsake his reading, writing and 'rithmetic, so that he might seek an outlet for his talents behind the footlights. Some entered vaudeville, others the burlesque, while the balance became part of other forms of theatrical entertainment.

Jim Whipple, who plays in "Forty Fathom Trawlers," said "Goodbye" to his schoolmates and became a juggler and slack wire walker on a nearby vaudeville circuit. He played the smaller circuits for two months, at the end of which time his father located his whereabouts and dragged him by the ear back home.

Phil Maher joined the Helmar and Mann Minstrel Show when he was twelve. This was back in 1895.

Henry Burbig first earned $45 a week as a Jewish comedian with a small burlesque troupe. Dave Elman who is co-starred with Don Clark on the Henry-George program, left his happy Montana home at sixteen for a tent show in Missouri.

Amos 'n' Andy

(*Continued from page 45*)

"You ask about myself. I have just crawled over the half century mark, am five feet seven, and just tip the scales at 134.

"Hoping this 'splains de sitiation. . . ."

Using the license which all writers arrogate unto themselves, Miss Susie Kuhn, who lives in Shreveport, La., and who corralled the fifth prize has lifted Amos and Andy from their native haunts in the Fresh Air Taxi Cab Company's offices, and placed them in a country store in the South. Here the boys wait on a continuous string of customers.

"MY FATHER has kept a store in Shreveport for years and of course from actually watching the people who come into the store daily to make purchases, complaints and arrangements for return of goods which they consider not satisfactory (for that occurs in the best regulated stores) I got the idea for the manuscript I sent," wrote Miss Kuhn.

Not long after this letter was received came another from Miss Kuhn which reads in part as follows: "Words cannot express how happy I was to be chosen one out of a mountain of manuscripts, and I certainly appreciate it. All my friends are happy with me. Accept many, many thanks for the prize money. I shall put your telegram and letter in my memory book."

Andy, The Big Cat and Rat Man

(From one of the Prize Skits)

The boys, Amos and Andy are sitting in the taxi office. Andy has just been deploring the fact that he, Andy, was seriously in need of funds and has just been asking Amos what to do about it.

"AMOS, is you or is you aint?"

"Is I aint what?"

"There you is Amos, 'is I aint what,' here I is asking you for a little inflamation an' I'll be dawgone if you aint sitting dere wiff both ears shut."

"Well, Andy, sometimes I gets regusted too, I'se workin' all de time, out wiff de taxi aint I, I does all dat I kin and here you is, mad kuz us aint got more money. Andy I don't know what I is gwine to do, all you wants to do is sit in de office and make a imprint on everyone dat you is a big business man."

"Now lissen here, Amos, don't you go gittin' mad, you done got de wrong depression. Just cause I says I'se got to git more money aint no sign you got to go gittin' mad, Amos, I wasn't sayin' you wasn't doin' yo' share, but boy if I could just make one good payin' revestment to brung in de divilends."

"Andy, ain't no use me an you recussin' dis, we doan git no where, to tell you de truff, Andy, Andrew Brown keeps you broke all de time, you don't save a cent, not a cent, some one comes along, yes suh! you is de president of the taxi company an all dat, you done gits your haid way up in de clouds an fore you gits down again, some one sells you two rain coats, a bath mat to sit on in de tub or some stock in de home bank, no use talkin' Andy, you is all de time tellin' me how dumb I is an don't know nuffin' but I is saved some money aint I."

"WELL, Amos, I remits I'se done made a few bad revestments, but us big business men, expects some reversing in these days of business compression."

"Dar you is, jes what I is talkin' 'bout."

"Ye-Uh, but de Madam is whut I is thinkin' 'bout."

"Well, Andy, if Madam Queen really loves you, she will do it whether you is flus wiff money or as flat as de rear tire on our taxi, take me an' Ruby Taylor—"

"Shut up Amos, 'bout you an' Ruby Taylor, us aint recussing luve, us is recoursing 'bout money matters."

"All rite, all rite! to tell you de truff Andy, I would like to have more money too but I doant see how us is agoin to git it lessen us wurks for it. Oh, oh! Amos look at dat, looks like us wuz goin' to have company. Dats just what, an' he looks like a deacon ob de church. (Door slams). Scuse us Mr. Deacon but us kaint make no donations to your church, Awa-us has hard enough time wid our own."

"Hush you mouf, Amos, does you want to result the stranger. Have a chair, Mistah, this one ova here by de desk."

"No, thank you Mr. Brown, I presume you are Mr. Brown the President of this thriving concern."

"Yes suah! I'se de president of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company of Ameriky incorpolated."

"Andy, remember whut I done tole you bout de clouds."

"What clouds? Amos you git outta here fore I done busts dis soap box ova your haid."

"Awa-awa all rite, all rite I'se gwine." (Door slams.)

"Scuse me, Mistah, but dat driver of mine shure makes me lost my temper, bad at times Um-Hum."

"Well, Mr. Brown, from what I can gather you are one of the most shrewd business men in Harlem."

"Who done tole you dat?"

"Well, I have looked you up, inquired of several people, among them the Kingfish of your Lodge."

"Oh Sho, Sho! I'se all dat, de Kingfish he know whut he talkin' 'bout all right, yes suah! He tells de truff."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I hesitated coming to you with my proposition, the investment will be so small that it might not interest you, but it will bring you financial returns beyond your expectations."

"Well, Mistah, I doan know anything 'bout my expectorations, but dat finanshul soun' gud, yes sir."

"Fine, Mr. Brown, if you need money I do not know of any proposition that would yield you the ready cash any quicker."

"Well—Whut is de propolition Mistah, it sound gud, spessuly de money part."

"Of course, Mr. Brown, if I didn't have the utmost confidence in you I would not even mention the nature of this proposition, you understan' this must be strictly confidential."

"Oh Sho! Sho! I understan's dat, preceed!"

"Well, Mr. Brown, we will start a cat farm."

"Oh! Oh! Who wants cats, everyone wants to git rid of 'em."

"THAT'S it exactly, Mr. Brown, no one wants live cats, but at the present market price of furs, a cat hide is worth $1.00. Statistics prove that cats multiply at a very rapid rate, from a herd of 100 cats in one year's time a herd of 10,000 will be realized, of course these cats will have to eat, so, right next to the cat pens we will raise rats, which multiply as fast as cats. We will feed the rats to the cats, and the carcass of the cats we skin we feed to the rats. Thus our scheme becomes self supporting, cats eating rats, rats eating cats. We skin the cats and get the money, simple is it not?"

"Uh-hu! dat soun's good, no one gits skinned but de cats, ten thousand cats ten thousand dollars, Um-hum, how much dat cost us Mistah?"

"Not much, Mr. Brown, we can pick up a hundred stray cats right here in Harlem, and they will thank us for it, a few paltry dollars for fencing, how much could you put in Mr. Brown?"

"Well to tell you de truff, you might not be interested in whut I got, wif de business repression on, I'se down to fifteen bucks, cose I kud make a payment later on."

"THAT will be fine Mr. Brown, you are a man of sound business judgment, give me the fifteen and sign this contract, I will call around in a day or two and let you know what progress I have made. (Pause) Thanks, Mr. Brown."

(Door slams.)

"Um-hum, ten thousand dollars, boy dats good, want dat travlin' man fade when he see me pull up in front of the Madam's wif a nickel and brass trimmed Packard!"

"Hullo, here come Amos wif a policeman, what he bin doin' now?"

"Hullo Andy, where's dat old deacon-lookin' feller?"

"Amos, us has a big propolition on, he was a big business man."

(Policeman) "Mr. Brown that was a nut, he escaped from the asylum this morning."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Awa-Awa-Awa."

Maurie Sherman

(*Continued from page 95*)

Christopher Columbus, running daily between Milwaukee and Chicago for a whole summer, he played five long years in a dance orchestra at Columbia Hall and then finally he was noticed and given a real opportunity.

Waddy Wadsworth was at that time making up an all star band to feature at the Winter Garden. He offered Maurie a place in the orchestra and Maurie with more agility than grace, accepted the offer. It was the very opportunity he was looking for and it meant much more money than he had ever earned before. The senior Shermans were at last satisfied that their son was on the right track, and they were filled with paternal pride.

No sooner had Maurie ended his engagement with Wadsworth, than Arnold Johnson, one of the most popular Radio orchestra leaders to-day, sought his services to play at the Green Mill. Maurie went to the new job, and after Johnson left, Maurie stayed on and played his fiddle merrily in company with the piano administrations of Roy Bargy, who is said to be Paul Whiteman's chief pianist at this writing. The Green Mill was so impressed with the popular, good looking young violinist they attempted to sign him up as house musician, but Maurie would have none of it. He agreed to stay on, however, until a more golden opportunity presented itself, for he knew that something would turn up soon.

His expectations were fulfilled shortly. Isham Jones, at that time, was in command of quite a few orchestras besides his own. He saw Maurie at the Green Mill and approached him with the idea that started Mr. Sherman in the profession in which he is now undoubtedly one of the finest. Jones offered him the place of leader of his Colonial Orchestra then playing at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago. Maurie accepted happily and went into the new job with great hopes for the future. And after a year's leadership of the Colonial Orchestra, Maurie struck out bravely for himself. He had always assured himself that some day he would become a famous orchestra leader and now he was on the verge of seeing his dreams come true. A bare month after Maurie left the Colonial Orchestra he was firmly established in his own band. He had ten pieces at the time, three of whom are still with him in his present all star orchestra. They are George Frewert, pianist, Jimmy Fallis at the saxophone and the one and only Joe Plotke at the drums. Joe also sings in a manner that is all his own and most amusing. The band lost no time, then, in becoming a favorite and the name of Maurie Sherman at last really meant something.

Maurie has always been most dignified and his orchestra is conducted in the same manner as a symphony orchestra—when Maurie is on the stand with the boys. But somewhere back in the early history of that band there is found an instance when Plotke and Fallis practically stopped the show with their clowning and cutting up while Maurice was answering a telephone call. Now it is a hard and fast rule of the organization, when Maurie leaves the room, the boys do some extemporaneous comedy acts for the benefit as well as the discomfort of the audience.

Of course this is not visible over the air as yet, but someday it will be and the Sherman band will be on tap to perform as usual. Amongst their stage properties is a small lamp which aids in the search of foreign matter on coat collars, etc., monkey fashion. Fallis becomes an integral part of his saxophone, the clarinet does its best to drown out the piano and so on. When Maurie is seen, smiling in the offing, the band calls the show to an end and stages a grand march around the room playing their instruments meanwhile. Five minutes later, with serious mien and able fingers the orchestra is again one of the best behaved your writer has had the opportunity of watching.

It was Maurie's privilege, about three years ago, to run very nearly at the head of a dance orchestra popularity contest promoted by Radio Digest. He was playing at night from WLS in Chicago and in the daytime his programs were broadcast from WBBM and KYW. Perhaps Maurie has the only orchestra in Chicago which has appeared on three different stations in the same day for any protracted length of time. But to get back to the contest.

WLS was considered Maurie's main outlet at that time, for it carried his evening programs, and the late hours are by far the best for reception. In January 1928, Radio Digest printed the first returns of the contest. Maurie Sherman and his band were far in the lead of all orchestras all over the country, Vincent Lopez running second and Fred Hamm third. In the next issue of the Radio Digest, Maurie was still ahead, but Fate turned a cold shoulder on him for no reason at all. Because WLS, at the time, was having some trouble over musicians, all the bands were taken off the station, Maurie included.

The results were shown in the March issue. Maurie had fallen way behind and there was little chance of his regaining the lead, for he was still off the air at night. The final results of the contest will be remembered by most Radio fans. Paul Christensen and his boys ran first for the Middle West and Maurie was second. Had it not been for an unavoidable occurrence, Maurie would probably have won for the entire country.

Maurie has great enthusiasms for his men and his eyes fairly snap when he mentions them. As to his accomplishments, it has been a business with him and he cannot be convinced that the growth of that business would be of the slightest interest to anyone. He sees no glamour in having the most popular orchestra.

What About Television?

(*Continued from page 96*)

new planets of the sky." Opinions vary.

Television when it comes, will probably make its first appearance in the theatre, where facilities can be made available for producing comparatively large pictures of good detail. The signal may reach the theatre by Radio or by means of special telephone lines designed to handle them. When it becomes a home affair it will probably involve an additional receiver designed especially for the purpose, separate and distinct in every way from the broadcast receiver.

The first demonstration of television in the theatre was given by Dr. Alexanderson on May 22, 1930 in the Proctor (RKO) Theatre in Schenectady, the home town of the General Electric Company. The audience saw television images on a large screen measuring about six by seven feet. The use of such a large screen was made possible by using a high intensity arc light (such as is used to project moving pictures) as the source of light and by the development of a special Karolus cell to vary the intensity of the light. The Karolus cell is not new but its practical application to television represents an important forward step, bringing us nearer the day when large scale television reception will become possible. We understand that a demonstration of television in the theatre is soon to be given in London by the Baird Television Corporation. They will also use a large screen but instead of projecting the light on the screen from a big arc light the screen itself will be composed of thousands of small lights which will glow dim and bright in accordance with the television signals. We don't know just how much program value these demonstrations would have to a lay audience, but we surmise it would not be very great. For a while at least television programs will be interesting largely because of their novelty—but this is no disparagement. Automobiles, moving pictures, Radio, all had to go through such a period, but they finally emerged to take an important and useful place in our lives.

The science of television is progressing, and very rapidly, too, considering what an enormously difficult task it is. Like the search of the ancient philosophers for the elixer of life, television has been for years an inspiriting dream of man. That it will some day become practical no one can deny—when it will come no one can say.

It is interesting to note in recent news dispatches that the Radio Corporation has issued television patent licenses to 32 manufacturers. This may be regarded by many as a straw in the wind indicating further announcements that television sets will soon be on the market. In the meantime slashing cuts in current models of receivers are being advertised.

I will show You too

how to start a spare time or full time

Radio Business of Your Own

without Capital



J. E. Smith, Pres., National Radio Institute

The world-wide use of receiving sets for home entertainment, and the lack of well trained men to sell, install and service them have opened many splendid chances for spare time and full time businesses. You have already seen how the men and young men who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were young had the first chance at the key jobs—and are now the $5,000 $10,000 and $15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. Its growth is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year, also opportunities almost everywhere for a profitable spare time or full time Radio business. "Rich Rewards in Radio" gives detailed information on these openings. It's FREE.

So many opportunities many make $5 to $30 a week extra while learning

Many of the ten million sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. The day you enroll I will show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood, that you can do in your spare time for extra money. I will show you the plans and ideas that are making as high as $200 to $1,000 for others while taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made $935 in my spare time while taking your course."

Many $50, $60 and $75 a week jobs opening in Radio every year

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay $1,800 to $5,000 a year. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, and buyers for jobs paying up to $15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators, give them world-wide travel at practically no expense and pay $85 to $200 a month. Radio dealers and jobbers are continually on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $30 to $100 a week. Talking Movies pay as much as $75 to $200 a week to the right men with Radio training. My book tells you of other opportunities in Radio.

I will train you at home in your spare time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Hundreds have won bigger success. J. A. Vaughn jumped from $35 to $100 a week. E. E. Winborne seldom makes under $100 a week now. The National Radio Institute is the Pioneer and World's Largest organization devoted exclusively to training men and young men, by correspondence for good jobs in the Radio industry.

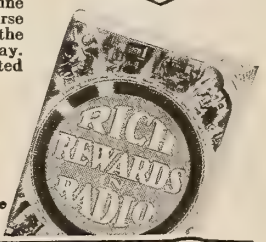
You Must Be Satisfied

I will give you an agreement to refund every penny of your money if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you complete my course. And I'll not only give you thorough training in Radio principles, practical experience in building and servicing sets, but also train you in Talking Movies, give you home experiments in Television, cover thoroughly the latest features in sets such as A. C. and Screen Grid.

My 64-Page Book Gives the Facts

Clip and mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out the money-making opportunities the growth of Radio has made for you. It tells of the opportunities for a spare time or full time Radio business of your own, the special training I give you that has made hundreds of other men successful; and also explains the many fine jobs for which my course trains you. Send the coupon to me today. You won't be obligated in the least.

Get my new book It points out what Radio Offers You



J. E. SMITH, *President*
Dept. OKQ
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

Here are a few examples of the kind of money I train "my boys" to make

Started with $5. Now has Own Business



"Can't tell you the feeling of independence N.R.I. has given me. I started in Radio with $5, purchased a few necessary tools, circulated the business cards you gave me and business picked up to the point where my spare time earnings were my largest income. Now I am in business for myself. I have made a very profitable living in work that is play."

HOWARD HOUSTON,
512 So. Sixth St., Laramie, Wyo.

$700 in 5 Months Spare Time



"Although I have had little time to devote to Radio my spare time earnings for five months after graduation were approximately $700 on Radio sales, service and repairs. I owe this extra money to your help and interest. Thanks for the interest shown me during the time I studied and since graduation."

CHARLES W. LINSEY,
537 Elati St., Denver, Colo.

$7396 Business in two and one-half Months



"I have opened an exclusive Radio sales and repair shop. My receipts for September were $2332.16—for October, $2887.77 and for the first half of November, $2176.32. My gross receipts for the two and one-half months I have been in business have been $7396.25. If I can net about 20% this will mean a profit of about $1500 to me."

JOHN F. KIRK,
1514 No. Main St., Spencer, Iowa.

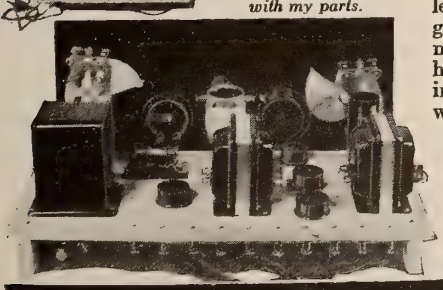
My Free book gives you many more letters of N. R. I. men who are making good in spare time or full time businesses of their own



Rear view of 5-tube Screen Grid Tuned Radio frequency set — only one of the many circuits you can build with my parts.

You'll get practical Radio Experience with my new 8 Outfits of Parts that I'll give you for a *Home Experimental Laboratory!*

My course is not all theory. You use the 8 Outfits I'll give you, in working out the principles, diagrams and circuits used in modern sets and taught in my lesson books. This 50-50 method of home training makes learning easy, fascinating, interesting. You get as much practical experience in a few months as the average fellow who hasn't had this training gets in two to four years in the field. You can build over 100 circuits with these parts. You experiment with and build the fundamental circuits used in such sets as Crosley, Atwater-Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and many others sold today. You learn how these circuits work, why they work, how they should work, how to make them work when they are out of order.



Get the facts on my Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR ONE *FREE* COPY OF MY NEW BOOK — mail it TODAY

J. E. SMITH, *President*,
National Radio Institute, Dept. OKQ
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. SMITH:—Send me your book. I want to see what Radio offers. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Arabesque

(*Continued from page 35*)

MYRA: Well, I'll live and come back too, and Achmed will love and regret too. And now remember at midnight, not a word, there's Achmed at the door now. (*Pause*).

(*Music up softly*)

ACHMED: Well my sweet ones, why must Achmed be deprived of your charming company?

MYRA: Well, seemingly you are not to be deprived any longer, Achmed.

ACHMED: Are you not feeling well, Miriam?

MIRIAM: Feeling splendid Achmed, thank you.

ACHMED: You look pale, Miriam.

MIRIAM: Well, I didn't ride this morning, and I always look pale, if I do not ride.

ACHMED: That settles it, you must ride every morning, I shall see to it, and what is the play this evening, Myra?

MYRA: Dream children.

ACHMED: "Dream Children", how intriguing, I suppose I'm to learn from this play.

MYRA: No Achmed, this play is not intended for you, rather for man in general and the world.

ACHMED: And of course the world is listening.

MYRA: Thoughts have wings, Achmed. And I know my brain children go out to those who think and know the deeper meanings of life, and those who understand.

ACHMED: Well, that is interesting. So you feel the unseen audience always.

MYRA: An actress always feels her audience, even if that audience be one heart that responds.

ACHMED: O, I see.

MYRA: I shall be leaving to get my make-up on now, if you will excuse me, Achmed.

ACHMED: Certainly Myra, we shall be in the hall at nine as usual.

MYRA: Over a year and a half we've been in the hall at nine.

ACHMED: Yes.

MYRA: Has that meant anything to you, Achmed?

ACHMED: Yes indeed Myra, great enjoyment. You are a wonderful playwright and a marvelous actress, a beautiful woman

MYRA: Lacking a soul. Oh yes lacking a soul, but oh such a beautiful body. Too bad, it's just dust. Very well in the hall at nine, as usual.

(*Music up softly*)

ACHMED: Miriam, I feel a strange presentiment this evening.

MIRIAM: You do. Probably you are tired, the air has been stifling in spite of our wonderful place.

ACHMED: I'm used to that Miriam, but it's something else.

MIRIAM: Well, of course, Hassan has a strange influence at times.

ACHMED: Miriam, do you feel the same way toward me, as I do toward you? Tell me?

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Look at me.

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Miriam, I love you, and always will. The first real love I've ever known, and I take what I want. Have I hurt you? Why what's this, your hand is cut.

MIRIAM: Only a scratch, I had my paper knife, it's very sharp, on my desk a few moments ago, and in turning around, when Myra came in, I cut myself.

ACHMED: Let me bind it for you?

MIRIAM: No, it's alright Achmed.

ACHMED: Little soft, white hands, tapering fingers, Miriam.

MIRIAM: Please Achmed.

ACHMED: Miriam, there's a light in your eyes tonight I've never seen before, it tells me much. I can wait, and I shall. Now, you're not afraid are you.

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Come, we shall go to the hall, to see "Dream Children", Miriam—Miriam—someday perhaps—answer me, beloved.

MIRIAM: No Achmed, don't dream too much. Fate decides many things, and we must wait.

ACHMED: I don't want fate to decide for me the woman I shall love, and have as my wife. I'm the master of my Fate, and I shall have you Miriam—in life, not in the land of illusion. Come.

Then they gathered to witness and participate in the play planned to free the captive troupers.

The prologue:

("SCHEHEREZADE" SEGUES INTO NINE GONGS)
(NINE GONGS SEGUES INTO "MONASTERY GARDEN")

DREAM CHILDREN

VOICE: *A gold key that opens wide the door to a woman's soul, a fragile, exquisite soul, crushed by Fate, lies in my hand. A golden key to treasured memories of other days, of love, of beauty, of the dreams that all men have while young, of a home, a mate, and little ones, to rear and love. And so I contemplate the door that waits to be unlocked by this—this key of gold that means a woman's soul. Come with me as I unlock the door to treasured memories, and see within the room, a blue room, a tiny cot and there within, a babe, with golden hair, and at his side a fair young girl, whose hair is tinted by the sun to gold, but when the sun forgets to shine, 'tis then snow white.*

A golden key, and then forsooth a dream that never could come true, a Mother, poor tortured soul, her Babe, her dream child, tenderly she strokes the dampened curls that lie upon his forehead. She strokes the chubby little fist, that clutches e'en in sleep, a little woolly dog, a child's first love, that needs must go to slumberland with him. The woman, oh what love, what sacrifice, she would so gladly bear for that wee man, she never shall caress in life!

Dream Child, we loved you so, but you must lie there within the blue room, quiet and asleep, for evermore, but wait, she stoops to kiss him, he is real to her, he is awake, and lifts his arms to be caressed and soothed, little toes so pink, she takes and kisses tenderly, tiny baby face so like to hers, and yet withal holding a trace of me. The forehead and the chin, are mine. Oh God, am I too, losing all my sense of time and space, am I too, even as she, a prey to wild despair? The golden key, oh may I lock the door, and never more have e'en one glance at those dark shadows that play around that cot. The hand outstretched to soothe his cries, to love and watch Dream Child. It is all right, I shall come often into your presence and stand beside you, with the one you love, so well as I. I only thought perhaps it would not be quite right to keep my dreams so near to me at day, as well as night.

Softly I close the door, the Babe, he sleeps, she watches until dusk, and then again at dawn, her little dream boy that never can be hers or mine. Oh God be kind, be kind.

* * * * *

MONTGOMERY: Larry, you have not spoken up yet. What shall we do about admitting Colonel Braband?

LARRY: I would take him in. The war is over, and, after all, Colonel Braband suffered through the war.

MONT: Yes, I grant you that but he fought against us in the war, and I don't forget quite so easily.

LARRY: Braband lost his wife and children due to malnutrition, too, while he was fighting. He has something to forgive, too.

MONT: If you're such a pacifist why don't you leave your home oftener, and stand up for peace, and make something out of all your speeches.

LARRY: You don't understand, Gentlemen, what my home means to me, it's only a shell. Do you see this key, a golden key to memories. An empty room, where the woman I have always loved sits, and sits, insane from the war, and yet I can forgive, and so must you. I'll tell you my story tonight, and then you decide whether I have more to forgive than you in admitting the Colonel to my club.

MONT: If the rest of the men are willing, I am.

JONES: Go ahead Larry.

LARRY: It goes back to many years before the war, to a garden near a monastery, a boy sat on a wall, and a girl was in the garden.

In the beginning

("*MONASTERY GARDEN*" *FOLLOWS*)

LARRY: Hello.

MARY: Hello Larry.

LARRY: Mary.

MARY: Yes, Larry.

LARRY: I have to go back home today.

MARY: I'm so sorry. I'll miss you.

LARRY: Really, will you?

MARY: Oh yes Larry.

LARRY: Well, I'll come back someday, and marry you Mary.
MARY: Someday?
LARRY: Yes, it will be in the summer time, in June, I think. And we'll go away to an island for our honeymoon.
MARY: All right Larry, I'll wait for you, forever.
LARRY: Mary, would it be asking too much to kiss you before I go?
MARY: I love you Larry, and I'm going to wait for you, in this garden. I'll be here every day until you return.
LARRY: Mary, you're fifteen now aren't you?
MARY: Yes, but that's old, Larry.
LARRY: I'm seventeen, Mary, and it's a lot older.
MARY: Yes Larry.
LARRY: You'll wait in this garden every day, and I'll write you every day, and someday, when I'm old enough Mary, I'll be back, and then you'll be my wife.
MARY: Yes Larry, and I'll be very happy.
LARRY: You won't ever forget me, will you Mary?
MARY: No, here's my little cross and chain, my Daddy gave me. The old Monk who lives next door whom Daddy knows gave it to him, for me.
LARRY: Oh thank you Mary, I'll wear this around my neck always, and here's my signet ring, you wear this.
MARY: Always Larry.
LARRY: I must go now Mary, don't be shy. Just one kiss.
MARY: Yes Larry, I'll be waiting in the garden for you, whenever you come for me.

(*Music up Softly—Beat of Drums in Distance very Softly*)

LARRY: Beloved, I have to leave now.
MARY: It is so soon, Larry, so soon.
LARRY: Yes dear, but it is war, and war waits not for those who love. Come, be brave, sweetheart, I shall be back.
MARY: But to have you only these few moments, my dear.
LARRY: Mary, I have to fight for you, and for the wee one. It has been wonderful to have had these days together, in our garden. Just think Mary, we knew each other when we were children, and now we're man and wife. Mary, the war won't last long, I'll be back and then, think dear. You—oh sweetheart, I'm so proud and so happy.
MARY: Yes Larry, but I'm a woman, and I'm going to be alone, all alone, and I'm in the War zone. Supposing anything happens?
LARRY: Nothing will happen sweetheart, nothing. The enemy cannot ever reach you. Why our lines are too strong. Now, come on smile, that's the girl.
MARY: You'll always wear my cross, and chain, won't you Larry?
LARRY: Yes dear always, but I don't have to wear anything to remind me of you, Mary, I can see you before me always. I've never loved any other girl, just you, always you.
MARY: Larry.
LARRY: Yes dearest.
MARY: I hope our Baby is a boy, and just like you.
LARRY: Well dear, I'm sorry, for any boy that looks like me. I've never been considered handsome dear, just strong and decent that's all.
MARY: But dearest that means more, Larry.
LARRY: Yes dear, it means everything. Now dear, let me go, won't you. I must join my regiment, at once. Don't cry, let me leave you smiling Mary, as I did so many years ago in the garden, promise.
MARY: Yes Larry, I promise, but I love you so, it's so hard to give you up.
LARRY: You're not giving me up, I shall be back for you soon, and we'll go to America, and forget all this war, and have our own little dream house for the boy. Good bye my wife, Mary. God bless you.
MARY: Larry, Larry, I'll be waiting in the garden, when you return, waiting.

(*Music up softly*)

FATHER: My son, it is useless.
LARRY: But Father, you don't understand.
FATHER: Larry my boy, I understand everything. I will take you to Mary after I tell you what has happened.
LARRY: She is alive, isn't—isn't she? She isn't dead? No—
FATHER: She would be better dead, Larry. Now be brave, you're a soldier, and you know the horrors of War, and it came close to you in the trenches, and close to you in your home.
LARRY: Go on tell me, I can't stand it, go on.
FATHER: When the enemy took this town, the regiment of — no I shall not mention names, you will only remember it with bitterness, and the men were not to blame.
LARRY: Go on.
FATHER: Your home was taken as a place for the officers, and Mary—
LARRY: You mean Mary was protected in every way?
FATHER: Yes, in every way. In three weeks she went out of her mind, Larry. I fought for her, but I was only imprisoned and tortured for doing so. I found I couldn't save her. So, I left the matter to God, he saved her mind, from the torture of living with memories of what she had gone through.
LARRY: But Father, where is she? And my —I mean our Baby? Was it?
FATHER: Calm yourself my son, your Mary is totally out of her mind, and will be forever. The baby was spared life, too—perhaps it would have borne traces of the war. That would have made its life miserable. It was better so.
LARRY: But my Mary to suffer like this, alone. Oh God, Father will she know me? Do you think?
FATHER: Yes, she will. Her mind is totally deranged. She always talks to the baby, and to you. She knows you are coming to see her. She just stays forever at the same point. She has a home, and a baby your son, and that's all, her little dream child. Poor woman, and her hair is all white, Larry, but her face will always be youthful.
CARTER: My friend, let us drink a toast to a brave soldier, and a real man, a Saint if there ever were one.
MONTGOMERY: I would drink a toast, a silent toast to a Mother who waits beside an empty cot, to caress her dream child, and I would drink a toast to all Mothers, and to peace with this prayer. May we learn to love our fellow man, and our enemies, and may wars cease, throughout our land. Gentlemen, to a little dream child, and his Mother.

Heywood Broun's Radio Column

A series of this famous columnist's broadcast features as heard over the Columbia System will appear beginning with the

OCTOBER RADIO DIGEST

Better subscribe in advance as this edition of Radio Digest will be swept off the newsstands very shortly after it appears.

Radio Announcing Lures 'em All

Announcing radio programs is apparently highly attractive work, judging from the great number of applicants for the position of announcer at the big stations. Recently a man about seventy years old applied to Edward Thorgersen, of NBC, for such work. When asked if he had had any previous experience at announcing, he said he had not. However, he added, he had done a great deal of writing. And there was one thing, he said, that was greatly in his favor. That was the fact that he was the youngest living veteran of the Union Army in the Civil War. All of which adds one more item to the already lengthy list of qualifications required of radio announcers.

Guarantees Matrimony

(*Continued from page 15*)

shocking events ahead of them in case they married that he pleaded with them not to take the step. They laughed and went away, thinking they were secure in each other's love, but everything he had forecast came true.

THEY neutralized each other's talents. They had the same weaknesses and together they slipped to the lowest depths of drunkenness and drugs. It was only after she had passed out of his life, that his normally strong will reasserted itself and he was able to fight his way back and regain the once enviable place he had enjoyed behind the footlights.

Drawing a chart toward her, Miss Adams asked my dates.

In a few moments she looked up from the figures and remarked, "You should never marry. Your Neptune in the seventh house has given you an intense desire for marriage but it has at the same time prevented you marrying the kind of man with whom you could be happy. Perhaps you have learned this lesson already?"

When I made an affirmative nod she smiled and went on, "I don't believe in the moonlit, rose garden type of marriage, with the man playing Romeo all the time. Marriage is to build character and to have children and should not be regarded as the joyous reward we get for growing up.

"I believe in conflict in marriage. It builds character, but not the destructive, demoralizing conflict that comes from selfishness and vanity.

"There are those who think that people born under fire signs should not mate with those born under water signs. If the position of the other planets show that they will have a constructive effect upon each other, I advocate such a wedding because it will develop them. If you put a hot iron in a bucket of water you are bound to get a sizzle, and that is better than nothing."

MISS ADAMS explained that while there is a general rule by which one may select the most congenial friends from their birthdates, it is inadvisable to take it too literally, particularly where marriage is concerned. The signs and planets of each individual's horoscope should be carefully scrutinized before taking any important step, and most emphatically where matrimony is contemplated.

For the convenience of those whose matrimonial, social or business relations have not been going too smoothly the following lists are given.

March 22nd to April 21st (Aries)

Persons born from the 24th of July to the 24th of August and from the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December are naturally sympathetic and helpful for those born between March 22nd and April 21st. If too intimately associated with those born from June 22nd to July 24th, September 24th to October 24th, the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, the Aries people will find it necessary to be very adaptable or they may become too dictatorial and overbearing.

April 21st to May 22nd (Taurus)

People born from April 21st to May 22nd will find their most agreeable mates among persons who celebrate their birthdays between August 24th and September 24th, when the Sun is in the intellectual earthly sign Virgo, and from the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, when the Sun is in the earthly, conscientious sign Capricorn. Those born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, the 24th of July to the 24th of August, and the 24th of October to the 23rd of November will have antagonizing effect upon the Taurus natives, making them too stubborn and too resentful.

May 22nd to June 22nd (Gemini)

PERSONS born from May 22nd to June 22nd will be most congenial with people born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, 24th of September to the 24th of October, when the Sun is in the airy, balanced sign Libra. If too closely associated with persons born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March, the 24th of August to the 24th of September, or the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December, the Gemini born will find it necessary to be diplomatic but firm in order to get on harmoniously together; such an intimacy might result in the Gemini natives becoming too vacillating and adaptable to the extent of being insincere.

June 22nd to July 24th (Cancer)

Persons born from June 22nd to the 24th of July will find their best friends and matrimonial partners among the persons born between February 20th and March 22nd, when the Sun is in the watery, unselfish sign Pisces, or from the 24th of October to the 23rd of November when the Sun is in the watery, mechanical sign Scorpio. If too intimately associated with those born from the 22nd of March to the 21st of April, the 24th of September to the 24th of October, or the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, Cancer natives will need to guard well their own individuality. Such an intimacy might result in the Cancer native becoming too introspective, too fretful, and utterly lacking in self confidence.

July 24th to August 24th (Leo)

Persons born between July 24th and August 24th will find their happiest affiliations with people born from the 22nd of March to the 21st of April when the Sun is in the fiery, magnetic sign Aries, and from the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December, when the Sun is in the fiery, intuitive sign Sagittarius. If too intimately associated with those born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, the 21st of April to the 22nd of May or the 24th of October to the 23rd of November, Leo people will find it necessary to avoid being too dictatorial, stubborn, or conceited. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Leo becoming too irritable, impatient and dissatisfied.

August 24th to September 24th (Virgo)

PERSONS born from August 24th to September 24th will find their most congenial friends and mates among those born from the 21st of April to the 22nd of May and from the 23rd of December to the 21st of January. If too intimately associated with those born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March, the 22nd of May to the 22nd of June or the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December, Virgo natives will find it necessary to be less critical and more sympathetic in order to get on harmoniously together. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Virgo becoming too petty and stressing small things to such a point as to upset his nervous system.

September 24th to October 24th (Libra)

PERSONS born from the 24th of September to the 24th of October will find their most congenial mates among those born between January 21st and February 20th, the 22nd of May and 22nd of June. If too intimately associated with those born from the 22nd of March to the 21st of April, 22nd of June to the 24th of July, 23rd of December to the 21st of January, Libra people will need to exercise will power in order not to lose their individuality. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Libra first becoming too pliant and then reacting to the other extreme and becoming too stubborn and unyielding.

October 24th to November 23rd (Scorpio)

People born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March and from the 22nd of June to the 24th of July are naturally sympathetic and helpful to those born under the sign of Scorpio, October 24th to November 23rd, a watery, fixed, self-interested sign. Their characteristics being complementary, they are bound to be very good partners for the Scorpio-born, matrimonially or otherwise. If too in-

timately associated with those born from January 21st to February 20th, the 21st of April to the 22nd of May, from the 24th of July to the 24th of August, they will find it necessary to submerge their strong personality and determined will in order not to be unduly antagonized or irritated.

November 23rd to December 23rd
(SAGITTARIUS)

PERSONS born from November 23rd to December 23rd will find their best mates among those born between March 22nd and April 21st and July 24th and August 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between the 20th of February and the 22nd of March, the 22nd of May and the 22nd of June, the 24th of August and the 24th of September, Sagittarians will need to check their impatience and curb their tendency to be too frank; such an intimacy might result in the native of Sagittarius becoming too sarcastic, brusque and too disregardful of consequences.

December 23rd to January 21st
(CAPRICORN)

Persons born from December 23rd to January 21st will find their best mates among people born between April 21st and May 22nd, August 24th and September 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between March 22nd and April 21st, June 22nd and July 24th, September 24th and October 24th, Capricorn natives will need to avoid being too self-centered and too morbid. Such an intimacy might result in the native becoming too introspective and self-conscious.

January 21st to February 20th
(AQUARIUS)

Persons born between January 21st and February 20th will find their best mates among those born between May 22nd and June 22nd, September 24th and October 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between April 21st and May 22nd, July 24th and August 24th, October 24th and November 23rd, the Aquarius born will find it necessary to guard against those who would take advantage of them. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Aquarius becoming too nervous.

February 20th to March 22nd (PISCES)

PERSONS born between February 20th and March 22nd will find their best mates in people born between June 22nd and July 24th, October 24th and November 23rd. If too intimately associated with those born between May 22nd and June 22nd, August 24th and September 24th, November 23rd and December 23rd, Pisces natives will need to practice self-preservation. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Pisces becoming too vacillating and lacking ambition and will.

There you have a brief outline of the influence of the planets in each of the twelve houses. How accurately Miss Adams has interpreted their bearing upon the lives of individuals is amply evidenced each day in the bags of mail which arrive from every country in the world. Literally thousands of letters are received weekly by Miss Adams from those she has advised in the past and those who seek guidance for the years to come.

Astrology, according to Miss Adams, is the open door to Destiny. We need no longer wonder what is going to happen. All we have to do to get an eyefull of the future is to lay our dates, that is, the hour, the day, the month, the year and the place before a competent reader of the stars.

Way Down East Up-to-Date

in

UNCLE ABE and...DAVID

True Story of how these lovable characters have become so popular over the National Broadcasting networks will be told in October

RADIO DIGEST

Subscribe Now *$4 per year*

420 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.

Ray Perkins

(*Continued from page 16*)

Perkins dresses immaculately, and, whenever possible, changes his shoes three times a day. He'd like to have enough money to write songs just for the fun of it.

Each Sunday he reads all the book reviews in the New York newspapers and makes lists of books to buy. But he seldom finds time to make the purchases and by the time the next book review sections are published, he has made an entirely new and different list.

Perkins is short and chunky and appears to be red-headed though it is really sandy. He has a round-red face and grins a lot. He is said to be able to wear a silk hat more nonchalantly than anyone else in broadcasting. He has no ambition to be a social butterfly, however.

He plays golf but doesn't talk about it much. He says it isn't the kind of golf you can talk about in polite society.

He doesn't rehearse his own programs too long, as he says it takes away some of the spontaneity. Likes to run across a line in his script that is a surprise to him. Half of the songs he sings on the air are his own and many of them have never been published. He often turns out a tune and a lyric for a song in an afternoon and uses it the same night.

His sister, Grace Perkins, is quite well known for her short stories and another sister, Bobby Perkins, is in musical comedy and is considered one of the cleverest ingenues on Broadway.

He likes Radio because he considers it the world's greatest experimental laboratory in entertainment. He believes that eventually, Radio will produce super-entertainment and that it will be responsible for the greatest development of musical and literary talent the world has ever seen. He doesn't take himself too seriously, however. He can give a very convincing demonstration of seriousness when he is outlining one of his ideas to some other broadcaster.

His only ambition is to make enough money to buy a yacht and then retire to it and continue to write songs.

What's in a Name?
—Ask di Stefano

Another tragedy of Radio has been brought to our attention. Stefano di Stefano, the NBC harpist, has a brother harpist, a near neighbor and a good Italian, but not related to him in any way. His name is Salvatore di Stefano and, therefore, their initials are the same. Stefano says that Salvatore gets all the invitations to swanky dinners, weddings and parties that are intended for him (Stefano) while he (that is, Stefano again) gets all the milk bills, threatening letters, tailors' samples and circulars relating to oil stock and very profitable mining investments that are intended for Salvatore.

We do not quite know how to advise them in the solution of this problem, unless they go and live together, open all the mail and divide it up on terms agreeable to both. You see Salvatore di Stefano gets engagements probably intended for Stefano di Stefano, while Salvatore, or, rather, Stefano . . . pardon us, but we are completely confused and cannot go on . . .

One of his young cousins recently met Milton Cross, genial NBC announcer, whose waistline is gradually expanding to most generous proportions, and, observing the ever-widening girth, remarked:

"You know, they might well call that the Radio Corporation."

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 47*)

Pat Kelly

NOW for Pat Kelly. Pat joined the Cheerio family last October. It was all happenstance, like a great many other things in Mr. Kelly's life. He was the announcer for the program. Somehow the news got around that this Irishman with the smile in his voice could sing as well as announce. And so one morning he sang "The Little Gray Home in the West." A perfect avalanche of mail came in the next few days, all with the same cry: "Give us more Pat Kelly." From then on Pat was a member of Cheerio and every morning his beautiful tenor voice goes out to gladden the somebodies somewhere who are listening in.

Pat was born in Australia, and educated to be a marine engineer. He has travelled over a quarter of a million miles on salt water. He has been shipwrecked three times—an adventurous career.

Several years ago he landed in Seattle and in this port that happenstance I mentioned before led him into his singing career. For Fortune Gallo, the New York impresario happened to hear Pat singing at a party. Immediately he offered him a five year contract with the San Carlo Opera Company. Good bye to the sailor's life and the British navy. Pat came to New York, worked with Fortune Gallo, and was later with the Schuberts. He played in "Blossom Time."

Now he is superintendent of announcers at NBC, and besides singing on the Cheerio program, Pat announces the RKO programs Thursday afternoons, the Ipana programs Tuesday mornings, and the Ingram programs.

He is married to Yolan Poszanyi, a native of Budapest, Hungary.

Harrison Isles

LAST but not least, there's Harrison Isles, Cheerio's big six-foot musical director and pianist.

Don't be discouraged, parents, when your child doesn't seem to take to his music. The first two years that Harrison was studying piano, his father used to sit right by him with a strap. That's how badly Harrison hated practicing. Yet, after two years' exposure to music, it finally "took." Harrison said he couldn't explain it but that suddenly, like the sun bursting through the clouds, he understood and liked music, and instead of the strap being used to make him practice, his parents had almost to force him out of doors to get some exercise.

He studied at the Ithaca Conservatory and put himself through a post graduate course at Ann Harbor, making expenses by playing in theatres and churches. Right out of college he travelled with Julian Eltinge, scoring his show, "The Fascinating Widow." "That dates me," said Isles, "but what do I care?" And why should he? Forty-two, he says he is, but one could easily believe him ten years younger.

In Keyser, West Virginia, Harrison has a wife and two sons who will shortly join him in New York. The small town, says Harrison, has the great advantage of forcing a musician to be versatile. He must do everything. And that is what Cheerio's new musical director did in Keyser. He played in the motion picture theatre, he organized town musicals and glee clubs, he gave music lessons, he had a dance orchestra, and for seven years he was choir master and organist in the Episcopal Church.

With Miss Riegger he was in charge of the Cheerio broadcast during two weeks in July and he is also assistant director and arranger for the Arco Birthday Program.

Made for Petting

(*Continued from page 53*)

home to serve as a background for the exquisite and exacting Puff.

TERRIERS, wire-haired ones in particular, are getting quite a run. One is kept as a mascot by the three Morgan Sisters, NBC vocal trio, who have named him Scherzo, the musical term for playful and humorous. Welcome Lewis, the crooning NBC contralto likewise has recently acquired one. Kenyon Congdon, CBS baritone, has five terriers of all sorts.

Way out on the Pacific Coast, Annette Hastings, "baby star" soprano of that NBC division, isn't quite sure which pet she likes the best. A prize police dog, Persian cat and canary vie for her favor but do not fight with one another.

Howard Barlow, CBS symphony leader, proudly points to a whole album full of pictures of his Boston bull, Socki. Socki doesn't miss a thing that is coming to any year-old baby. He has toys that squeal like kittens, others gayly colored and one device that barks like a dog and which he has adopted as a friend. Mr. Barlow sent Socki away for a holiday to a farm where greyhounds were kept and taught tricks. And Socki was all attention. When Barlow called for Socki, he said, "Come, Socki, how tall are you?"

With a great show of skill, Socki jumped—and got as high as Barlow's knee. Socki, incidentally, is terribly jealous of Mrs. Barlow and finds that the only thing that compensates him for having an additional person around, is that she permits him to jump into Howard's bed in the morning.

There is a bit of monkey business in broadcasting, even though few stars go in for unusual pets. One simian with a long curling tail sits proudly on the shoulder of Irene Beasley, Columbia's lady of the low-down voice. Georgia Backus, who writes continuities and acts for the same chain, manages also to keep one of the queer little chameleons alive. Impatiently she has named it Stupid. Stupid is a very sensitive lizard and serves as a barometer for Georgia's moods. When Stupid lies still and green, Georgia is her own sweet self; when Stupid changes to a dull red hue—come again some other day, Georgia is *not* her own sweet self.

CANARIES claim the attention of Old Topper Ray Perkins, who has one named Mike in honor of his profession; Adele Vasa, who has two golden birds who follow her lead and sing even while taking a bath; and Marcella Shields, microphone comedienne, practices her inimitable chatter before a little feathered audience.

Mary McCoy has a kitten for a pet and looks charming when photographed together with it. Kathleen Stewart, for long a studio pianist with NBC, also goes in long on cats. She has six—or rather twelve—for she just adopted another cat which immediately showed its gratitude by presenting Kathleen with five fluffy little kittens. But the pianist is not a cat specialist. She also has a couple of dozen ducks swimming about an especially built pool on the grounds of her home.

Bobbe Deane at KPO, San Francisco, was presented with a catfish which had been captured in fresh water. Bobbe changed the habitat to salt water and established a nice little home for her pet in dishpan. Nobody knows how the catfish longed for nice fresh water. Sometimes Bobbe with a sympathetic impulse would take it out of the pan for fresh air. Then she noticed a fading of the muddy black and slimy yellow of its skin. The change became more pronounced. You must agree the California climate is wonderful. Eventually the catfish acquired a beautiful rose pink tinted complexion that would make all the other catfish in his old home turn green with envy.

CATS, dogs, horses, canaries, monkeys, chameleons, turtles, white snails and mice, frogs and ducks—all these may attract the pet-loving stars of Mike, but at least Baby Rose Marie (Curley), RKO star and Radio vocalist, is original. She had a pair of rabbits when she started on her recent vaudeville tour, but when she gets home—well there's no telling how many pets she'll have.

Some pets are tiny, some are huge; others are fat and some are lean (but not from lack of food), in color too they vary, but they are alike in reciprocating the love of their kind masters and mistresses.

Terror

(*Continued from page 51*)

erty of soul and body was actually within her reach. She had but to tell the truth about her enemies and obey the laws and —be free!

This was too much to resist, and Mary wailed:

"IT'S the truth you have suspected. The goods are there! Your own husband fairly trod on them when he searched! But he wasn't cute enough to find them. None of the constables were cute enough to find the things, though they were all but touching them all the time!

"After the first search, the Hughsons moved the speckled linen and the silver things to the garret. And then after the second search they hid it under the stairs. And after the third they gave it to Hughson's mother, Mrs. Luckstead, to take away and hide. And John Romme is mixed in it, too. And the black man Caesar paid silver for two mugs of punch and made me take a piece of eight."

When she had pumped the girl's brain dry of its secrets, Anne's softness turned sharp. She thrust the bundle of candles into Mary's arm and bade her be gone before she was sent for.

Hurrying back through the dark Mary repented her looseness of tongue. She feared that her confession would be published and all the negroes and whites would kill her.

Hardly an hour had gone when the inn was filled again with constables; John Hughson was in a fury when he saw the raiders.

"You men again! In God's name why don't you take up lodgings here? I see you oftener than my regular trade."

Mr. Miller the undersheriff shoved him off and roared:

"We have the truth of it now."

"Who from?"

"From one as knows!—Mary Burton no less!"

Mary let a shriek and would have fainted, but she feared to drop helpless before the murderous eyes that rolled her way — John Hughson's, his wife's and Peggy's.

"I did not! It's not true!" she howled. And then Anne Kannady stepped in at the door and charged her home with admitting the theft. Mary was like to die, she was so distraught.

The sheriff seized her and dragged her from the house as if she were the only guilty one. Anne Kannady attacked her like a shrew:

"You lying little slut, to double deal with us and make us fools before those swine!"

"I daren't tell anything! They'll kill me. They'll kill me!"

She was in such taking that Mr. Miller clapped his hands over her mouth and tried to soothe her with paternal words:

"A fine idea you have of me—of us!—that with all the constables in town about you, you're not safe from a pack of vermin."

Mary could only quake and choke while Mr. Miller, smothering her still, went on:

"I'll not lift my hand until you cross yourself in promise that you will bear witness to the truth. You're in less danger from them than from me."

But it was not till he volunteered to take her for safety to his own lodgings at the City Hall that her trembling hands made the sign. Then he let her breathe again.

Coming—

"The Langthwaite Pearls"

By J. S. Fletcher

An intriguing mystery story with a London setting that involves the disappearance of the famous Langthwaite Pearls, a runaway Countess and a heartless rogue. A master detective enters the picture and aids in the solution of the mystery, which ends in a most surprising and unexpected manner. It appears in October RADIO DIGEST.

Leaning against him she fumbled in her pocket and brought up a coin.

"It's a piece-of-eight they stole—and gave to me."

HER tongue was loose now and her anger mounted higher and higher with a coward's fury after fear; and clinging again to Anne Kannady she ran on:

"I know enough about them to hang and burn them all! You've been better to me, Mrs. Kannady, than ever my own mother was, and I verily believe that if you hadn't worried the truth from me and taken me away they'd have murdered me this very night or shipped me to the Barbadoes in a boat that is sailing in the morning."

"That's enough," said Mr. Miller. "The alderman should know of this."

They all marched over to his house, and Anne Kannady told of her proffer of freedom to Mary and of the girl's danger, and Mr. Baucker entrusted her to Mr. Miller for safety. He sent for Hughson and "pressed him very home" until Hughson at last admitted that he did know where some of the things were hid, and fetched them.

The next morning the Mayor summoned the Justices to meet him at the City Hall. There Mary was questioned again and now a sense of awe of the mighty rulers was added to her treasury of terrors. She told what she knew and far more, for she answered yes to all the leading questions.

So Peggy was arrested and the Hughsons and Mr. Auboyneau's boy, Prince.

It was not easy for a gentleman to live without his slave, so Mr. Auboyneau's boy was released on his master's recognizance in ten pounds penalty.

THE sheriff went to arrest John Romme, but he absconded. Mary Burton was turned over to a Mr. Wilson. He was no relation to her lover, but the name had a pleasant sound, and everything seemed to beat peace until the trial, which was set for the next term of the Supreme Court.

Mary had nothing to do now except to rise at dawn and work like a slave till dark; but she was among white people and when she met the other bonded servants at the well where they went for water, she would naturally try to glorify herself and her danger a little. For even the white servants treated her with a certain scorn as both a companion of low people and an informer on them. And the slaves, passing the yard where she hung out the clothes, would look at her with contempt and frighten her. So she had much to say of negro threats to burn the town and slay the people and become kings. When the maids laughed at her, she would say:

"You'll see! Just wait!"

A fortnight later, as if to confirm Mary in her role of prophetess, a huge cloud of smoke shot up from the roof of His Majesty's House at Fort George where the lieutenant-governor lived with his family.

The wind was in such virulence that the smoke itself carried the news before the bell in the adjoining chapel gave tongue to the alarm that called forth great numbers of gentlemen and others, and slaves.

(*Continued on page 112*)

The bell did not yelp long, for the flames spilled in red billows across the chapel and swept on the secretary's office over the fort gate.

There was barely time to throw the records of the colony out of the windows for the winds to carry in yellow snow about the town before the secretary's office was gone and the barracks turned to ashes, the stables outside the fort licked up and the roofs of the houses next the North River bombarded with blazing shingles.

THE whole town would have been shortly levelled if heaven had not sent a "moderate shower" to stay the holocaust.

Everybody blamed the plumber, who confessed that he was mending a leak in the gutter between His Majesty's House and the chapel, and that sparks must have escaped from the fire-pot that heated his soldering-irons. A report was made to that effect by Governor Clarke, in a letter to the Legislature at Albany.

But Mr. Cornelius Van Horne, captain of one of the five militia companies, beat to arms and drew out his men and kept seventy odd of them on patrol that night.

The other captains called him a fool and his men cursed him, but he was soon hailed as the savior of the city from a damnable conspiracy.

And sure enough: hardly a week had passed when there was a fire in Captain Warren's House near the Long Bridge over the Broad street sewer creek. The engine soon had the fire out and the dullards said the thing started in a sooty chimney.

HOUSES were always catching fire from dirty chimneys and all of the chimneys were unusually foul from the early and unbroken winter. But people of imagination thought it strange that two fires should come only a week apart.

Just a week later and Mr. Van Zandt's storehouse for deal boards and hay was blazing. Luckily it stood so close to a slip that a bucket line overwhelmed it almost at once. But thoughtful people began to murmur:

"A strange many of fires we're having of late!"

Three days later Mr. Vergereau's cowstable in the Fly had to be put out. As the people were returning from that, Ben Thomas' house on the west side of Captain Sarly's house began to smoke, and was smartly quenched.

The next day, a Sunday, some live coals were found smoking in a haystack near the coachhouse of Joseph Murray, esq. Though these were also extinguished at once, in the words of Justice Horsmanden "it was natural for people of any reflection to conclude that the fire was set on purpose by a combination of villains."

On that very sabbath as three slaves were walking up the Broadway towards the English Church of the Trinity at service time, Mrs. Earle, who was kept at home by a sore tooth, chanced to be leaning out of her window and overheard one of the trio say with a vaporing sort of air:

"Fire, fire! Scorch, scorch! A little, damn it, by and by."

He threw up his hands and laughed, and the three passed on. Mrs. Earle, brooding over all those fires, conceived a jealousy at these silly words and went at once to talk to her neighbor Mrs. George about it.

An hour later, just after church-out, the same negroes came down the Broadway again and Mrs. Earle pointed out the man who spoke.

"Why, that's Mr. Walter's Quack," cried Mrs. George.

The two women ran to the nearest alderman with their conclusions and the alderman informed the rest of the justices at their meeting the next morning. As they were clacking over it, a chimney broke out at Sergeant Burns' house on the east side of Captain Sarly's. Two hours later Mrs. Hilton's house was afire and some tow was found wrapped in a bundle.

Now this was worth considering. The houses on either side of Captain Sarly's house had been found afire. And Captain Sarly owned one of those Spanish negroes.

What better proof could the forethoughtful need? They set afoot a rumour that ran on of itself:

"The Spanish negroes, the Spanish negroes! Take up the Spanish negroes!"

When Captain Sarly's black was asked if he set the two houses afire he answered with insolence, so naturally there was nothing to do but throw him and all the other Spanish slaves into jail.

Even this did not end the conspiracy, for the following morning one of Col. Philipse's storehouses blazed up, and a slave was seen to leap from a window. A mob pursued him and dragged him from his master's house. He turned out to be Col. Philipse's Cuffee and he insisted that he had been trying to put the fire out and had to leap for his life. But it turned out that he had leapt into a deeper fire, for of course he was not believed and it was accounted merciful not to kill him on the way to jail.

The lieutenant-governor ordered a military watch to be kept that night; and it was kept all summer. For equal proofs of foul conspiracy were multiplied each day and the common council promptly offered a reward of one hundred pounds current money of the province to any white person who discovered the incendiaries, and a pardon to him if he were concerned; while any slave who made discovery would be set free and given twenty pounds; and his master paid twenty-five pounds to pay for his freedom.

AT THIS high crisis, the Supreme Court met—on a Tuesday, April 21—and proceeded to the trial of the thieves who had robbed Mrs. Hogg. Since this involved two negroes, everyone thought at once of the fires. And now Mary Burton was dragged again into eminence.

She was called before the Grand Jury, but the constable reported that she refused to come or to be sworn or to give evidence. When asked why, her only answer was:

"I will not be sworn!"

They saw that she was under some great uneasiness, some terrible apprehension. Her testimony was deemed of such weight that shorthand reports were kept of her least utterances so that we know far more of this scared chit and her chameleon shifts of color than of many of the giants of history.

We have almost no hint of Jenghiz Khan, who ruled a continent; and numberless Titans of history are dumb in the record; but we possess a volume of Mary Burton's deadly chatter in her own dialect.

At first the grand jurors found her adamant. They thundered at her in vain. Then they offered her the hundred pounds. She despised it.

Someone hinted that she had a guilty knowledge of the fire-conspiracies. They conceived "a jealousy that she was privy to them." But she would not speak until they said, "Take her to jail!"

And that broke her silence. She cried she would tell all she knew.

When she stood before the grand jury again, she stuttered:

"I'll tell all about the theft, but nothing about the fires!"

The jurors said: "Aha! that means she knows about the fires." Of course it did not, and she had not meant it so, but they called it "providential" and went after her in full cry.

THEY began to badger her again with threats and promises. They offered to buy her bond of indenture so that the city should own her. They talked religion and warned her of the everlasting fires of hell and worse demons even than the Spanish negroes.

And so they cudgeled the poor fool to a frenzy. She wanted only something to confess to please them, but could think of naught. She stood gnawing her apron and beating her hands together until of a sudden she remembered as in a trance all that drunken hilarious talk of the negroes who had joked about burning the city down. She knew it was only tankard nonsense, and she was afraid that the jurors would laugh at her if she mentioned it. She little knew their hunger.

At length one of the jurors reminded her:

"Does a hundred pounds of good province money and your freedom mean nothing to you?"

For the first time she caught a glimpse of the far future. Tom Wilson's face came before her. He was out on the high seas, firing cannon perhaps at some Spanish ship in the hope of winning a little gold for their golden hope.

Did a hundred pounds mean anything to her? It meant Tom Wilson! It meant

a home, love, pride, heaven. It meant everything!

Why should she conceal what the slaves had said? Let the grand gentlemen of the jury make what they could of it. The blood of the blacks would be on their heads.

And so she told them everything she could remember, and everything that would make it more impressive.

The Grand jurors looked at one another in delight. They rained questions on the girl and their most fantastic suggestions came back to them in echoes of assent. With their imaginations added to her own, Mary was inspired to develop the gibberish of a few boozy slaves into a plot that Cataline would have been proud of. She added guns and swords and stores of ammunition to the things she had seen hidden away.

"Why did you never tell of this before?" they cried, and she gave the easiest answer:

"The Hughsons vowed they would poison me if I breathed of it."

"But to hear them threaten to burn the town—and tell no one! After you were removed from them, why did you keep silent?"

"The negroes swore that if I told they would burn me first and then the town."

This was plausible. It satisfied the jurors and the judges who were honest men as far as honesty goes—which is not far when passion rules. Then a new logic obtains, a new mercy ruthless as only fanaticism can be.

And now the jury had what it wanted; the town had what it wanted: a word from somebody—from anybody—to serve as a pretext for the satisfaction of the wraths that spring from fear.

Mary Burton was not a gifted creator of fiction, or a master of consistent plot. She did not have to be for her market. Fables that would not have been accepted from a maker of fairy stories; imbecile logic that would have disgusted the listeners in a kitchen to a recounter of ghost-stories, were in demand, and common sense and common humanity were contemptible.

Such vast explosions from such little fuses are permitted only to the chronicles of real people, not to the cheap twisters of imagined crimes and mysteries.

Only a few years before Mary Burton ruled New York two little girls had given the town of Salem to immortality by their silly gabble of witches. And Salem had gone on hanging old women, and young men as well, under the guidance of hysterical girls and solemn preachers till at last a clergyman was put to death for witchcraft and nobody was safe from the venomous tongues. And then the witch-hunt stopped short.

New York was about to show how much it could better New England. A fire-pot for soldering irons started the mania and six little chimney-smudges fed it; and a long-eared woman's opinion of a few words uttered aloud by a laughing negro kindled the council-men and they inflamed the judges, and so the whole town roared.

It would take a volume to describe the frenzy; and there is a volume for those who care to see how sly and murderous the law becomes when frenzy guides it. Justice Horsemanden who presided at the trials published his vindication in full and on every page writes down his own condemnation, and the condemnation of the citizens.

The most woful feature of it all is that no one felt called upon to ask that the slaves be given the privileges granted a dog suspected of killing sheep. All the attorneys in town hastened to offer their services to the prosecution and not one was left to say, "Let me defend the poor fiends—not for their sakes, but for the honor of justice which is ever keenest to protect the accused."

Not one clergyman volunteered to be even the devil's advocate or counselled deliberation or mercy or even the avoidance of haste.

The only opposition there was to the carnival of slaughter was the light ridicule of a few such frivolous sceptics as always sneer at the solemner citizens. These triflers and an increasing number of selfish and indolent ladies and gentlemen who found it inconvenient to do without their slaves, were the only ones who even suggested caution.

A house-to-house search was ordered and made for evidence to incriminate the negroes. Not a morsel was found, but arrests were made and prisoners crowded into the jail to aggravate the misery of the poor debtors who were already starving and freezing there.

The slaves, like jungle beasts driven in upon one another by encircling hunters, trampled one another, fought and wept and howled and ran and beat their heads against the bars and gnashed their teeth, fore-seeing only the familiar tortures and the death by fire that waited for slaves who had lost the whimsical favor of their captors.

They were haled before the judges one by one and great words hurled at them in blood-curdling tones. Questions were put in their mouths and the desired answers made easy. At first they all denied all knowledge of any plan to destroy the city from which they took what warmth and nourishment they had. But gradually it seemed through their thick skulls that their masters wanted them to confess and accuse. And so being trained to obedience they did, abundantly, idiotically, with every contradiction of themselves and one another.

The Hughsons and Peggy were likewise flogged with insinuating questions. Peggy, poor gutter-girl, weak and broken of heart and body, answered them stoutly when they advised her to confess for her soul's sake:

"What talk have you of my soul? If I accuse anybody, I must accuse the innocent. And will not that wrong my soul? As for the fires, I know nothing of any fires!"

The famished judges, baffled by the chaotic testimony they were securing from the slobbering blacks, stooped to a foul trick. They bribed a convicted sneak-thief Arthur Price to mingle with the prisoners and, pretending to be one of them, worm from them such confessions as he might. To help him in his slimy work they gave him allowances of drink to loosen the tongues of his victims—or, as Justice Horsmanden says, "to give them a punch now and then, in order to cheer up their spirits, and make them more sociable."

Read the amazing conclusion to this thrilling story of early New York in the October Radio Digest.

Lindbergh's World-wide Broadcast

Reported for Radio Digest with exclusive photographs by

Jesse Butcher

(*Former globe-trotting New York Times correspondent—now chief of Public Relations staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System*)

Mr. Butcher's personal acquaintance with Colonel Lindbergh as a favored journalist especially qualifies him to present this story of a record-breaking broadcast with authority and intimate detail. It appears in

October Radio Digest

Lincoln Lives Once Again

(*Continued from page 44*)

Jedge say hisself; dat you soon as Massa Emerson got us back on dis side ob de ribber our right ob freedom was gone—me an' de chilluns wasn't human folks no more'—we was jest property—goods an' cattles.

HARRIET: How hard it is that white men should draw a line ob dare own ober de face of God's earth; on one side ob which black folks is slaves, like de chillun ob Israal, an' not sayin' a word 'bout it till dey gits us ober dat line.

DRED: But don't worry, Honey—eberything gwine t' turn out alright. Look what dese good Abolution folks is doin' fo' usens. Dey is spendin' thousands ob dollars t' hep us—wifout hope ob earthly re-ward. Mistah Blair say dem Gobernment su-preme Co't jedges can't make no mis-takes—*dey knows eberything.*

HARRIET: Den if dey knows eberything they knows what de white man wants 'em t' do—ef they knows ebery—

(KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

DRED: (CALLING) Who dare?

BLAIR: (MUFFLED) Montgomer. Blair.

DRED: Mistah Blair! Reckon de Supreme Co't done—

HARRIET: Don't set like you was petrekrified—let de gemman in.

(SOUND OF THE DOOR UNLATCHED)

DRED: Come right in Mr. Blair, suh!

BLAIR: Good evening, Dred—Mrs. Scott.

HARRIET: Good evenin', Mistah Blair. Take this cheer—jes' make yo' self t' home.

DRED: Me an' mah wife jes' was speakin' ob you, suh. Has you got news fo' us?

BLAIR: Yes, I have a long telegram from Washington City. Yesterday the Supreme Court of the United States Chief Justice Taney presiding, handed down their decision in the case of Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sanford.

DRED: Praise de Lawd! Glory Hallelujah!

BLAIR: Dred, my poor man, the good Lord had nothing to do with this decision—rather it has been dictated by Satan. They have ruled against you.

DRED: (AFTER A LONG GROAN) Ruled again' me! Oh Lawd, hab mercy on dis po' nigger now!

HARRIET: What did I tell you?

BLAIR: I will read it to you. (RATTLE PAPER—READ) 'In the opinion of the court, the language used in the Declaration of Independence shows, that neither the class of persons who had been imported as slaves nor their descendants, whether they had become free or not were then acknowledged as a part of the people, nor intended to be. On the contrary they had, for more than a century before, been regarded as beings of an inferior order, *having no right which the white man was bound to respect;* and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit—bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic, whenever a profit could be made by it!'

DRED: Dat's e-nuf—Ah don' wan' t' heah no mo' (GROANS)

HARRIET: (SIGHS) Jest what I expected.

DRED: (GROANS) Oh Lawd hab mercy on yo' po' black chillens! What's we all gwine t' do now Mistah Blair? Ain't there no hope?

BLAIR: Yes, Dred, there is always hope. God's ways are not always man's ways. Some day your race will be free—and happy. You may not live to see it, but your daughters surely will. Some day a great man will arise, and with the help of God, he will make your people free.

IT HAS always seemed to me that drama is one of Radio's best bets and the one most neglected. The benefits of good drama are manifold. One famous British statesman said that he learned more history from Shakespeare than at his university. The stage often preaches sermons more powerful than those from the pulpit. Through Radio, dramas properly presented can accomplish more than its several other vehicles. As the characters in Radio plays can have neither make-up, facial expression, nor costume to aid in the creation of their illusion, and as everything is dependent on their voices, acting of a high order is necessary to their success. The time is coming, I believe, when there will be a school of dramatists and actors devoted exclusively to the art of Radio that will rival the stage and the screen.

The last of those who knew Abraham Lincoln in the flesh soon will have ceased to walk earth's way. Yet we have received letters from numerous old people who knew Lincoln, and two of these have talked over the Radio in connection with The Prairie President program. Mrs. Ellen Vogler, of Chicago, now eighty-six years of age, was one of the pretty girls who presented flowers to Stephen A. Douglas during his debates, with Lincoln, and, after the broadcast of the first debate, she told the listeners about it. Miss Mary Kent, also of Chicago, was a little girl of six, whose father was a railroad official on the train that bore Lincoln from Springfield to Washington. Miss Kent's reminiscences were a very interesting addition to the program which pictured that event, just as she had witnessed it in the long ago.

About fifteen thousand people have written letters to WLS, and to me, commending The Prairie President. These have come from many States and from Canada, and are from listeners ranging in age from five to ninety years. These letters are from people in almost every walk of life; there are a large number from lawyers, ministers, and teachers—particularly teachers of history. Several relatives of both Abraham Lincoln and his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, and descendants of the various other characters represented in the dramas, have sent letters containing valuable comments and suggestions. The reading of this mail, week after week, has never failed to fill me with a strange emotion and a feeling of deep gratitude. It has proven that I am under a grave responsibility to all of these people; but it is pleasant to know that my humble efforts have contributed something to so many lives.

From the listeners I have received numerous interesting items for my Lincoln collection as well as considerable valuable historical information, some of which has never been published. From Bement, Illinois, came two photographs of the house where Lincoln and Douglas concluded their arrangement for the joint debates, together with the whole story. I carefully checked up on this and found it to be correct. Here was a discovery which seems to have escaped all of the previous biographers of Lincoln. And I am indebted to Mr. Chester E. Conner of Monmouth, Illinois, for a print from the restored negative, which he owns, of the photograph made of Lincoln at Springfield in 1860 by Alexander H. Hesler for use in the Presidential campaign. This picture, reproduced here by the kind permission of Mr. Conner, shows Lincoln as he was at the close of the first series of "The Prairie President."

THE following letter, from E. C. Statler, of the Coronado Hotel, Chicago, is quoted in full: *"Mrs. Statler and myself wish to tell you of our appreciation of your episodes of our Prairie President, the most wonderful and heart touching drama ever produced. It touches the heart of any true American, and makes him feel more human to his God and fellow-man. Abraham Lincoln, truly a man of destiny. To study him gives a better understanding of the sweet mysteries of life, and brings one closer to his Creator, in thought and deed. You have done America a great service in putting this marvellous drama on the air. Books by the thousand might be written on this great man and lay dusty and forgotten, but Radio's voice has resurrected a character that should ever be before Young America."*

Mrs. Carl Grove, of Danville, Illinois,

wrote in part: *"We have enjoyed "The Prairie President" more than anything we have ever heard over the Radio. Not only does the author deserve a great deal of praise for his tender and thoroughly human portrait of that great character, but there are plenty of bouquets to be handed to the players who are making the story live. They have made it so real that we become absolutely lost in the plays while they are being presented."*

FROM J. A. McCutcheon, of Rocanville, Saskatchewan, came these interesting lines, which are characteristic of hundreds of the comments of Canadian listeners: *"I don't know whether you will be interested or not in knowing what we in Canada think of 'The Prairie President' program. I would like to tell you, however, that we think it is just splendid. We live eight miles from town on a farm and we plan everything on Friday so we can be sure to hear the Lincoln drama. It looks to me that the Radio is going to make us better acquainted one with the other."*

That this program has made a definite contribution toward disseminating American idealism among the foreign born is indicated by the mass of excellent mail which has come in from German, Swedish, Polish, Italian and Jewish people. A letter to me from Mr. Simon, of Summit, Illinois, is a good example. He says: *"I have 5 boys and we all look forward to Friday night. You ought to see the boys' eyes shining when they are listening and I myself think Lincoln was the greatest Man the World has produced. I am a naturalized American but I could hear about Lincoln every day so please keep it up."*

As an example of the reception accorded to "The Prairie President" by thousands of parents, I have selected the following excerpts. From Legnite, North Dakota, Mrs. Fred Pommier wrote: *"My children take such an interest in the life of Lincoln. They rush the evening's chores so we can sit and listen to this wonderful Friday evening feature. We live out on the plains of N. W. North Dakota, close to the Canadian border, and the Radio means lots to us during these long cold evenings."*

MR. AND MRS. LARSON of Cicero, Illinois, say: *"Our little nine year old daughter listens to every word of 'The Prairie President' and we think it the finest thing possible for school children."*

Edward Fischer, of Riverside, Illinois, wrote: *"My seven children, like the rest of the children of our nation, love the great Lincoln for his honesty and as the liberator of the slaves. I think your broadcast of his life is excellent and more than educational, it is inspiring."*

Mr. L. L. Brickett, of Boswell, Indiana, sent this message on a postal card: *"I enjoy listening to the WLS programs. Our boy, Robert, who is twelve years old, has often stayed home from a ball game to hear the Lincoln program."*

From Cutler, Indiana, came a letter from Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sheagley which said: *"Our daughter, who is in the sixth grade, told one of the episodes as an English recitation. Her teacher, who has taught for thirty years, said it was the best recitation he had heard in all that time. We believe that this presentation is giving all the listeners a vivid impression of our 'Prairie President' just as it aided our little girl to make an outstanding recitation."*

Mrs. Ora Dunn, of Rockford, Illinois, in her letter, says: *"We as a family enjoy 'The Prairie President' very much. I have a son, who is a junior high pupil and I consider it an added education to him, as well as to myself, to hear this this story once a week."*

And from Chicago, Mrs. A. Levinson writes: *"My little boy seven years old just begs to stay up to listen to the Lincoln plays and I look forward to Friday evenings for the same reason."*

Here are some of the things the children say for themselves. Emma Alltop, of Pontiac, Illinois, says in her letter: *"We are studying about Abraham Lincoln in history now. I listen about him every Friday night. It is more interesting to hear the plays over the Radio than to read it. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade."*

FROM Rollingburg, Kentucky, Zelphie Coffey writes: *"I want to thank you for broadcasting the life of Lincoln. My mother enjoys it too. They are fine for school children and teachers and help every one to understand and know Abe Lincoln better. I am 15 years of age and live thirty miles from his birthplace."*

Little Miss Esther Bickett, of Boswell, Indiana, writes: *"My brothers and sisters and I listen to the 'Prairie President' every Friday night. Our neighbors come to our house and listen and I am writing to tell you to keep them up. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. My father is the Methodist Preacher at Boswell."*

And from Bonnerdale, Arkansas, Billy Friend sends this note: *"We've listened to every one of the Prairie 'President' plays and won't miss a one until they are ended and I have learned a lot. My teacher says they are wonderful."*

Florence Public, of Roanoke, Illinois, says: *"I have four sisters and three brothers and we all look forward to Friday evenings to the presentation of the 'Prairie President.' I am in the sixth grade and have a sister in the eighth grade. We both have history and have to know so much about Lincoln. I have learned many new things from these plays and I am sure will learn many more."*

A BOY in Evanston, Illinois, Eugene Majewski, writes this: *"I am in the eighth grade at Nichols school, and one of my special assigned subjects is Mr. Lincoln. And the 'Prairie President' has given me an understanding of him that I couldn't get from my history lessons."*

A little Chicago girl, Marion Nielson, wrote this in a letter to me: *"I am twelve years of age and am in the eighth grade. My mother, father and I would rather miss a good show or party than miss the 'Prairie President'. It is very interesting and so real that I almost think I am right with them. I like it very much and it helps me in my school work."*

THE son of George N. Bradley, principal of a La Salle County, Illinois high school, signing his own typewritten letter with a very large "Bobby" states that he is five years old and hopes that we will *"keep on telling stories about Lincoln forever, for I like them very much. I know Lincoln's picture every time I see it."*

Here is one instance, at least, where teachers and pupils are in agreement. From Poteau, Oklahoma, Mrs. Hope Smith, a primary teacher, writes: *"In educational value 'The Prairie President' is unexcelled. Biography read is not remembered. Dramatized it is remembered, very much the same as primary reading lessons."*

Mr. Fred B. Jackson, vocational director of the Junior Senior High School at Crawfordsville, Indiana, writes this to me: *"In my opinion the 'Prairie President' is the best thing on the air. I believe your story is true. I have studied history. I have read much of Lincoln and talked with many of his associates. I have just finished my twenty-second year of teaching: and believe I have fair judgment. Your work will help the morals of all who hear the 'Prairie President.'"*

ALSO from Indiana, S. B. McCracken, professor of science at the Elkhart high school, writes: *"I want to sincerely say how great has been my satisfaction in hearing these incidents in Lincoln's life."* Miss Fern Peters, of Canton, Illinois, sent this: *"I am a listener of the 'Prairie President' and certainly will be with you this fall for the continuation of the same. I am a rural school teacher. My advanced pupils listen to it over the radio. This is an education that will be of more value to them than all the 'book work' they can get in the same length of time."* From Overley, North Dakota, Miss Merle E. Larter writes: *"My father is a farmer and I am a teacher but we enjoy your 'Prairie President' program which is unexcelled in educational value as well as highly entertaining."* And Miss Kathleen McBrayer, history teacher of the Greenville, Mississippi high school, wrote: *"As a teacher of history I am intensely interested in the Lincoln historical playlets, they have been of great value to the teachers and school children throughout the South."* Professor A. F. Ames, Superintendent of Public School at Riverside, Illinois concluded a very complimentary

letter to WLS with these words: *"should like to be able to get copies of all the episodes of the 'Prairie President' plays."*

AMONG the comments upon "The Prairie President," purely as an educational feature, I have selected the following extracts from letters which are representative of many more. From Chicago, Mr. Robert H. Sedgwick wrote: *"Have learned a great deal about President Lincoln that I never found in history; and as the episodes pass, do not know where I could go to refer to them again."* Miss Beulah Cameron, of Edon, Ohio, says: *"I never knew about Ann Rutledge's death until last evening. Of course we did not get that part of Lincoln's life in school history. By listening to the Prairie President program we learn the kind of character he had—for instance in paying the debts of his partner and himself after their store went broke."*

MR. and MRS. WILLIAM MATTSON, of Dear Creek, Minnesota, say in their letter: *"The Prairie President not only gives us worth-while and beautiful entertainment, but renews much forgotten history in our minds and tells of incidents we did not know."* And Clarence L. Elston, of Chicago, says: *"I wish to heartily commend this Radio story of Lincoln, and the way it is presented. I believe it will bring the life of Lincoln before the people more vividly than in any other way."* Ira L. Beebe, a laboring man, writing from Harvey, Illinois, says: *"I have read the story of Lincoln's life but it could in no way be compared with the way you give it. 'The Prairie President' is always an interesting topic at the shop where I work the day following this program and everybody there is interested in it."* Alfred J. Stiles, of Elgin, Illinois, writes: *"The Prairie President is most instructive to young and old, bringing us closer to our beloved Lincoln than reading any book could possibly do."* All of which Miss Sherla McBain of Gary, Indiana, agrees with in these words: *"We have followed with amazing interest each week's part of The Prairie President, as we view through the vista of receding years the many intimate incidents of Lincoln's life which are not part of any biography we have read."*

The many requests that this work be put in book form has been complied with; sometime in October the Reilly & Lee Co., of Chicago, will publish, *The Prairie President—Living Through the Years with Lincoln.* It will be a complete biographical narrative, and I plan to incorporate in it most of the dialogue that has formed the substance of the Radio series, together with a great deal of added material. The work will thus constitute a new method of approach to a figure to whom there has been no dearth of pens devoted in the past. It will owe nothing to any other biography of Lincoln, save that it will adhere closely to the facts of his life. It is my aim, by projecting the story through a series of closely knit episodes, in which faithfully reproduced dialogue is the chief illuminating factor, to achieve a warm animated study, to enliven without distorting, and to bring a little closer to reality, if possible, the image of the greatest American.

Japanese Fans Pay for Listening Privileges

(*Continued from page 59*)

and 3. A number 1 orchestra may command 5000 yen ($2500) for a half hour performance. Contracts are not made for any particular length of time with orchestras. At one time JOBK had a regular staff orchestra, but this has been done away with and orchestras are hired as the program demands them. They seem to be plentiful—even in Japan.

WHEN asked what salary the usual JOBK orchestra man received, Mr. Kemuyama advised that it would not be "professional" to tell me. The artists are picked for programs only. The station does not have any contracts. A list of artists obtainable are filed in the managing director's office. A card index immediately gives the "casting director" all the information required about an artist and when desired for a number he or she is called and advised when to come for a rehearsal.

Artists are paid according to public ratings—or how well they stand with the public. Most of them have appeared on the various theatre programs. Unless the program calls for a special arrangement of numbers, the artist is allowed to sing just what she wishes or what he desires and can "put over" to his best advantage. It seems that foreign songsters are few in Japan and therefore demand a higher rate of pay. Classical singers seem to be very rare as well. Boy orchestras are popular in Japan.

All broadcasting ceases by 10 o'clock. That is a government regulation. Nothing at all on the air after that time. The summer and winter broadcasting schedules differ—the winter starting at 7 a.m. and the summer schedule at 6 a.m.

Very little is made of the announcers—and usually one of the staff tells the "Radio audience" what will take place and that's all there is to it. Personalities as far as the broadcasting station is concerned or anything with reference to broadcasting, are nil.

Very few English programs are put on the air. Occasionally an American song will be broadcast or a very popular melody from an American musical comedy will be played by an orchestra.

The Japanese are quite satisfied with their own accomplishments and although American goods and American methods are copied to a great extent, the Radio programs seem to be "Japanesy" in every way. When a very famous personage comes to Osaka, JOBK will usually have him speak and an interpreter will follow with a translation of the speech. The newspapers publish daily programs—but they do not go in for publicity of the type given American Radio entertainers. The Japanese-English papers merely carry the programs.

THE Japanese method of handling the broadcasting situation may after all be the best plan from all angles—the station as well as the listener-in. Without the advertising problem, stations can really devote themselves to giving the best form of programs obtainable—and with the consumer paying the bill, the subscriber has some "say-so" in what goes on the air and what does not. Government supervision keeps the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association on its toes and on the job. There may be more sets sold without the "subscriber" method of operation—but after all, what is worth having is worth paying for—and that is the philosophy back of the Japanese method of operation.

Brings the Orient to America

Basil Ruysdael, WOR announcer, is known over the air, mainly, for his excellent Red Lacquer and Jade programs, which brings to Occidental ears the quaint and pithy philosophy of the Orient. While thumbing a Victor record catalogue, looking for information about an artist on a forthcoming program, a member of the Bamberger station's publicity staff came upon the information that a large part of the success of Lawrence Tibbett, famous baritone, was due to the instruction he obtained from Mr. Ruysdael, who had kept this fact a secret.

Recently, Basil met an old friend, Alma Gluck, at WOR and recalled the fact that many years ago he had had the privilege of leading her out on the Metropolitan stage in an opera in which she was making her debut. He did not say, however, that he was one of the principals, also.

Specializes in Funny Sounds

From Childhood Robert Wildhack Has Practised Reproduction of Amusing Sounds—He Profits by His Snores

AMERICANS have been accused for years of being a most wasteful people and the thrift of Europeans has been pointed out. Dyes, medicines, perfumes, etc., from coal tar, and various examples of the clever use of waste material have been used as arguments. Now comes an American, who, in a thoroughly American manner, extracts joy from heretofore waste material, the snore. No European has ever done that.

From childhood to date this man, Robert Wildhack, has delighted in funny sounds, has amused himself in his lighter moments with practicing reproductions of these sounds, just as an artist amuses himself by drawing funny pictures. Wildhack is an artist and draws funny pictures as well as serious ones. One day while resting upon a couch, he pretended to be asleep and snoring. He imitated every form of snore that he could remember or invent. Members of his family were convulsed with laughter. Almost every one gets in the dumps at times, feels blue for no particular reason, "off his (or her) feed," perhaps. At such times, the one sure way, in Mr. Wildhack's family, of "chasing the blues," of laughing away the dumps, was to get Mr. Wildhack to snore.

THUS came the discovery that the humor of funny sound is fundamental and irresistible, and universal. The merest child of three or less will *laugh*. The totally ignorant, uneducated, unread person will *laugh*. A person blind from birth will respond to the humor of funny sounds of which the snore is only one.

Nobody had ever found a use for the snore. Mr. Wildhack began to use it. He began to entertain his friends, including the most serious of them, by reproducing examples of snores. Then he began to take this ridiculous thing seriously and analyzed the snore.

What produced it? How many kinds are there, or have they any particular relation to each other? He found that they really have a relation to each other and that they could be divided into classes according to the way they are produced. They were numerous. So he took some of them, arranged them in regular order, numbered them, named them, and instead of making funny noises at random, he



Robert Wildhack, Radio Cartoonist, KHJ, Los Angeles

made a little illustrated lecture out of them. The illustrations were the snores themselves in sound, not in pictures of course. When it came his turn, after a banquet, to tell an anecdote or make a speech, he responded with this talk on snores. Now he is asked to deliver it constantly, by doctors, lawyers, serious scientific men, business men, people of all kinds and all interests.

HE HAS gone farther and delved into the world of sound and brought to the ear other funny things, which we have all been laughing at for years but considered pure waste and useless for any purpose under the sun. Sneezes, for instance.

He has been asked to appear in vaudeville or perform this experiment of turning useless things into pleasure for public audiences, but he is a busy man and has not found time for this. He has been asked to put it on a talking machine record, and has done so. And now, people all over the country are laughing and chuckling over these familiar "useless" sounds. America has put to use and profit, for the benefit of the world at large, the biggest untapped reservoir of "waste" that the efficiency experts have ever sneered at. And he isn't through.

Mike and Herman

RIDGELY FLETCHER, known in Radio as Arthur Wellington, and also as "Mike McFriend" of the comedy team "Mike and Herman", at WENR, Chicago, was born in Memphis, Tenn. He has lived in Milwaukee and Chicago. He is married, five feet six and one half inches tall. His hobby is fishing. Prior to his work in broadcasting, he was a stenographer and wholesale paper salesman.

He became imbued with the desire to sing over Radio, and as a result was first heard in the Edison Studios of KYW, Chicago, where he sang ballads and semi-classical songs. He is the "straight" man of "Mike and Herman". He has only been heard over KYW and WENR, Chicago. When he took up broadcasting, he was fired from his job as paper salesman, which occurrence he lists as an unusual event in his life.

Mr. Fletcher was educated in the public schools of Chicago and River Forest, Ill. He is a distant relative of Sidney Lanier, poet.

The other half of the team, James H. Murray, is known to Radio as "Herman Schultzmeyer". He was born in Allentown, Pa., and has lived in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He is married, five feet five and one half inches tall, has brown eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are motoring and photography.

His answer to the question "what business or professions have you followed" is "building, designing and calibrating electric meters". He became interested in broadcasting through his curiosity to try something new, and was first heard over KYW, Chicago, as a tenor soloist. He has appeared before the microphones of KYW, WEBH, WQJ and WENR, Chicago.

Your Refrigerator

(*Continued from page 94*)

electrically controlled refrigerator keeps the food quite free from moisture. This lack of moisture due to a low, uniform temperature and a free circulation of air, will keep food in good condition longer than a moist one.

A refrigerator should be free from odor. It is not pleasant to have food taste of wood, varnish or paint. Odor may come from various sources—from the foods themselves, from the refrigerant used, from the lining, insulation or the paint. We can regulate the absorption of odors from the foods by correct placing of food in the box. But the other factors are determined by the selection of the refrigerator itself.

The use or value you will receive from your mechanical refrigerator will largely depend upon the size of the cooling unit. A cooling unit should only take up one-third of the size of the whole refrigerator. So, if your family is small, space in your refrigerator is not at such a premium. But if your family is large and there are several children, you will need a larger box excluding the cooling unit. Milk takes up considerable space and needs to be well placed in the refrigerator.

WHAT is a refrigerant? In a preceding paragraph it was stated that odor may come from the type of refrigerant used. By this we mean the substance used to carry away the heat from the air and the food in your refrigerator. There are different chemicals used in the coils of your cooling unit for this purpose. They are expensive but a very small quantity is used and it is used over and over again. The cost of the refrigerator is not dependent upon the kind of refrigerant used. But the refrigerant must be non-poisonous, non-corrosive, non-dangerous of leakage and non-inflammable. If a leak in a pipe occurred, it should readily be detected by the odor. If it is not, it might waste away.

Most women do not wish to spend a great deal of time caring for their refrigerator or other electrical servants. They become a burden to them if they require too frequent attention. So the oiling system should be such that the attention is very little or none at all.

Inquire into the servicing available in your locality before buying a refrigerator. Prompt servicing is oftentimes very essential.

There are many other factors which are important to the life of an electrically controlled refrigerator. But the kind of compressor used, whether the motor is belt or gear-driven or similar questions are not of special interest to the average housewife. Most of us are not mechanical enough to be intelligent on the subject, even though we should know something about these very vital parts.

But you, as purchasers and homemakers responsible for the welfare of your family, are vitally concerned about the temperature maintained, the air circulation, the cost, the construction and the refrigerant used, for these will determine your safety and happiness.

Most electrically controlled refrigerators today have side icing units. The coldest part of this type is next to the cooling compartment. The cold air travels to the lowest part under the cooling unit. As this cold air comes from the cooling unit, it forces the warm air up, so each shelf gets slightly warmer towards the top of the refrigerator.

Milk, butter, cream, cream soups, custards, beverages and all milk dishes as well as any delicate dishes which absorb odors, should be placed nearest the cooling unit. This does not mean that it is safe to keep these foods here indefinitely. This is not cold storage. Your refrigerator keeps milk and other foods cool and retards the growth of bacteria. But even then a quick turnover is necessary to insure safe food and it is better not to keep most foods more than a few days.

Meats should be placed on the next coldest shelf to the milk. The temperature here should not exceed 50° F. Place uncooked meat on a clean dish in the refrigerator. If it is cooked, keep it tightly covered. This will prevent it from drying out too quickly.

Fish may also be kept on the shelf with the meat. To prevent exchange of odors, place the fish in a tightly covered jar.

On the shelf next to the meat and fish are placed berries and other raw fruits. They are subject to mold and dry air checks its growth. Dryness is necessary to keep any food, so do not wash berries before placing them in the refrigerator. Put them in a container which allows a free circulation of air.

Eggs keep well and do not need the coldest place in the refrigerator. Any vegetables, fruits or other foods of strong odor should be in the warmest part of the refrigerator. This prevents any odors from penetrating the other foods. The air strikes the food just before it returns to the cooling unit. Here the odors are absorbed. Vegetables will be kept crisp and fresh if placed in a container which excludes most of the moisture.

IT IS well to say a word about the containers used in a refrigerator. Carefully selected containers will save space and keep the food in good condition. Much room is wasted by wide-topped, flaring bowls. Fruit jars and small compact, straight-sided bowls are good to use. Milk, soup, custards and other delicate or strong-flavored foods should be kept in sterilized covered containers. Glass is a good material to use for food, especially butter, as glass is non-absorbing and easily cleaned.

An electrically controlled refrigerator requires very little care. The interior should be kept clean and dry. It is well to remove all the food at least once a week, wash the interior with warm water and soda and dry thoroughly. The shelves should be removed and washed, also. When considerable frost has accumulated on the cooling unit, it must be defrosted. Turn off the electricity for a short time and the melting of the ice does the work for you. This melted ice should be caught in a container and removed.

AN ELECTRICALLY controlled refrigerator is a storage place for foods. It is not for cold storage. It makes foods palatable, cold, and safe to use. Some foods will last indefinitely in a refrigerator while others, such as milk and milk dishes will last but a few days. A refrigerator prevents waste of left-over food, thus effecting economy.

A covered container with a little ventilation will keep your vegetables in excellent condition. One may be purchased fitted into any refrigerator.

The use of a refrigerator to make ice cubes is thought by many to be one of the main purposes of an electrically controlled refrigerator. In the summer time when the thermometer registers 90° or 100° we are glad for all of the cold foods and drinks with which the refrigerator supplies us.

Another use, especially in the summer time, is the making of chilled and frozen dishes. Many such delightful salads and desserts may be made with very little trouble. It is scarcely necessary to mention the fact that a temperature control is very essential for quick freezing of these dishes. This should be located where it is easily operated and visible.

* * *

Below are several recipes for dishes which you may prepare in your electrically controlled refrigerator and serve for bridge luncheons or teas.

Frozen Pecan Pudding

1 cup whipping cream
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup marshmallow cream
½ cup chopped pecans
Few drops almond flavoring
¼ cup rubyettes or maraschino cherries

Whip the cream and add the salt. Beat in the marshmallow cream a little at a time. Fold in the chopped pecans, almond flavoring and rubyettes or cherries. Freeze in your mechanical refrigerator.

Stir every 20 minutes during the freezing period to make a creamy mixture. This recipe serves 4.

Ginger Mousse

1 cup marshmallow cream
¾ cup ginger ale
2 tablespoons preserved ginger
¼ cup chopped rubyettes or maraschino cherries
1 cup whipping cream

DISSOLVE the marshmallow cream in the ginger ale in the top of a double boiler. Add the preserved ginger which has been chopped in fine pieces and the rubyettes or cherries. Allow the mixture to cool and to stiffen slightly. Then add the whipping cream which has been beaten until stiff. Pour into the refrigerator tray and freeze. Stir every 20 minutes during the freezing period to prevent the fruit from settling and to make the mousse creamier. This recipe serves 6.

Grape Sherbet

4 cups water
2 cups sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
2 cups grape juice
⅔ cup orange juice
2 eggs
½ cup whipped cream

Make a syrup of the water and sugar and boil 15 minutes. Add the lemon juice, grape juice and orange juice. Cool slightly, pour into your refrigerator tray and freeze to a mash. This requires about 1½ hours. Then add the beaten whites of the 2 eggs and the whipped cream. Fold in these ingredients carefully, return to the refrigerator and continue to freeze until firm. This recipe will serve 10—12 persons.

Shrimp Salad

1 tablespoon gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice
dash cayenne
1 teaspoon salt
dash black pepper and paprika

Soak the gelatin in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Cool and add the lemon juice, cayenne, salt, black pepper and paprika. Place one shrimp which has had the intestinal vein removed, in the bottom of an individual jello mold. Around it place a slice of stuffed olive, and an emrelette alternately. Pour a little of the gelatin mixture on the mold and let stand until set. Then pour gelatin to fill the mold and chill. Unmold and serve on a lettuce leaf. Serve with dressing. This recipe serves 6.

Crushed Fruit Ice Cream

2 cups milk
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
2 eggs
1¼ teaspoons gelatin
1 tablespoon cold water
1½ pints heavy cream
2 teaspoons vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 or 2 cups crushed fruit

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Add the sugar and flour which have been mixed and cook 15 or 20 minutes. Pour over the beaten yolks of the eggs and return to the double boiler. Cook 2 minutes or until the mixture coats the spoon. Add the gelatin which has been soaked 5 minutes in the cold water. Chill. Whip the cream and fold it into the cooked mixture. Add the vanilla, salt and crushed fruit. If the fruit lacks acid, add 1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze. Stir every 30 minutes until the mixture holds its shape. This recipe serves six to eight.

Chicken Mousse

1 cup chicken stock
1 cup chopped chicken
½ teaspoon salt
dash of pepper
dash of cayenne
1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold chicken stock
1 cup heavy cream

MIX the chicken stock, chopped chicken and season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Cook slightly to blend the ingredients. Soak the gelatin in the ¼ cup of cold chicken stock. Add to chicken and stock mixture. Chill. When almost cold and beginning to set, fold in the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Pour into a ring mold and chill. When firm, unmold and serve in lettuce leaves. Fill the center with peas. Asparagus tips may be placed on the lettuce. Season the peas, lettuce, and asparagus with French dressing.

Burnt Almond Bavarian Cream

1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
2 eggs, beaten separately
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ cups hot milk
1 teaspoon butter
1 teaspoon flavoring
1 cup cream, whipped
½ cup sugar

Soak the gelatin in cold water five minutes. Mix beaten egg yolks and sugar, pour hot milk over slowly, and put in a double boiler with butter and salt. Cook until the mixture thickens—about 15 minutes. Add the gelatin to the hot mixture and stir until completely dissolved. Cool. Add vanilla, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and the whipped cream. Add 1 cup blanched almonds, browned and powdered. Turn into a large mold and chill at least three hours. Unmold to serve. This recipe serves eight.

Macaroon Pecan Cream

2 tablespoons gelatin
½ cup cold milk
3 egg yolks slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2½ cups scalded milk
¾ cup rolled macaroons
½ cup chopped pecans
1 teaspoon vanilla

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes. Make a soft custard of egg yolks, sugar, salt and scalded milk. Heat the milk in the top of a double boiler, add the other ingredients and cook until it thickens slightly. Dissolve the soaked gelatin in this hot mixture. Let it cool and add the vanilla. As it begins to congeal, fold in the beaten whites of the three eggs, the macaroon crumbs and chopped pecans. Line each mold with halves of strawberries. Pour the mixture, serve with a bit of whipped cream on the top, or serve with chocolate sauce. (Maraschino cherries may be substituted for the strawberries.) This recipe will serve 16 persons.

Cherry-Orange Mousse

1 cup orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon water
1 3-ounce bottle maraschino cherries
1 cup marshmallow cream
1 cup whipped cream

MIX the orange juice, lemon juice, water and the juice from the bottle of maraschino cherries. Add the marshmallow cream. Beat until smooth and fluffy. Add the maraschino cherries and set aside to cool. When cold and slightly stiffened combine carefully with the whipped cream. Pour into trays of your electrically controlled refrigerator and freeze. This recipe will serve 8 persons generously. It will be creamier if you stir every half hour during the freezing process.

Pickards Give an Impromptu Program

Obed ("Dad") Pickard, the father of all the Pickards, who sing those old hillbilly songs over the NBC chain from Chicago, on his last trip to New York was obliged to give an impromptu (and free) concert under unusual circumstances, despite his exclusive contract with the National's concert bureau.

Just outside Ashland Junction, N. Y., the automobile containing the Pickard family found a freight train stalled across the only available road. They took shelter in the small railroad station and were soon recognized by a few hundred of passengers similarly stalled. The crowd was joined by the station master, porters, freight-handlers and section-hands, and "Dad" Pickard had to unpack his various violins, guitars, jew's harps, banjos and such and give a program of favorite old tunes to one of the most enthusiastic audiences of his career.

Individuality in Fall Styles

(*Continued from page 89*)

were either very light or very dark, with none of the startingly vivid hues of other years. Princess lines will be most popular; fitted in at the waist, moulded over the hips and hanging in a flare to the floor. Buffant treatment over the hips is out, which makes our old robes de style useless unless we are clever at making things over.

PLEASE make it very clear to your readers," begged Miss Carnell, "that uneven hemlines are now as dead as King Tut. They really have been since the Spring but too many women seemed to ignore the fact. All hemlines on the new Fall dresses will be even, though equalized irregularities, such as points and scallops, may be used on formal clothes."

Tweeds will be as good as ever for sports suits, coats and dresses, but the new tweeds are soft, lightweight materials instead of the heavy English worsteds of other years. All woolen dress materials, by the way, are much finer this year, of the type that is known as "sheer" to the trade.

Unlike dresses, the fitted and slightly flared silhouettes of the coats Miss Cornell saw were achieved through ingenious cut rather than by the more obvious means of godets or other inserts. The leading materials were broadcloths and velvety suede-finish woolens. The waistlines were invariably indicated either by a belt or by shaping, with a tendency to pose it a trifle higher than formerly. Flattering collars that drop over the shoulders were prominent in the Paris collections and the sleeves were often elaborate. Flat furs, especially caracul and Persian lamb are important trimmings, although such long-haired furs as fox, fine wolf and badger were shown abroad. Raccoon and beaver continue to be the favorites on sports coats.

* * * * *

There is nothing very startling to report about hats and shoes. Off-the-face hats, in sweeping but framing effects, will still be good. The beret continues its amazing success of the past year, fashioned from felt, cloth and velvet for both formal and informal wear. Large brimmed hats, while very stunning on some women, are not so practical for the Winter. However, Miss Cornell noticed quite a few of them among the more expensive models for formal occasions. Crowns continue to be shallow in front but there is a tendency to lengthen them at the back—to make room for the return of long hair, it is said, but I doubt long hair will ever be universal again. Hats, by the by, should match gloves and shoes and complement rather than match one's clothes. In the sweeping appeal dark shades seem to have for the Fall, hats are included, the dark colors heightened by trimmings of ribbons and feathers. Just how far the latter will be able to creep into our styles over here Miss Cornell would not predict but it would be a blessing to see feathers adopted again, they are so graceful and flattering.

FALL shoes emphasize the feminine influence by their high heels. For evening they cannot be high enough, or luxurious enough. As far as colors are concerned black leads the procession with brown a close second. Novelty color shoes were given no space in the Paris exhibits.

Smart Fall furs avoid extremes and always accent slenderness. Sports fur coats affect a youthful, jaunty air, often accomplished in the Paris collection by belted silhouettes, fashioned of the coat fur in a narrow tailored effect or of contrasting color in novelty leathers. The newest furs are lapin, ocelot, kid and otter for sports and caracul, galyack, Persian lamb and, in fact, all the flat furs for dress.

* * * * *

And so you see we have an excellent chance to make hay while the sun shines on our feminine curves, dimples and other charms, and if we women don't make the best of it we deserve to go back to the days of boyish flatness when the nicest thing a man could say about us was "Yes, she's a most intelligent woman."

The new clothes are a boon to the woman who loves gallantry and protection from men—and who of us doesn't? If we are able to interpret the new mode correctly we will become a nation of smartly sophisticated women. But—and what a big but it is—if we don't want to take the time to study the new clothes and from the great variety choose the things that enhance our personalities, emphasize our good features and veil our bad points, we are going to find ourselves badly floundering.

BARON DE MEYER, one of the foremost fashion experts of Paris, said recently in a broadcast from the studios of the Radio Home-Makers Club:. "A good definition of a well-dressed woman is: she who can pass unnoticed in a crowd of indifferently dressed women, yet be the center of attraction in an assembly of smart ones. Perfect dressing nowadays means never to strike a false note. The principal novelty of modern fashions consists in their adaptability to the individual style and build. Present-day fashions enable an intelligent dresser to appear as being a la mode in whatever she has decided is most becoming to her."

The 1930 Fall styles are appealing to men and flattering to women, the acme of perfection when realized. To achieve this combination in your own wardrobe good taste is more important than money. In fact, the combination of little money and much taste gives far better effects than much money and little taste. Remember this when you begin to select your new clothes; go slowly, be critical, be sure the dress that appeals to you also makes you appealing and your Fall wardrobe will be a success.

What Happened to Mary?

Thrills! Drama!

The third, and last installment of TERROR, by Rupert Hughes will appear in October Radio Digest. This dramatic episode in the history of Old New York reaches an unexpected and surprising climax. Mary Burton, the bonded white slave, cast among negroes, becomes the instrument of fate in one of the darkest hours of early American Colonial days. ¶Fanatical frenzy reaches its apex, distortion of justice takes new forms. It is raw drama! It is thrilling! It is history in the making! ¶And what about Mary? Does she win through to her lover's arms or does she go down to destruction with the other unfortunates. October Radio Digest will set your mind at rest.

Try Singing to Speak Well

(*Continued from page 7*)

out he was conducting a chorus of thirty-two voices in one of the churches of which he was the baritone soloist and conductor of the chorus in another church. He has directed many musical productions. The announcer is of the opinion that there is nothing like singing to improve one's speaking voice and not only one's voice, but one's health and appearance. He recommends singing lessons even to those who have no particular vocal ability.

WHEN the war broke out, Bach enlisted in the army and went overseas with the 44th Coast Artillery Corps, seeing active service on the Somme-St. Mihiel front. After the war he went into the printing business and it is to printing that he owes his knowledge of the grammatical end of the English language, as it is to singing that he owes, in part, his correct diction.

In October, 1922, he became an announcer for Station WBZ in Springfield, Massachusetts. He announced the programs broadcast by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In 1926 he went over to WBZ's twin station in Boston, WBZA. He came to NBC in 1927.

At NBC he announces the following programs: On Sunday, the Davey Tree, Iodent, Enna Jettick Shoes, the Hour with Shakespeare, Reminiscences. On Monday, Beacon Oil—the Bob Ripley feature in this—Real Folks. On Tuesday, Around the World with Libby, Enna Jettick Song Birds. On Friday, Famous Loves, Natural Bridge Shoes. Besides he has done many special pieces of announcing and is often heard on the air as a soloist.

Bach is known as the only man ever to broadcast from a bath tub. He tells the story: "It was in the 1924 Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden. Our station, WBZ, hadn't been able to procure telephone communications and requested permission from Worcester to pick up their transmission and rebroadcast it. In order to do an effective job there was a superhetrodyne receiver with which to pick up their signals in the hotel Bancroft in Worcester. From the receiver the broadcast went out through an amplifier onto the Boston Springfield line. During the course of procedure Graham McNamee would announce, 'Please stand by for station announcements,' and that was our cue to drop off and give our own call letters.

"Well, this was the night the Democrats had their all night session. Along about two o'clock I began to get sleepy and decided I'd better take a tub to wake me up. Just as I was nicely lathered, the engineer rushed into the bath room with the mike on a long extension cord. Letting go the soap and grabbing the mike, I said, 'This is station WBZ.'"

Such a trifle as having to announce from a bath tub is nothing in the life of an announcer, for it is his business, no matter what happens in the studio, to announce the program in a voice as serene as a morning in May. There must be no flurry, no tension. It doesn't matter if the star has just keeled over in a dead faint, or that the orchestra, finding a non-union artist has been employed, has just walked out, it is up to him to announce the program suavely and easily. For this is the critical and ticklish responsibility of keeping the Radio audience from turning the dials before the program can get on the air.

When I asked him how the average person could improve his diction, the medal winner thought a minute and then said, "Singing first, and then"—with a twinkle in his eye—"the dictionary game." Seeing the question mark in my eyes he went on to explain. "I got it from my mother. One can keep a dictionary around and read it. Yes, I know that old joke about its changing its subject too often. And I don't mean the big dictionary, but the average college dictionary of eight or nine hundred pages. One can read two or three pages a day, picking out the words he uses and seeing if he is using and pronouncing them correctly. And again I don't mean memorizing long lists of words that one doesn't ordinarily use. The game is to correct the vocabulary more than to increase it."

"I'll wager that hardly any of you can even get through the 'a's' without finding dozens of words you mispronounce. How many of you put the accent on the last syllable of 'adult' and 'addict'? And in the 'b's' do you say 'Babel' with a long 'a' or short? Do you say 'Chinese' as if it rhymed with 'breeze' or 'fleece'? Try the dictionary game; you'll find it amusing and instructive."

THERE are two kinds of words, Bach says, eye words and tongue words. One's greatest vocabulary, of course, is the eye vocabulary. We know the meaning of a vastly greater number of words that we read than we use in our speech. The problem is to bring more of the eye words over into the tongue column.

Bach waxed philosophic in discussing onomatopœia (pronounce that one, will you?), the formation of words in imitation of natural sounds as "crack," "splash," "bow-wow". "It is interesting," he remarked, "to notice how often words sound like the thing they represent. There are the obvious examples mentioned above, of course, but isn't there a little rasping sound to the word 'exasperate'? Doesn't 'delicious' make you smack your lips?"

It would be interesting, thinks Bach, to try words on a foreigner, for instance, a Chinese (pronounced to rhyme with "fleece," if you haven't already looked it up) and see if he could get their meaning just from the sound. Take the two words, "gazelle" and "hippopotamus". Couldn't a Chinese gain some knowledge of the animals' qualities just from their names? A rose may smell just as sweet by any other name, but Bach doesn't think so. "How far do you think I'd get in announcing," he asked, "if my name were 'Spinkdoodle'?"

HOWEVER, he warns that one mustn't be too pedantic in this question of pronunciation and diction. "After all, words are to convey meaning; that's their primary purpose. One can make oneself a bore by stopping continually to dicker over pronunciation. I know one woman who stops a conversation, her own, or anyone else's to discuss minute details, quote authorities, and make herself very objectionable. Which reminds me of a joke about St. Peter and a young woman who came knocking at the Heavenly gates one time late at night.

"Who's there?" called out St. Peter, putting the key in the lock and getting ready to let her in.

"It's I," said the voice.

St. Peter took his key out. "You can't come in here. We've got too many school teachers already."

Bach said he used to be shy and very ill at ease in company but that singing and announcing have taken it all out of him. Any one who can be unflurried through the mishaps of a studio, can still keep his voice serene even though at a tea party he absent-mindedly puts six lumps of sugar in his tea.

An interesting incident is told in the NBC studios as to a bit of advice given to the medal winner by another announcer who has no mean record as a person of gild-edged diction.

"Don't be so darned perfect as to sound inhuman," said the old timer. "There's a fine line to be drawn somewhere between 99 and 100 per cent perfect."

"You certainly are not trying to persuade me to deliberately mispronounce a word are you?" asked Bach, astounded.

"Well, a little sneeze or a bit of stuttering perhaps would make a difference."

So, according to the story, Bach did make a little break as an experiment. And the incident resulted in a surprising increase of mail in that particular program.

Bach is married, has a young daughter, Joyce Elizabeth, who was born in 1923. She does *not* talk baby talk. And those who know her say her speech is remarkable for a child her age, a mark of excellent parental training.

The Road to Liberty

(*Continued from page 39*)

Londe gave the man his orders. Soon they were rushing back once more towards the hills, on the other side of which was her home.

"You are very silent," she murmured once.

He turned towards her.

"I was thinking about you," he replied; "you and your little pink and white house amongst the hills, and your father, and Monsieur Arleman. It is a queer little chapter of life, you know."

"TO YOU," she sighed, "it must seem so very, very trivial. And yet, when I wake in the mornings and the thought comes to me of Monsieur Arleman, then life seems suddenly big and awful. I feel as though I must go all round, stretching out my hands, seeking some place in which to hide. I feel," she added, as her fingers sought his half fearfully and her voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that there isn't any way of escape in the whole world which I would not take."

Londe made no response. The appeal of her lowered voice, her wonderful eyes, seemed in vain. He was an adventurer, a hardened man of the world, whose life, when men spoke of it, they called evil; but his weak spot was discovered. He sat and thought steadily for the girl's sake, and at the end of it all he saw nothing.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "this Monsieur Arleman is not so bad when one knows him. If one is kind and generous—"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Monsieur," she replied, "he is *bourgeois*, he drinks, he is old. His presence disgusts me."

Once more Londe was silent. The sheer futility of words oppressed him. They were climbing the hills now. The patchwork land was unwinding itself below. Only a few more turns, and they would be within sight of her home. Then, because he was a man who throughout his life had had his own way, and because there were limits to his endurance, he changed, for a moment, his tone.

"Little girl," he said, "If I were free I think that I should take you away, just as you are, in this car, on and on to some place at the end of the road. Would you rather have me for a husband than Monsieur Arleman?"

She said nothing, but she had begun to tremble. He felt the instinctive swaying of her body towards him. He laid his hand upon hers.

"IT WAS wrong of me to ask you the question," he continued, "because, you see, I am not free. I have not seen my wife for years. I am not a reputable person. If you met with those who understood, they would pity that boy for his companion, and they would be right. They would tremble for you, and they would be right. So, Mlle. Félice, I cannot help you."

"You have helped me, and you will help me always," she whispered, her eyes filled with tears. "You will help me with what you have said—with the memory of to-day."

Then again there was silence. They were at the top of the hill now, and below them the sun-bathed landscape stretched like a carpet of many colours to the foot of those other hills. Her fingers tightened a little upon his.

"When you asked me that question—when you said that you would have married me yourself," she continued, hesitatingly, "does that mean that you could care just a little?"

Londe was only human. He leaned over, and she stole very quietly into his arms. She lay there for a moment quite passive. Then he kissed her lips once.

"I always prayed," she whispered, as he set her down at the corner of the lane, "that love might come like this."

LONDE and his youthful companion went on to Monte Carlo, where for a week or so they had the usual reckless time. Then suddenly the former pulled up. He strode into the boy's sitting-room one morning to find him red-eyed and weary, looking distastefully at his breakfast.

"Look, young fellow," he said, "I have had enough. So have you. Do you understand? I am going to take you back to England."

The boy stared at him.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "What's the use of going to England in March, just when we are getting into the swing of things here, too?"

"The good of it for you is that you'll get back to your work," Londe answered, curtly. "How do you suppose you're going to pass your exams, if you waste your time like this? What do you suppose you're going to do with your life if you commence at twenty years old to live the life of a profligate?"

Arthur Maddison set down the cup of coffee which he had been trying to drink and gazed at the speaker blankly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he exclaimed. "What's come to you, Londe? Why, it was you who first of all suggested coming out here!"

"And I was a fool to do it," Londe retorted, coldly. "They were right, all of them, when they advised you not to come with me—right when they called me an adventurer. I don't get much out of it. I have lived free and done you for a few hundreds. I've had enough of it. It's a disgusting life, anyway. Back we go to England to-day."

"You're mad!" the boy declared. "I am not going. I've got a dinner-party to-night."

"We go to-day," Londe repeated, firmly, "and don't you forget it."

"Do you think you're going to bully me?" the boy began.

"I don't know what you call bullying," Londe replied, "but I shall wring your neck if you don't come. Your man has begun to pack already. I've got seats on the *Luxe* for three o'clock, and I've wired your mother."

The boy collapsed.

LONDE left him at his mother's house in Grosvenor Square two days later, and drove the next day into the City. He called upon a firm of old-fashioned lawyers, and was at once received by the principal of the firm. The greeting, however, between the two men was mutually cold. The lawyer looked questioningly at his visitor's grey tweed suit and Homburg hat.

"We wrote you four days ago, Mr. Londe," he said, "to acquaint you with the news we had just received from America."

"My wife?"

"She has been dangerously ill," the lawyer replied. "The habits of her life, I regret to say, are unchanged. It is necessary that she remains under restraint."

"Is there any money left at all besides the four hundred pounds a year that goes to her?" Londe asked.

The lawyer sighed.

"It is always money," he said, grimly. "There is the Priory still."

"I won't sell it," Londe declared.

"Then there is nothing else worth mentioning."

"If you were to sell everything else that belongs to me," Londe inquired, "how should I stand?"

"You might have a thousand pounds."

"Then I'll take it," Londe declared. "I am going to emigrate."

FOR a moment the grim lines in the lawyer's face relaxed.

"As an old friend of your father, Mr. Londe," he said, "it would give me great pleasure if I thought you were tired of the life you are reputed to live."

"I am heartily sick of it," Londe assured him.

"Then I will do my best to straighten out your affairs," the lawyer promised. "It will take a month. Shall you remain in town?"

"I expect so," Londe answered. "You know my address. I will call here a month to-day."

Londe spent three restless weeks. The sight of the City was hateful to him. The clubs, where he was received coldly, the shadier resorts which he had been wont to patronize, were like nightmares to him. He turned his back suddenly upon them all, left London at two-twenty, and late in the afternoon of the following day arrived at Hyères.

He took a room at the hotel and wandered restlessly into the Casino. There was a variety entertainment going on in the theatre, which he watched for half an hour with ever-increasing weariness. Then a juggler came on and began the tricks of his profession. Londe leaned forward.

The girl who stood at the table, assisting him, had turned her face to the house. He watched her with a little start. Something in the shy grace of her movements, the queer, half-frightened smile, seemed to have let loose memories which were tugging at his heart-strings. He got up with a little exclamation and left the place. To divert himself he strolled down to the gambling saloon and threw his francs recklessly away at boule.

PRESENTLY the audience streamed out for the interval. He made his way back again to the promenade and came to a sudden standstill. Before him on a chair the girl was seated, looking a little wistfully at the people who passed. There were traces of make-up still about her face; her clothes were very simple. Then she saw Londe and gave a low cry. He came to a standstill before her, dumbfounded.

"It is you!" she murmured.

A hot flush stole over her face. As though instinctively, she glanced down at her skirt.

"You saw me just now?" she murmured.

He took a seat by her side. He was a little dazed.

"My child," he exclaimed, "what does it mean? It wasn't really you?"

She nodded. She was over her first fit of shyness now.

"The night I got home," she explained, "Monsieur Arleman came to the house. He had had too much to drink. He tried to kiss me. I—I think that I went mad. I ran out into the fields and I hid. That night I walked miles and miles and miles. I came to Hyères in the morning. There was an old servant here. I found her house. She was very poor, but she took me in. She lets lodgings to the people who come here to perform. This man was staying there, and the girl who travels with him was ill. On Monday—I—took her place. I earn a little. I have no money. I cannot be dependent upon Aline."

SHE looked at him with trembling lips. He patted her hand.

"My dear child," he said, "it—you did right, of course; but it is not a fit life for you."

She was suddenly graver and older.

"Will you tell me how in this world I am to live, then?" she asked.

HE LED her away to a table and ordered some coffee. The performance was over. She was sitting there only to listen to the music. He talked to her seriously for a time. There were no other relatives, not a friend in the world.

"Monsieur Arleman," she explained, "has been ill ever since that night, but he has sworn that he will find me. My father doesn't care. He has his coffee, his brandy, his *déjeuner;* he dines and reads —nothing else. He never cared. But, oh, I am terrified of Monsieur Arleman! Why do you look so gravely, Monsieur Londe?" she whispered, leaning across the table towards him, "Say that you are glad to see me, please!"

"I cannot quite tell you how glad," he said.

He was on the point of telling her that he had come back to Hyères only to catch a glimpse of her, but he held his peace.

"I only regret," he added, "that you should have had to take up work like this. There are other things."

"There is one thing only I can do," she cried. "Jean!"

She called to the violinist. He came across, bowing and smiling. She took the violin from his hand and commenced to play. Her eyes were half closed.

"They let me do this," she murmured. "Listen. I will play to you."

When she had finished many of the people had gathered around. Londe slipped a five franc piece into the hand of the violinist.

"I see now, little girl," he said, "the way out. I am going back with you to your lodgings. I am going to talk to Aline. Afterwards we shall see."

AS SHE left him on the platform at the Garde du Nord three weeks later, she was placed with a highly respectable French family. She was a pupil at the Conservatoire, with her fees paid for two years and the remainder of Londe's thousand pounds in the bank. She took his hand and the tears came into her eyes.

"If only you had not to go!" she whispered, clinging to him. "You have been so good, so dear, and you won't even let me love you; you won't let me tell you that there isn't anything else in the world like even my thoughts of you."

He kissed her lightly on both cheeks.

"Little girl," he said, "it is well that you should love your guardian. Remember that I am old, and married, and a very impossible person. The little I have done for you is absolutely nothing compared with the many things I have done wrong or have left undone. Mind, I shall return some day soon to hear you play."

The train bore him back to London. He sat in his rooms that night and reviewed his position. His little income, such as it was, was gone now for good. He had twenty-four pounds left in the world. He went to see his lawyer the next morning.

"And when," the old gentleman asked, kindly, "do you start for Australia?"

Londe, when he had signed all the papers which were laid before him, held out his hand to the lawyer.

"Mr. Ronald," he said, "shake hands with me for the last time. When you have heard my news I am afraid you will have finished with me. I am not going to emigrate at all."

The lawyer's face fell.

"The fact is," Londe continued, "I have spent that thousand pounds you sent me in Paris."

"Spent it?" the lawyer gasped.

"I have either gambled with it or invested it," Londe sighed. "I can't tell which. That is on the knees of the gods. I have twenty pounds left, and I am off to the States—steerage—on Saturday. I am going to see my wife and find work out there, if I can."

"Gambled with it or invested it?" the lawyer repeated, puzzled.

Londe nodded. "Very like," he said, "I shall never know which myself."

WHEN, two years later, Londe found himself once more in Paris, a strange servant opened the door of the little French pension in the Rue de Castelmaine. She shook her head at Londe's inquiry. Mlle. Félice was certainly not amongst the inmates of the pension. Londe, bronzed with travel and hard though he was, felt a sudden pain at his heart. He pushed through into the little hall to meet Mme. Regnier, the proprietress. She held out her hands.

"But it is Monsieur Londe at last, then!" she cried. "Welcome back once more to Paris."

"Mlle. Félice?" he asked, eagerly.

Mme. Regnier became suddenly grave.

"Ah, that poor child!" she exclaimed. "She has gone. It is eleven months ago since she came into my little sitting-room one morning. 'Madame,' she said, 'I have finished with music. I have finished with Paris. It is of no use. Never will they make a musician of me. Herr Sveingeld has told me so himself. There are other things.' She left the next day."

"But do you know where she went?" Londe demanded.

Madame shook her head.

"She left no word."

"But why on earth was that?"

Madam shrugged her shoulders.

"Mlle. Félice," she said, "was discreet always, and careful, if one can judge by appearances; but she was far, far too beautiful for Paris and to be alone. The men I have thrown almost from the doorsteps, monsieur, the men who would wait till she came out! For a week there was a motor-car always at the corner!"

Londe set his teeth firmly.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Mlle. Félice has found a lover, then?"

Mme. Regnier once more shrugged her

ample shoulders most expressively.

"ALL I can say is," she pronounced, "that whilst she was here mademoiselle was, of all the young ladies I have ever known, the most discreet. Whether she has stolen away to escape, or the other thing, who can tell?"

Londe went to Herr Sveingeld. The old musician did not recognize him at first. Then he gripped him by the hand.

"I remember you perfectly, monsieur," he declared. "The little lady—she gave it up. She was clever enough, talented in a way, perhaps, but without genius. She worked hard, but there was little to be made of her. Unless they are of the best, there is no call for girls who play the violin, especially with her appearance. A public *début* would only have been a nuisance to her."

"Do you know where she has gone?" Londe demanded.

"I have no idea," Herr Sveingeld replied.

Londe braced himself for the question he hated.

"Do you know anything of any admirers she may have had?"

Herr Sveingeld shook his head.

"Why should I?" he asked. "It is not my business. I think only of music. As for my pupils, they are free to come and go. They can do what they like. I am not the keeper of their morals. I am here to teach them music."

So Londe wandered back to his hotel. He spent three days in aimless inquiries leading nowhere. Then he took the train to the South. He stayed at an hotel in Hyères, and the next morning he hired a motor-car and drove over the mountains and along the straight, white road which led once more to the hills.

HE LEANED over and touched the chauffeur's shoulder as they came nearer to the place where he had first caught a glimpse of the little pink sunshade. The car slackened speed. He looked around him. It was all very much the same. Then the car came almost to a standstill at a corner. They met a market-cart filled with huge baskets of violets, and on a seat by the side of the driver—Félice!

Londe left the car whilst it was still crawling along. He stood out in the road, and Félice looked down at him and gave a little cry. She set her feet upon the shafts and sprang lightly into the road. The only word that passed between them was a monosyllable, and yet a hope that was almost dead sprang up again in the man's heart. Félice was very plainly dressed in trim, white clothes, a large straw hat, and over her dress she wore a blue smock such as the peasants wore in the field. In her bright eyes was still the light of heaven.

"But tell me," he begged, "what does it mean? I went to Paris. No one could tell me what had become of you."

She laughed, the laughter of sheer happiness.

"Listen," she explained. "What was I to do? Half of the money was gone. There was no hope for me. I can play the violin like others—no better, no worse. And—don't laugh—but Paris was a terrible place for me. There were so many foolish people. They gave me so little peace, and it would always have been like that. And then one day I read an article in one of our reviews, and I had a sudden idea. There was three hundred pounds of your money left. I came back. My father had died. The little house and an acre or so of vineyard belonged to me. Well, I hired more. I am a market gardener. Behold!"

She pointed to the fields. Londe followed the sweep of her fingers. Everywhere was an air of cultivation. The vineyards were closely pruned. A wonderful field of violets stretched almost to the village. In the distance was the glitter of grass, rows of artichokes and peas, an orchard of peach trees in blossom.

"IT IS our business," she laughed; "yours and mine. See, I have no head for figures, but since I returned I have added four times to our capital. We keep books. I have a manager, very clever. I was going to look at a little piece of land which is for sale and leave these violets at the station. It is nothing. Walk with me here up home, and while they get *déjeuner* ready I will show you. Come this way. You must see the almond trees."

They passed across the field, where twenty or thirty blue-smocked peasants were at work. Félice stopped once or twice to speak to them. Finally they entered another gate and passed through an orchard, pink and white with blossom. The air seemed faint and sweet with a perfume almost exotic. The sunshine lay all around them. When they came out, she turned a little to her right and pointed to the road, straight and dazzlingly white—pointed to where it disappeared over the hills.

"After all," she said, "it meant something to me—the road to liberty."

They were at the edge of the orchard. He took her hands firmly in his.

"FÉLICE," he murmured, "it may mean so much to you, if you will, for I have come back—I am free—I am no longer a wanderer. I, too, have worked and I have been fortunate. And the day when I commenced my new life—and the whole reason of it—was the day we travelled over that road together."

She came closer and closer to him, and her eyes were softer, and she seemed to him like the fairest thing on earth.

"I have prayed," she whispered, "oh, I have prayed all my days that you might return and bring back love with you—like this!"

* * *

Don't miss the October issue *of* RADIO DIGEST

There's the story of Lindbergh's great international broadcast . . . with facts about America's hero you have never seen in print.

President Hoover's personal views and reactions to broadcasting, giving new sidelights on the man who heads the nation.

Heywood Broun, who numbers his newspaper readers and listeners by the million, will have a radio column in October—the first of a series—witty, human, informative and interesting.

How Abe and David, that popular team of broadcast artists, get the material that has made a hit with millions of people.

A mystery story with a surprising and delightful ending.

A score of other features you will like—news and views of Radio stars, announcers, home economics, scientific progress of Radio broadcasting and television.

New Use for Waste

Another use for a waste product of the farm has been found. Insulating wallboard made from cornstalks is being used by the CBS in its new studio in Washington, D. C. The cornstalk board, applied on ordinary wood flooring, will be used to minimize reverberation of sound. This is the first time a cornstalk product has been used in a broadcasting studio.

Programs for Women

(*Continued from page 91*)

or two prominent women broadcasters revealed two things to the writer: first, the reality of the human equation between listener and broadcaster; and second, the secret of the broadcaster's influence over her unseen audience—sincerity. The broadcaster becomes the friend and counselor of each one of her listeners. She is not only a daily tonic, an incentive to greater accomplishment, a seasoned advisor; she is much more, first and last, a friend. And such she remains, more constantly than a merely "personal" friend, ever ready to assist in any kind of emergency.

MRS. PETERSON, who carries on an immense educational program for the Peoples Gas Company through WENR, is the motherliest mother imaginable, and can unwind stories by the yard of the lives she has touched, some amusing, some pathetic. There was the young woman who called her in a panic, asking how to bathe her baby—"it was so wiggly" she couldn't possibly wash it!—then there are thousands who simply write to express their thanks for the happiness she has brought them; and those who ask for help in family problems—and so on ad infinitum. And anyone who has seen her broadcast understands. The vitality she expends and her absorption in her work tell the story.

Speaking of vitality and magnetism we immediately think of Adele Nelson who breathes out enthusiasm, and who, we believe we can say, is responsible for more than her share in making the female population of the middle west more alluring by her broadcasts over WBBM. One can't talk to Miss Nelson a moment without feeling it's one's duty to be at one's best in looks and actions every minute of the day, for her creed is that "in beauty and charm lie youth, and eternal youth brings happiness, and happiness is the secret of attainment." And she has proved it in her own life.

THESE two are merely illustrative of the type of woman who is representative of the progressive stations throughout the country.

So it is that Radio has lifted Woman out of herself; lessened her loneliness; placed her in her proper relation to the world as it is today. It has brought her a consciousness of the importance of herself as a personality. Through it she has found a life of broadened horizons—and the road to a fuller happiness.

Get Acquainted!

LETTER CLUB—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big list (FREE). Send for one. **American Friendship Society. Box 100-B, Detroit, Michigan.**

A Familiar Radio Artist Reappears

A face that was extremely familiar in radio circles in the early days, has again made its appearance at the NBC recently. It is that of Joseph Knecht. As musical director at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, he was one of the first broadcasters.

In 1925, he acted as musical director on the first series of the Atwater Kent radio concerts. At about the same time, the B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Cord Orchestra under his direction, made its first appearance on the air. With this organization, and with the Silver Masked Tenor, a tour of the United States was arranged. Mr. Knecht expects to be again actively associated with radio soon.

Why You Will Prefer *Chicago's* Hotel KNICKERBOCKER

A smart, metropolitan hotel—perfectly located. Near everything. Located in Chicago's smartest shopping district—adjoining Palmolive office building—and opposite The Drake.

Larger, more cheerful, all outside rooms. Each with bath, shower, circulating ice water—and the most comfortable beds money can buy.

A friendly, cosmopolitan atmosphere—a "personal" service instantly appreciated. Known for good food. Coffee Shop and Dining Room—a la carte service or table d'hote.

Wonderful Rooms with bath $3.00

Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Stop at Hotel KNICKERBOCKER
WALTON PLACE—*Just off Michigan Ave.*
J. I. McDonell, *Manager*

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Help Wanted

Experienced Lady Organist-Pianist wishes staff position; soloist transposing. Ethel Ritchie, 7145 South Lincoln St., Chicago.

Handbook

Radio Announcers, Talkie Actors' Handbook. Secrets of good pronunciation, English and fifteen foreign languages. Studio edition, $1.00. Microphone Publishing Co., Box 724, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Patents

INVENTORS UNIVERSAL EDUCATOR: Contains 900 mechanical movements; 50 Perpetual Motions; instruction on procuring and selling patents and selecting an attorney, etc. Suggests new ideas. Price, $1.00 postpaid in U. S. A. Address Dieterich Co., Publishers, 602M Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

Songs, Poems, Writers

SONGWRITERS—Address Tommie Malie, RD 4215 North Ave., Chicago.

Salesmen Wanted

COMMERCIAL PRINTING—all kinds. Biggest commission. Fastest sellers. Write Nygoon Company, Akron, Ohio.

Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike. 10c. Chas. A. Phildius, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

"GET-ACQUAINTED LETTER CLUB"—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big List (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society. Box 100-R. Detroit, Mich.

QUIT TOBACCO



Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of inveterate tobacco users have, with the aid of the Keeley Treatment, found it easy to quit.

KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT Quickly banishes craving for tobacco. Successful for over 50 years. Write today for FREE BOOK and particulars of our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Dept. B 414, Dwight, Ill.

Home of the famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs. Booklet Sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.

HOTEL **MANGER**
Seventh Avenue
50th-51st Streets
NEW YORK CITY

"The Wonder Hotel of New York"
"A Modern Marble Palace"

Send for Descriptive Pamphlet and Interesting Map of New York

This hotel represents the most modern construction, and features every convenience including Servidors and circulating ice-water in all rooms. The hotel contains 2,000 outside rooms, and is the largest in the Times Square section. In the immediate vicinity are all leading theatres and cinemas. The New Madison Square Garden is within one block and the famous shopping thoroughfare—Fifth Avenue—is within two blocks. Subway and surface lines at door bring Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations within easy access.

DAILY RATES—NONE HIGHER

Rooms with running water	for one . .	$2.00	for two . . $3.00
Rooms with private shower	for one	3.00-3.50	for two 4.00-4.50
Rooms with bath and shower	for one	3.00-3.50-4.00-5.00	
	for two	4.00-4.50-5.00-6.00	
Suites of parlor, bedroom and bath		8.00-10.00	

Attractive Weekly Rates

being presented, she sits in the audition room checking voice quality, dramatic effect and microphone placement.

In the talking-picture, Mrs. Church sees a great future for the successful Radio thespian. So far as production goes, she points out, the director will be on the right track only when he combines the finest the screen has produced and the proved principles of Radio as the studio presents them.

Mrs. Church hasn't allowed Radio to occupy all her time. She has a grown family and maintains a home in Oakland, Calif. Married three weeks after she was graduated from Boston College, Mrs. Church was widowed four years later and was left with two young children. She taught English and drama, directed amateur theatricals, club programs and finally found herself on the Pacific Coast with a well-established studio of the drama.

Eager to go on the stage, Mrs. Church remained at home because of the boy and girl. At last, came Radio and the dream she had cherished was realized, in its essentials.

Forty-niners of Radio

(*Continued from page 92*)

GEORGIA SIMMONS, more widely known as "Magnolia" is another studio pioneer who had the courage of her convictions.

With the advent of Radio, Georgia decided that the idea of good food, well prepared and "sho nuff appetizen" could be presented best by a good old-fashioned Southern Mammy. Born in Zebulon, Pike County, Georgia, Miss Simmons knew negro life and she had the dialect.

"It sho looked like as things wuz made to order," Georgia lapses into her favorite character, Magnolia. "But sellin' the idea didn' come long so good."

Georgia spent several unsuccessful years trying to convince a California producer that she was right. At last a flour company became enthusiastic and Georgia—all wrapped up in a crimson bandana—was the orginal Mammy Sperry of the air.

A BIT of the typical Southern philosophy of her own mammy and a substantial sum of wit is introduced by Miss Simmons in all her black-face characterizations, which now are many. She is the Magnolia of the "Magnolia, Henry and Charley," group heard in the West every Wednesday morning and she's called upon for many negro dramatic roles. Georgia writes her own continuity as well as performing and finds time also to prepare "Plantation Echoes" and write sketches for a weekly "Minstrel Show".

Georgia's career as an entertainer began before she became Mammy Sperry. She told "Uncle Remus" stories to a sizable per cent of Georgia youth while she taught school in various parts of the state and for years gave the story featured at the George Chandler Harris Memorial in Wren's Rest, Atlanta.

Two years in social service at Jane Addams famous Hull House, Chicago, and time in Denver teaching followed her desertion of the South. At last Georgia found her way to Los Angeles and went on the air first telling Uncle Remus stories. She also told children's stories and instituted KMTR'S children's hour. Georgia has been with NBC since shortly after the Pacfic Division's inauguration.

Dramatic instructor and leading woman in many legitimate stage productions, Pearl King Tanner looks back happily to the "old days" in Radio.

"SMILIN' THROUGH" was the vehicle which gave her Radio stardom and brought more letters to KGO, where she then was engaged, than any other production. Miss Tanner went on the air after six years as ingenue and leading woman in stock and road companies and characteristically missed the glamor of the theatre.

"But not for long," Pearl smiles, and then reminds one, "You know my invitation to go into Radio came from Wilda Wilson Church—after she'd seen me working in 'The Royal Mounted' and 'The Great Divide'."

Pearl was born in Eureka, Calif., but came to Oakland as a child with her parents who were members of a pioneer California family. At eight years, she showed exceptional dramatic talent and Maude Turner Gordon was selected to tutor her. Ten years later, Pearl was in New York studying with Louise Hillard at Sargeant School of Dramatic Art.

Pearl King then became widely known in the West as a dramatic director, instructor and producer of amateur theatricals. She interpreted leading roles at the Greek Theatre, University of California, at Berkeley, working with William H. Crane and Emily Melville. Afterward she returned to New York and more training eventually to go on the road.

(*Continued on page 128*)



ENDICOTT HOTEL
81st to 82nd Streets and Columbus Ave.
NEW YORK CITY

FIREPROOF

A 500 room hotel in a most desirable residential section. Opposite beautiful Central Park. Hudson River and Riverside Drive nearby. Enjoy the delightful Sun Parlor and excellent Restaurant in addition to the most comfortable accommodations. Transit facilities at door permit rapid access to any part of town. An economical stay may be planned and a pleasant sojourn anticipated when reservations are made at Hotel Endicott.

DAILY RATES

Room with Running Water (for one) $2.00-$2.50
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Double Room with Private Bath (for two) $3.50-$4.00-$4.50
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NO HIGHER RATES

ONE OF THE TWELVE
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WOLCOTT HOTEL
4 WEST 31st STREET
Bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

Visitors will appreciate the quiet, congenial atmosphere of the Hotel Wolcott. Large, comfortable rooms and an excellent restaurant are other attractive features. Within short walking distance of all New York's important activities. Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal two blocks away, and a few minutes from Grand Central Station. East and west side subways and surface lines within a radius of two blocks. Fifth Avenue buses pass the door.

DAILY RATES—NONE HIGHER

Rooms with running water		Rooms with private bath	
for one	$2.00-2.50	for one	$3.00-3.50
for two	3.00-3.50	for two	4.00-5.00

Parlor, bedroom and bath $6.00-7.00
Reduction of One Day on Weekly Rates
Write for descriptive booklet and interesting map of New York

FACTORY TO YOU—SAVE to 50%—COMPARE WITH COSTLIEST OUTFITS BEFORE YOU BUY

Enjoy a powerful new Miraco 30 DAYS FREE

Latest 1931 SUPER Screen Grid Outfit

(No obligation to buy)



NEWEST IN RADIO! TOP OPERATION in this 1931 Miraco "Easy-Chair" model with magazine racks, each end. Place it anywhere in any room. Easily moved about. Small door in top conceals dial and controls when not in use. 26 in. high, 15 in. wide—yet it contains a complete full-size radio and Super-Dynamic speaker! No outside aerial or ground required. Many other new, clever models, obtainable nowhere else, shown in free literature.

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Latest 1931 **Super Screen Grid** FULL YEAR'S GUAR.

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Vari-Tone *and* **Automatic Sensitivity Control**

Also latest PUSH-PULL Amplification

Built like—looks like—performs like newest radios in many outfits much more costly. Latest, finest, heavy duty construction. Skilfully engineered to super-utilize a battery of "224" SCREEN GRID tubes—in addition to "245" PUSH-PULL POWER, "224" HUM-FREE long-lived POWER DETECTOR and AMPLIFIER and "280" A-C TUBES. *Vari-tone* feature gives any tone-pitch your ears prefer. *Automatic Sensitivity Control* reduces "fading," protects tubes. Phonograph pick-up connection. Built-in house wiring aerial and ground. Built-in plug for electric clock, lighter, lamp, etc. Super-sturdy power section. Razor-edge selectivity; Super-Dynamic Cathedral tone quality; marvelous distance-getter. Solid one-year guarantee if you buy! Wide choice of cabinets.

Easy Chair Model (*as illustrated less tubes*)

Only $49.88 COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED

Values possible because you deal direct with big factory

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

CATHEDRAL TONED, SUPER SELECTIVE, POWERFUL DISTANCE GETTERS

NEW LOW FACTORY PRICES SAVE to 50%

Similar Low Prices on Beautiful Variety of Latest Fine Consoles. Send Coupon!

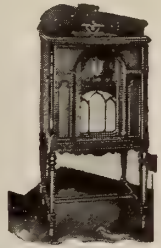


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Medium-size "Hi-Boy." Rich design, fine woods, fine finish. Astonishingly low factory to you price.



Stylish small console with convenient magazine racks, each end. Another exclusive Miraco-Mastercrest 1931 design. Bargain factory to you price!



Full-size wall console with latest 1931 features. Beautiful design and woods. Priced very low, factory to you.

These Consoles are Equipped with **SUPER DYNAMIC CATHEDRAL TONE REPRODUCERS**

Also: built-in aerial and ground—and built-in extra light socket!

Magnificent new 1931 Miraco-Mastercrest creation. Send coupon for complete showing including Radio-Phonographs. Low factory-to-you prices.



You need not send us a cent! For its 11th successful year, America's big, old, reliable Radio Factory again sets the pace in high-grade, latest guaranteed radios *direct to you.* And now—at history's greatest savings. With this newest perfected SUPER SCREEN GRID, push-pull, super-powered and hum-less electric AC set in clever, beautiful new Miraco-Mastercrest consoles obtainable nowhere else—you are guaranteed satisfaction, values and savings unsurpassed. *Get Amazing Special Offer!*

At our risk, compare a Miraco outfit with highest priced radios 30 days and nights. Surprise, entertain your friends—get *their* opinions. Unless 100% delighted, *don't buy!* Your decision is final—no argument!

Only marvelously fine radios, of latest perfected type, at rock-bottom prices, can back up such a guarantee. Send postal or coupon for *Amazing Special Factory Offer!*

Don't Confuse with Cheap Radios

With Miraco's rich, clear Cathedral Tone, quiet operation, razor-sharp separation of nearby stations, tremendous "kick" on distant stations, Vari-Tone and automatic sensitivity control, and other latest features—be the envy of many who pay 2 or 3 times as much!

Send for proof that delighted thousands of Miraco users cut through locals, get coast to coast, with tone and power of costly sets. Miraco's are built of finest parts—approved by Radio's highest authorities. Our 11th successful year!

USER-AGENTS WANTED
Exclusive Territory—Try it at Our Risk!
Spare or full time. No contract, no experience required. Big money! Send coupon now!

Deal Direct with Big Factory

Miraco outfits arrive splendidly packed, rigidly tested, to plug in like a lamp and enjoy at once. No experience needed. Entertain yourself 30 days—then decide. Liberal year's guarantee if you buy. Play safe, save lots of money, insure satisfaction—deal direct with Radio's big, reliable, pioneer builders of fine sets—successful since 1920. SEND POSTAL OR COUPON NOW for Amazing Offer!

EASY TERMS to reliable persons only

SEND for AMAZING SPECIAL OFFER

MIDWEST RADIO CORP., 837-AS Miraco Dept., Cincinnati, Ohio

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE, TESTIMONY OF NEARBY USERS, PROOF OF OUR RELIABILITY—

All the proof you want—of our honesty, fairness, size, financial integrity, radio experience and the performance of our sets—including Amazing Factory Offer—sent without obligation!



Free!

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Pioneer Builders of Sets—11th Successful Year
837-AS Miraco Dept., Cincinnati, Ohio

THIS COUPON IS NOT AN ORDER

WITHOUT OBLIGATION, send latest literature, Amazing Special Free Trial Send-No-Money Offer, testimony of nearby users and all Proof. ☐ User. ☐ Agent. ☐ Dealer

☐ **Check here if interested in an EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION**

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

(*Continued from page 126*)

THREE hundred performances of "Human Hearts", is one of her unusual theatrical experiences. A fling in the movies in Chicago—back in the days when Selig's headquarters were there—is another "event". "East Lynn" the first Selig multiple-reeler gave Pearl her chance to make her bow in pictures.

And then Peggy Chapman.

"Something is going to come of all this experimenting in Radio," a young brown-haired bride told her husband, one day more than 10 years ago. The husband, Henry Cohen, had written some new songs.

"Why Dear," was one of them.

"Suppose I try singing it into a microphone? the bride asked. I know a studio where they'll be glad to have me."

So "Cookie-California Sunshine Girl" went on the air and she's been a headliner ever since. A year ago, she became known as "Peggy Chapman".

"What with 'Cookie' being a bit out of date now-a-days," to quote her.

PEGGY'S husband encouraged her when she needed it most and it wasn't long until she "made" Radio's Broadway, singing four years in New York City with Major Bowes Capitol Theatre Family and Roxy's Gang.

In San Francisco, Peggy takes time out to make records and write songs. "I'll Only Remember Your Love," is her collaboration with Ben Walker McLaughlin, also of NBC.

"That first appearance," Peggy laughs, "was in a little booth—and the microphone looked like a telephone—that's how long ago it was!"

Helen Webster stepped from the women's page of a San Francisco newspaper, into the half-dozen pages of the NBC Woman's Magazine of the Air broadcast from the San Francisco studios.

She was among the first western women to broadcast house-hold programs in a major fashion.

"It's not romantic," she confides, "but my first job was to make the extermination of cock-roaches interesting. Since then, nothing ever has seemed difficult." Miss Webster, who really is Josephine Bartlett, insists she went into Radio because it gave her the opportunity to exercise the greatest of feminine prerogatives —the right to talk.

"I'd loads rather talk than write," she points out, "and on newspapers, I always had to write what I wanted to say."

And now the masculine "forty-niners" —suppose we discuss them later?

Miss Todd has promised another interesting feature for Radio Digest in the near future.

The New Receivers

(*Continued from page 97*)

and the tone control makes it possible to have that type of reproduction. Others may prefer it brilliant and again the tone control can be used to accomplish this. I don't know what is the solution if two members in the same family prefer the control in different positions—perhaps the best thing to do is to get two sets!

SECONDLY, the tone control may make it possible in some cases to compensate some peculiar acoustic conditions which may exist in the room in which the Radio is played. For example if the room contains a number of heavy drapes it will be, as engineers say, rather "dead", meaning that the draperies will absorb an excessive amount of the higher notes so the reproduction sounds muffled and drummy. Or perhaps the room will be quite bare of furnishings, with walls of hard plaster—this will make the room excessively "alive" with the result that the high notes will be excessively prominent in the reproduction. In either case the tone control can be used to neutralize the effect of the room and make the reproduction sound more pleasing and natural.

A third use for the tone control will be found during the summer months when "static" is likely to be severe. The noises produced in a loud speaker by static usually predominate in high frequencies so by turning the tone control so as to suppress the high notes, the static noises can be eliminated to a considerable extent.

A FOURTH use of the tone control will be to eliminate any slight high pitched whistles that may be heard when listening to a station. This type of interference is not uncommon in the middle sections of the country. Since the whistle has a high pitch it can be eliminated by adjusting the tone control to partially suppress the high notes. Sometimes this high pitched whistle is continuous, at other times it seems to "wobble" in pitch but in either case it is very annoying and its elimination by means of the tone control indicates how useful this new feature will be to the Radio listener.

Automatic Volume Control

BEFORE describing this feature a brief explanation is necessary. All of us have probably noticed how it is usually necessary, when tuning from one station to another, to readjust the volume control, since we seldom find that the second station comes in with just the amount of volume we prefer; it is generally too loud or not loud enough. When we tune to a powerful local station we have to turn down the volume and when we tune to a weaker distant station we have to turn up the volume control. Wouldn't it be nice to have a receiver that could be adjusted so as to give the same volume on all stations? We could then adjust the volume control to a satisfactory point and then the volume would be the same on all stations. If we turned the volume control almost full on then all stations would come in very loud. If we just turned on the control a little bit then all stations would come in at low volume, and in either case it would no longer be necessary to readjust the control every time we tuned to another station.

Well this is just what an automatic volume control accomplishes. It is designed to permit the user to adjust the volume control to give a satisfactory amount of volume after which local stations and the more powerful distant stations will all be received at the same volume. The automatic volume control therefore further simplifies the operation of the Radio receiver. This feature is usually found only on the higher priced receivers.

A second advantage of the automatic volume control is that it helps to eliminate "fading"—a gradual increase and decrease in volume that is sometimes experienced when listening to certain stations.

Input Filters

NOW we are getting technical! Input filters are special devices placed inside a Radio receiver. The user never knows they are there—but if they weren't there he would know that something was wrong. Input filters are used to prevent what engineers call "cross-talk"—the reception of two stations at the same time. To prevent this the preliminary circuits of a receiver must be designed to pick up the one station we desire to receive and eliminate as completely as possible the signals from all other stations. The circuits that do this are called filters. They work in the same manner as a screen placed over a water pipe to catch the dirt and only let clean water through. The input filters are an important technical feature of the modern Radio receiver.

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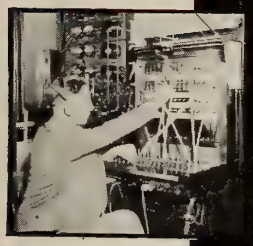


Radio Mechanic and Inspector $1800 to $4000 a Year

The only course in Radio sponsored by RCA

LET THIS SHORT-CUT HELP YOU INTO

SUCCESS *in* RADIO



Broadcast Operator $1800 to $4000 a Year



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THOUSANDS of men are making good money at Radio—and so can you!

Commercial training is all you need to give you the professional confidence and ability. You can secure this training in your spare time . . . through a marvelous home-laboratory course sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America. Our big FREE Radio book tells all about it.

Round out your knowledge with this home-laboratory training

Put the finishing touch to your Radio experience. Get the "How" as well as the "Why" of Radio with this commercial training. Only an hour or so a day—in spare time—is all you need. As part of your course, you receive absolutely free of extra charge—a magnificent outlay of fine apparatus. With this outfit you learn to build fine sets and solve the radio problems that bring good pay. You acquire not only the ability but the confidence to succeed in a real commercial way.

Training backed by Radio Corporation of America

Our graduates are in demand everywhere. They enjoy greater success because they're posted right up-to-the-minute in *everything* in Radio. Radio's progress each year is measured by the accomplishment of the great engineers at work in the research laboratories of Radio Corporation of America. This Radio organization sets the standards for the industry.

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The lessons prepare you for success in all phases of Radio—manufacturing, servicing, selling, ship and shore broadcasting and all types of Radio equipment. A signed agreement backed by RCA assures you of complete satisfaction upon completion of the training—or your money will be promptly refunded.

Read this thrilling free book

It may mean the turning point in your life. It gives you the real "dope" about Radio and it describes in detail the famous training that has enabled us to place thousands of our students in fine positions, usually from 3 to 10 days after graduation! It tells in 40 fascinating pages and photos all about Radio's brilliant opportunities for adventure and success. Mail the coupon now—the book is absolutely free! RCA Institutes, Inc., 75 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your big free 40-page book which tells about the great opportunities in radio and about your famous laboratory method of radio instruction at home.

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PRETTY CURVES WIN!

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."



Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.

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"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

COLONEL LINDBERGH Tells the World

Radio Digest

October

Thirty-Five Cents



inger Rogers
ABC—C. B. S.

HERBERT HOOVER ANECDOTES

Heywood Broun + Rupert Hughes + J. S. Fletcher

PET SUPERSTITIONS OF RADIO STARS



Why SHOULD your mouth become too soon MIDDLE AGED?

AS millions of people know, Forhan's was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea for years.

And as any dentist will tell you, this ailment of the gums is more prevalent in people over forty.

But these facts do not mean that you should passively let your gums develop the weakness of middle age, before you adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice.

It is first of all the dentifrice for the mouth of youth—to help you keep the teeth and gums young. There is no safer, milder dentifrice than Forhan's for children, because there is no dentifrice of greater purity—no dentifrice which cleans the teeth more gently and safely. As a dentifrice, Forhan's provides the benefits of cleansing ingredients which any dentist would thoroughly approve.

In addition, it serves another valuable purpose. It tones up the gums. Used as recommended, with thorough massage at the time of brushing, it firms them up—brings a tingling vigor and freshened circulation—helps to keep them in the glow of health.

That is why the use of Forhan's is recommended before pyorrhea develops.

If you suspect that you have this common ailment, if your gums are tender, by all means see your dentist immediately and let him prescribe proper care.

But as a matter of simple precaution, anyone who values firm teeth and a healthy mouth should adopt Forhan's as his dentifrice, or hers.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

KEEP YOUR SKIN HEALTHY IN 6 VITAL PLACES WATCH IT GROW..

Clearer, lovelier!

SAYS *Frances Ingram*

YOUR skin can be so clear, so satiny smooth and soft and young—if only you will use my Milkweed Cream and my special method to keep your skin *healthy!*

For Milkweed Cream is a marvelous corrective for the complexion. When you use it, you will understand my enthusiasm—you will see how its delicate oils cleanse the skin exquisitely and how its special toning ingredients help the health of skin as no other cream possibly can.

Let me show you how Milkweed Cream brings health and loveliness to your skin.

First, study carefully the six starred places on my famous mannequin—the places where lines and imperfections first appear to steal away your youth and beauty. Then, scrutinize your own skin at the same six spots. Is there a tiny, thread-like wrinkle here? A blemish there? Take steps to banish them, now!

The Milkweed Way to Loveliness

First apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if your skin is oily). Leave it on for a moment to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and lighter film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat gently into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, $1 and $1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A.M., (E. S. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.





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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

SEP 26 1930

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Raymond Bill, *Editor*

Henry J. Wright, *Advisory Editor*

Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Charles R. Tighe, *Associate Editor*

Harold P. Brown, *Managing Editor*



RUTH LYON . . . there's nothing wrong with her picture although you know her by that tag. She's the soprano of the Columbia Green River Beverage Feature, "What's Wrong With This Picture."

October, 1930

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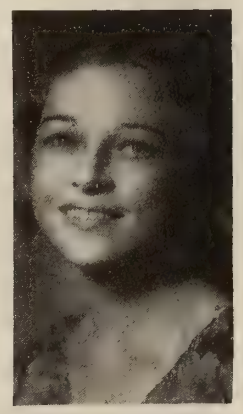
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IRENE BEASLEY sings that way just naturally. She was born on a plantation near Memphis, in Tennessee, and learned down home to render blues in the true darky style that you hear over CBS.



LITTLE MURIEL HARBATER faithfully eats her Cream O' Wheat cereal every morning so that she'll be able to be her usual entertaining self. Yes, she's little Jane who plays with Jolly Bill over NBC.



MABEL NORMA GREER is her sweet and natural self at all times . . . even when things all go wrong. That's why the staff pianist is so popular down in WCKY, Covington.

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Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make real money in Radio—the fastest-growing, biggest money-making game on earth.

Thousands of Jobs Paying $60, $70 to $200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation Work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—Thousands of jobs paying $60 and up to $200 a week!

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Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
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Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

GOODBY Baseball, hello Grid—October and football are here again. High powered journalistic reporting of outdoor sports has done much to encourage the individual who cares less for the esthetic in his Radio and more for the clash of human will and brawn on the field of action. See Ted Husing's story here next month.

* * *

Along with the autumn sports comes a new series of political talks. Major General James G. Harbord, "big shot" of the army and of Radio affairs threw the first ball in the series. Time will be properly apportioned between Mr. GOP and Miss Democracy, on the chains and on most of the individual stations.

* * *

New little Floyd Gibbonses are being reported every day to the National Broadcasting Company. Fond parents are naming their new offsprings after the great Headline Hunter whose Radio broadcasts have become so universally popular. Wait till they start talking!

* * *

After all contests do bring out important qualities in the winners. Four years ago Ginger Rogers, the girl on our cover, was a demure little Texas lass with a burning ambition to go places and see things. So she decided to kick herself into the path of Opportunity by entering a Charleston contest. She won—first locally then the Texas state championship. After that she was signed up for a tour in vaudeville. One triumph followed another. A little over a year ago she made Broadway and was featured in the musical comedy Top Speed. She was the hit of the show. Paramount-Publix engaged her for a series of sound pictures—first the Young Man of Manhattan, then Queen High and later with Jack Oakie in A Sap from Syracuse. She is still in her teens. You hear her sometimes over the Columbia WABC station. And the rollicking ol' Charleston jes done kicked her right up the ladder to fame an' sign lights.



* * *

A thousand apologies to our readers, Mr. C. B. Kingston of Bridgeport, Conn., and last but not least Mr. P. W. Morency of Hartford. In the September issue of Radio Digest it was erroneously stated that Mr. Kingston had become manager of WTIC at Hartford. Whereas it was intended to announce that he had become manager of WICC at Bridgeport. And of course Mr. Morency continues as manager of WTIC which with its 50,000 watts now ranks as one of the most important broadcast stations in the country. Very, very sorry that this happened. It was, so far as we know, the most serious mistake that occurred as a result of moving our editorial office from Chicago to New York in the course of preparing this issue. Gentlemen, the Havanas!

"The thing that impresses me most as I look back at those hazardous hours is the Radio," wrote Dieudonne Coste for the New York Times almost as soon as he and Maurice Bellonte came to earth from their flight from Paris to New York. "If one can picture the sensation of being seated in an open cockpit, hour after hour—age after age it seemed to us—with nothing about one but rain and mist, one may obtain a hazy picture of what those little vacuum tubes, coils and plates meant to us. It was as if we were not in midair far from help. We could talk to other persons . . . in the event of mishap others would speed to our aid." That's worth a thought in passing by, don't you think?



* * *

Our own Lindbergh was not so well equipped when he made his historic flight. Elsewhere in this Radio Digest you will be reminded of the flight of the Spirit of St. Louis. The event is recalled as a result of his use of Radio in urging a more comprehensive plan for international aviation. His entire speech appears on page 128.

* * *

WE ARE informed that there is in the United States at present an audience of 25,000 receiving television broadcasts daily. Twelve important broadcasting stations are now equipped with television transmitting apparatus. A sound-and-sight program was recently broadcast by the Jenkins television station W2XER, Jersey City, synchronized with the DeForest sound transmitter. The program included many stage notables and was available to thousands in open air demonstration centers.

* * *

Speaking of television some of our best Radio talent is now being sifted to make allowance for physical appearance before the microphone. Some high figured contracts are not being renewed because of an excess of adipose tissue. Read about it in November Radio Digest.

* * *

Another Einstein theory meets the hearty endorsement of Radio Digest. The theory seems to be that Radio Can Kill War, which was the subject of an editorial published in the September Radio Digest. Said Dr. Einstein at the Radio exposition in Berlin: "Radio has the unique function of reconciling nations. Until now, what nations knew of each other has been almost invariably derived from distorting mirrors of their respective press organs. The Radio shows the way people really live and in most cases their best sides. The Radio thus helps in removing mutual misunderstandings which so often turn into active distrust and hostility." The idea spreads and becomes cumulative.



Station Popularity Contest for

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

A Chance to Vote for Your Favorite Stations

EVERY Radio listener for purely selfish reasons wants to see his favorite programs continued. The best way of insuring more of the kind of programs you like best is to give a vote of confidence to the stations that are giving you the most pleasure. After all that is small recompense for the wonders of the air that are being given free by the broadcasting stations of the nation.

Naturally the institutions which are paying upwards of $50,000,000 a year for their Radio presentations are interested in seeing that their money is spent in a manner most agreeable and satisfying to the great Radio audience.

By voting for the stations which are most popular with you these stations will be encouraged to carry on in a better and bigger way than ever.

In this great contest conducted by RADIO DIGEST every participant is given the opportunity to nominate four stations in his order of preference. But each and every voter must nominate stations located only within the borders of the state wherein he resides.

RADIO DIGEST will present to the four winners of each state beautifully inscribed medallions signifying the honor that has been achieved. And with each medallion also will be presented a handsomely engraved scroll certificate indicating the degree of popularity the stations hold within their state. In conclusion a full report of the results of the contest will be published in RADIO DIGEST.

Stop and think for a minute. Which are YOUR four favorite stations within your state. This new state contest provides a fair trial for every station in the country. It promises to be the greatest contest ever offered in the history of Radio to determine the standing of Radio stations all over the country in their own respective communities. To be called the most popular station in the state by actual vote is an honor to be esteemed highly—an honor above price. Second, third and fourth places are not to be considered lightly.



Design for medallion emblem

In sponsoring this unique contest RADIO DIGEST continues with its old established policy of encouraging every effort to promote the best that broadcasting has to offer. Only by your directly indicated choice can the owners of all broadcasting stations ascertain the type of program policy you prefer.

Personality is an asset to every broadcasting station. The personality of the station is the reflection of its personnel. The individual characteristics are more important than the power of the transmitter. A little station may have more friends than its neighbor station with fifty times more power. It is that indefinable something that you alone can discern as the otherwise disinterested listener. Support from you for that station in the way of votes for the State Championship can be of great benefit by giving that station the prestige so important in making it an artistic and, necessarily, a financial success.

Do this for the stations of your choice as a slight appreciation of the hours of pleasure it has afforded you. Never before has any effort been made to ascertain actual popularity standing of stations within their respective states. All you have to do is send in your nominations, then fill in the ballots as they appear from month to month. Special bonus votes are allowed as you will note under the rules and conditions appearing on page 71.

At the bottom of this page you will note two blanks to be filled out and mailed to the RADIO DIGEST Contest Editor, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City. The Nomination Blank is at the left. Fill in the call letters of the four stations which you like best in your state. Put them in 1, 2, 3, 4 order according to your preference. Then mail this blank at once as indicated.

Now comes the actual business of voting. If you save all seven ballots to be published and send them in together you will be allowed an extra bonus of 75 votes.

A voting ballot will be published in each issue of RADIO DIGEST starting with this October number. The series will be continued through for seven numbers until April issue, inclusive. The ballots will be numbered consecutively from 1 to 7. If They are turned in singly they will count for but one vote each. A bonus of five votes is given for two consecutively numbered ballots sent in at one time; a bonus of fifteen votes for three consecutively numbered; a bonus of twenty-five votes for four consecutively numbered; thirty-five for five consecutively numbered; fifty for six consecutively numbered, and seventy-five bonus votes will be given if the entire series of seven consecutively numbered ballots are turned in at one time. Votes will also be given for paid in advance subscriptions for RADIO DIGEST sent in direct in accordance with the rules. Send your nominations now. (See rules and conditions page 71.)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state) .....

First (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Second (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Third (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

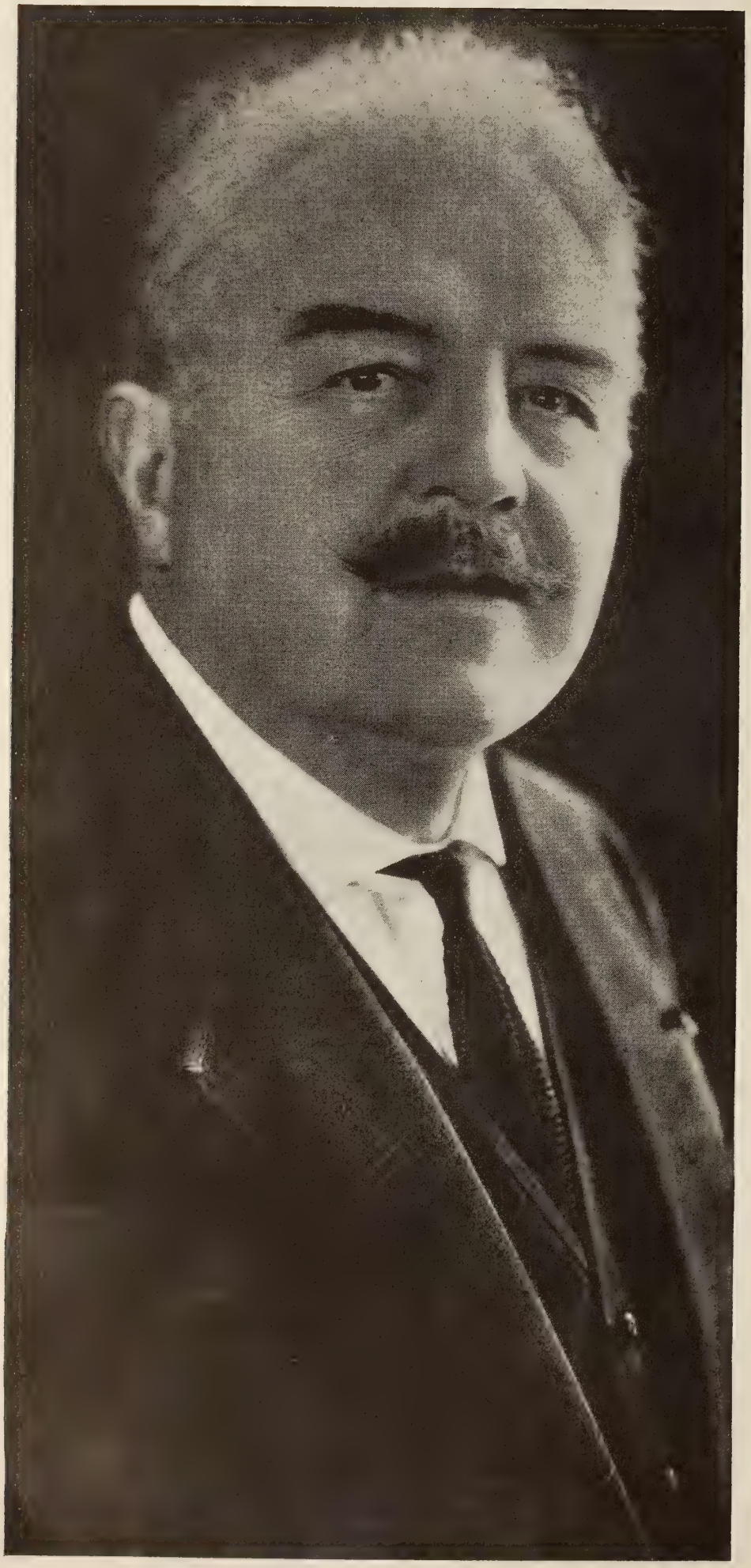
Number **1**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Second (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Third (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....



Victor Herbert

America's Immortal Composer

Victor Herbert

"As I Knew Him"

Victor Herbert had one great love, and that was music. Every hour awake was devoted to his art and his compositions took precedence over all personal affairs

By

HAROLD SANFORD

IN THE life of every man there is one individual who is the ideal. My ideal—the man who, though he is dead, still holds my greatest friendship and admiration—is Victor Herbert. For eighteen years I worked with him and had his friendship. I knew him when he was gay and happy, and also when he was sad, which was seldom. I knew him when he was successful; and I knew him when people said that Victor Herbert was a "has-been." I still think he is the greatest man I ever knew.

This is not a history of Victor Herbert. The textbooks and the encyclopedias will give you that data. This is merely my impression of a great musician.

HUNGER caused me to meet Victor Herbert. That was in 1906. I had come to New York as a musician with a Henry Savage operetta, "The Student King." The show was not a success and closed in two weeks. The conductor of the orchestra, Arthur Weld, advised me to try for a place in Herbert's organization. To me it was a daring suggestion. Since my childhood, Herbert had been an ideal. But I couldn't force myself, just a violinist, to ask the maestro for a job. For four weeks I tried to find work in New York, but there wasn't any work. Finally, hungry and discouraged, I went to Herbert.

"Let's see what you can do with these," he said, after I had met him. He tossed me some orchestrations to complete. I went to work and did them as best I could. He looked at them later.

"You are hired," he said, "but don't forget, you will have to work."

AT THAT time he was writing the score for "The Tattooed Man." I found a place in his orchestra and stayed with the production until it closed. Two weeks after the production had opened, he saw me during rehearsal.

"You need a scarf pin," he said, and he handed me one. I did not know it then, but I found out later that Herbert was a stickler for conventions in dress and at that time a man without a scarf pin was in practically the same category as a man today without his trousers.

For eighteen years Harold Sanford, popular conductor for the National Broadcasting Company, was right-hand man to Victor Herbert. Sanford worked, played and lived with the celebrated composer and undoubtedly knew him more intimately than did any man now living. This is his own story of Victor Herbert as he knew him.

"The Tattooed Man" closed, as must all shows, and I thought my contact with Victor Herbert was over. But the following year he had another production and he sent for me. From that time until his death I was never away from him for any avoidable length of time.

I was just a violinist in his orchestra when I started. Later I became concert master for most of his light operas and had the privilege of helping him with his arrangements. From him I learned practically everything I know about orchestrating and composing.

Victor Herbert had one great love, and that was music. Every hour awake was devoted to music and, while he was devoted to his wife and was very fond of his son and daughter, his compositions took precedence over all personal affairs.

He had the background of an artist. His greatest influence during his early life was his grandfather, Samuel Lover. Although Lover is best known as an Irish novelist, he also was an accomplished painter and a musician. Herbert grew up, not in Ireland, his birthplace, but in smart, sophisticated London, and in France and Germany. His earliest acquaintances were the great men of art and literature. From them he absorbed idealism and standards.

HAD he cared to be, Victor Herbert would have been ranked with some of the world's greatest masters and, in many respects, I think he deserves such a ranking. He was a great composer and yet throughout his life he preferred to write music that appealed to the millions rather than to the extremely cultured thousands. He believed that the really great music was that which had the widest appeal. He considered *The Blue Danube Waltz* by Johann Strauss one of the greatest pieces of music ever written. Despite his preference for music of a more popular vein, he could conduct the classics with depth and insight.

The fox trot, that modern dance tempo, was no mystery to him. I have heard him play fox trots as toe-teasing as any written today. He did not particularly care for them yet his native sense of rhythm made irresistible any fox trot

(*Continued on page 105*)

DURING the early days of broadcasting, Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, was czar of the air. His word was final. Probably no man alive understands the intricacies of Radio in public relations better than the President.



Herbert Anec

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is credited with being a teller of parables; Ulysses Grant is pictured with a fat cigar in his lips; Theodore Roosevelt was our "rough-riding" big game hunter; Calvin Coolidge is known as "the silent one."

Occupants of the White House invariably leave the stamp of their personalities impressed on public fancy. Biographers and historians revel far more in portraying traits of character which express the qualities of the man than in setting down the diplomatic acts of the statesman.

For the past year and a half President Hoover has gone about his executive duties in such a business-like manner that the affairs of state have all but submerged the human side of the man. How will he be remembered in the years to come?

He doesn't tell stories, smoke cigars, hunt big game, and he is not silent. Of course, it is just as well that none of these qualifications apply to our present incumbent. We like our Presidents to be different. It would never do for one of them to wear the mantle of a predecessor. And we are confident that, sooner or later, the man now living in the White House will make his bid to fame by establishing a personality through some human characteristic or through an interest in some outstanding activity. Perhaps that active interest may be in Radio. Who knows but Herbert Hoover may be known to later generations as "our radio-minded President"? If that should come to pass it would not be surprising inasmuch as radio, to date, has played an important part in his life.

Back in 1921, when the voice of this so-called infant industry was proclaiming lustily its right to live, the control of American Radio broadcasting was in the hands of the secretary of commerce. From the time he was appointed to that office in President Harding's cabinet, nine years ago, until the present day, Mr. Hoover's interest in Radio never has waned.

IN ORDER to familiarize himself with broadcasting the newly appointed secretary of commerce delved far below the surface. He felt that a laboratory knowledge of Radio was essential if he was to understand the broadcasters' problems. The study of the technical side of the industry was no hardship for this man. The trained mind of an engineer was fascinated with the subject. Studio control rooms were visited. Receiving sets, earphones and loudspeakers were much in evidence in his home and, with the head of the house showing the way, the Hoover family joined the rapidly growing ranks of Radio fans.

An act of Congress in 1927 established the federal Radio commission and the secretary of commerce was relieved of his Radio duties. Disgruntled ones had termed Mr. Hoover, "the Radio dictator." You may recall that several politicians voiced the opinion that Mr. Hoover, because of his interest in the broadcasting situation, would feel the loss of his power. They predicted all sorts of battles be-



© International News Photos, Inc.

MANY interesting incidents of the President's more recent contacts with Radio are related here for the first time in print. He is shown as a plain American individual with very human characteristics.

By

Doty Hobart

Hoover *dotes*



tween the secretary of commerce and the commissioners. Just how incorrect they were in their judgment of the man was shown last December, shortly before this esteemed body was scheduled to cease functioning. At that time President Hoover signed the bill which was instrumental in extending the life of this valuable commission.

MR. HOOVER always has had a warm spot in his heart for the amateur broadcasters. No one realizes more than he that the pioneer work of these enthusiasts assisted greatly in bringing about a speedy recognition of the possibilities of Radio shortly after the war. In the fall of 1927 Mr. Hoover was chairman of the International Radio Telegraph conference. The commercial users of the ether were for relegating the amateurs to a restricted channel "somewhere below the thirteen meter band." It was Mr. Hoover's influence which saved them from being assigned to that "Radio purgatory".

Not long ago I was discussing with George Akerson, secretary to the President, the attitude of our chief executive toward Radio. Among the secretary's many duties is that of looking after all details pertinent to the President's Radio activities. Because of his office Mr. Akerson has been of no little assistance in making it possible for me to present an authoritative word picture of Mr. Hoover as a speaker before the microphone and a listener before the loud-speaker of a receiving set. I had one question ready.

"I wonder if you know the date and the occasion of Mr. Hoover's first appearance at the microphone?" I asked Mr. Akerson.

"It's odd you should ask me that," he replied, "because I put the same question to the President only the other day. I was not only curious about the date but I wanted to know what his reactions to the microphone were at the time. Mr. Hoover thought for a moment or two and then admitted that he could not recall the occasion. Perhaps Radio, even though young in years, has been identified so closely with his public life ever since he was secretary of commerce that it seems to have been with him aways.

"IN ALL my association with Mr. Hoover," Mr. Akerson continued, "I have never known him to be worried over a pending broadcast. As for the broadcast itself, well, the only thing I can say is that the microphone apparently holds no terror for him. Its presence does not annoy him. Just the same, he confesses to a preference for a visible audience. I believe this is the true confession of every public speaker."

As every listener knows the President makes no pretense of being an orator. He delivers his messages quietly rather than attempt to stress their "high spots" with any high-powered vocal or physical accompaniment. The sincerity of his convictions as expressed in his evenly modulated tones is so evident that he makes an exceptionally good microphone subject. The unanimous opinion of every control operator who has worked on a Hoover broadcast is, "he sure knows his microphone."

A specially contructed standard with a green felt-covered top, equipped to hold

five or six microphones, is used when the President speaks to a seen and an unseen audience simultaneously. For these public addresses the loose-leaf pages of a pocket-sized notebook carry a typed copy of the final draft of his speeches. While the top of the combined table and microphone rack is broad enough to accommodate a much larger document the use of the little leather-covered book makes the President's references to his copy much less conspicuous to the visible audience. This standard was built for Mr. Hoover's personal use only by the NBC engineers and is housed in the studios of Station WRC at Washington.

It has been said that "nothing unusual ever happens when Mr. Hoover broadcasts". Unfortunately that well-meaning statement tends to present the man in the light of an automaton and is far from true. Many interesting incidents have occurred before, during and after his broadcasts which prove Mr. Hoover to be decidedly human.

When making his speech of acceptance from the stadium at Palo Alto, California, the sound of suppressed laughter came to Mr. Hoover's ears. He paused in his delivery. The laughter immediately became unsuppressed. Following the gaze of the crowd Mr. Hoover saw the cause of the merriment and smilingly gave the floor to his rival of the moment. Totally unconcerned about the attention he was attracting and unmindful of the solemnity of the occasion, a mongrel dog was making his way across the stadium field. He moved slowly but with an apparent confidence that assured everyone of an ultimate, though mysterious, goal. The aristocratic walk of the pup, all alone in the center of that gigantic arena, would have stopped any show. When quiet was restored Mr. Hoover continued his address. This little episode, far from annoying the speaker, added to his enjoyment of the day.

I AM indebted to Ted Husing, CBS announcer, for the above story. Husing said he came in for severe criticism from letter-writing fans who took exception to his cutting in on the dignified address of a President-elect to give a humorous description of a dog! As a matter of fact his quick witted action in making a Palo Alto canine nationally famous saved the listeners a long wait before silent loud-speakers. Mr. Hoover was not speaking while Husing's description of the promenading pup was being given.

Here is an interesting little episode which shows our President's attitude toward Radio. At a dinner given by the Daughters of the American Revolution the President was a guest speaker. He promised the chain broadcasters that they might carry his speech on the networks. The President's address was the only one to be broadcast nationally and a specified time for this speech to start was designated in advance. Knowing full well the value of Radio time Mr. Hoover makes his speeches fit a predetermined number of minutes. Also he realizes the necessity of a zero hour for starting a broadcast over a national hook-up.

AT THIS particular dinner the speakers who preceded the President finished with their part in the program about three minutes before the networks were scheduled to tune in. The chairwoman arose to introduce the guest speaker but as she rapped for attention with her gavel Mr. Hoover caught her eye and shook his head. The Greater Audience was not ready.

Across the hall the Radio operators, wearing headphones connected to telephone lines, waited for the word from the key stations which would tell them that the networks were set to accept this program. As the President and the chairwoman carried on a conversation in low tones Mr. Hoover kept his eyes on the operators.

A hum of subdued voices filled the room. Those present, annoyed at the delay, were guessing the cause. These Radio people! It was their fault that the guest speaker should be left cooling his feet at a public gathering. A most unethical procedure! Especially when the guest speaker happens to be the President of the United States. How embarrassing! Why didn't he go ahead and start his speech? The Radio people could tune in their old microphones later if they weren't ready now. It would serve them right to be taught a lesson.

A ripple of laughter broke the tension. The President smiled an acknowledgment of the humor of the situation.

At the appointed time the signal from headquarters was received by the operators. They nodded to the President and Mr. Hoover's entire address was broadcast—*as promised.*

Memorial Day, 1929, was an exceptionally hot day for that time of year. At the ceremonies held in Arlington cemetery at the Tomb of The Unknown Soldier everyone was exposed to the blistering rays of Old Sol.

It was some little time after the arrival of the Presidential party that Mr. Hoover's address was scheduled to take place. The seats occupied by the President and Mrs. Hoover were unsheltered and, what is more, were so close to the Tomb that the reflected heat from the highly polished white marble was added to the direct heat of the sun.

The heads of all the men present were bared. Hardly had the impressive ceremonies started when Mrs. Hoover opened her parasol. The President aided her in holding it over their heads. It was a signal for all others fortunate enough to have brought parasols or umbrellas to raise them as a protection against the scorching sunlight. Oddly enough the parasol held by the President and Mrs. Hoover was exceptionally outstanding. It was the only green one in sight!

Perhaps I should not mention the fact that the President once fell sound asleep in public. But this man so frequently is pictured as being cold and unemotional that I am anxious to portray him as he really is—a thoroughly human person.



© *International News Photos, Inc.*

I will not mention the occasion for fear of embarrassing others who were present. It happened after one of his 1929 broadcasts. He had been in the White House only a few weeks, but long enough to feel the pressure of his office. Added to his executive duties was a keen interest in the promotion of a worthy issue, inherited from his Quaker ancestors—World peace; embodied in the Kellogg Peace Pact, at that time in its formative stage.

His customary nightly rest had been cut in half and when the hour of the scheduled broadcast rolled around a President, worn and tired from loss of sleep, approached the microphone. He read his speech clearly and easily. No one realized that the man was battling fatigue with sheer will power.

OTHER addresses followed that of the President and, as is his courteous custom, Mr. Hoover remained to hear them. His work for the day was over. The warm air in the hall was indu-

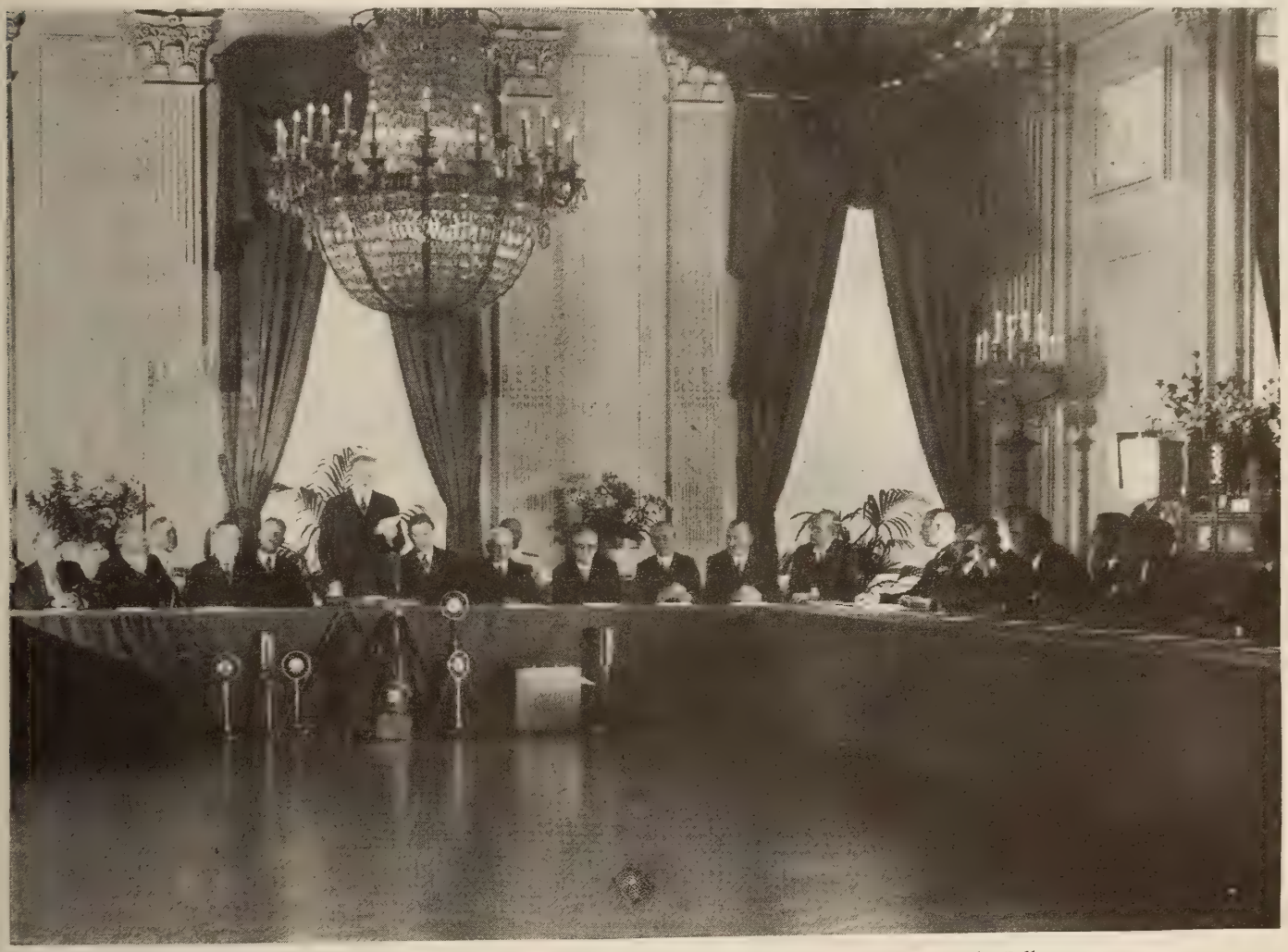
not more than five or ten minutes. But this little period of complete relaxation seemed to refresh him for, without effort, he remained awake the balance of the evening.

An unprecedented incident happened when Mr. Hoover addressed the signers of the Kellogg Peace Pact in July of the same year. As Frederic William Wile, who was present at the time, gives a colorful account of this misadventure in his article within the covers of this issue of Radio Digest I will not attempt to compete with an eye-witness in giving a detailed description of the incident.

sight yet the importance of the occasion held in check those who might have rectified the error. Not until he had finished did the President realize that the microphones were not in position to pick up his voice.

Later he asked why someone did not stop him as he started to make the address. No one could give a satisfactory answer.

The climax created by the accomplishment of a great purpose had cast a dramatic spell over everyone present. The realization that an instrument advancing world peace was about to become an ac-



The forgotten microphones! A nation waited in vain to hear the President's voice speaking to the Kellogg peace treaty signers. Photographers had cleared the table for a picture. The mikes were not replaced before the President began speaking. He was not heard beyond the White House walls.

cive of drowsiness and as he relaxed in his chair the man was fighting off a desire to close his eyes. While the time and place was not particularly auspicious for a chief executive's slumber it was a relief to his associates to see the man relax after those days and nights of exhaustive work.

As he tried to listen to the speaker who followed him Mr. Hoover's eyelids closed. His head nodded forward. Nature no longer could be denied. The President was asleep.

His nap was short-lived. It lasted

Briefly, however, this is what occurred: Before the scheduled broadcast was to take the air photographers requested that the microphones, which interfered with a clear view of Mr. Hoover, be removed from the table temporarily. The request was granted. The moment the cameramen retired the President arose and started his address. The microphones were still on the floor. He had forgotten to wait until they could be replaced on the table. It was a tense situation. Everyone realized that it was an over-

tual force made all other normally important details insignificant by comparison.

MR. HOOVER took it upon himself to shoulder the entire blame for neglecting to have the microphones replaced. He was extremely sorry and apologized to those in charge of the broadcast. His disappointment was genuine. Nor was it because of any desire for self glorification which his voice on the air

(*Continued on page 107*)

Pet Superstitions of Radio



Jessica Dragonette

Fetishes of Middle Ages tables of the air—Hoo-Artists and Announcers Luck and bring suc-



Phillips Carlin

ACTORS, actresses and vaudeville performers, like gamblers, have long been a superstitious folk. Where they "got that way" and when has not been traced by this investigator, but I've an inkling that it all originated back in the medieval days when knights were bold and Thespians were merely wandering minstrels.

Thanking the supernatural forces for their preservation from the spear points of the lances of black, green and pink knights, it is not to be wondered that the histrionic forefathers went in large for astrology and other less scientific means of forecasting the immediate future, for charms, potions and signs.

Radio, the ten-year old stripling which has invaded probably more homes in the past decade than the encyclopedia, has been inheriting some and originating other distinct and unique traditions and superstitions. "The show must go on," command the stage and mike alike, but enough of traditions. 'Tis superstitions we must concern ourselves about in this month of Halloween.



Julius Caeser and Mark Anthony, among the world's earliest actors—if a spectacular military general may be called that—would never go into battle should they venture forth in the morning after their ham and eggs to witness a flight of crows headed their way.

Should the late and much publicized Arnold Rothstein have seen a cross-eyed person, or perhaps glanced at his shadow in the moonlight, just prior to the game which proved fatal to the notorious gambler, he probably never would have been interested in any games of chance for the next twenty-four hours. "Honest" gamblers are heavy believers in superstitions as a general rule; sharpers rely on their crooked skill.

And this thirteen business which we all know—where did it start? I have read that it began with Christ's famous Last Supper. There the Master dined with his twelve disciples, making thirteen at the board. And so the number between twelve and fourteen became taboo! Why I even know of one office building in Chicago which caters to lawyers and politicians as tenants and which has carefully omitted the thirteenth floor. No fooling! The elevator jumps right from the twelfth to the fourteenth floor and doesn't travel two floors to do it.

But thirteen isn't bad luck for everyone. Phillips Lord or "Uncle Abe"



Phil Cook

stitions

Stars

By Evans E. Plummer

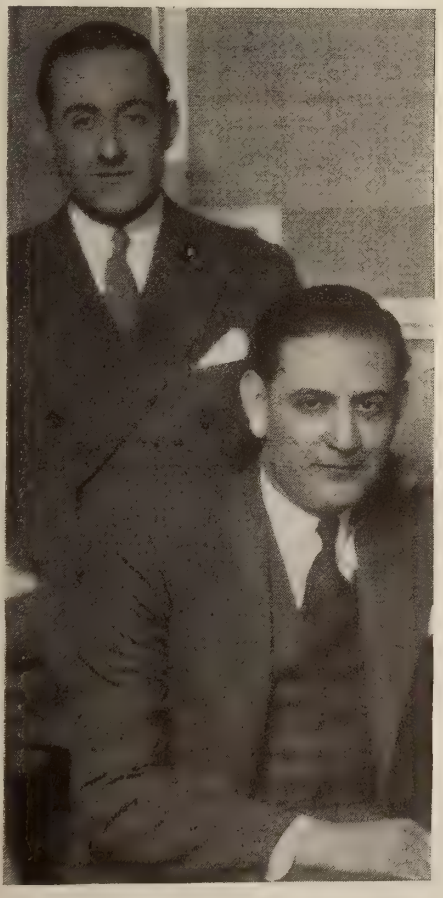
still survive to jinx no-doo charms used by to woo the Goddess of cess before the mike



Floyd Gibbons

thrives on it. But we'll come to more of that particular story later.

First nights on the stage are very delicate affairs, according to the players and producers. Likewise in the broadcasting studios they are apt to be ominous unless properly protected by the thoughtful artists who bring their rabbits' feet, good luck jewelry and other jinx-chasers along.



Carmen and Guy Lombardo



Vaughn de Leath

But you don't even have to be present at a Radio first night to see a lot of queer things going on. If you were a casual observer of a program in one of the NBC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City, you probably would be puzzled to see the announcer walk twice around the microphone before he started to announce the presentation. Perhaps he wants to be sure he knows where the microphone wires are before he begins. But why walk around twice? Why isn't once enough?

The reason, I am told, is so that he will announce smoothly. "Walk twice around a microphone before broadcasting and you won't stumble over a word," my informant advises. Hah, Floyd Gibbons must have to trek many a dizzy circle about Radio's tin ear Mike!

The mike-encircling, Demosthenes-manufacturing tours are becoming quite the thing in the NBC studios. Even some of the most blasé announcers are doing it. Where the superstition originated no one can say. Perhaps it was a poker-playing adjectiveer who first did it, and it's origin might be traced to the trick of walking around a chair to change one's luck in a card game. At any rate, the procedure has travelled the rounds of the 711 studios with the rapidity of a forest fire, and now you know what it's all about.

And whatever you do, never read the last line of a dramatic script exactly as it is written until you are on the air! If you do, it's just too bad.

Here is a true tradition of the stage transplanted by the roots to the studio. The veteran actors and actresses brought the superstition of garbling the last line of the play—or "tag" line as it is called—during rehearsals. To use it then would be bad luck, according to footlight beliefs. So the Radio actor changes the wording of the line during rehearsals and reads it for the first time as it should be when the show goes on the air.



Or if you are to sing, be especially careful not to hold your sheet music so that it is upside down when you first glance at it.

Vocalists all will warn you of the mis-

fortune awaiting you should you neglect this simple precaution. Watch them as they remove their selections from the music cases. See how the singers carry the sheets so that they know they will be right side up when they sing.

EITHER on concert stage or in the studio a reversed sheet of music might cause an embarrassing delay of several seconds and resultant confusion. Sure it's bad luck to bring trouble on yourself. Personally, I've always thought that the old one about not walking under ladders was a particularly good thought. Or haven't you ever had a painter overhead splotch paint on your favorite suit or dress? Painters, window washers and other artisans who start at the bottom rung daily and climb to the top are not always as careful with their tools and materials as they might be. There's a thought.

So much for studio sorcery. Now for a few personal foibles of the royalty of the Radio artists. Floyd Gibbons, always has a magic stone, given to him by a witch doctor in darkest Africa, in his pocket when he broadcasts. Just before going on the air he will always be observed sticking his hand in his pocket to make sure his good luck piece is with him.



Amos 'n' Andy, who've received from Radio admirers enough left hind feet of graveyard rabbits (killed at midnight in the dark of the moon) to provide sufficient material for the fur coats for the 1934 classes of Harvard, Yale and Princeton combined, claim no particular superstitions except possibly one. That one is that they always feel more confident, they say, when they know that Bill Hay, their veteran and favorite announcer, is at the microphone.

And now about Phillips H. Lord, the author of "Sunday at Seth Parker's" in which he plays Seth, and "Uncle Abe and David" in which he is Uncle Abe. Lord loves the number thirteen. He was born on July 13; there are thirteen letters in his name counting his middle initial; his first Radio appearance was on June 13, 1928; there are thirteen members of the cast in "Sunday at Seth Parker's"; his contract for "Uncle Abe and David" was signed on June 13, 1930, and now he is heard on the air thirteen times each week—twice each night except Sunday in "Uncle Abe and David" and once each Sunday night in "Sunday at Seth Parker's."

Will Rogers admits no superstitions, yet he will always be found to be doing one of two things at the mike. He is either palming a large silver coin between the fingers of one hand or else jingling a bunch of keys. Call it habit or nervousness if you wish, but I'll bet the hole in a doughnut that he'd be lost with neither coin to play with nor keys to jingle.

Jessica Dragonette, who likewise denies she is superstitious, wears a tiny brooch shaped like a bird. Someone gave it to her saying, "As long as you wear this you will be lucky." It's a pretty bit of jewelry and becoming to the tiny soprano star.

PHILLIPS CARLIN, program executive and announcer for NBC, usually delays shaving until just before an important broadcast. Then, within the hour before going on the air, he sprints to the most convenient washroom and shaves. He explains that it "freshens" him. But you wouldn't expect a Phi Beta Kappa to admit that he had a pet superstition.

Charles "Chic" Sale has a hat fetish. Years ago he came into the possession of an ancient hat through a friend. The friend of the stage and air comedian had noticed the shabby top piece on a farmer in a field as he motored along the highway. Stopping to enquire about the road he was travelling, he asked the farmer where he had obtained the hat and how old it was. The farmer told him he didn't know how old it was; that his father had bought it and when the old man died, he came into possession of it. The friend bought the hat from the farmer, presented it to Sale, and the famous comedian cherishes the hat as a potent good luck charm.

Vaughn de Leath is another believer in thirteen bringing good fortune. She likes to sign contracts on the thirteenth of the month. The

(*Continued on page 117*)



"It's a pipe," says James Melton (left). "And hard luck if you miss," answers Wilfred Glenn, the human tee.

A RADIO COLUMN

By

HEYWOOD BROUN

In which the famous columnist, who broadcasts regularly over the Columbia network, expresses unconcern over his social status, but . . . . .



I AM a little disturbed tonight because one contributor—D. D. of New York City—seems to have been digging into my past. He writes: "Some time ago you said you were a Socialist. I don't believe it because with my own eyes I spotted your name amongst the four hundred in the society columns. Norman Thomas never sipped tea with the blue bloods."

As far as I know there is nothing in Socialism that says where you must drink your tea—even if you happen to like tea. And I think Mr. C. is mistaken about the society page. If he has the clipping I wish he would let me look at it. I love to see my name in the papers. But I don't believe it was the society page—I think Mr. D. C. has become confused. It was probably the sport page or the want ads.

But I did have my name on the society page once. That was a year and a half ago. A friend of mine took me to Palm Beach and somebody with a big house gave a party and asked everybody. He was just starting in on society himself and he took the names from the hotel registers. I got invited. And then for almost forty-eight hours I waited anxiously for the New York papers to arrive. One of them had two whole columns about the party. Just scads and scads of names. I strained my eyes going through that list—Mr. and Mrs. and the Grand Duke and the Prince and the Princess and several generals. Colonels galore. All the way from the top of the page down to the bottom. And I read on and on hopefully. And eventually I found a small paragraph down at the very bottom of the story. It said: "Among those who came in after dinner were Thomas K. Jones, Charles Smith and Howard Brown."

I did come in after dinner so I think that "Howard Brown" was me, and that was the only time and the only way I ever got on the society page.

But I was in the New York Social Register once. Just for a year. After that they dropped me. I have never been able to come back. I don't know why I was dropped. Maybe it was something I ate.

Naturally I miss the Social Register, it was so much fun to say, "You can find me either in the telephone book or the Social Register." But I wish they never had put me in at all. After being used to it I find it so hard to get along just with the telephone book. The same thing happened to Gene Tunney. He was in for just one year. Maybe I was on trial. But they did not tell me. If they had I might have acted more circumspectly.

I DON'T believe that swimming party did me much good. Everything went wrong that week-end. I was invited to a vast estate on Long Island. I went. I was glad to go. It doesn't make any difference to me how much money a man has. I am not snobbish that way.

Saturday was all right but on Sunday the New York Times came out with an editorial in which it said that I was no better than a bomb thrower. It seems I had written something violent in the paper. But I am sure I did not say anything about bombs. That was just the interpretation of the Times. Still it worried my host. He began looking at me suspiciously and locking up his silver at night. I think he got the notion that I was going to suggest that we pool our money and divide it up.

It wouldn't have been easy. It is so hard to make twenty-three cents come out even.

BUT I did have a return trip ticket. That was fortunate because on Sunday night I committed the unforgivable sin. It was a hot, stifling night and our host got licked in a bridge game and went to bed early. A few of us were left and somebody suggested that it would be nice to go swimming in the indoor pool. I jangled a bell and a man came and I asked him to turn on the lights over the pool. He said he would and as we were walking along he told me, "I wish I could go in swimming too." I said, "Why don't you." It was a hot night and he seemed a very amiable man. I guess he was the butler and he could swim all right—he could do the Australian crawl and his bathing suit was not more than twenty-five inches above his ankles—or whatever the regulation is—and so it seemed to me all right.

We had a nice swimming party. But the host's room was just over the pool. He heard all the racket. As I remember, the butler got into a splashing party with one of the lady guests. The host was informed by somebody of what I had done. He did not like it at all. I have never been invited to that great estate again. Or any other. I just go to my own farm which is going to be called the White Chip or Rowdy House. I haven't decided

(*Continued on page 120*)

Colonel Lindbergh

Leaves Baby Wee at Home
Greatest Hook-up of Broadcast

LEAVING little Wee fast asleep at home, Daddy and Mamma Lindbergh, with some of the neighbors, jumped into a car and rolled in from the country and up through the crowded streets of Manhattan. It was a very important occasion, if you must know. Daddy Lindbergh was going to make his first prepared speech on the Radio.

Of course Little Wee didn't know much about that but he'll probably read all about it some day. Because when Daddy Lindbergh starts out to do something through the air he always does it in a Big Way. And when the papers heard that he was going to make a speech they hurried to let everybody know. The cables under sea carried the news to Europe, and to Africa, and to Australia and to South America and, in fact, to all the world.



Pacific & Atlantic Photos

PROBABLY little Wee never thought a thing about it but IF he did he probably was saying "Why shouldn't everybody listen? He's *my* papa."

The Radio people got terribly busy when they heard that Colonel Lindbergh was ready to make his bow to Mr. Mike and the great Listening Audience.

"Come up to our house please," said Mr. Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Do come and do your talking at our house," urged Mr. National Broadcasting Company.

"Thank you, thank you," said Colonel Lindbergh.

"We'd be pleased to have you come to our house," shouted Mr. British Broadcasting Corporation from across the sea at London, England.

And then the other nations on the other side of the world intimated that they would feel slighted if Lindbergh wouldn't speak at their stations.

So Colonel Lindbergh found that to please everybody he'd have to tell the whole world what he had to say.

Never before was there so much activity on the part of everybody to make it possible for one private citizen to make his remarks public—and Colonel Lindbergh isn't naturally inclined that way in the least.

But Little Wee was home fast asleep when Daddy, Mamma and their friends drove up in front of the tall new building of the Columbia Broadcasting House.

"What's the matter?" asked a stranger who happened along there about the same time the Lone Eagle arrived.

"Colonel Lindbergh is going up to broadcast to the whole world," said a nervous young fellow who stood at the curb teetering on his toes trying to look over the heads of a whole crowd of people who had gathered around the door.

THEN the Lindbergh car came gliding along.

"Just look at that crowd," said one of the friends in his car to the Colonel.

"You won't catch me trying to break through that crowd," said the young father.

"What'll we do?" asked somebody else.

"Let's go in from the other side."

"Yes, we can go in the side door on 52nd street and slip up the back elevator without being noticed."

And that's just what they did.

When a man is going to talk to the whole world at one breath and the same time it takes considerable Friendly Cooperation. So, although Colonel Lindbergh decided he would speak at Columbia, he was also assured that National would be permitted to help spread the talk. Mr. Jesse Butcher, who was one of the hosts at Columbia tells you all about what happened in the studio on another page in this magazine.

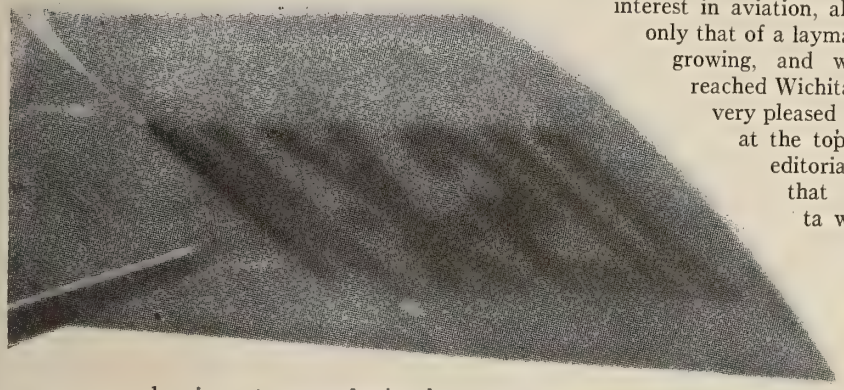
Now, Mr. Lindbergh is pretty young yet even if he did cross the Atlantic all alone in an airplane, and is a colonel, and is a daddy, and is a National Hero. He likes to get away once in a while like any other young fellow and be just Slim, like he was before he made the acquaintance of the Spirit of St. Louis.

Sometimes he probably thinks of those gloomy and rather foreboding hours when he hid himself away in the hangars in long deadly silences waiting for half-way favorable weather reports before zooming into the East over the long, long sky trail to Paris. He wasn't so sure he'd make it, and if he didn't—good-by world and everything.

YOU would almost suppose that everything he had ever done had been printed once, twice or thrice. But there are stories and stories that probably never will be told—those air jaunts into Mexico when he was calling on Baby Wee's mother when she was Anne Morrow—and—well here's one by

Tells the World

While He Makes His Bow to Stations in the History of Radio



a man who is not a professional writer, and has no ambition to be. It's just a story that might have been anybody's experience—only it happened to be that of a Mr. J. F. Weintz, who was out traveling for a New York firm and calling on customers in Kansas and Iowa. He chanced to see in a newspaper that Colonel Lindbergh would probably drop in at Wichita, Kans.



While Baby Wee is still asleep and while you are waiting for Mr. Butcher to tell you what happened in the studio imagine yourself, if you please, in Jacob Weintz's place when he took a rickety taxi out to the Wichita Airport just to see Lindy, and wound up taking Lindy away from the field in his taxi.

ON MAY 28th, 1928, I took a Pullman in Denver for Wichita, Kansas. The week previous I had had my first aeroplane ride with Harry T. Watts, business manager of the *Des Moines* Register Tribune. We were guests of the visiting "Travelair" cabin ship which helped to dedicate the new flying field in Des Moines. In Omaha, Leo Wilson, then advertising director of the *Omaha Bee-News* drove me out to the airport—there to see the new Boeing ships and observe the splendid hangars of the Western Air Express. My interest in aviation, although only that of a layman, was growing, and when I reached Wichita I was very pleased to read at the top of an editorial page that Wichita was the "Air Capital of the United States."

When I called on the *Wichita Eagle,* Bill Allen told me some very interesting things about aviation development, and later when I saw Governor (now Senator Henry J. Allen) of the *Wichita Beacon* I was given additional data which aroused my interest to the point of wanting to see some of the factories where the ships were made. I was told to meet Walter Beech of Travelair and Clyde Cessna of Cessna Aircraft. Both of these gentlemen deserve a world of credit for being patient with a curious and quizzical public. On my way out to the Cessna plant, I stopped off, bought a copy of a newspaper which carried the headline "Lindy Probably Due in Wichita Tonight."

It appeared that he had left New York early on the morning of May 29th, 1928, to make a reconnaisance flight to the west coast for the purpose of plotting the TAT course. The Associated Press dispatches reported that he had stopped at Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, and St. Louis, Missouri, and had departed from the last named port "flying in a southwesterly direction, destination unknown."

When I asked Mr. Cessna how long it would take him to fly from St. Louis to Wichita, I discovered that if Wichita really were his destination, he would arrive about 8 P.M. Then I asked where he would probably land and was told "at the Swallow Airport—he always lands there."

After a courteous farewell at the Cessna factory, I walked back to the Broadview Hotel and ate dinner. After a while I stood out in front of the hotel and smoked a cigar. A taxicab was alongside the curb. Its motor was hitting on three cylinders and the chauffeur was wiping a rather dusty windshield with his not too clean handkerchief.

I approached him and asked how far it was to the airport where the Travelair plant was located.

"What do you want to go out there for?" he asked.

I said, "Oh, I just thought I'd like to see what it looks like."

Then I added, "You know Lindy is coming here tonight and we've got to bring him in."

He laughed. "Lindbergh wouldn't ride in this thing—its only hitting on three and besides he wouldn't ride in a cab."

I almost admitted that he was right but in a spirit of pleasantry still trying to look serious I said, "Well—be careful as we come in, won't you."

In due course we arrived at the field. I asked the chauffeur if he had ever been in an aeroplane factory. When he said "No"—I said, "Shut off the meter and I'll get you a pass."

So he did and I was really fortunate in finding a hospitable foreman who let the boy into the huge, modern factory.

THEN I walked out on the field in the direction of a hot dog stand. There, I believed, I possibly would find a man or two who knew Lindbergh. Sure enough one man with a wholesome lack of adulation admitted that he had met "Slim" and liked him—"just a plain, fine sort of man." When, pointing to the newspaper headline, I remarked, "Do you think he'll land here tonight?" he shook his head and replied with an air of finality, "No—I guess he'll go out to Hutchinson—it's a good night to fly."

However, I still had vague hopes of seeing Colonel Lindbergh.

At this point I might add that probably forty or fifty automobiles had brought out the usual evening group of citizens who came out either to fly over the city at very nominal cost or to watch their friends. I wandered about the grounds a while—and there was plenty to see—and then returned to the hot dog stand.

My attention was drawn to some mottled clouds in the east where dimly a red and green light appeared. I asked "What's that?" "That's him," the genial proprietor, between bites, replied.



"You mean Lindy?"

"Yes."

So, eagerly, I watched and as the outline of the ship became distinct I saw it circle the field quite low and then soar up and away.

As IT rose I heard my friend say "He's gone—no Wichita for him tonight"—but scarcely had we gone ten steps toward the taxicab when the ship returned and landed out in the field. The small crowd of excited spectators who had remained spilled from their cars and rushed out on the field. The careful and considerate Lindbergh turned his ship, speeded up the motor and threw a cloud of dust toward the crowd. Instead of criticising him for that, I praise him. Too many foolish people unnecessarily risk their lives in mad rushes everywhere.

I walked away from the field down toward an empty hangar where an air express ship had only an hour before been housed. In a very few minutes Lindbergh had taxied to the door and sat at the controls smiling. Never before had I seen him or his ship although in my travels I had frequently been a day ahead or a day behind. Of course I was thrilled to be a witness to this landing, for he was making history—he was charting a transcontinental course over which thousands, yes millions, would later fly.

WHEN the first man to alight got out and stretched himself I noticed that he looked all around—casually but none the less searchingly. I walked toward him and said "Are you looking for a taxicab?" He said "Yes". Then I replied "I have the only one on the field and it's yours if you want it." He said "Are you with the Associated Press?"

"No."

"Either of the newspapers?"

"No, sir."

"Who are you?"

"Just a salesman from Chicago consumed with curiosity to see just what I have seen."

Then he said "My name is Breckenridge—Colonel Breckenridge—and this is Major Lanphier." The Major, dressed in golf togs, was unloading two suit cases. I was happy to be of some service and carried the luggage into the hangar.

Lindbergh, at the controls, sat motionless while the ship was rolled into the hangar and the hangar doors closed. After skilled mechanics had made a thorough inspection I noticed that Lindbergh himself took a flashlight and went over every inch of the fuselage, the motor—everything! That is one of the really characteristic things about him which explains his usual and complete success. He is not a "stunt artist" but in the execution of his plans he does startling things—all of them reasonable and logical.

After looking over his ship I was introduced to him. Colonel Breckenridge explained that the party would ride in my taxi and I was asked to go out and sit in the taxicab. Then Colonel Breckenridge followed, sitting opposite me, and Major Lanphier sat opposite Colonel Lindbergh.

As we started off and got fairly well down the road Lindbergh asked where his map case was. It had not been removed from the ship so we turned back. At no time did Colonel Lindbergh or the other members of his party show any desire to exchange my rickety taxi for luxurious cars, several of which were placed at their disposal by hopeful and prominent citizens. As we rode into town the first question Colonel Lindbergh asked was "What news from the 'Italia'?" I told him it was still lost. Major Lanphier wanted to know the baseball scores and Colonel Breckenridge was interested in the Chrysler-Dodge merger which was announced that day.

On the way in Colonel Lindbergh said "We will not want the best rooms at the Hotel Lassen, Major—just plain rooms with bath."

As I left my distinguished friends at the hotel entrance I was very happy to accept the thanks of each member of the party individually and I formed an opinion then, which I still hold, that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is every inch a gentleman and entitled to the privilege of every other American citizen—the right to mind his own business and live his own life in his own way.

Although I was a total stranger to all three, Colonel Lindbergh and his friends accepted my chance hospitality with the same gratitude and appreciation I would have expressed under similar circumstances, had our places been reversed.

IT WOULD be a gracious act on the part of all Americans to let the Colonel and his family now live as simply and freely as they wish. They have proved their appreciation of public affection—now let us give them their individual rights to personal happiness. Why people should expect him to be "on parade" all the time I do not know and I am mighty glad that I had a first hand opportunity to see how he meets ordinary people with whom he is not in any way previously acquainted.

There you have it—some people do get the breaks just like Mr. Weintz. He can tell you more details he didn't write down here because he didn't want to have anyone think he wanted to call any special attention to himself. He said:

"When they started upstairs Colonel Lindbergh came back, shook hands with me, called me by name and remembered to pronounce it correctly—although hardly anybody else ever did."

JUST because Lindbergh comes to mind again through his Radio broadcast a whole grist of interesting incidents might be mentioned. A good friend of Radio Digest who was very close to the activities preceding the flight of the Spirit of St. Louis told how Lindy inspired the men who financed the flight. He has been described as coldly calculating but one of the things he requested was that the judge would withhold the actual decree of incorporation until "the Spirit was in the air headed for France". His wish was solemnly complied with.

"At lunch the next day," says our correspondent, "a group of us gathered with

(*Continued on page 119*)

Lindbergh Honors Radio

By Jesse S. Butcher

Director of Public Relations
Columbia Broadcasting System

WHAT seemed to interest Col. Charles A. Lindbergh most in the Columbia Broadcasting System studios in New York on the occasion of his first formal Radio talk on August 8th was the master control room and the particular push button on the sounds effects machine which he was informed would simulate the sound of an airplane. What interested us, on the other hand, was the fact that he was familiar with Radio programs and had his favorites even as you and I.

His maiden talk completed, the final sound of his voice having died away on the microphone, this interesting young man eagerly accepted an invitation to study the background of an enterprise which carries amusement, education and news and sports sidelights to the millions. There was something refreshing in the intelligent questions his tour developed.

This interlude of recreation followed the Colonel's formal debut on the air, the debut of one of the world's most interesting personalities. Once or twice before only, during receptions and dinners which he attended after his flight from New York to Paris in 1927, did he speak a word or two informally. This, however, was his first scheduled, formal appearance. He had had many invitations to speak over the air in the past, but with that modesty which characterizes him and that well-known dislike for focusing attention on himself rather than on aviation, to the furtherance of which he has set himself, he had repeatedly declined these offers. When the time arrived that he felt he had something constructive to say over the air, he was not adverse to using this medium for reaching the greatest number of people.



Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh

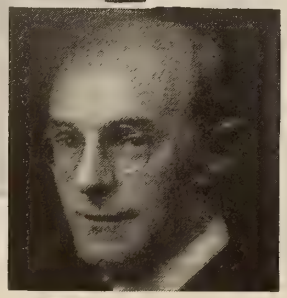
That time came early in August shortly after he had sent a memorandum on international aviation to the League of Nations, which memorandum the League made public to the press of the world. Feeling that through elaboration he could enforce the strength of his views on this far-reaching subject, he elected Radio as his aid and accepted the invitation of the C. B. S.

IN ORDER to reach various parts of the world at a convenient time, the suggestion was made to Col. Lindbergh that he deliver his address twice—the first at 4:25 P.M. New York time (9:25 P.M. London time) for the benefit of British and Continental listeners over the international telephone circuit of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and short wave W2XE of the Columbia System; the second broadcast at 11 P.M. New York time for the edification of the Radio audience in the United States and Canada, this also to be carried by W2XE, for listeners in Australia and South America. He readily agreed. So far as known, this was the first occasion that a speaker has repeated a talk to meet the time requirements of other countries.

(*Continued on page 122*)



Arthur Allen as "David"



Uncle ABE

Quaint New Englanders in the Big City Bring from the Atlantic

By Wade

ONE languid afternoon not very long ago, a National Broadcasting Company continuity writer was seated in a New York barber shop, treating himself to the infrequent luxury of a much-needed manicure.

Said the young lady across the white enamel table:

"By the way, do you happen to know Uncle Abe, in this new Radio sketch about the two rural characters?"

"Why, you mean Abe, of Uncle Abe and David. Of course I know him. Uncle Abe is Phil Lord, who not only plays the part of the New England store keeper, but writes the show as well."

"Well, he's certainly a rube, all right," rejoined the young lady of the finger bowl and buffer. "He was in here the other day, and you can take it or leave it, he never had a manicure before in his life."

The continuity writer smiled knowingly, and made no comment. He knew something about Phil Lord's methods of gathering material, and had his own suspicions concerning the dark purpose of that visit to the manicure.

But perhaps the young lady's assumption wasn't so far wrong, at that. True, even the most sophisticated New Yorker would scarcely accuse Phil Lord of outward rusticity. In speech, dress, or manner there's nothing of the conventional "rube" about Phillips H. Lord, college graduate and erstwhile school teacher. Yet those who know him say that he hasn't changed very much since the day two years ago when he stood before the planning board of NBC and half jestingly described himself as "a country boy, just trying to get along in the big city."

In those days, Phil Lord was an unknown, with a deep-rooted belief in an idea. And he was telling the designers of network features about that idea, describing his first nebulous plan to build a program around the homely, sincere "hymn sings" which are so characteristic a part of the religious life in northern New England communities. Today that idea, embodied in "Sunday at Seth Parker's," has become the common property of millions. But Phil Lord is unaltered, still as close as ever to the "Down East" folks he has created, still just the country boy trying to get along in the big city.

And now has come "Uncle Abe and David," Phil Lord's latest exploration among the New England personalities whom he loves so well. In this new venture, the creator of Seth Parker conceived

and

DAVID

and their Adventures Chuckles to Listeners to the Pacific

E. Arnold

the program idea, and develops the situations and writes the script. The role of David in the nightly adventures of the two New England store keepers is taken by Arthur Allen, whose "Down East" portraits in Soconyland Sketches and in the old Re-told Tales series have made him perhaps the best known character actor on the air.

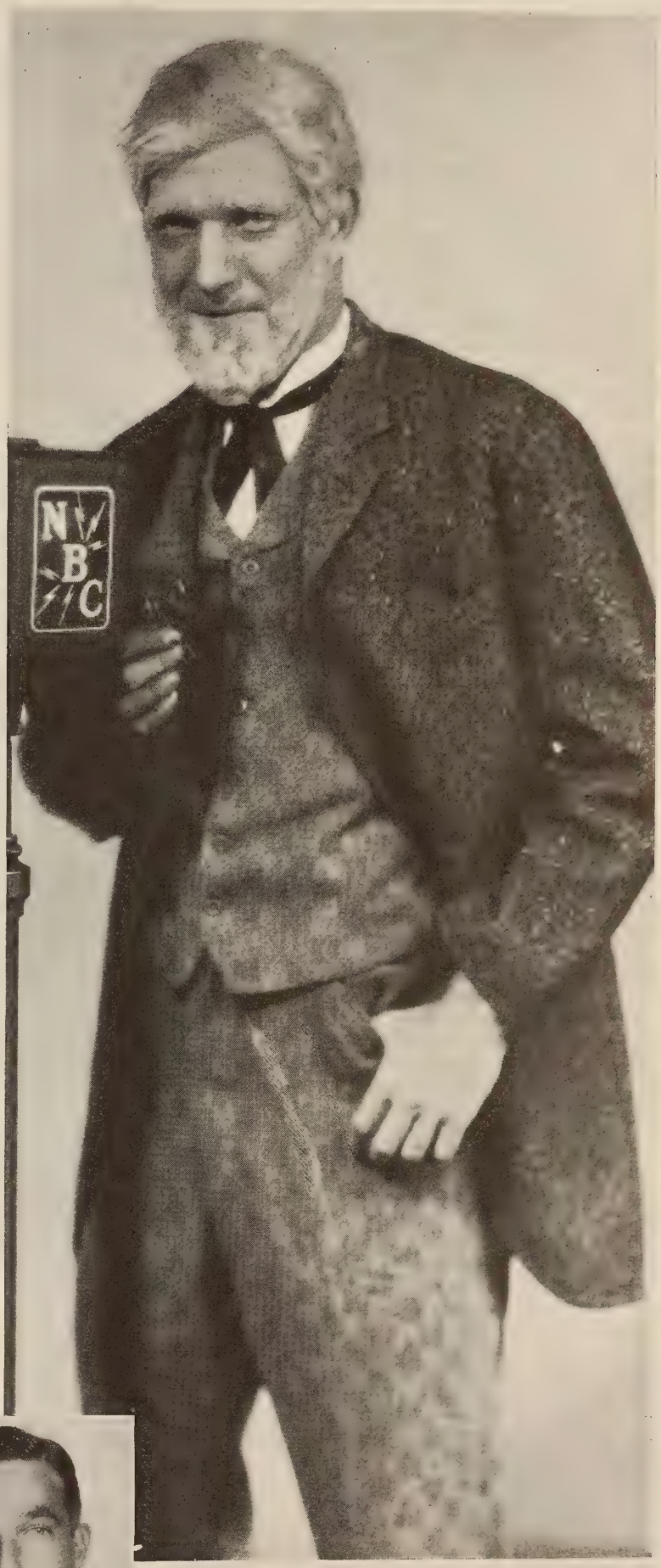
It was inevitable that at some time Phil Lord and Arthur Allen would work together. When Seth Parker first came on the air, Allen was already established as one of Radio's outstanding actors. A native of upstate New York, he instantly recognized the authenticity and simple sincerity which marked the new Sunday night program. In fact, he prophesied a great future for "Sunday at Seth Parker's" long before he knew its author.

Many months passed. Then one day, in the casual elbow rubbing among artists at the NBC studios, Phil Lord and Arthur Allen met. They discovered their mutual admiration. Phil Lord, it developed, had been an ardent follower of every broadcast in which Allen appeared. They struck it up immediately, exchanging anecdotes and laughing reminiscences of the "Down East" types they knew. Lord, the practical organizer, suddenly remarked:

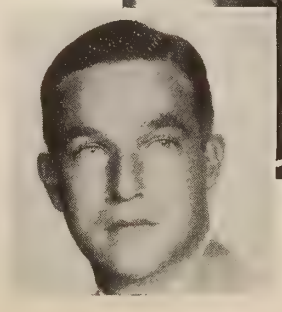
"Did it ever occur to you that we might make a good team?"

ALLEN musingly agreed, and there the matter rested. The plan to do something together on the air incubated for many months, and Allen almost forgot about it. Then the opportunity to build a team program came suddenly to Lord, and his first impulse was to call Allen. A few weeks later, radio listeners were sitting around the cracker barrel of Everybody's Equiperies, the general store in Skowhegan, Maine, while Uncle Abe Stetson and David Simpson, the proprietors, drawlingly discussed their plans for the vacation in New York which they had been deferring for thirty long years.

Uncle Abe and David have been in the metropolis long enough by this time to be feeling quite urbane and sophisticated. Their days have been full of strange experiences, and the big city has, at times,



Phillips Lord as "Abe"



shown a disposition to laugh at or lose its patience with the two "Down East" rustics. But the retired proprietors of Everybody's Equiperies always come up smiling, to give the lie to the old adage, "you can't teach an old dog new tricks". And each night they tell their listeners about it over two National Broadcasting Company networks.

Lord, the author, and Allen, who frequently suggests ideas and situations, have found that writing a script each day necessitates a somewhat new technique in conception of their material. It's a matter of keeping their eyes constantly open, recognizing possible situations in the bustling routine of everyday life, rather than sitting down with furrowed brow and conjuring up funny scenes.

For example, when faced with the story of the perplexed manicurist, Lord grinningly admitted the ulterior purpose of his visit.

"SURE, I asked her all the silly questions I could think of. Of course I confessed I'd never had a manicure before in my life. It had just occurred to me as I passed the shop that Uncle Abe's reactions to a manicure might be amusing."

Or another instance: Allen was walking along a crosstown street in New York when he chanced to notice the one-way traffic signs for automobiles.

"Well, now, as David Simpson," he drawled to himself, "I'd probably guess that those signs were meant for me—that I'm not allowed to walk on these sidewalks except in one direction." The idea was incorporated in Lord's plans for future sketches.

Being thus on the alert for dramatic situations implies a thorough-going knowledge of the characters of Uncle Abe and David. Lord and Allen early realized this necessity. At dinner together, swapping anecdotes, conversing frequently in character, they've discussed them, given them logical histories and backgrounds, even developed to a fine point the personalities of the folks in the family circles of the two men.

Abe is a bachelor, David is a widower. Despite their partnership of thirty years they've preserved with Yankee stubbornness the contrasting elements in their dispositions. Abe is easy-going, affable, unruffled. David is nervous, excitable and curious, forever prying into the new and unknown. Abe is generous to a fault, always giving the preacher 20 per cent discount on merchandise from the store, and paying the difference out of his own pocket. David, in contrast, is the dickerer, the shrewd Yankee master of the hard-driven bargain.

Uncle Abe is thoughtful, quiet, and a great admirer of his name-sake, Abraham Lincoln. David is vital and energetic, invariably eager to take charge in any situation; but his managerial bent doesn't always please Abe. Witness David's confident assumption of authority on their trip down to New York: the spry and busy partner unloaded them at a station which he insisted was Gotham's Grand Central—and it turned out to be Springfield!

Then there's Aunt Bertha, the nemesis, the symbol of their Puritan conscience, who has railed all along against the stupid folly of these two old youngsters setting out at their age for a spree in the city.

Most network sketches depicting rural programs on the air have presented the characters in their native environments. In Uncle Abe and David, Phillips Lord has deliberately made a new departure. Taken out of their "Down East" village at the age of sixty-odd, the two old cronies may, at times, react to strange metropolitan situations in a manner which seems almost burlesque. But burlesque is far from Lord's conception of the comedy.

"I'M MERELY trying to depict," he says "the way in which these two lovable old rustics, 'ducks out of water,' so to speak, might behave in a new environment."

Both Lord and Allen are fervid exponents of genuineness and integrity in Radio characterizations. In fact, it was this conviction which brought Lord into Radio. It was his resentment of the conventional, vaudeville "hayseed" sort of rural characterization which really inspired "Sunday at Seth Parker's."

Allen, too, learned early the importance of making his Radio characters real. During his first Radio performance, he noticed that absence of make-up, costume and stage setting place the Radio actor under a handicap. So when he received more parts, he took each script home and laboriously rehearsed the roles, with action and stage business. Absolute authenticity in voice, accent, situation and dialogue is the aim of Uncle Abe and David.



"Gotcha now, David" says Uncle Abe (left)

Phrases like "gosh all hemlock" and "by crackie" are sore points with Phil Lord. He always winces when he hears them, because he knows that country people don't use these vaudeville versions of rural dialect. But, occasionally, in conversation at the NBC Studios, a "by crackie" or "gol durn it" creeps into the speech of some city dweller who wishes to impress Uncle Abe with his own knowledge of "Down East" life.

"I'd like to drive these burlesque idioms

out of the popular consciousness," Lord declares. "And I think that my Radio sketches have been successful because I carefully steer clear of such expressions. Some times my situations may be overdrawn a mite for the sake of dramatic emphasis. But I try at all times to make my reactions and dialogue authentic—absolutely true to life."

Indeed, Phil Lord's scripts are veritable glossaries of New England colloquialisms. He wants to preserve the picturesque—and sometimes eloquent—expressions of rural Maine.

"Here are a few of the descriptive adjectives and similes which add color to



David: "Well, I swan."

'Down East' speech," says Lord. "One frequently hears these old characters using 'smart', 'spry', 'slick', 'yearling', or 'kinky'. Among the comparisons one hears: 'It's worse than being sick a-bed in the wood box'; fat's butter'; 'fat's a tick'; 'pale's a dish washer'; or 'as accommodating as a hog on ice', the point of this last being that a hog on slippery ice can be easily caught.

"Oh, the list of priceless 'Down East' idioms is endless," Uncle Abe continues, warming to his favorite topic. "They frequently say, 'excited as a cat at a prayer meeting of mice'; 'madder 'n' snakes at haying time', (because of the scythes and mowing machines); 'no bigger 'n' a pint of cider'; 'poor's poverty in a gale of wind'; 'so stupid he don't know enough to lap salt'; or 'six of one and half dozen of the other'."

Then too, Uncle Abe and David episodes are full of references to quaint New England institutions, and sometimes these allusions have amusing results.

For example, in a sketch not so very long ago, Uncle Abe complained to David that it's impossible to find old-fashioned sulphur matches in the big city. Almost over night, boxes and cartons of sulphur matches began pouring into the studios from sympathetic listeners. How so many had been hoarded, Lord couldn't imagine. But a mischievous means of using them occurred to him. He happened to recall that sulphur matches give off a decidedly noxious fume. So he decided to use them in lighting pipes and cigarettes for his friends around the studios. The first victims found burning fumes mixing unpleasantly in their tobacco smoke, and it wasn't long until "no smoking" rules were in order when Lord was around.

A party of New Yorkers relayed this anecdote to Phil Lord and Arthur Allen after returning from a motor trip through New England. On one of their side trips, they had drawn up to the curb of the principal thoroughfare in Skowhegan, Maine, and asked a lone pedestrian why the streets were so deserted.

The man grinned. "You never find anyone on the streets at this time of day," he explained. "Folks are all inside, listenin' in on the radio to Uncle Abe and David. Don't you know this is their home town?"

Which incident Phil Lord regards as sufficient testimony in itself to bind him to his credo of radio craftsmanship.

Lord and Allen are both glad to have joined Amos 'n' Andy, Phil Cook, and the other features which have adapted the "two-a-day" vaudeville routine to Radio.

"Despite the hard labor involved, I'm enthusiastic about the daily sketch on the air," Lord says. "This business of dropping in on folks each evening makes us feel as though we were next-door neighbors to millions. It's more intimate than the weekly program."

Allen says that playing two performances a day has made him "audience conscious" for the first time since he became a Radio actor. Or perhaps we should say, it's made him "geography conscious." At 6:45 o'clock, when Uncle Abe and David are playing to New York and the eastern area, he feels that the audience is close at hand; he has an intimate, "across the footlights" feeling. However at 11:15, when they're broadcasting over the more remote middle western network—

"WELL," says Allen, "I feel they're so far away, I almost ought to talk louder into the microphone."

In the studio, unlike Amos 'n' Andy, they use solo microphones, because of the vastly different manner in which they address the instrument. Engineers have found that each must be monitored separately. And as the second hand creeps around toward their "curtain time," and the announcer adjusts his headphone and awaits the program cue, Lord and Allen as individuals exchange the characteristics of Uncle Abe and David. Lord is the nervous, excitable member of the team, attentive to every detail, wondering if Allen has the right script, if the microphone placement is right, and Allen, who in a moment will be the busy, nervous David to Radio listeners, lolls back in his chair, the picture of untroubled indifference.

And so they continue to rollick through their daily adventures — Phillips Lord, farm-reared boy from Maine, graduate of Bowdoin College, who at 28 is one of Radio's best known character actors and authors; and Arthur Allen, product of up-state New York, graduate of Oberlin College in Ohio, and veteran of stock, Broadway and Radio.

Jerry Buckley

Radio's First

MARTYR



NIGHTLY, the Great Common Herd in Detroit bows its head to the memory of a voice.

Weeks have passed now since Gerald E. (Jerry) Buckley, WNBC radio announcer and political commentator, was shot down at 1:50 a. m. in the lobby of the LaSalle Hotel. He had gone there because a woman's voice had asked him to come. In Jerry's work, that of relieving the suffering of the poor and the exposition of crime, many people wished to talk with him. This phone call was just like many others he received daily.

WEEKS have passed, but Jerry's memory is none the less green to the thousands of Detroiters who loved to class themselves in the group Buckley called his "Common Herd." Weeks have passed and still the public letter boxes in the newspapers are filled with letters from his admirers, praising him, defending him from those who would stain his character, demanding that his killers be found and punished.

Jerry Buckley died at the close of Detroit's recent bitterly fought recall election when the voters said they no longer wanted Mayor Charles Bowles in office. During the campaign the radio announcer, in his comments, talked much of crime and placed much blame on the administration. There are those who see his death as the direct result of this free speech, this fearless uncovering of crime and criminals.

But Jerry Buckley was known long before the recall election served to make him the possible target of gunmen. He was known as the man who was a friend to the poor, who sought out the hungry and fed them, the man who clothed the ragged and warmed the homes of the freezing. His was a life of service.

There is the story of the $5 gold piece for instance.

His friends knew that Jerry had carried a $5 gold piece in his pocket for months. At his death the story came out. Early in his relief work, during a winter marked by much distress and suffering,



They all come—men, women and children — to bow at the bier of their friend

The voice that was heard nightly over WMBC in Detroit has been forever stilled by an assassin's bullet, but the memory of a man who died for a cause lives in the minds of hosts of friends

▲

By Robert L. Kent

Special Correspondent, RADIO DIGEST

an aged couple, celebrating an anniversary, sent Jerry one of the $5 gold coins which had been sent them by friends.

"Use this as you see fit," a note which accompanied the coin, said.

He saw many ways to use the money. In the usual Jerry fashion, there flashed across his mind a picture of a destitute mother and five ragged little youngsters who had not had enough food for a long time. To think was to act with Jerry.

Bringing the family in a taxi to the store, Jerry saw that they were outfitted from head to foot. Then came time to pay the bill. Jerry called the manager over and told him the story of the $5 gold piece. He offered it as "payment on account."

The manager listened gravely and then the coin dropped back into Jerry's pocket.

Thus for many weeks the magic gold piece bought many things for those who needed them—yet it remained always with Jerry—a lucky coin for the needy.

Then came the recall election. Up until this time the power of radio in elections had not been given great consideration. Jerry talked with the candidates and proved to them that the sound of their voices would go into many homes where they might otherwise be unknown. The Bowles forces and the opposition began buying time. Speeches began.

THIS tame approach to the voter's hearth lasted only a short time, however. Soon charges and counter charges began to literally fly through the air. More skeletons than the great common people had heard in years began shaking their bones. The veteran politician, Robert Oakman, and the Bowles lieutenant, John Gillespie, became quite personal in their remarks over the Radio.

Radio had become a real force in political campaigns. The people heard and reasoned and decided of their own accord. In the thick of this fight was Jerry Buckley. Each night at 6 o'clock he talked to his "Common Herd", telling them of the sweep crime was making in the city, telling them of the unemployment, poverty, suffering that might be prevented if the administration so willed.

He was very happy when the voters decided against Bowles. He felt that he had acted for the benefit of the people whom he loved. And then, less than two hours after he received the news which gave

(*Continued on page 108*)



The Langthwaite Pearls



Drawing a cobwebby handkerchief she burst into tears.

She Started Out to Elope, then Her Maid, the Man and the Family Jewels Vanished — It was a Big Job for a Good Detective

By

J. S. Fletcher

KILLINGSLEY, my one clerk, had just come back from his lunch. I heard him moving about in his room—the first of the three rooms in which I carried on my business in Jermyn Street. As for myself I was reading a new essay on certain characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte; it was clever, and in many respects original, and I had no wish to be disturbed.

Killingsley came in a moment later.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," he said.

"In the usual way, Killingsley," I said, rising.

Now, I had a habit, during the comparatively short time in which I carried on this business of taking care to see my clients before they saw me. I have said that I occupied three rooms; the first was used by Killingsley as a sort of office, and contained an American roll-top desk, a typewriter, and Killingsley's collection of light literature; the second was fixed up as a luxurious waiting room; the third was my own apartment. And between it and the second was a cunningly devised and quite secret arrangement by which I, unseen, could take minute stock of any person who called upon me.

Often I kept my clients waiting impatiently in that room while I watched and studied them; I was all the more ready for them when I admitted them into my presence.

I was at my port of vantage when Killingsley ushered a lady into the waiting-room. A tall woman of perfect figure and distinguished carriage, and I learned much in one minute from her movements. She examined her surroundings as a caged thing might look around its den; impatiently she turned over and tossed about the newspapers and magazines which lay on the table, impatiently she kept glancing at the door which led to my room. From the quickness of her movements I knew that she was young, impetuous, and ardent; from her impatience I knew that she was much agitated.

I stepped to my door, had opened it, and was bowing to her before she was aware of my presence. She passed me quickly with a slight, somewhat condescending nod, and, entering my room, sank into the easy chair which I placed for her.

"I am at your service, madam," I said quietly. "But perhaps I had better explain that I never undertake any commission until I am made aware of my client's identity."

She sat for a moment in silence, her slender fingers, perfectly gloved, tapping the arms of her chair.

"I am the Countess of Langthwaite,"



Leaping to her feet she looked at me as if it would have given her the greatest pleasure to drive a dagger through my heart

she began. "I understand, Mr. Campenhaye, that whatever is said to you is said in the strictest confidence. That is so?"

"Whatever is told me by my clients, Lady Langthwaite, is regarded by me as sacred," I answered. "But in return I expect my clients to tell me the plain, literal truth, even to the merest detail."

"I—I suppose I had better begin at the beginning," she said. "And now since you know who I am you will know that we —that Lord Langthwaite has a place in Yorkshire."

I nodded.

"I left Langthwaite at nine o'clock this morning on my way to town, and arrived at King's Cross just after one o'clock," she continued. "My maid, Antoinette Marcel, was with me. I left Antoinette in the station—she was to lunch in the refreshment room. She had with her some smaller luggage, bags, and—my jewel case.

"I left the hotel at a few minutes to two and crossed to the station," she went on. "In the booking hall I passed a porter who had charge of my trunks. He

told me that Antoinette had left the smaller bags with him, and had gone to the refreshment room. I went there to find her—she was not there. Nor could I find her anywhere about the station."

"Of course the jewel-case had disappeared with Antoinette," I said. "But please tell me the rest, Lady Langthwaite."

"THERE is nothing, or scarcely anything to tell," she said. "Of course Antoinette had the jewel-case. That is why I came to you. I want to—I must recover it!"

"Naturally!" I remarked. "I suppose you informed the station people and the police at once?"

"No-o," she faltered. "I—I was advised not to do so."

"Now, Lady Langthwaite," I said, settling down to work, "you will bear in mind that you are to tell me everything. And, first of all, who advised you not to mention your loss to the railway authorities and the police?"

"A—a friend." she replied.

"Man or woman?" I asked.

"A—a man," she answered, still more reluctantly.

"Who must have had strong reasons for giving such extraordinary advice," I commented. "However, we will leave that for the moment. Now, what did the jewel-case contain?"

At this question the Countess almost wrung her hands, her beautiful eyes became suffused with unshed tears.

"Oh!" she answered. "It is terrible to think of! It contained five thousand pounds in bank-notes. I don't mind the loss of the money at all. But it also contained all my jewelry—all. And—and the family jewels." Her voice faded.

"Not — not the famous Langthwaite pearls!"

I almost shouted.

She bent her head, and I thought she was going to burst out crying.

"Yes!" she whispered. "Yes!"

"Of course you have communicated with Lord Langthwaite?" I said. "You would wire to him at once?"

She shook her head miserably, despairingly. Her hands quivered.

"No!" she answered. "No, Mr. Campenhaye."

"And why have you not communicated with the Earl, Lady Langthwaite?" I asked.

She made an effort, and at last faced me resolutely.

"Because, Mr. Campenhaye, I was running away from him!" she answered.



The Earl of Langthwaite entered.

It has always been one of my greatest ambitions to be able to preserve an unmoved countenance under any circumstances, and I flatter myself that I usually do so. But I must have betrayed the most intense surprise, not to say utter astonishment, on this occasion, for my beautiful client suddenly turned crimson, and drawing out a cobwebby handkerchief, burst into genuine and abundant tears. I rose from my chair.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Langthwaite," I said gently. "I will leave you for a little while."

I got up and went into the next room. As I stood there, waiting until her ladyship had got the better of her emotion, I rapidly memorized all that I knew of her and her husband, and applied my recollections to the present situation.

WILLIAM GUY CARTER-JOHNSTONE, sixth Earl of Langthwaite, was a pretty well-known man. Tall and clean-shaven, with the face of an ascetic and a pair of the most piercing black eyes I have ever seen, Lord Langthwaite was about forty-eight years of age.

It had often been said of him that he was never going to marry, but three years previously he had suddenly taken to wife the daughter of a north country clergyman. Whether it was a mutual love-affair Society was not permitted to know; as the

bridegroom was forty-five and the bride scarcely twenty, Society thought not. However that may have been, there was no doubt that the Earl of Langthwaite was passionately fond of his young wife, whom he introduced to the world of fashion with great pride.



And this was the lady who sat weeping in my room!

I went back after a decent interval and found Lady Langthwaite composing herself.

"I beg your pardon," she said, dabbing her eyes. "I am very sorry, Mr. Campenhaye."

"We must see what can be done," I said, resuming my seat.

"Now, Lady Langthwaite, let us be business-like. Tell me the truth—all the truth. You say you were running away from your husband. Why were you running away from him?"

"Because—because our temperaments clash," she answered with some hesitation.

"I see. And usually, in these cases, one finds that there is some one with whose temper one's own is compatible," I suggested.

She hung her head and twisted the damp handkerchief.

"I suppose that is so in your case, Lady Langthwaite?" I said.

"Yes," she murmured.

"And I suppose that is the gentleman whom you met at the Great Northern Hotel?" I said, watching her narrowly.

She nodded but said nothing.

"Lady Langthwaite," I said. "You will have to tell me his name if I am to help you."

She glanced at me quickly, hesitated, and hung her head again while her fingers tugged nervously at the handkerchief.

"Captain Molesworth," she said at last.

I betrayed no surprise there, at any rate. But I made a mental contrast between the worth of Lord Langthwaite and the utter worthlessness of Captain Molesworth, whose reputation was known to me.

"Then of course it was Captain Molesworth who sent you to me?" I said.

She nodded an affirmative.

"And counselled you not to tell the police and the railway people?" I continued.

"He said it would not be wise until I had seen you," she answered.

I considered a good many things in a remarkably short space of time, having more on my mind than the mere finding of Mademoiselle Antoinette and the jewel-case.

"DOES Captain Molesworth know what was in the jewel-case?" I asked.

She looked at me with some surprise.

"No-o," she answered. "I told him that it contained the bank-notes and my own personal jewelry, but I did not tell him about the—the pearls."

"But you were—or are—running away with Captain Molesworth," I pointed out. "Why bring the family pearls—heirlooms?"

She almost tore her handkerchief at that, and her face expressed something like physical pain.

"Don't torture me, please!" she exclaimed. "What am I to do—what is to be done? I dare not—dare not tell Lord Langthwaite—it would kill me!"

"Dare not tell him—what, Lady Langthwaite? That you have lost the pearls or that you were running away with Captain Molesworth?" I asked, watching her keenly.

She made no answer to that, but regarded me as if I, and I alone, were the arbiter of her fate.

"I am wondering," I continued, "if we cannot work out a little plan which will save the situation. Can you not go to Lord Langthwaite, invent some little story of a sudden necessity for coming to town, and of bringing the pearls with you for safety? Then we might get the police to work in a search for your maid."

She pondered this proposition for a moment and then shook her head.

"Lord Langthwaite would not believe that Antoinette had stolen the jewel-case," she said. "We had implicit faith in Antoinette—she has been with me ever since—since I was married."

"BUT Antoinette and the jewel-case are missing," I said. "Now, tell me this—did your maid know that you were running away?"

"No! No!" she answered.

"Did she know the precise contents of the jewel-case?" I asked.

The Countess shook her head.

"No?" I continued. "She would merely think, then, that it contained just the ordinary amount of jewelry with which you travel usually, which would not be much—that is, in comparison with what really was in the jewel-case."

"Yes," she answered.

"Lady Langthwaite," I said suddenly, a new idea having occurred to me, "where did you get those bank-notes?"

"From the bank of Saxonstowe yesterday," she answered. "The Saxonstowe and Normanchester Bank, where I have an account."

"Of course, you haven't the numbers of the notes?" I suggested. "No, I thought not—fortunately, the bankers will have them."

And I seized a telegram form and wrote out a message.

The message was in Lady Langthwaite's name, and requested her bankers to wire her at once the numbers of the notes. I went out and sent Killingsley off with it; and then returned to ask her a few more questions.

"When, Lady Langthwaite, did you mention to Captain Molesworth, that you

(*Continued on page 109*)

The Pickards

Rollicking Folksongs of Merry Mountaineers Reveal Henry Ford as Jews Harp Virtuoso

By Garnett Laidlaw Eskew

IF RADIO had done nothing else than preserve to us and make familiar to the general listening public certain old songs and other music which would otherwise have fallen into oblivion, it would have justified its existence. And chief among the various classes of this good music which radio has preserved to us is the American folksong. Folksongs constitute an important part of our native music.

All of this merely leads up to Dad Pickard—head of The Pickards. And if you don't know who the Pickards are you may assure yourself that you have missed something worth the time it takes to tune in on the NBC network every Friday at 8:05 EST. That is the hour the Pickards put on their show. The Pickards are honestly all one family. Dad Pickard, who was christened Obediah; Mrs. Pickard; Bub, who is Obediah junior; Ruth, whose nick name is simply Sis, and baby Anne. In other words, Dad, Mother and the three children, all one family, Tennessee born and bred, "fotched up" in all the wholesome traditions of that more-or-less isolated section of Tennessee made familiar by the old Maxwell house, tales of the redoubtable John Sevier, and the city of Nashville.

It is a section settled by pioneers of the purest Anglo-Saxon and French Huguenot stock. To a remarkable degree the states of Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas have retained their racial homogeneity—particularly in the mountain sections. And it is in such regions as these that the folksongs and ballads flourish. By the same token—since these lovely old folksongs and ballads have depended for their existence upon being handed down through generations by word of mouth, sung on winter nights before the fire or on summer nights under the stars—they must of necessity have shortly passed away as civilization advanced. But there is where radio and radio artists, such as Dad Pickard from Tennessee, who know and love the old ballads, play the important part referred to at the beginning of this article.



Dad Pickard, Ma Pickard and the younger Pickards who bring the simple home songs of the South to millions of Americans over the NBC Network

For the ballads and folksongs of the South can now be held and kept inviolate for future generations—something that, without radio, would have been impossible.

What is a folksong? What is a ballad? For the most part a folksong or ballad is a type of song which grows up in countries that have old traditions back of them. America would have none to boast of had not the early settlers from England or France brought them over. Others have grown up in this country from those early importations.

But we were talking of Dad Pickard and his family. Dad says he has a repertoire of 3,000 old-time songs from his native southern haunts! In this vast array of "program

(*Cont. on page 116*)



Gene Carroll (left) and Glenn Rowell work out a script for their mirthful skit, Jake and Lena.

GENE *and* GLENN

Famous Lullaby Songsters Return to WTAM as Jake and Lena— Combination Represents Strange Working of Fate in Radio Romance

By Hal Metzger

SEPTEMBER, "harvest month" in Charlemagne's calendar, may be fruitful of many things up and down this broad land, but to thousands of Radio listeners throughout America it meant the return to the air over WTAM, Cleveland, of that famous team of playboys Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell.

Even as this is being written, Gene and Glenn, together with "Jake" and "Lena", have been growing bronzed and clear of eye under a Michigan sun and breeze at their summer camp.

The return of Gene and Glenn to WTAM for the fall and winter seasons brings the inevitable question to the lips of all Gene and Glenn fans, "What will 'Jake' and 'Lena' do this season?" During the past winter and spring the quartette of Gene, Glenn, "Jake" and "Lena" probably drew more listeners from early morning beds and kept more evening engagements in abeyance than any other program on the air in this section.

A FEW years ago had some one approached these two boys and hinted that the days were not far distant when they should be classified as one of the greatest acts on the air, they would have howled with laughter, even as they now are given to slight incredulity when attempting to visualize the magnitude of their success.

Today Gene and Glenn have become almost that which borders upon a cult. To speak disdainfully or indifferently to a Gene and Glenn fan is the same as offering personal insult. A Radio listener who confesses that he has not heard of Gene and Glenn, unless he be beyond the confines of a reasonable reception, is regarded in the same light as one who has spent the major portion of his life in some far land or dungeon and who for the first time gazes upon the advancements of civilization.

Success begets a tremendous intrusion into the personal life of a Radio artist. "How did they accomplish this, where did they emanate from, how do they live, what do they look like and what chance is there of seeing them in person?" the listeners demand. Reverse the tablet marked "present" to that faint indication marked "past" and the wealth of material concerning Gene and Glenn is so alarming that one's sense of selection is challenged.

The scene is Chicago, the time the late 90's. The Carroll family looked at the tiny bit of wistful humanity in his mother's arms and decided that Gene was to be his name. Gene possessed all the idiosyncrasies of any child.

HE REFUSED to like vegetables and created a scene if forgotten where dainties were to be had. But the boy Gene looked at the blue overhead and at his playmates with a look of conjecture in his eye. His treasures were not a baseball and air gun, but rather a small mouth organ and jew's harp. Boy friends attempting to induce him to come along swimming only received a negative shake of the head as with cheeks full blown he continued to wail odd tunes on his favorite instrument. He had an infinite respect for the curly-haired brown-eyed girl who lived next door. Together these children of five passed long hours away in understanding silence, the autumn leaves and the more subdued delights of childhood. Gene the boy was already developing into Gene the showman. He had a natural bent for the "make believe" and looks back with pride to the time he played "Cobweb" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Hence from the past do we trace his aptitude for portraying the feminine role of "Lena" today.

Years passed and when the curtain lifts again we find Gene Carroll touring the country in musical comedy and vaudeville.

Glenn, portly, with a perpetual smile hovering about his lips and eyes, grinned at his parents from the cradle in the town of Pontiac, Illinois. As a boy he flew kites, knocked a baseball through the neighbor's window and was soundly thrashed for his pains and gave his parents much concern until the age of thirteen when it became known that he was blessed with a soprano voice of unusual beauty. The knowledge of this probably came as much of a surprise to thirteen year old Glenn as to Mr. and Mrs. Rowell. At any rate, Glenn overnight became recognized in the art of music and in addition to voice begged his parents for a violin and later was to take up the piano in serious fashion. School days over he joined a stock company where he gained experience to stand in good stead in Radio.

Both boys, unknown to each other, now were being swiftly brought together by a destiny with which they concerned themselves not at all.

This portion of the tale must needs bring in a third character who, while today he is no longer associated with Gene and Glenn, played some part in their lives, and the person was none other than Ford Rush.

Glenn teamed up with Ford in St. Louis and together they made their debut over WLS. In the two years they were to remain at this station, they gave little thought as to what the future held. They were successful, and what matter the morrow.

A turn in the road brought them into a Chicago theater where their act was featured. Gene Carroll was then touring. One night in the lobby of a western hotel he met an old friend in the show business, and the pair teamed up as Jack and Gene. That unseen guiding hand pulled a string and Jack and Gene one morning found themselves at the doorway of WLS where they were to make their Radio premier. The quartette was brought together at WLW, Cincinnati, but Jack's throat troubled him and he was unable to continue singing. Ford and Glenn, sensing the tragedy, invited Gene to come with them, and when they were heard for the first time over WTAM last year, it was as Gene, Ford and Glenn.

But now Ford tired of the road and Radio. He had purchased a fruit ranch in California and to this he hied himself. The characters of "Jake" and "Lena" created by Gene at this time grew into adult proportions overnight.

Gene finds it difficult to tell the story of "Lena's" derivation. Possessing a voice of unusual inflections, he discovered one night that he had a flare for doing the treble feminine and some one around called his newly created character "Lena."

"Jake" and "Lena" have their roots in the very foundations of the average American family life. Small wonder that they cropped into immediate favor. Added to this, "Jake" found himself in love with "Lena"—in love with all the tempestuous adoration and timidity of the great love, while "Lena", sensing that coyness would bring her more than any other form of procedure, enlivened the plot. Day after day the story grew. Few persons cared to miss an episode in the affair. High comedy, clean and sparkling with homely humor, made the broadcast interesting and approved entertainment for youth as well as adult. The great Radio wedding of the air was celebrated on the night of April 1st and another page in the book brought new highlights to the adventure.

Then, briefly, there is the memorable week when Gene and Glenn playing the RKO Palace Theater at Cleveland, broke all house records up to that time anywhere—drawing capacity audiences.

A personal inventory of Gene and Glenn, their habits, likes and dislikes is occurring in one of WTAM's "green rooms", following an evening's broadcast.

Gene drapes himself across a chair while Glenn slouches on a large divan. Both boys gaze at each other with a supplicating look.

"How old are you, Gene?" the interviewer queries.

"Thirty-three," the answer comes with a slow grin.

"What was your childhood ambition?"

"To be a tightrope walker," comes the reply, sending both boys into gales of laughter.

"What is it now?"

"The same," echoes both.

"What is your favorite amusement, sport or recreation?"

"Tightrope walking," shouted Gene and Glenn.

"Are you superstitious?"

"Yes, falling off a tightrope," answered the creator of "Jake" and "Lena" ducking.

"How do you feel about early morning broadcasts?" the questioner grimly continued.

At this both men dropped their nonsense and became enthusiastic.

"AT FIRST we were a bit dubious," Glenn explained, "but we came to enjoy those hours more than anything we did. It meant getting up at least two hours before the program in order to be in good voice and awake to the situation, but that did not prove a great hardship after we started."

"Anyway Gene reads most of the night, and it did not bother him," Glenn declared.

The life of this celebrated pair of Radio entertainers is constantly tempered with moderation. Golf and automobiles are their only hobbies.

Touchdown!

TED HUSING, premier of all famous grid announcers takes the ol' pig for a smash all the way down the field and plants it square between the pegs.

It's a brilliant flash of his famous Sportslants written especially for you. And you'll find it with pictures and all in the November Radio Digest.

Other good sport subjects in this remarkable Thanksgiving number. Be sure you get your copy of November Radio Digest.



Jeanette MacDonald

A STAR in three firmaments is this fair haired maiden who first plays on the musical comedy stage, then scintillates from the talking pictures and again is heard over the coast to coast lines of the Columbia Broadcasting System. You will perhaps remember Miss MacDonald best in her recent picture, Let's Go Native. She sings from the Los Angeles sector of the system.



Irma Glen

JUST one year ago this charming young Chicagoan (left) won second place in the Radio World's Fair, New York, as the most beautiful entertainer of the air. Perhaps by the time you read these lines she will have won the first prize of 1930. She is heard as pipe organ soloist and in various dramatic sketches at WENR in the Mid-West metropolis.

Helen Nugent

THERE are so many notable programs over which the voice of this charming young woman (right) is heard, to read them is like looking at the complete CBS New York schedule for the day. However, you will recognize Miss Nugent most conspicuously in The Voice of Columbia, Manhattan Modes, Ward's, Mardi Gras, Light Opera and Quiet Harmony.





©Schumaker Studios

Christine Lamb

BUT for Radio it is possible that Miss Lamb's (left) sweet voice might not have been widely known outside the circles of Nashville where she lives and has her being. But the Solemn Old Judge of WSM discovered her and introduced her to the Radio audience and now she has become a person of renown with thousands of unknown admirers writing her daily.

Nell Vinick

MISS VINICK has resumed her beauty talks over the Columbia system from WABC, New York. She states that the modern girl "is not nearly as black as she is painted—nor as pink as she paints herself." In her Lessons in Loveliness to the listener she sometimes presents famous artists such as Alfred Cheney Johnston who made the photo-study of Miss Vinick on the opposite page.





Photo by Eugene Hutchinson

Pat Barnes and Himself

BROADCAST history was made by Pat Barnes who introduced Buck Private on Leave to the Radio audiences and then a score of other successful characters. During the past year he has become most famous for his interviews with Old Timer at WGN, the Chicago Tribune station. The Old Timer is none other than Pat himself as you may note from this double exposure photo.



Mary Worley

SOME historians claim that broadcasting really began in San Diego at about the time this young lady was beginning with her ABC's. So Miss Worley who sings at KFSD in this California town rather grew up with it. Her Friday matinee ballads are especially popular.



Loraine Belmont

THERE is a decided tendency toward the Radio stage on the part of the best talent. At WPAP, Palisades, New Jersey, for instance, may be heard such theatrical notables as Miss Loraine Belmont of the musical comedies Blue Birds, Happyland Girls and A Night in Paris.



Louise Groody

LEAVING Miss Belmont in Jersey we find Miss Groody, famous Broadway headliner, appearing at WEAF in the luxurious studios of the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth avenue. Of course WEAF carries Miss Groody's song through a network of stations all the way to KOMO, Seattle and KFSD, San Diego. Sixty cities a second!



Pluck and Luck

IT TAKES a lotta pluck to stick it out for 360 hours at a stretch in the crotch of an apple tree. But Eebee Landry did it at Oakland, California, and won the Western tree sitting championship. The luck followed when he was visited by Billy Page (right) of the NBC who brought a contract for Eebee to make some money by telling how he did it.

Miggles Champ

THERE'S more competition in the marble shooting contest, and here you see James Lee (left) who won the Eighth National Marble Tournament at Ocean City, N. J., telling the California folks how he did it in another of Billy Page's interviews at the San Francisco NBC studios.



Four Corners

YOU gotta take your hat off to Hi, Si and the Old Home Town Orchestry when you hear 'em spiel over KMOX at St. Louis. Rural Missouri and farm folks all the way up and down the Mississippi valley think they are the best musicians on the air. What if they do hit a sour note now an' then—makes the others sound all the sweeter! Been at it three years now.



Horse Fly

AS YOU travel westward from the Mississippi valley you come to still another type of national music represented here by Horse Fly (left) and His Wranglers, heard nightly from KNX at Hollywood.





Rahmin

ORIENTAL fantasy lends itself admirably to a broadcasting theme. And here we have Rahmin, the beautiful singing slave of the dream maker, Kahlnar, who barters her lovely voice for worn out fancies in the Nissley Dream Shop at WLW, Cincinnati.



THE Forty Fathom Trawlers is known to the listeners of the two large broadcast chain systems of the country. Many will remember the magnetic voice of the young heroine in the dramatization of the Irving Reis story, The Song of the Deep. It was Miss Harrington—Radio dramatic star of WABC.

Dorothy Harrington



ROSS GORMAN (above) is considered one of the most versatile artists on the air. He plays all of these instruments—27 of them—at one time or another during the Lucky Strike program over the NBC network.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE probably has the largest Radio fan audience of any broadcaster in the country, judging from the letters he receives. He plays and croons just now at WLW, Cincinnati. (The WLW staff looks on).



A LIVING voice speaking over a bridge of 156 years was heard by NBC listeners when Zaro Agha, who fought and was wounded in the war Napoleon waged in Egypt, was introduced by Bob "Believe It or Not" Ripley. Zaro has a firm voice and spoke in the Turkish language. - His English was limited to "How do you do" and "Good bye". There is a story about him elsewhere in this Radio Digest.



©P & A Studio

Zaro Agha



Around the Samovar

MME. DORA BOESCHER, who comes to America with the training of the Odessa Municipal Opera, is the soloist you hear in that haunting exotic bit called Around the Samovar. They are all Russians in this classic from the New York studios of the Columbia System.

Did you hear

Zaro Agha?

Turk, 156 Years Old, Greets Listeners— Was Soldier Against Napoleon — Fought Against Russia at 103. Now He Enjoys Radio and Has a Taste for Apple Pie

By Mark Quest

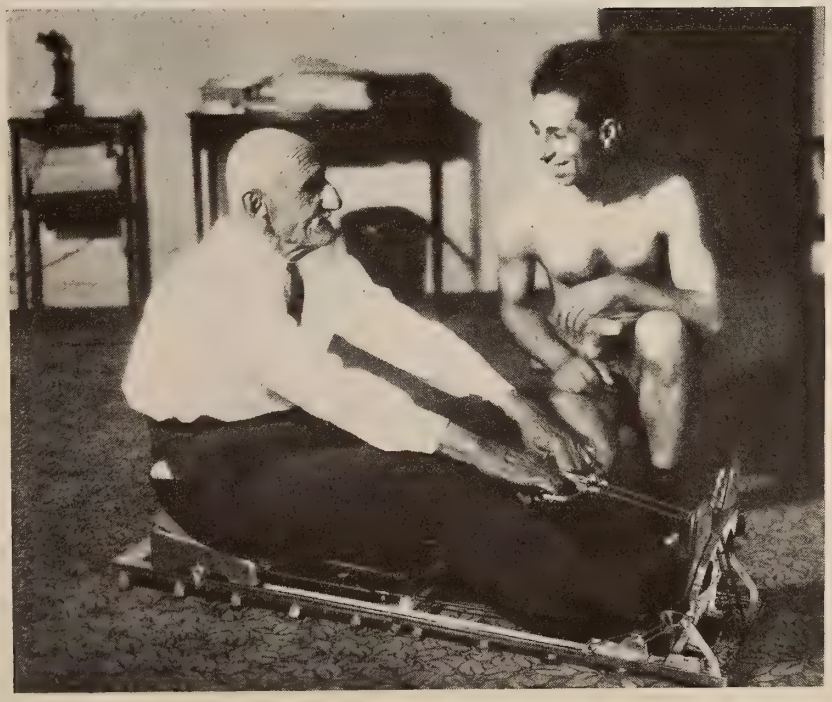


Zaro Agha, 156-year-old broadcaster

I HAVE looked into the living face of a man who marched against Napoleon Bonaparte more than a century and a quarter ago. I have received this man's military salute and heard his voice, have asked him questions and received his prompt alert answers for readers of RADIO DIGEST. It seems incredible that such a human being could be alive and traveling jauntily half way round the world in this year of 1930.

Perhaps you too heard the voice of Zaro Agha when he was introduced to millions of American listeners over the network of the National Broadcasting Company last August. You probably did not understand much of what he had to say. He speaks scarcely any English. But you may have recognized the salutations "How do you do" and "Goodby". He was introduced by Bob Ripley of Believe-it-or-Not fame. You could scarcely believe that Zaro Agha would be parading around a microphone after 156 birthdays. But there he was. And you couldn't doubt about his age because the public documents are in existence to prove it.

TURKEY has been using Zaro as a model young man for over a hundred years. He never smoked and he never drank. He swore off on meat about fifty years ago. When he was 103 he reenlisted in the Turkish cavalry. He had seen a lot of fighting and was always ready to fight for his country. While all the other young men of his age some generations ago were taking a new bride every year or so he stuck by his first wife. The harem idea never appealed to him. He has had eleven wives but he only had one at a time and he kept married to the one he had until in the natural course of events death intervened. His last child was born shortly after Zaro had celebrated his ninety-first birthday. The progeny descended from this man—well, anyway he would need all of Madison Square Garden to hold a family reunion.



Zaro is up-to-date in the use of mechanical exercisers. His great-great-great grandson, Ahmet Mussa, beside him.

WHAT is he doing over here? At this writing it seems something of a mystery. Calvin Harris, his American manager, is non-committal. He has a leaning toward Hollywood. Maybe you'll be seeing his name in the bright lights over the picture theatres before the winter is over. His life is insured for $50,000 for five years. The medical examination gave him a blood pressure of a man in his forties.

I met Zaro in a room in the Pennsylvania hotel, New York. One of his great grandsons, Ahmet Mussa, was with him. Ahmet is a slight looking young man but Mr. Harris says he is recognized as one of the best lightweight boxers in the Crescent domain. Ahmet and Assin Redvam, Zaro's interpreter, met me at the door. There was a little hall, then a room with twin beds and there in a comfortable chair by a window that opened onto a court I saw this remarkable patriarch. He arose as I entered. A tall erect figure of a man, sturdy and solid he seemed. His skin was dark and the hair was thin on his head. He smiled a little and brought his hand to his forehead with military snap. Then we shook hands—long lean fingers closed rather loosely over mine.

WE ALL sat down. I knew a little of the ancient's history. He was born in Bitlis, February 16, 1774—a little before the birth of the United States of America. His father had lived to the age of 112, his mother 75.

(*Cont. on page 115*)

Fanatical Frenzy Reaches Its Height and Mary Burton Comes into the Reward of Her Ghastly Fame

Illustrations by
Joseph L. Sabo



By Rupert Hughes

Summary to date:

THEY are all dead now, of course, have been for close onto a couple of centuries. But life was very real and very earnest when a ship brought little Mary Burton and Tom Wilson to old New York in the Forties of the Eighteenth Century.

Bonded to a British sea captain to work out her independence Mary began a bleak existence at the Hughson tavern —a rendezvous for negro slaves brought in by fighting vessels which ravished the Spanish shipping. And Tom left her to join another ship about to sail.

It was nearly two years before he returned and they met again. The Hughsons had become involved in a theft. Hughson's slave, Caesar, had acted on a maudlin story Tom had told of Spanish gold in the store of the Hoggs. Peggy, Caesar's white sweetheart and a member of the Hughson family, had become embittered toward Mary because she remained aloof from her evil associates.

Then came the rumor of a plot on the part of the negroes to burn the homes of their white masters and take possession of the city. Mary Burton was called before the Grand Jury to relate all that she had heard in the Hughson tavern as to the supposed conspiracy. Her stories became embellished with imaginary details. She was the talk of the town. All of her old tormentors were made to suffer execution by fire.

TERROR

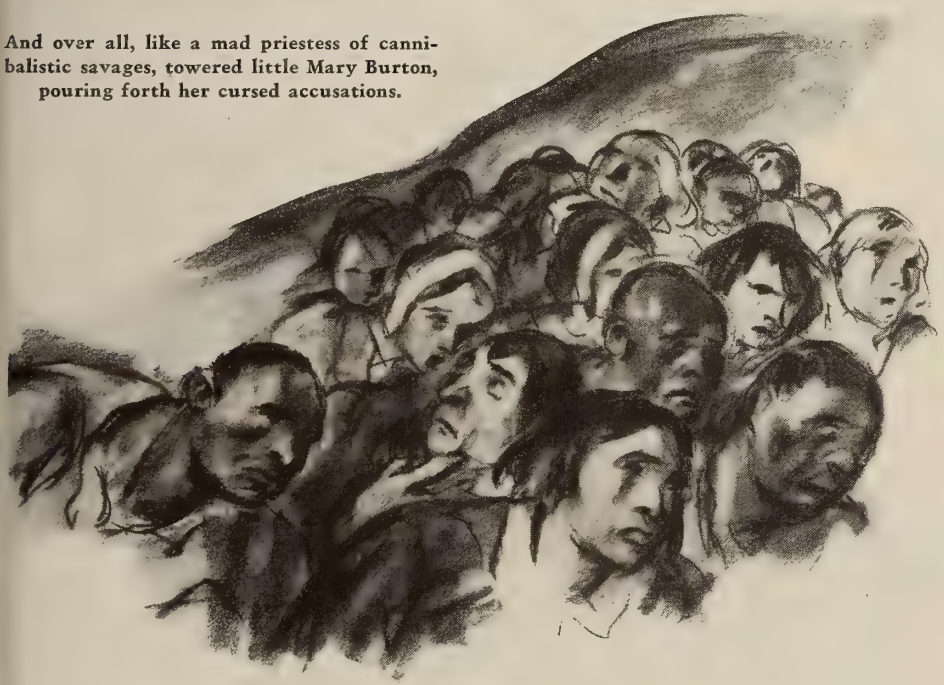
Through all of this Mary was thinking only of Tom Wilson, the boy who had come across with her from England. She watched eagerly for his return.

To substantiate Mary's story the police placed Arthur Price, a sneak-thief, to mingle with the slaves and trick them into confessions.

And Mr. Hughes continues:

OF COURSE he came forth with a pack of stories so numerous that he had to have a clerk to take them down. He told how Peggy with many an oath and much obscenity confessed her knowledge of the plot, and of how Hughson's daughter had confessed hers. He brought forth everything his employers sent him in to get.

And over all, like a mad priestess of cannibalistic savages, towered little Mary Burton, pouring forth her cursed accusations.



And they believed him because they must believe him or confess that the whole talk of the conspiracy was the madness of the wise. They must open the jail doors and release as martyrs the objects of their scorn or give credence to the thief. Their choice was no less inevitable for being unjustifiable.

They confronted Peggy with her words as Arthur Price reported them and hinted that she might save her life by confirming his testimony. They promised her a full pardon if she would condemn the others by sworn testimony.

Peggy's alternative was a living death in the swarming dungeons with the gallows as the only outlet, and so in a throe of fatigue and despair she made a confession as good as the best of them.

While she was at it, she might as well destroy her enemies; so she involved John Romme and his wife and few slaves not mentioned before; and described meetings in the Romme shoeshop at which a handful of grandiloquent negroes planned to erect an African kingdom on the embers of New York in the face of the British army and navy. But she cleared her friends the Hughsons of all guilt and denied all knowledge of the ceremonies Mary Burton had described in such detail.

FORTHWITH Margaret Romme and all the negroes Peggy named were arrested and paraded before Mary Burton, who was surprised into admitting that she had seen none of them at Hughson's.

Though Peggy had vowed the innocence of her Caesar, it did him no good, for he and Mr. Auboyneau's Prince were tried for the felony of robbing Mr. Hogg. And they were duly hanged. Caesar dropped in clattering chains.

Both protested that they were innocent as all criminals do—and are, perhaps, in a better sense.

Almost two months had gone now since the slaves had destroyed the governor's house and tried to destroy so many others, and not a single black soul had been punished; so the distraught good people thought it advisable to seek comfort from heaven. The 13th of May was proclaimed as a day of public fasting and humiliation, "the shops were all shut up and persons of all ranks resorted to their respective places of divine worship, and seemed deeply affected with a sense of the calamities which were most likely to awaken us to our duty and a due sense of our demerits."

THUS strengthened and shriven, the judges took up their tasks with a new ardor. They were inspired to action by the arrival of great news from up and across the river. In Hackensack, one morning, seven barns had been found afire at once. Two negroes had been promptly charged with setting them afire. One of them confessed and one denied the guilt; but both of them were tied up and burnt to death with a commendable promptitude.

The citizens of New York nodded their heads. This was the way to put an end to men who started fires—start fires under the men!

The news of the public mood soon reached the jail where the slaves squirmed like fishing worms in a tin can. The can was to be held over live coals. Offensive slaves were generally toasted at the stake and there was a turmoil of mad fright in the strong upper cells of the City Hall. The prisoners began to denounce one another in a last hope of saving themselves from the flames. Some of them, for greater prestige, accused others not yet arrested; and these as they were brought in, sought to curry favor by naming still others still outside. A black boy named a black woman and she another. The judges gave them hints and told them what others had testified and they strained their poor wits to improve upon what their predecessors had contrived. The plot grew and grew until it became a diabolic

scheme more than a year old. Contradictions and absurdities did not disgust the judges. They selected what enhanced the danger and themselves as the rescuers of the doomed populace.

THE constables were worn out with hunting down new prisoners and the jail walls were almost bursting with the swarm. And still the constables went out for them till the murmur rose that all the gentlefolk in town would have to fetch their own tea-water and wash their own linen.

When Peter Jay, John Roosevelt, Adolph Philipse, Catherine Wells and others came in to testify to the good behavior of their slaves and to furnish them with alibis, they were politely bowed out of court as incompetent and the judges went sternly on about their grave duties.

With magnificent eloquence the attorney, Mr. Smith, told how justly the slaves had been tried, and how carefully their testimony weighed. Even though it would have been a profanation to administer the oath to such heathen, they had been warned of the perils of false witness: "The being and perfections of an Almighty, all knowing and just God, and the terrors of an eternal world, have been plainly laid before them and strongly pressed upon them. But, gentlemen, the monstrous ingratitude of this black tribe is what exceedingly aggravates their guilt. I fear, gentlemen, that we shall never be quite safe till that wicked race are under more restraint or their number greatly reduced within this city.

This was the kernel of it all! There must be fewer blacks in town.

Two of the slaves, Quack and Cuffee, on being found guilty were asked "what they had to offer in arrest of judgment why they should not receive sentence of death, and they offered nothing but repetitions of protestations of their innocence.

So the judge flogged them with polysyllables they could not understand and ended in simpler words that they could: "You and each of you shall be chained to a stake and burnt to death; and the Lord of his infinite mercy have compassion upon your poor wretched souls."

On May 30th Quack and Cuffee were taken out into the commons to a place where two iron stakes stood up in the midst of two big piles of wood. They were chained there chin-deep in fuel to the delectation of a great throng of impatient spectators gathered and seated on the fences, cracking jokes about the warm weather that was coming on.

When it was suggested that the promise of a reprieve might bring from the ague-stricken, slavering, whimpering rats confessions that would inculpate other



When they had ceased to weep together, the sailors had left them and they began to laugh the foolish sweet laughter that follows upon tears.

criminals, Mr. Roosevelt went into the fuel and talked to his slave Quack and Mr. Moore to his man Cuff. The well-disciplined well-whipped hounds were glad to yammer what they thought was wanted.

THEY were not saints dying for a creed. They were idiot infants on the brink of a furnace and being promised a reprieve so they uttered imbecile things through chattering teeth. The spectators, being busy people, resented the delay, but the outpourings of the blacks were carefully "minuted down in the midst of great noise and confusion."

Mr. Moore asked the sheriff to take the prisoners back to jail according to the agreement, but the citizens were so infuriated at the postponement of the show that the sheriff did not dare disappoint them.

In the quiet dignity of the chronicle: "The execution proceeded."

That is to say, the sheriff lighted the kindling, the woodpiles roared; the blacks, betrayed, shrieked in vain for mercy to flames that came rollicking on to whip their poor ribs and to the writhing smoke that finally muffled their ululations. Providence sent not even a "moderate shower" as it had done when His Majesty's House set fire to the chapel and to the town.

The confessions of the incinerated dupes were naturally confusing, but they wanted the arrest of a whole drove of negroes and negresses, including Burk's wench Sarah, "one of the oddest criminals amongst the black confederates." She foamed at the mouth and denounced a score of slaves wholesale. Later she retracted most of the names but this did not discredit her credibility.

The three Hughsons and Peggy were duly brought to trial and Mary Burton was forced to repeat her testimony against them while Hughson and his wife were "crying and bemoaning themselves and embracing and kissing their daughter Sarah. In order (as may be supposed) to move compassion in the court and jury, Hughson's wife brought thither a sucking child at her breast, which was ordered to be taken away."

The obliging inexhaustible Mary testified to Bible oaths of conspiracy, to swords and guns and pistols gathered for the insurrection, and to bribes of silks and golden rings offered to her. Her stories were bettered with every repetition. She was educating herself as an artist at the general public expense.

The Hughsons cast up their eyes and said she was a very wicked creature and they brought witnesses to testify to their character, but who cared what they said? A pardon had been drawn up for Peggy, but she had recanted her confessions and exonerated all she had accused. The judges would have killed her twice for her treachery if they could. But once must suffice all the ends of justice.

On June 9th four more negroes were burned alive. Three days later three negroes were granted the gentler death of hanging, and alongside them Hughson and his wife and Peggy were swung. The daughter's execution was put off in the hope of extorting a confession from her.

On the way to the gallows Peggy had acted as if she were about to speak, but "Mrs. Hughson gave her a shove and she kept silent." The ox-cart that carried them was drawn under the beam, the hangman slipped the nooses around their necks, the teamster whacked the flanks of the oxen and the cart moved on, leaving its passengers dancing on air. Later John Hughson's body was hung up in chains and the town was "amused" to watch the peculiar changes of color it underwent in the course of time.

The story now was started that Mrs. Hughson and Peggy were both really "papists." No more ferocious condemnation could be hinted in that colony, although, as Justice Horsmanden says, "it was of little significance what religion such vile wretches profess." But the suggestion added a new spice to the prosecutions.

When Peggy confessed she was believed; when she recanted she was a liar. So all the people she mentioned in her ugly hour were put on trial and her word sufficed for their condemnation.



This was enough and he was sentenced to be hanged, and in spite of a most beautiful and heart-breaking plea.

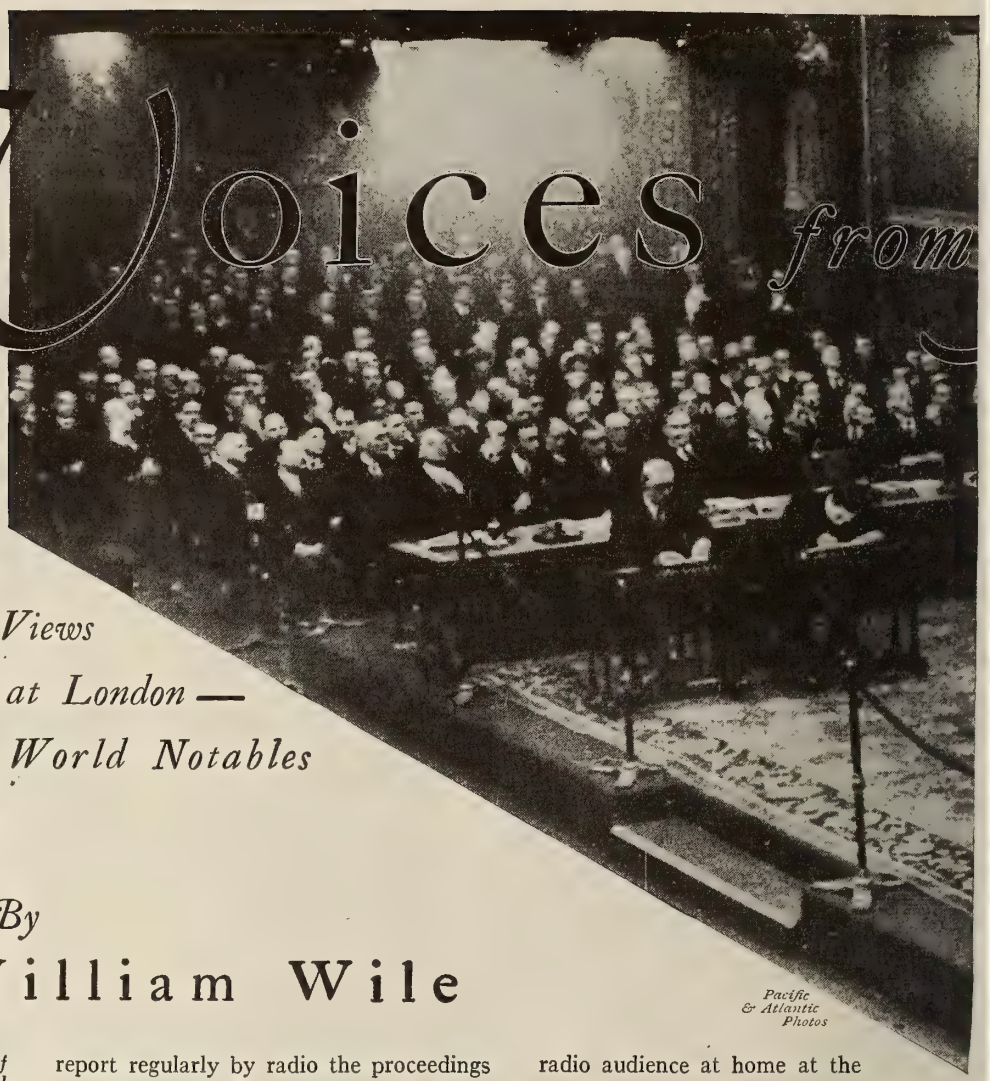
It was the same with Mary Burton, When the fury was upon her she was an angel of truth; when her heart revolted from slaughter she was "not dependable."

YET what better advisors had the child to take counsel from than the grave and reverend justices who towered over her with insatiable demands for new victims? At times they seemed huge spiders sucking the blood from her heart as they poisoned it; but whither could she

(*Continued on page 112*)

Voices from a Nation

Listens to Nation as Diplomats from Leading Countries Broadcast their Views on Naval Disarmament at London — Intimate Glimpses of World Notables By One Who Was There



Pacific & Atlantic Photos

By

Frederic William Wile

AMERICA'S best-known broadcaster of politics, Frederic William Wile, political analyst of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is about to embark upon his eighth successive year on the air. Mr. Wile, internationally famed newspaper correspondent and author, is entitled to the distinction of having remained uninterruptedly on the air, as a political broadcaster, longer than anybody else in the profession. His weekly talk, "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight" was inaugurated in November, 1923, and is still a regular program feature. Mr. Wile established another record this year when he became radio's first Transatlantic political reporter, having been sent to London by Columbia to "cover" the proceedings of the Five Power Naval Conference. Wile's experiences at London are told for the first time in this article.

WHEN the London Naval Conference became a certainty, following the visit to Washington of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, it occurred to me that it would be an epochal achievement — mechanical facilities permitting — for Columbia to arrange to report regularly by radio the proceedings of the parley. I volunteered to go to England and serve as the world's first transatlantic broadcasting reporter.



Wide World Photos

Ramsay MacDonald at the British mike.

My Columbia friends assented instantly and unhesitatingly to the suggestion to report the London Naval Conference by radio. "Larry" Lowman, fellow-Hoosier, who is Columbia's director of traffic, proceeded at once to effect the necessary arrangements with the British Broadcasting Corporation, which controls all radio transmission in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as a semi-government monopoly, and with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, through which it was necessary to work, as far as transatlantic radio telephone facilities were concerned.

While these vital preliminaries were under way, I sailed for England with the American Delegation aboard S.S. George Washington from New York on January 9th, 1930. My assignment was not only to go before the microphone once a week in London and broadcast conference proceedings, just as I am accustomed to "cover" the political situation in Washington week by week, but also to persuade distinguished Americans and Britons in London to broadcast conference messages to the United States from time to time. For the sake of "continuity," Columbia scheduled my own talks from London so that I would be communing with the radio audience at home at the same hour they were accustomed to hear me from Washington, viz., at 8:15 o'clock on Thursday evenings, Eastern Standard Time. It was so ordered. But it required me to keep awake until 1:15 o'clock a.m., Greenwich time, Fridays, so I chalked up yet another radio record—that of talking on Friday morning and being heard on Thursday evening.

I AM not informed in detail of the technical nature of the London broadcasts, but what happened was something like this. I went to a microphone in the London studios of the "B.B.C.", as the British Broadcasting Corporation is popularly known, located on Savoy Hill, just off the Strand and overlooking the Thames Embankment. There I spoke into a microphone, which was really a telephone receiver, to Rugby, England—familiar to several generations of English-reading schoolboys as the scene of "Tom Brown at Rugby." In that town is the radio telephone transmitting station of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, whence 'phone messages from Great Britain are wafted across the Atlantic to the United States. At Rugby the voice current is amplified millions of times and "blended" with a high voltage current powerful enough to bridge the wide gap across the herring pond to Ameri-

Across the Sea



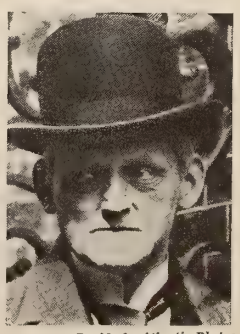
King George Opens London Naval Parley.

can shores. In my own case, the London talks were picked up by a receiving station on American shores, which again amplified the voice current, attenuated after traveling such a distance, millions of times. Altogether there was, between London and New York, a radio circuit of roundly 3,600 miles. As the talks were re-layed across the United States, they eventually traversed nearly 7,000 miles by the time my words were winged to the Pacific Coast.

The Naval Conference was ceremoniously opened in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords at London at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of January 21. As all the world remembers, these formal opening proceedings were broadcast around the world, including the addresses of King George, Prime Minister MacDonald, Secretary Stimson, Premier Tardieu, Foreign Minister Grandi, Mr. Wakatsuki, of Japan, and other conference dignitaries. The transmission to our own country was well-nigh perfect. Although reception in the United States, owing to the difference in time, took place at 6 o'clock in the morning, millions of Americans were up betimes, to enjoy this immortal exhibition of the wondrous powers of radio in the realm of international relations.

TWO days later, on Thursday, January 23, I began, from the B.B.C. studios in London, the series of weekly talks in review of the Naval Conference's proceedings. On successive Thursday evenings, up to the middle of March, I kept the American radio audience abreast of developments. It was not always easy to dramatize a stalemated situation, for news was conspicuous by its absence. With few exceptions, reception in America was excellent, though the day-time transatlantic transmissions on Sundays turned out to be considerably more satisfactory than the night-time transmissions on Thursdays.

I was directed to begin operations in London by placing Columbia's full transatlantic radio facilities at the disposal of the American Delegation. The Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, the head of our delegation, was informed that it was the System's desire to aid, to the fullest extent of its capacity, in keeping the home public informed of Conference progress and maintaining interest in it. To that end I invited Secretary Stimson to designate some of his colleagues to take the transatlantic air at regular intervals. In due course, this was done. In the order named, the following Americans, on successive Sundays at 5:30 London time (12:30 p. m., home time), addressed the American radio audience over the Columbia network; Senator Robinson, of Arkansas; Senator Reed,



Sir Philip Snowden —an important factor at the conference.

Pacific & Atlantic Photos

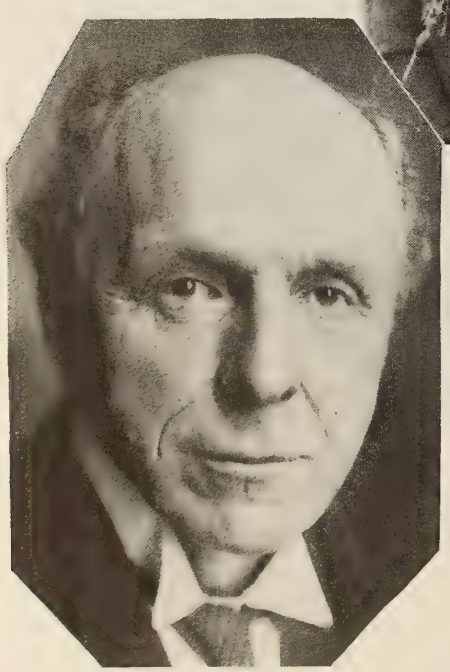
of Pennsylvania; Secretary of the Navy Adams; Ambassador Hugh Gibson and Secretary of State Stimson.

Among the prominent Britons whom I was privileged to introduce to the American radio audience across the Atlantic, were: Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald; Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden; Viscountess Astor, M. P.; Viscount Cecil of Chelwood and Wickham Steed, former editor of the London Times.

BRITISH public men and women are no less "radio conscious" than our own, so it was not difficult to sell them the idea of participating in so pioneering an enterprise as broadcasting across the Atlantic. Prime Minister MacDonald, having his American visit freshly in mind, expressed an instant readiness to talk to his Yankee friends by air on the subject of the Naval conference. MacDonald has a God-given radio voice and personality. His Scotch burr carries magnificently. No one can say "wur-ruld" quite like him, when he pronounces the word "world."

The British Broadcasting Corporation has installed an emergency transmitting station at Chequers, official country-seat of John Bull's prime ministers, in Buckinghamshire, 30 miles northwest of London, for the heads of His Majesty's Government periodically use the "wireless" (the British don't know "radio", in the American sense) and usually choose the quiet of week-ends, when they are in residence in Chequers, to face the microphone. MacDonald began his Columbia broadcast to the United States on Sunday, March 9th with a quaint allusion to Chequers' landscape beauties. "I am sitting here," he said, "amid these glorious Chiltern Hills, to which prime ministers are now privileged to come, ever and anon, that they may not forget that grass grows, flowers bloom, and birds sing."

Mr. MacDonald infuses into his radio talks that transparent sincerity and compelling conviction which characterizes all his public utterances, and which brought him for the second time within five years to the leadership of the British Empire. Within sixty seconds of his closing words at Chequers, through some magical process of which I was never made aware, a message was flashed back from America that my introduction and the Prime Minister's address had rung across 3,000 miles of oceanic space "clear as a bell." MacDonald was visibly pleased, for he had spoken at a psychological moment and made a critical pronouncement. Next day's London papers carried his speech in full. It sounded the deathknell of France's hopes for the inclusion of "military guarantees" in the naval treaty.





Pacific & Atlantic Photos



Photo by Bachrach

Lord Robert Cecil (left)—the "Warrior for Peace." Lady Astor and her daughter Phyllis talked across the Atlantic. Frederic William Wile who gave daily broadcast reports of conference from London of Columbia System.

OF HARDLY less stature in the British Labor government than MacDonald himself is Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Crippled since youth, with a body racked with incessant pain, Snowden hobbles through life on a pair of canes. His infirmities have turned him into somewhat of an acetic, but notably failed to wither his intellectual power or political acumen. Universally Snowden is considered to be the brains of the British Labor party. I was particularly anxious to have him broadcast on that aspect of naval limitation with which he is specially identified—its finances and economics.

Mr. Snowden broke up his coveted week-end of rest in the country to drive nearly a hundred miles into London for a 5:30 p.m., Sunday talk at the B.B.C. studios. He was accompanied by his charming and equally brilliant wife. Nobody in England ever speaks of "Philip Snowden." It is always "Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowden." Their public careers have been intertwined through a quarter of a century of uncommon connubial bliss. Mrs. Snowden happens to be the only woman "governor" of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Like her husband, she broadcasts frequently, being an experienced public speaker with a proud record, as she boasts, of a dozen lecture tours in the United States. Despite his frail body, Snowden has a resonant oratorical style. His voice seems to have thundered through transatlantic static in resounding fashion, judging by the congratulatory cables that deluged him next day. He concentrated on the burdensome cost of war and reeled off some tragic figures of the thousands of pounds the World War is still costing Britain every hour of the day. An American commentator said Snowden's broadcast came through with the fervor and eloquence of "a great sermon."

Many of my American radio friends have told me that Columbia's star of stars at the London Naval Conference was the Viscountess Astor, the former Nancy Langhorne, of Virginia, first woman M. P. to sit in the House of Commons at London. A temperamental bird is this dynamic daughter of Dixie—a rather spoiled darling, as prima donnæ are apt to be. But she yielded when she learned she would be the first of her sex to broadcast across the Atlantic. "The Women's Will To Peace" was her text—the theme of New York's comedy craze, "Lysistrata,"

but differently treated, perhaps it is not necessary to add! Lady Astor was keen as mustard about the transoceanic talk—claimed she'd put more time and worry on it than on any speech she'd ever delivered in Parliament. Through the oversight of a secretary, the Viscountess turned up at the B.B.C. studio on Savoy Hill an hour ahead of time. But, as a true daughter of Uncle Sam, she didn't dream of letting it go to waste. When I myself appeared, fifteen minutes before the hour set, I found Lady Astor sturdily rehearsing into a dead microphone, in order that she would be sure to sit just the right distance away, modulate her voice to the correct pitch, and not exceed her allotted thirteen minutes.

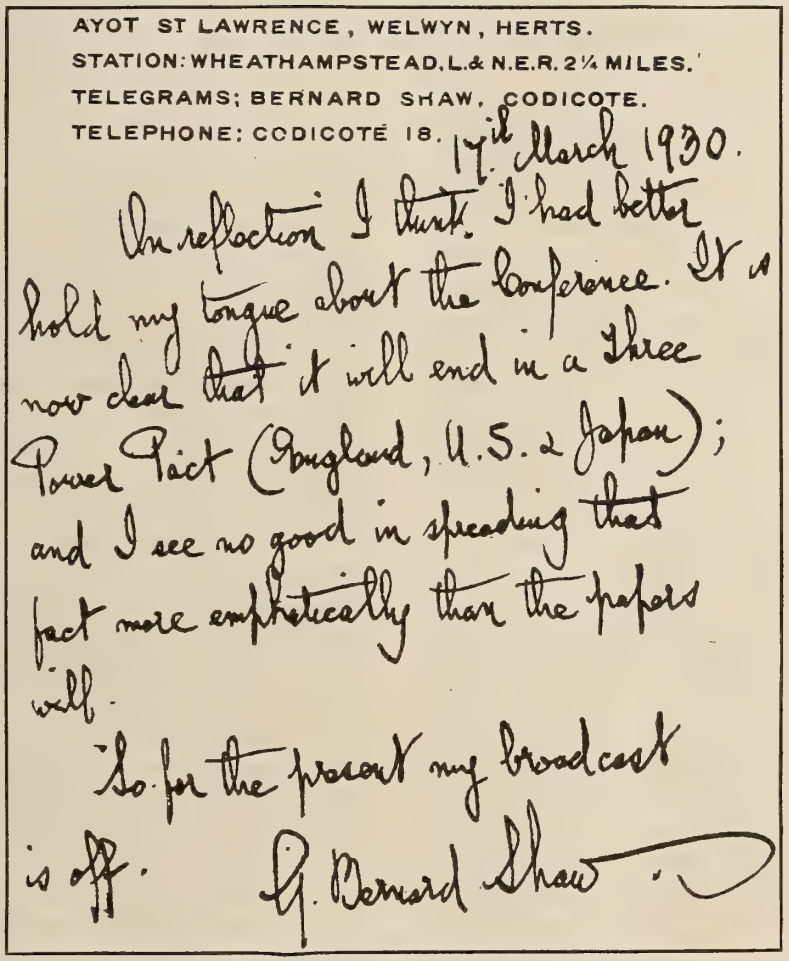
HER diction is a quaint combination of Southern American and British drawl. Whether she learned to do it in school, in Virginia, or acquired it as an affectation in England, I observed that the vivacious Viscountess drops her "g" in the last syllable of words ending with the seventh letter of the alphabet, viz., "speakin' ", "tryin' ", etc. The English branch of the once-famed quartette of Langhorne beauties got a flapper's thrill out of her broadcast to America, and especially out of the messages which rained in on her from the United States, by cable, letter, and even by transatlantic telephone. Word from kinfolk on the Pacific coast delighted her no end.

One of Lady Astor's playmates is none other than the great Bernard Shaw. He frequently adorns her luncheon and dinner parties at her mansion in St. James's Square, London, and at the Thames-side Astor suburban place, Cliveden. I asked the Viscountess if she thought I could beguile "G.B.S," to broadcast. I yearned to land him because of his cast-iron inhibition against appearing in America "in person," despite constant lecture-engagement offers worth a King's ransom. "Try it, by all means," she said, "but he'll probably want a fat check."

My early approaches to Shaw were fruitless. I had written him, inviting him to do one of the Columbia's Sunday afternoon talks. "I never take on Sunday jobs," was the characteristic reply. That did not close the incident from my standpoint, because I rejoined that we'd be honored to have him do the "job" any day. Thereupon he gave me an appointment at his apartment in Whitehall Court, overlooking the murky Thames on the Embankment near Northumberland Avenue. For years I had pictured Shaw as a bear. I was aware of his cynical attitude toward America and Americans. I expected to be lectured, bullied—and turned down. I also was prepared to be held up—if Lady Astor's hint about a fat check meant anything. I was destined to be disillusioned all along the line.

Never in thirty years of professional chase of the nimble item in many lands have I met a more delightful person, or encountered a more gracious welcome than awaited me at the hands of "G.B.S." He is the most lovable of old gentlemen, though the term is a rank misnomer for a septuagenarian of his youthful spirit and vigor. Shaw as completely belies his 74 years as anything imaginable, and as utterly challenges the popular conception of him as an unapproachable misanthrope. "G.B.S." did not resent my observation that in America we look upon him as the outstanding figure in the field of English letters. As his newest play, "The Apple Cart," then drawing all London, was in the midst of its maiden run in New York, I ventured the suggestion that a Shaw broadcast to the U. S. A., might not be devoid of certain professional advantage. He agreed. That was as near as we came—despite Viscountess Astor's warning—to mention of anything so sordid as remuneration. I offered no honorarium, and G.B.S., in no wise, directly or indirectly, proposed one. I was told that when he broadcasts in England, as he does occasionally, he is paid for it, though on no such scale as American stars of his magnitude probably could command in the United States.

Finally, at the end of an hour's stimulating conversation about books, plays, America, and international politics, Shaw consented to fill one of my Sunday periods. I was elated. Shaw imposed only two conditions — that we could hit upon a date that would not conflict with his other engagements, and that his friend, Prime Minister MacDonald, would assure him it would be all right for Shaw, a wholly unofficial personage, "to butt in, as you Americans would say," he added, with a twinkle in his blue Irish eyes. "Let's see," he said, pulling a memorandum book from the pocket of his Cardigan waistcoat. "How about Sunday, March 23rd?"—he had apparently scrapped his inhibitions about a "Sunday job." Gleefully, I accepted that date, and left Whitehall Court, the tall, lanky, white-bearded "G. B.S." escorting me, as if I were some life-long friend who'd called to renew an old comradeship, down the long hall to the elevator.



AYOT ST LAWRENCE, WELWYN, HERTS.
STATION: WHEATHAMPSTEAD, L.& N.E.R. 2¼ MILES.
TELEGRAMS; BERNARD SHAW, CODICOTE.
TELEPHONE: CODICOTE 18.

17th March 1930.

On reflection I think I had better hold my tongue about the Conference. It is now clear that it will end in a Three Power Pact (England, U.S. & Japan); and I see no good in spreading that fact more emphatically than the papers will.

So for the present my broadcast is off.

G. Bernard Shaw

First publication of note George Bernard Shaw addressed to Mr. Wile during the London parley.

SHAW to broadcast across the herring-pond to Columbia's family of listening millions—it was a thrilling prospect! I felt myself on the air—walking on it—as, transmuted to the seventh heaven of delight, I raced down Northumberland Avenue to the cable office in Trafalgar Square—the very one in which, thirty years earlier, I had filed my London dispatches as a cub correspondent covering the Boer War—to flash word to "Bill" Paley in New York that I had bearded the lion in his den.

My exaltation was doomed to be short-lived. Ten days later—it happened to be March 17, St. Patrick's Day, that Ireland's most gifted living son chose for breaking my heart—Shaw sent me a brief note, saying that as the Naval Conference seemed definitely destined to dwindle into a Three-Power affair, instead of the Five-Power plan amid which it was so promisingly born, he had decided not to participate in the radio transatlantic forum. He

(*Continued on page 124*)

Radio Is Destroying

THE Constitution of the United States is dedicated to the principle that all men are created equal. From time immemorial, however, people of the world, meaning both men and women, have been constantly struggling to attain and maintain social supremacy of one sort or another.

Throughout the ages money has been a chief factor in establishing and preserving social discriminations. Without material wealth at their command even kings and queens have sunk into social oblivion. In current times many royal descendants are finding it difficult from a society standpoint to make their titles gloss over a lack of pecuniary resources; hence the not infrequent marriages of convenience where a millionaire affiliation overshadows a wedding of hearts, insofar as the main motive for a union is concerned. To be sure, all the great civilizations of the world have developed an intellectual culture which is in itself the true measure of social supremacy. Nevertheless we find that social standing in the accepted use of the phrase, still denotes monetary well being far more than it indicates the victory of mind over matter. We are all becoming better educated and in consequence are slowly but surely setting up new standards for measuring the relative social importance of individual people. The press undoubtedly has been the greatest single factor in this development, but the achievements of science, particularly along such lines as transportation, communication, moving pictures and mass production as represented by machinery, have made gigantic contributions to both the size and momentum of the movement, and the modern improvements in banking methods have also played a significant role. The evolutions which we have been witnessing in national governments are a result of factors such as these rather than a cause on their own account.

Now we have Radio—which came to us as a child of unknown possibilities and later grew to an adolescent whose future attainments are almost, if not quite, beyond the grasp of human imagination. There are many things about Radio as we carry on with it today which offer wide latitude for the projection of ideas and thoughts into the future — religion, education, culture — all such are subject to new developments not easy to comprehend but nevertheless under way. When we add television we are proceeding by progressive multiples instead of by simple additions. No longer can the human mind deal with definite equations—we are literally forced into the realm of conjecture.



While society is in this state of flux, with the average of intelligence creeping slowly but irresistibly forward like molten lava from a volcano, it is difficult to judge accurately and fully the relations between the press and Radio. They are directly supplementary of each other we know and apparently each is rapidly augmenting the power and influence of the other. The more people read about specific men and women or about specific things and events, the more they want to meet them "in person" over the Radio. On the other hand, the more people meet famous individuals and attend outstanding events via the microphone, the more they want to read and learn about them via the printed word. "*Interest follows familiarity*" has long been a fundamental trait of human nature and explains why these two great media are arousing the appetite for more news, information and knowledge from both sources.

IN this magazine we are naturally dealing for the most part with Radio and, hence, the balance of this discussion will relate to how Radio is destroying social barriers with a speed and directness heretofore unknown.

First, let us set down some of the things which have long been identified with society in the popularly accepted sense of the term. In other words, let us deal with those things which have long been associated with people of royal blood, acknowledged wealth, or people who are said to have acquired social caste by right of inheritance. What has been their more or less exclusive lot which has not also been the lot of the so-called "common herd"? Grand Opera. Symphonic Music. Trips around the world. International yachting. Box seats at football games. Ringside seats at championship boxing bouts. Horse races from the Jockeys' Club. Personal presentation to kings and queens. Dining with stage celebrities. Personal contact with premier sportsman and athletic champions. Dance music by famous orchestras in night clubs with terrific cover charges. Private seances with astrologers like Evangeline Adams. Personal meetings with famous people like Col. Lindbergh, Thomas Edison and President Hoover. Uninterrupted visits with great authors, great painters, great lawyers. First name acquaintance with great bankers.

In other words, social caste and the position of wealth which it implies have brought, with relatively few exceptions, the opportunity "to go places and do things" and to meet people who have won reputations in every walk of life whether it be achievements of the body or of the mind. The question then comes up: "What is Radio doing to extend the privileges which have so long been regarded as belonging to the four hundred and not to the four million?"

In the first place, Radio is taking us to events before they

Old Social Barriers

are finished, viz., while the outcome is still in doubt and hence the thrill of suspense almost as intense as if we were present in person, and certainly much keener than is possible were we to read reports about events that have happened. World Series baseball games, boxing bouts like that between Firpo and Jack Dempsey and well announced football games are good examples of this new type of opportunity. While it is freely granted that the thrills and reactions are substantially greater when one can personally attend such affairs, we know that no written description can equal the thrill of hearing the actual happenings *simultaneously with their occurrence* as is now possible over the radio.

This new ability is in a material sense breaking down social barriers because it is enabling people who cannot afford to attend such events, by reason of the travel and admission expense involved, a chance to experience the thrill of "witnessing" absorbing events *while they are happening*. More than that, the technique of announcing such affairs over the air has been developed to a point where the picture conveyed through the microphone very nearly parallels what can be seen only by those who are occupying the equivalent of ringside seats—which, generally because of the cost involved, falls to the lot of the four hundred or at least those of sufficient wealth who aspire to belong to "the select". In other words, the public has been moved up by radio from bleacher seats to the sideline *while an event is actually going on*, and this progress in itself represents a breaking down of class barriers.

NOW let us consider Grand Opera. The finest operatic productions have been possible in only a few large centers and even then have required substantial private underwritings to keep them going. While there are generally upper galleries in the opera houses, the best seats have been occupied on a traditional basis by society and its aspirants. Admission has been generally expensive and there have been other prerequisite costs such as evening clothes, and transportation, plus hotel bills for out-of-town devotees. Nowadays, thanks to Radio, the greatest operatic stars can be heard in person right in the homes of those farthest removed from the social apex whether by taste or by necessity. Again, social barriers are being demolished. The same change applies in the case of great symphonic music by the foremost conductors, as well as to the art of the leading artists of the concert stage and the finest church music. Also the most popular dance orchestras, generally found in night clubs with the highest cover charges and highest prices for food, not to mention White Rock and ginger ale, are now playing in the homes of the public at large thanks to Radio.

IT generally costs money, and considerable of the type of "drag" which money secures, to get close to such happenings as the arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton in America, the anchoring of the Graf Zeppelin, arrival of the great French aviators, Coste and Bellonte, the winning of golf championships by Bobby Jones, and other similar news features built around single individuals. Today the microphone men are permitted "inside the ropes" to give the American people as a whole an intimate picture of what is going on while incidents and events are still happening. Generally also the principal figures are brought before the microphone and in this way a personal acquaintance between the lay public and such celebrities is established. This new opportunity of meeting famous people *while they are still in the midst of their achievements* is a second vital contribution which Radio is making toward the elimination of class distinctions.

Similarly, the American people are now given an opportunity to hear the President of the United States talk to them in person and to hear the rulers of other countries, like King George of England *talk in the first person*. No matter in what line men or women become famous, the fact that they have won recognition in their chosen endeavor assures their being brought *in person* via the microphone before the public.

So much for the human, i.e., personal side. There is also the deeper mental side relating to what is said by the host of great authorities who talk over the Radio. With many people, it is easier to whet cultural appetites by word of mouth than by words in print, though in the end the person who is ambitious for the higher and deeper pleasures that come with knowledge and culture, becomes a prolific reader and thinker, as well as a good listener.

It would be easier to write a book on the subject of this editorial—so vast are the social effects of Radio. As an instrument for developing common lines of thought and conviction among the people of a nation—as a means of destroying ill founded partisanship and prejudice—as a medium for helping to elevate the average of public intelligence which in turn assures our political, economic and spiritual future—Radio presents enormous possibilities, already realized in part, but still relatively undeveloped.

But as a factor for developing a true type of social democracy Radio now already stands unique because of its ability to bring to the mass so much that has hitherto been available only to the class. R. B.



The Editors' Page

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

KELVIN KEECH, NBC's handsome announcer (one of NBC's handsome announcers, I should say, for of course there are many handsome ones. Announcers, please bow.) now sends his voice where he used



Kelvin Keech

to go himself. Not quite that. For Kelvin's voice, announcing the Seth Parker, Fuller Brush, Happy Wonder Bakers, American Radiator, and Raleigh Revue programs, takes in only the United States and Canada. And Kelvin has travelled over them, and a good bit more of this earth's surface, too. And very probably someday radio network will carry his voice to those other far-off places where he has been—Hawaii, Europe, Asia-Minor.

And because he went to Constantinople and there fell in love with a Russian girl is the reason he's in New York now standing before a microphone instead of before an orchestra on the Bosporus. But, to begin at the beginning.

Kelvin was born in Honolulu, where his father was in the sugar business. He says he used to climb mango trees long before tree sitting became the fashion and that he was as much at home in the water as out of it. A great deal of his present breath control comes, he thinks, from his childish habit of seeing how long he could hold his breath under water.

His father wanted him to be educated in America. So he came to the University of Pennsylvania. He has the usual tender memories of his alma mater, but he says his most exciting day was when he saw his first snow storm. About the time he was graduating a Hawaiian troupe came through the town and Kelvin "went native" to the extent of joining them.

In 1917 he enlisted and went overseas. He was in two offensives. Demobilized, he got together an orchestra and sang and played his way through Europe. Deauville, Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, London, all danced to his band. The "White Lyres," this popular Continental group called itself.

While in Paris, Kelvin received a wire to come and play in a club in Constantinople. Off went the "White Lyres" to Turkey. Constantinople at that time was still in the hands of the allies, and its streets were colorful with British, French, and Italian uniforms. No, he didn't see any harem ladies, but he saw the whirling dervishes, and he was fascinated by the muezzin calls from the minarets. It was in Constantinople that he met his future wife, one of the "white" Russian refugees who had fled from the persecutions of the bolsheviki.

According to the Cable Law then in force, a foreign born woman who married in Europe did not take the citizenship of her husband. In order that she might become an American, Kelvin and his wife came to New York. "And," says Husband Keech, proudly, "on the eleventh of November she'll be a full-fledged American citizen."

Kelvin had had some radio experience in London, and his friend, May Singhi Breen, the "Ukulele Lady," said to him, "Kelvin, why don't you become a Radio announcer?"

So Kelvin took the announcer's test. He was scared to death. His knees shook. Worse, his voice shook. The verdict was: "Not fitted. You just haven't got it in you."

Kelvin reported the news to Miss Breen. "Did you do your best?" she asked. "No, my worst." Ordered Miss Breen: "Go back and try again." Just to please her, but feeling there was no hope, Kelvin did try again. And since he knew in his own mind he didn't have a chance, he wasn't nervous. He talked into the mike as if it were a friend. And the result was that Kelvin Keech became one of NBC's most popular announcers. His smooth, beautifully modulated voice is heard over half a dozen coast-to-coast networks and on many local programs.

He is of medium height, has prematurely grey hair, young fresh skin, and clear cut features—a handsome man.



Freddie Rich

He speaks French and Russian fluently, and, as he says, "Spanish and Italian passably."

Freddie Rich

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage lady interviewer. I'd been trailing Freddie Rich for days—elusive individual. Finally he gave me an ap-



Ann Leaf

pointment for four o'clock on a Friday afternoon. And Friday afternoon just as I was stepping into the door of the Columbia Broadcasting Building, I looked across the street and there was Mr. Rich going into a drug store. The traffic lights were against me or I should have dashed across after him, but I presumed he would be back in a moment and went on up to the main reception room on the twenty-second floor.

I waited and I waited. The charming young thing at the call desk tried to appease me. "He probably just wanted a soda. He has to be back at four-thirty for a broadcast."

"I can't talk to him while he's broadcasting, can I?"

"Oh, no." Such ignorance on my part.

Wait some more. Tap my foot. I conclude I hate Mr. Freddie Rich. Of course he does have about sixteen programs a week, and twice that many rehearsals, besides all his individual arranging, but to be forgotten for a soda. An appointment is an appointment.

The elevator door slides open. Out pops a medium-sized, brown-haired, brown-eyed young man in a most awful hurry. Three minutes to four-thirty. No time to talk. No apology for forgetting me. Probably doesn't even remember that he has forgotten. I follow him into Studio 5 where his twelve Thirty Minute Men are tuning up. I'm squashed against the wall between the violins and the piano.

Freddie Rich mounts the platform. I decide quite definitely that I hate him, that he's funny looking, that I don't like the color combination of his light blue shirt and dark blue tie.

Don Ball's voice announcing. "WABC, W2XE. Ready, advance, and give the pass word. The Thirty Minute Men will now play 'Sing You Sinners.' "

Well, it *is* a fine orchestra.

"I'm in the Market for You." Still hate him, but he's not so bad looking.

"Why?" In fact, he's almost handsome.

"Down the River of Golden Dreams." Maybe I just dislike him.

"We Would Be Exactly Like You." The tie and shirt are really becoming.

"Sing a Song to the Stars." Like the way he smiles at his musicians.

"Take Along a Little Love." Like him.

"St. James Infirmary." He's perfectly charming.

"Dancing to Save Your Sole." Last piece. Break appointments with me any time; Freddie Rich, but never, never stop giving music like this.

And that was only his twelve piece orchestra. What would have been the effect with his forty-five piece one?

He didn't have time to talk to me after the broadcast as he was dashing off to a rehearsal for a new program. But here are a few facts about him gleaned here and there.

He was born in New York's lower East Side in 1900, one of a family of ten children. He started playing the piano at five and did his first professional playing in a Second Avenue motion picture house. He went to the Damrosch Conservatory of Music where he studied with George Gershwin under Charles Hambitzer. For seven years he directed the orchestra at the Hotel Astor. He toured Europe, having the honor to play before the King and Queen of England. And in England romance came to him as well as honor, for it was there he met the girl who later became his wife. All of his family are musical. He also has three brothers who are in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Ann Leaf

"ANN LEAF," said Mr. Taplinger, who is the nice bespectacled young man up on the 19th floor of Columbia and who seems to have the whys and wherefores of all CBS stars right at his finger ends, "why don't you do Ann Leaf?" He fished through a huge filing drawer filled with photographs.

"Here she is."

He held up for my gaze a picture of a dark-haired smiling little girl who couldn't be over fourteen years old, or fifteen at the most.

"You'll find her every night in the organ room of the Paramount Building. Twelve-thirty's the hour. I'll tell her you'll be there. O.K.?"

O. K. it was. That night just as the theatres were emptying their crowds into the streets and newsboys were shouting their morning headlines, I threaded my way down brightly lighted Broadway towards the Paramount Building.

The black marble of the foyer, the gold doors of the elevator, the doorman who didn't want to let me by, the long circuitous trip down and up narrow stair-

(*Continued on page 114*)



Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

MARCELLA

She Hears All, Sees All—and Tells Everything

Merciful heaven's will we ever get settled! I have hardly had time to catch my breath since coming to New York.

From Marcella's window in the Graybar Building I can look into the windows of the tallest edifice in the world —that is—it's the tallest today. You know, building agents in New York are always "keeping up with the Joneses" in erecting tallest buildings. But at this moment, the Chrysler Tower lifts its graceful and majestic head far above such pygmies as the Woolworth, Whitehall and Singer buildings.

I have never experienced the joy—if joy it be—of looking at a king—but something of that thrill I get when I am near this Chrysler Tower. My gaze wanders way, way up until it rests on the beautiful silver crown which covers this building as a sign of its royal power.

Everyone knows how a railroad train joggles. Even the best of them joggle, and the RADIO DIGEST family *did come on one of the best. But the rumbling and sharp turning didn't agree with our neatly-wrapped files tied up with pink and blue ribbons—and everything just came apart.*

Pity your poor Marcella all snowed under a very undignified and awry pile of letters—searching and excavating through this great mass of material for answers to Waxie, Mrs. Alice W., MCRK, Miss Ruth D., L. M. W., Mrs. Senior M., Ruth A, Pat, Paul S, Mrs. W. D. LeS, Miss A.B.C., and scores of other inquirers.



"Sarge" and Mrs. Farrell. She looks pretty set to remain the inspiration

THE dilemma of Jos. E. "Sarge" Farrell, Nebraska, is indeed an unusual one. As a composer of some very popular songs, among which are "Wondering if I'll Always Be Wondering" and "At Night", Mr. Farrell used as his inspiration the former Marguerite Cole. Having just made this young lady Mrs. Farrell, who is going to be his inspiration now? It is interesting to note that this *affaire de coeur* had its beginnings in the schoolroom. Perhaps it was his skill in whittling sticks that made him a hero or perhaps it was the nice shiny apple and chewing gum that helped him win his way to the heart of Marguerite, but whatever it was, this knight and lady were able to continue their courtship through the trying high school years. Then Sarge began to write songs. From his first composition, "Wondering if I'll Always Be Wondering" to his latest, "At Night", Marguerite was his theme. It is, therefore, not surprising that wedding bells rang for them a short while ago.



Virginia Arnold

Much of the gloom of the hospital atmosphere has been dispelled by Sarge's happy broadcasts through which he has won his way to the hearts of the physically afflicted.

A few lines of his latest song, "At Night," run as follows:

"Somehow I'm not so lonely while I have the sun
But when day is done I sigh
With ev'ry litfle star a mem'ry comes to me
Of the times that we played so happily."

VIRGINIA ARNOLD is one of the staff pianists at the Columbia Broadcasting System, who plays alike for king and peasant. She provides the accompaniment for notable singers and artists who broadcast over that network as well as for nervous novices in the throes of their first audition. Miss Arnold is a composer and arranger of music and, as a pianist, executes compositions, classic and jazz, with skill and brilliancy. Her fingers must borrow their music from her eyes.

* * *

THIS will announce the engagement of Will Osborne, Columbia orchestra leader, to Miss Margaret Eckdahl, who was chosen as Miss America for 1930. No balconies were used for this Romeo and Juliet affair. All serenades and ballads were wafted over



Will Osborne



Margaret Eckdahl

the Radio. The romance sprang from a request for a number which Miss Eckdahl sent to Mr. Osborne. Then followed more requests, and Mr. Osborne's songs became enriched with the spirit of devotion knowing that there was this particularly interested listener at the other end.

* * *

THE radio neighbors know her as Martha Crane—her next door neighbors know her as Mrs. Ray Caris. This picture portrays her as Martha Crane weaving a hooked rug as she broadcasts—what one might call "spinning a yarn". Performing the work during the broadcast is the secret of the success of women's programs, Mrs. Caris believes. Mrs. Caris not only direct women's programs over WLS, Chicago, but also maintains her own home on Chicago's North Side.

* * *

TO YOU, Lloyd R., I can only say that the radio waves in this vicinity have been searched and plumbed but with no news of OLD MAN SUNSHINE alias Bob Pierce. The contract which he had with the National Broadcasting Company and by which he was able to ride up and down the wave lengths, has given out, or expired, in legal terms. So he is probably on some desert isle awaiting another contract to rescue him. But no matter what you say, nothing can hide OLD MAN *SUNSHINE* very long, and we'll probably be hearing of him again one of these days.

* * *

BERNIE Q, allow me to introduce you to Billy Sunshine—Bernie Q. Now that you have made each other's acquaintance, I am sure Billy Sunshine will want you to know him as Jack Owens. Sue Fulton, Program Director of Radio Station KFH, says he is only 18 and that the girls are all crazy about him. He attends Wichita University and the remaining precious moments of the day he plays the role of Billy Sunshine, crooning and playing the piano. And if Vallée and Chevalier ever want to hear themselves, all they have to do is to ask Jack Owens Billy Sunshine for an imitation. Hasn't he clear brown eyes, Bernie, and the flush of spring is still in his cheeks.



Jack Owens

* * *

THE S. O. S. call about Cecil Wright has been heard. Arline writes on the prettiest two-tone gray stationery that *a* Cecil Wright is now playing over KFRC, San Francisco. I don't think he is any other than *the* Cecil Wright. Thank you Arline, for your helping hand.



Marcella Shields and Helene Handin
The Inseparable Troupers

Mrs. Ray Caris or Martha Crane as she is known by WLS listeners



* * *

TO M. J. I can only say that Howard Roth is still going strong over WBBC under the name of the Hudson Bay "Racrooner". Mr. Roth "racroons" on this program every night. As the "Doctor of Sunshine" Mr. Roth broadcasts over WGBS, WPCH, WRNY and WBBC frequently during the week. It looks like a monopoly in restraint of art. Mr. Roth has his own orchestra during the winter season and his musicians are college students. This unit is known as Howard Roth and and his all-American Collegians. All of this at 24! And no matrimonal bonds!



Howard Roth

* * *

HELENE HANDIN and Marcella Shields can outdo Floyd Gibbons any time when it comes to velocity of language in their act "The Two Troupers" over the N. B. C. And my, how the words do fly. One almost has to wear the helmet of salvation to avoid being hit. Marcella's winsome smile and captivating eyes have made their conquest in the person of W. Bruce Macnamee of the N. W. Ayer Agency, and Marcella took over this name either the first week of August or the last week in July. Mr. Macnamee's secretary was not sure. It's a shame how business men conceal such things from secretaries. I hardly believe that he even asked her if she approved of Miss Shields. By the way, Marcella of the "Troupers" is not the Marcella of this printed page. As for Miss Handin, she could not be reached at her hotel at this writing. She is probably trouping after Marcella who has never in her life failed to be late for an appointment. I think it must have been Helene Handin who was responsible for Marcella's promptness at the Pahson's.

* * *

MISS Elsie K, it isn't very often that anyone follows a career chosen at the mature age of six years. Most young men of six summers look longingly for the day when they can drive chugging and clanging fire engines through busy streets and be proclaimed heroes in some daring and thrilling rescues. Not so with this young man at our right here. Art Kassel has persisted along his selected course for let me see—he looks to be not over 25 years—and beginning at six—that makes it 19 years. He is therefore qualified with this background of almost a score of summers, to conduct any musical program successfully. At present he is conductor of the

(*Cont. on page 121*)



Art Kassel





Vie for Honor *of Most* Beautiful Radio Artist *in* America

JUDGING from these samples of pulchritude, picking the winner of the silver loving cup for the most beautiful Radio artist in America isn't such an easy task. However, such was the lot of the judges at the Radio World's Fair held in Madison Square Garden, New York, from September 22nd to the 27th.

Perhaps broadcasting studios are selecting artists with an eye to beauty as well as an ear to talent, with thoughts of television. At any rate there is more feminine charm around the studios these days than ever before.

Emily Hardy, (upper left, page 64) San Francisco, "The Golden Girl in KPO", a stunning blonde, of the athletic type, who performs as well astride a horse, or breasting the waves of the Pacific as she does in KPO's Studio.

Down in Miami, Radio Station WQAM, the "Voice of Tropical America", has this lovely creature to entertain its audience. She's Eloise McAllister, (upper right, page 64) soprano, pictured in the role of the "Duchess" in "Masquerade", which is broadcast every Friday night.



Frances Collette, (lower left, page 64) on the dramatic staff of WABC, New York City. She appears on the "Land o' Make Believe" and "Forty Fathom Trawlers" programs. Miss Collette drifted into Radio after a brilliant career on the stage in such musical shows as "Show Boat" and "Globe Trotter."

WHEN the leaves of WMCA's musical Scrap Book are turned each week, June White, (lower right, page 64) is found on every page.

Bernadine Hayes, "The Redhead of the Air", (upper left, page 65) who sings red hot songs in the blue manner, over WBBM, Chicago in the O'Cedar Time Program.

Jane Froman, (upper right, page 65) has sung "blues" songs for more than a year over WLW, Cincinnati, and on Saturday nights she is heard in the Crosley Saturday Knights program which WLW now sends to WGBS, New York City.

Miss Rhoda Arnold, (lower left, page 65) is the star in the Ohrmach Hour over WOR. As prima donna for that station Miss Arnold has been taking leading parts in its productions for three years. She's also soloist in the Bamberger Symphony Hour, and star in the Moonbeam Hour.

San Francisco and Oakland are backing beautiful Annette Hastings, (lower center, page 65) a soprano whose voice has been heard over KGO, San Francisco and the NBC network for two years.

Even Bill Hay, the Canny Scott who announces Amos 'n' Andy, risks an eye every time Betty McLean, (lower right, page 65) enters WMAQ's big studios in Chicago. She's one of the country's leading Radio dramatic players.











They Prove Pittsburgh Isn't Smoky—*Notice the White Trousers!*

. . . Peter Greco's Pittsburgher's at KQV

Radio Orchestras, as a rule, play either to the ear or the feet. Seldom, if ever, do they stress both effects and rhythm. Peter Greco and his Pittsburghers have solved that problem, effectively and well. They combine dancing rhythm with beautiful "ear effects" on their bi-weekly programs from KQV at Pittsburgh.

Peter Grêco, standing to the left of the tuba, realized the importance of rhythm, so he deserted his chosen instrument, the violin, and mastered the tuba, turning the conducting of the orchestra to his brother. "Pete" rehearses the band, and while on the air he sits in such a position that all of his men can watch the movements of his free hand.

* * *

Mahlon Merrick, who directs the dance orchestra for NBC on its west coast Camel Pleasure hour, first started to broadcast in 1922 at the State College of Washington, Pullman, where the call letters are now KWSC.

Since he was graduated in fine arts and education, naturally he continued musical studies and went to Chicago to study with Leo Sowerby at the American conservatory of music.

Heading a traveling band in the Orient, later for two years he directed instrumental music in the Kalamazoo, Mich., schools. Later he entered Radio and was with stations in Spokane and San Francisco before signing up with the NBC studios in Frisco. Violin, drums, clarinet, saxophone . . . Mahlon's musical taste is a wide one. His chief interest and study has been in harmony. "Blue Lover" is his latest brain child. He wrote it in collaboration with Chuck Thode and Larry Yoel, and he has edited numerous piano pieces.

* * *

James Knight Garden, formerly KGFJ announcer and heard as guest announcer from several stations, is being heard in playlets from KFI. Looking like a staid and solid business man . . . gold tooth and all . . . Garden's richly dramatic voice is easily recognizable wherever he may speak via Radio.

* * *

Broadcast of Air Races Provides New Problem for Broadcaster KYW

New problems are continually bobbing up for broadcasters. Even pioneer KYW often has its problems in finding the best way to pickup some event never before attempted.

This year's most difficult was the National Air Races at Chicago. New sound devices, new ways of placing microphones and new everything was the order when plans were made to broadcast the air races.

Although the actual time of broadcast was but a few minutes each "shot" and three or four of these reports per day—for the major events——engineers were on hand at least a week ahead of time trying out various positions of microphones and installing telephone connections. In conjunction with NBC engineers the KYW technical staff finally worked out what was considered the best pickup at the field by those who listened.

NBC engineers stood by with a special short wave broadcast set aboard a small truck, to be used in the event of a smashup.

* * *

Winnie Fields Moore, known as KFI's nomad novelist, has never visited most of the places she describes on her daily afternoon Radio travelogues. But, she says, "being gifted with a vivid imagination and a student of world countries, many people tell me that I have such an eye for detail that my broadcasts are more vivid and real than if given by one who has actually seen the places described."

* * *

Twice a week Charles F. Lindsley, head of the speech education department at Occidental College, Los Angeles, gives a musical reading at KHJ with organ background. He first began to broadcast six years ago . . . left the field for three or four years . . . and is now back again with his baritone voice in dramatic readings of high order.

* * *

Mary Pasmore, KFRC Violinist, Has Strange Experience

Mary Pasmore, first violinist in KFCR's prize concert orchestra had an interesting experience when vacationing a year or so ago. Says she:

"One of the most unique concerts I have ever appeared in took place several years ago when my sister and I were on a camping trip in Oregon.

"Passing through an Indian reservation we were persuaded to stay over and give a concert. As our clothes were in a dilapidated condition, we scoured the Indian store for suitable raiment and appeared that night garbed somewhat as follows: my sister in a blouse that had

been laundered in the camp and dried au-natural and soiled knickers, and myself in a black dress borrowed from the storekeeper's wife, who must have weighed 250 pounds.

"Whether the Indians enjoyed the show or not has always been an enigma. They did not, at any time, betray the slightest emotion but listened in absolute and complete silence. There was only an occasional wail from a papoose.

"When it was all over they stalked out without comment. The three white people present, however, told us that they must have liked it or else they would have left the hall in a body before the concert was finished."

* * *

G. Donald Gray, dramatic reader for KPO, is a native of England but has long since been naturalized during his residence in this country. Six feet in height, about 180 pounds, deep set blue eyes, his hair is snow white and has been, he says, since the early twenties.

Mr. Gray does his Radio reading mostly on the afternoon programs although sometimes it is on the evening broadcasts as well. He never wears a hat, is addicted to sports raiment and indulges in horseback riding as a favorite pastime. Often he forsakes the Radio drama to become fourth member in a studio male quartet—The Capers.

Cecil Wright of KFRC Is Harmonica Devotee

Cecil Wright, of KFRC, calls himself the "Country Boy Entertainer," and everything about him lives up to the name. He says: Having lived in Arkansas and Oklahoma 'most all my life, and mainly in the country, I have had a good deal to do with the type of music I play, although, of course, I do like jazz, too. I can sing and play more than 200 songs and musical numbers from memory and most of these entirely by ear.

Young Wright, twenty-two summers and winters, straps a harmonica in a frame around his neck, places a guitar in his lap and when he isn't singing with guitar accompaniment he blows on the harmonica. Before going West he was with KTHS, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and he has earned his living by singing since he was fifteen.

* * *

Bill Sharples, known as "The New Idea Man" (KMIC and KMTR) has moved lodgings over to KTM where he gives an early morning two hour broadcast every day in the week at 7 a.m., Pacific standard time.

* * *

John Te Groen, who worked his way through college by playing the xylophone as a solo instrument and also with hotel orchestras . . . including the Alexandria, where Paul Whiteman got his start . . . is now with KMPC, in Beverly Hills, exclusive neighbor of Los Angeles.

Lean and lanky, with a melancholy demeanor somewhat like an old-fashioned deacon, John plays a mean xylophone; does solo work, too; directs the studio dance group; and even has a string trio which bears his name.

* * *

Arthur Shaw, KTM organist, passed away during the summer months after a long illness. Previous to that he had held the same position at KTAB, Oakland, and while studying in Trinity college, London, took honors in music for three consecutive years.

* * *

They Shake Hands Below Mike and Herman of WENR

"Herr-mann" seems to have done something to win plaudits for a change, for here is Mike congratulating him instead of giving it to him hot and heavy.

This is the well-liked comedy team of WENR, Chicago's most popular station according to the recent contest.



What GOOD MUSIC HAS TO OFFER

By WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

ANY one is at liberty to say, and most people do say at frequent intervals, that we live in a wonderful age. I shall not try to swell the chorus, but content myself with gently murmuring, "How well I know it." Edward Bellamy wrote a book during the last decade of the nineteenth century called "Looking Backward," which depicted an imaginary socialistic state of the year 2000 or thereabouts. One of the blessings to be enjoyed by the lucky inhabitants of this Utopia was music from a central broadcasting station, delivered free to every household, and made available merely by turning a switch. It was a lovely idea, and thousands who read the book during its years of popularity must have wished that they too might go to sleep and wake up in the year 2000 to find a symphony orchestra on tap all day long; but no one ever thought it would come true.

Still it has come true, without our having to wait either for the year 2000 or for a socialistic state. We have Radio broadcasting. To-day the performance of the Philadelphia, or of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, or of the Chicago, or of the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, can be picked up and delivered to you and to me, in astonishing fidelity and with effects quite remarkably like the real thing. But what are the millions going to do with all this opportunity to hear the performances of these great organizations? That is what I should like, quite seriously, to know.



William Braid White



Gen. Charles G. Dawes

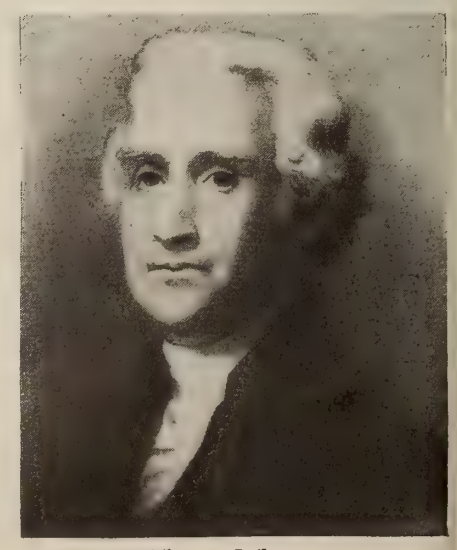
All sorts of attempts have been made by broadcasting stations and networks to discover the truth about public taste in the matter of what is called, rather inaccurately, "classical" music. I think that there can be no doubt as to the changes that have taken place in this taste during the last few years. But at the same time, although the American people are taking more kindly each year to music of the more serious kind, there is still an awful amount of ignorance among them on every side of the subject. Of course it is open to any one to say that it is the business neither of me nor of any other person to reproach the American people for preferring dance music and sentimental sloppy songs to the works of the great masters of music. I am quite willing to admit that this is so; but at the same time there is no getting away from the fact that the accomplishment of appreciating intelligently great musical expression is one of the most delightful, soothing and satisfying that this restless age knows. He or she who knows how to listen-in with sympathetic appreciation to the performance of symphonies by a great orchestra or of the masterpieces of piano, violin, choral or chamber music by eminent musicians, and to understand what it is to which he listens, has acquired a sovereign remedy for nearly all the mental ills to which flesh is heir. And really, the job is by no means either difficult or painful. Appreciative understanding of the fine art of fine music can readily be obtained by any man, woman or child who is willing to take a little trouble.

* * *

Of Course It's Worthwhile

It is hardly worth arguing the question of worth-whileness. It ought to be enough to know that it would be impossible to write a list of great statesmen, scientists, financiers, writers, or philosophers without including the names of sincere lovers of music in its highest forms. Frederick the Great played the flute and wrote music for it, Thomas Jefferson played the violin, Goethe,

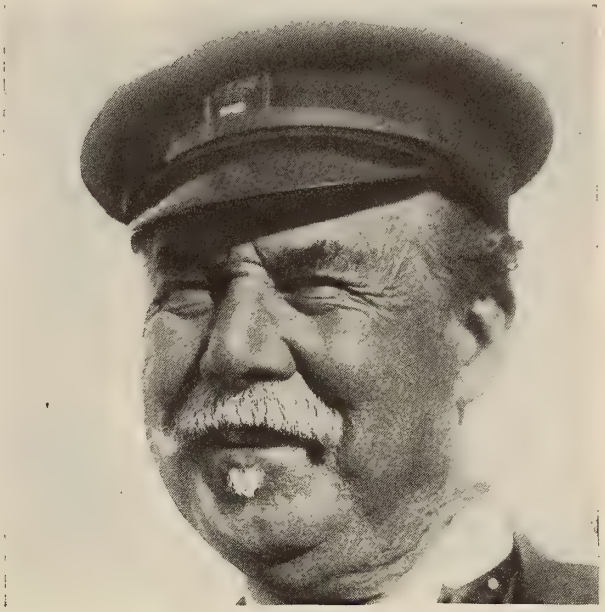
(*Continued on page 73*)



Thomas Jefferson

GRAND OLD MAN *of the* SEA

Sir Thomas Lipton Shakes Hands With Mayor Jimmy Walker and Gets "Mike-fright" at Welcome Party



THE great international yacht race is over. The equally famous cup reposes in the victor's place of abode. And withal Americans have come to know a certain man not only as a sportsman but as a good sport.

Of course to the lucky ones who have burned hands hauling on main sheet ropes, grown dexterous cleating port and starboard stays, and sweat lustily while breaking out spinnakers it is no news that sail boat racing develops not only yachtsmen but also good sports. Even the best at the game have to be good losers nearly as often as they are good winners, and by the same law of averages America's percentage of victories might be smaller if the one man who comes over from the other side always met the same opponent.

Be that as it may, let the cup rest in all glory with the winner. But regardless of who won, the public's interest in and sympathies with dramatic Sir Thomas Lipton have grown deeper. So gallant and persevering a challenger—such a distinctive face—has created for us all a memory of a lovable personality. Another "grand old man" has come into his own. Hence it is a real pleasure to give some close-up impressions of the man himself. Here is the story as told by the special representative of Radio Digest who was a member of the official delegation which welcomed Sir Thomas Lipton to the United States:



© International Newsreel Photo

Microphone was one of the first to seek a word with Sir Thomas Lipton on his arrival. Left to right: Thomas Cowan, (announcer), Sir Thomas Lipton, Grover Whalen, Thomas Mann and Wm. H. Rankin.

SIR THOMAS arrived in New York on the Leviathan with a heavy coastal fog as the main reception committee. To be sure the mayor of New York City, "Jimmie" Walker, sent a delegation down the bay under the command of Grover Whalen, New York's official greeter, along with a ship load of motion picture sound men and their cameras, close to fifty news camera men, reporters on New York papers, and an energetic crew of three Radio operators, with their equipment.

Every one in the wide world knew that Sir Thomas Lipton was arriving in New York harbor, from the instant he stepped from the gangplank of the Leviathan, to the S.S. Macom, (the city's official welcoming boat) until the time he wearily stepped into an automobile at the Battery on his way uptown to his hotel. One Radio announcer, with the combined stations of the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, the official station of the city of New

(*Continued on page 89*)



Janet Crose Stanley of KFSK, whose rich colorature tones are heard on Monday nights.

Allan Fairchild, some-time announcer for KMTR, KFI, KFQZ and other southwest stations, has gone back to radio again after selling automobiles for a year or more. He is now with KGFJ with his musical voice. Yes, he's married.. tall, inclined to be thin, coal black hair, sparkling eyes and a dynamic personality.

* * *

Bill Simmons, aged thirty-one and happily married, now lives in San Leandro, California, but he often croons cowboy songs via KROW, San Francisco. When Bill was a youngster he lived on his father's ranch and thought the place was a real Utopia. But his fond parents hustled him off to New York for schooling when he was about ten and the boy was sad and disconsolate.

However, he lived through it all, but, when the schoolhouse doors closed with a bang when it was all over, he promptly hiked westward and worked on a ranch in Colorado. What a treat the cattle had . . . harmonica, guitar, fiddle, yodels and everything. Now he does Radio work and phonograph recordings for a living and is happy once more, even though his favorite cattle ranch is far, far away.

* * *

KYA's violinist and member of its studio instrumental trio, Fred Heward, used to teach violin and harmony at the University of Washington. For some reason or other, he dropped out of the teaching angle to devote most of his time to Radio although he still gives private lessons in the San Francisco bay district.

* * *

Paul Lanning does some fancy whistling for KFRC's Blue Monday Jamboree and he learned it all in Chicago where he used to live. He left college in the junior year to do some circuit touring for vaudeville and finally landed in San Francisco. In everyday life his business has to do with automobile mechanism so whistling is a hobby.

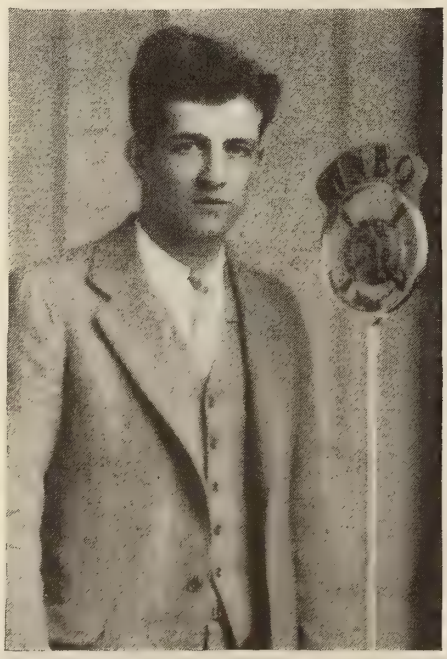
Another hobby is by way of imitating birds and wild game. He is six feet tall, weighs a trifle less than 150 pounds, big brown eyes, black hair, and a tooth brush mustache.

* * *

Kitty Brown, continuity scribe for KGER, is double jointed. How do we know? Well, she took part in a Laurel and Hardy comedy not so long ago. A graduate of the University of Washington, she once wrote a song which was published by a national sorority. Song writer, circus acrobat, radio writer . . . what will Kitty do next? She is of the buxom type, brunette, weighs 198 on the hoof, starting to lose her girlish figure . . only 24 and unmarried.

* * *

Everett Hoagland and his Troubadors once more do the wandering minstreal act. First they were at the Santa Ana, California, station. Then they journeyed to KFWB, in Hollywood, then to KFOX and finally to KGER where they are



Henry Temple of WNBO poses after his return from a trip as guest announcer in the East.



Meet KHJ's popular studio manager, Van C. Newkirk, known also to fans as a singer.

heard twice nightly playing by remote control from down the beach at Balboa.

Hoagland, looking very collegiate.. lithe, spritely, trim mustache..has a fine orchestra of collegiate youths and their music is said to be the most popular of any group just outside Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, of course, George Olsen, Ben Bernie, Gus Arnheim and Earl Burtnett all vie for first honors with all rights and privileges pertaining thereto.

* * *

Gasoline Rebellion Launched by WNAY

Almost from the beginning the federal Radio commission has taken the stand that community broadcast stations perform a valuable service to their listeners. Pertinent to that theory the Gurney seed company, which operates WNAX at Yankton, S. D., decided to take up cudgels against the high price of gasoline, which they considered oppressive to their farmer listeners. This was just one more burden—in fact the proverbial straw.

Mr. D. B. Gurney, president of the company, hired investigators to find out whether the arbitrary price of 21 cents was justified. The reports indicated that it was not. Acting in behalf of his company he thereupon announced to the WNAX listeners that he would bring in good gasoline to sell at a fair price, which was established at 17 cents. After arranging for equipment and his independ-

ent supply he told the listeners they could now buy their gas at the low rate. Almost immediately the old companies cut their rate to meet the broadcaster's, but the farmers, according to the Gurney announcements, have consistently stood by and many of them drive as far as fifty miles to buy their gasoline supplies from the nearest WNAX gasoline station. This South Dakota station has won two Radio Digest popularity prizes.

* * *

Ray Bailey of KMTR Resembles Whiteman

Ray Bailey, KMTR musical director, says he may look like Paul Whiteman but he's glad to weigh a hundred pounds less than Paul during the warm summer weather just passed. Ray . . . with tricky mustache that wiggles from side to side . . . somewhat pot bellied . . . sporting flashy neckties . . . does some violin work for the talkies but is always up at KMTR's studios by nightfall to direct and rehearse his studio groups and ensembles. By way of hobbies, he has made a special study of sound effects for Radio and has invented several unique devices for this type of work.

* * *

The Luboviski trio, famed KNX musical instrumentalists, is minus a cellist since Walter V. Ferner resigned in the summer. It is said that a new member will not be picked until the fall months. In the meantime, the violinist and pianist have done solo numbers. Calmon Luboviski, one of the four Luboviski brothers at the station, small in stature, is a master violinist. Claire Mellonino, pianist, is plump, witty and premiere classic pianist of Radio in Hollywood . . . also the wife of Pierre Mellonino, KNX studio manager.



Gunnar Wiig of WHEC

Gunnar Wiig Makes Hit as Radio Reporter

"Here is the wind-up . . . here it comes . . Wheee — there it goes!" That's a phrase everybody in Rochester knows even better than most people know "Sho! Sho!" or "I's regusted" or "Aint dat sompin'!" They have become used to it through hearing Gunnar O. Wiig's broadcast of the ball games over WHEC in the Kodak city.

Gunnar Wiig has been making Radio history in the northern New York territory and on the Canadian side of the border. He is an enthusiastic Radio reporter. He has the happy faculty of bringing the listener to the game as he sits at home, or in front of the Radio store where the progress of the game is being reported. Mr. Wiig is equally proficient in broadcasting a game from the ticker tape.

His good sportsmanship has created a reputation for himself among the junior element. His voice is something mysterious and wonderful to the young boys who have abandoned the peek-hole in the ball-park fence for the receiving set at home.

Here is evidence which proves beyond a doubt the fact that this reporter's popularity is grounded on solid, hard rock. Not long ago a special day was set apart as Radio Fans' Day—a special occasion for the set sitters to come out and show their appreciation for the free games they had attended by their receivers at home. The occasion was a marked success for it was attended by 15,000 fans.

New Popularity Contest starts with this issue of Radio Digest!

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid-in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct..	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

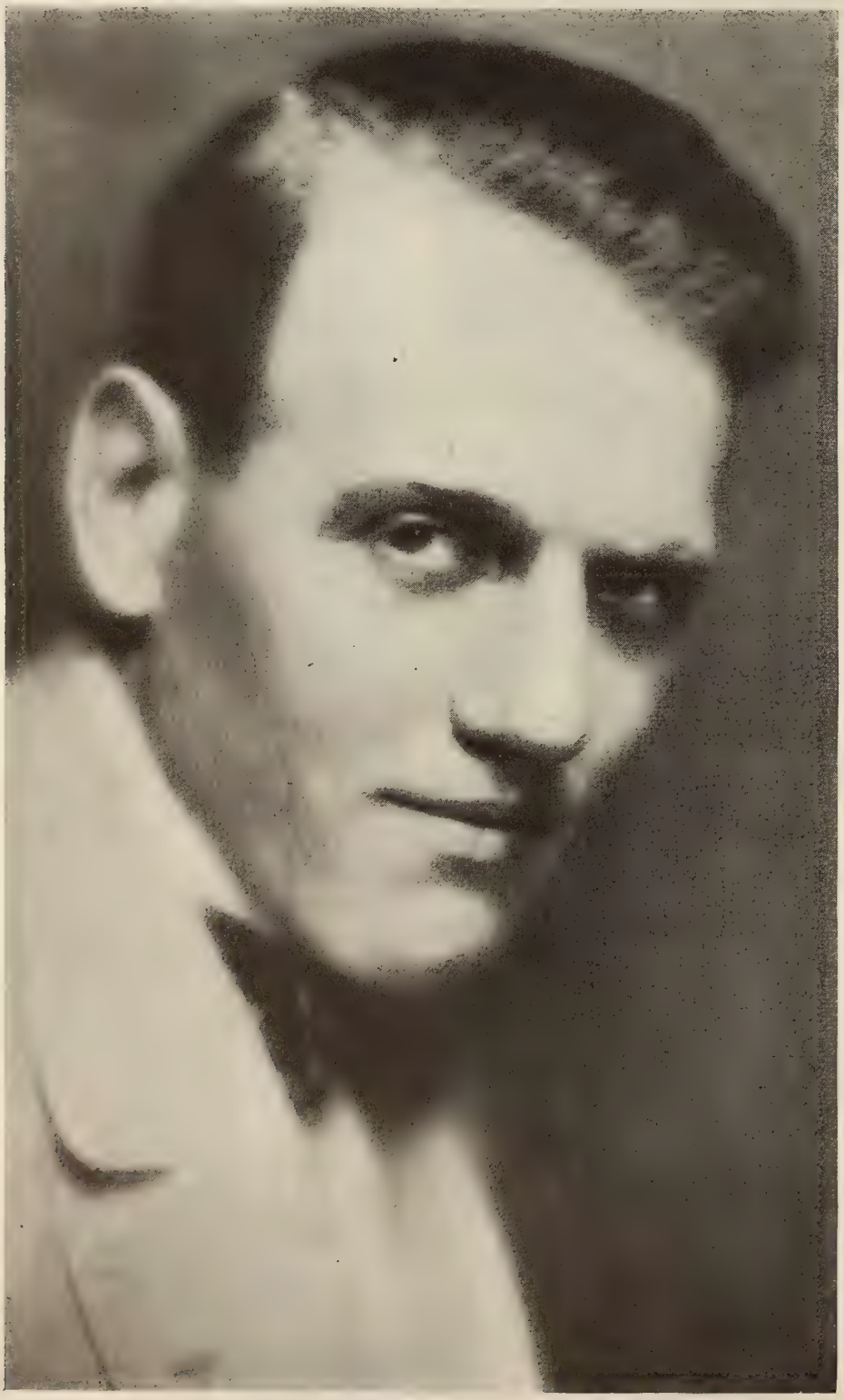
7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Willard Robison's

Haunting Harmonies

Spirituals and Blues Songs Turn Dials to Maxwell House Hour from Coast to Coast



Willard Robison who brings the croon songs and spirituals to listeners throughout the country.

A RED second hand creeps resolutely past its black brothers on the face of an electrically synchronized clock. The red hand is ticking inevitably toward a program cue in the large studio on the thirteenth floor of the National Broadcasting Company building in New York. In twenty—eighteen—sixteen seconds, says the hand, it will be 9:30 o'clock. Another weekly program of Maxwell House Melodies will be vibrating radio speakers in thousands of homes from coast to coast.

But only one man in the studio is watching the seconds as they vanish toward the "zero" hour. He is the announcer, Alwyn Bach, who listens through his earphones and spares one eye for the lights in his switchboard while he observes the red hand out of the corner of the other.

For everyone else in the studio, there is a more absorbing, vital object of attention. Twenty-three musicians, four young vocalists, half a hundred guests admitted by ticket to this sanctum of sound, are watching a slender, blond young man who is slouched indolently against a grand piano by the conductor's stand. He is Willard Robison, the director, famous exponent of the syncopated spiritual and hauntingly harmonized "blues" song, whose original Deep River Orchestra has been swallowed up in the enlarged Maxwell House ensemble.

THE sixteen seconds pass. Lights flash in the switchboard. Bach turns from his announcer's microphone and drops his hand—the gesture signifying "on the air". With the soothing strains of "Peaceful Valley", one of Robison's own compositions, the orchestra begins its program, and the audience relaxes after its expectant wait.

But Robison, the director, becomes

alert, intense. His interest in the proceedings, however, is not that of the conventional director. He doesn't wave a baton, and his hair remains unruffled. In fact, he may not move from his piano during all of the signature song. Only his attitude of careful listening, or perhaps a lifted eyebrow in the direction of the 'cellos, indicates his constant scrutiny of the performance. For Willard Robison, who brought haunting croon songs and spirituals of the Southwestern Negro to jazz weary New York, belongs to a new school of radio conductors.

Robison is an ardent student of the technique of broadcast music. He places his emphasis on painstaking rehearsals, on meticulous perfection of the balance of his orchestrations in terms of their reproduction on the air.

But let's turn back to the progress of this program just begun, to this typical Thursday night concert by Willard Robison and his Maxwell House ensemble.

First may come a rhythmic spiritual entitled "We'll Have a New Home in the Morning", a composition by Robison whose title suggests that it is a sort of epilogue to his "Cottage for Sale", the song which first brought him fame in New York. Then comes an example of the new idiom in Negro spirituals, "Aunt Hagar's Chillun", by W. C. Handy, the father of the "Blues".

Next, perhaps, the impresario himself goes to the piano, and leans over toward the solo microphone which is swung across the piano-top on a two-by-four plank—a studio "set-up" designed especially for Robison's own crooning style. He goes into one of his most notable studies in modernistic harmonies, "Head Low". Breathing softly into the microphone, he becomes an old revivalist, busily "rasslin' with Satan and savin' souls!" Camp meeting is in full swing after the first few bars; traffic is heavy on the sawdust trail.

Then evening shadows lengthen in the swamplands, lights twinkle in the cabins as dusk falls in the canebrake, and a song of lament rises from the lowlands. Willard Robison's orchestra plays Rube Bloom's prize-winning "Song of the Bayou".

Released from the misty spell of the Mississippi swamps by the inevitable "brief pause for station announcements", heralded nowadays by the melody of chimes, listeners next hear the voices of four young men, lullingly keyed to the strains of "Oh, Miss Hannah". The fact that they are carefully attired in dinner jackets, singing into a metal box in a room with modernistic appointments, fails to destroy for listeners the atmosphere of the Deep South. The young men in this quartet, incidentally, are Victor Hall and Randolph Weyant, tenors; Ken Christie, baritone, and Bob Moody, bass.

By way of sparkling conclusion, Willard Robison may choose as his finale for this characteristic Maxwell House period a syncopated medley from a current New York musical show.

What Good Music Has to Offer

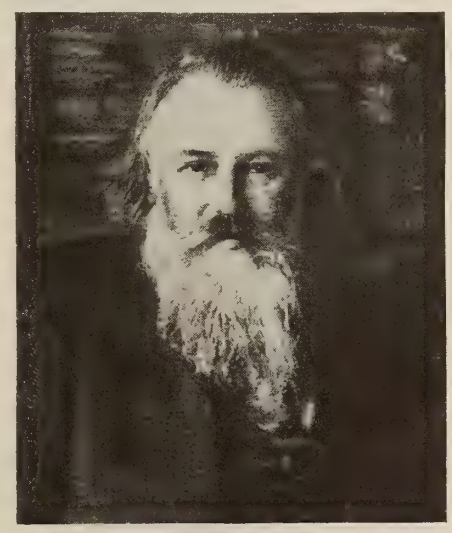
(*Continued from page 68*)

Schopenhauer, Nietszche, were lovers of music and amateur musicians. Gladstone loved music. Balfour played the violin very well. Among the famous Americans of today, one only need mention Edison, General Dawes, Otto Kahn. In New York or Chicago you will find among the audiences which crowd to hear the great symphony orchestras, bankers, clergymen, presidents of great industrial corporations like Charles M. Schwab.

* * *

Musicians As Men

There is a notion that only long-haired dreamy eccentrics can either play or compose music. There is no more pestiferously silly notion. Every great composer of great music has been a magnificent mental and spiritual engine, giving forth from his highly specialized brain thoughts too deep and sweet to be uttered in words and visions too profound and rare to be seen by the eye. Such a man (and every great composer has been a man, strange as it may seem) is necessarily strong, mentally and physically. One of the best examples is Brahms, last of the great musical thinkers of the age just past. One sees him in the mind's eye, the stocky sturdy old bachelor, with the big cigar between his lips, the old black derby on the back of his magnificent head and the long splendid grey beard sweeping over his chest. "There," the people of Vienna might have said as they watched him walking each afternoon down the street from the modest apartment where he had worked all day long composing, writing down, correcting proofs, "there goes a man." And a man he was, every inch of him, a man of immense physical and mental powers, a man who lived life through and through, who was thinker, reader, artist and exponent of masculinity, all rolled into one.



Johannes Brahms

I am going to try during coming months, to introduce as many of my readers as will accompany me to that delectable land of tone which holds for those who have the key to its golden gardens, satisfactions and joys which no pen can describe and no money can buy. Radio broadcasting brings each day to millions at least some examples of great art-music, beautiful in itself and beautifully played. On how many deaf ears is all that beauty wasted! Yet the ears of the deaf can be unstopped and the magic fairyland be thrown open to each and every one. How many of you will take the journey with me? You will find it interesting and delightful every step of the way.

* * *

And This Is How

Happily for us all, Radio broadcasting gives us almost an unlimited amount of opportunity to hear all the best in music. I intend to draw a great deal upon the advance programs of the big broadcasting chains. I shall talk this winter about the symphony concerts which are to be broadcast from New York, about the operas which will also be available and about the many, many chamber music recitals which can be heard from one or another of the better stations almost all the year round. You know, chamber music, that is music in the smaller concerted forms such as trios, quartets, quintets and so on, is really in some ways the loveliest of all music, for it appeals by its own sheer beauty to those who know how to listen to it; nor does it need the noise and bombast of a great orchestral mass to carry it through.

As I said, I am going to carry on these talks with my readers in a genuine effort to bring a great many more of the Radio Digest's family into an understanding communion with great music. As a general rule I shall divide each month's chat into two parts: one a little talk about music in general or some form of it and the other a short notice of some musical work which one of the big symphony orchestras will be broadcasting. I shall talk about musicians too, as men and as artists, how the musician thinks in terms of tone; and all that sort of thing. I shall do my best to be neither dull nor trivial and hope you will all be pleased.



A chafing dish supper of rarebit, stuffed olives and coffee before an open fire is a fitting close to a perfect evening.

Achieving Perfection in Informal Entertainment

By

Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

Style Advisor of Columbia Broadcasting System

Interesting hints about arranging parties may be gleaned from this interview with Grace White, dietician and entertainment counsellor of the Radio Home-Makers Club

IN THE fall a woman's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of entertaining. The heat of summer is gone and we find ourselves energetic once more and eager to display our newly returned abilities. Like as not, new curtains are up, freshly cleaned carpets are down and our homes in general have taken on a more cozy aspect, all of which we are also eager to display. But just as soon as we begin to think of parties, we are burdened with the task of inventing new menus, new games, novel ways of making our parties just a little bit different to make them interesting.

Realizing this, I called on Grace White, the dietician and entertainment genius of the Radio Home-Makers Club, where I was sure I could learn the very newest wrinkles to pass on to you. And I was not disappointed. Here's the result of our conference:—

"Entertaining," Miss White said, "must be thought of in two distinct categories—that which we do alone and that which is done with the help of domestics. Servants can easily be dispensed with, as these days of strict immigration laws and high prices have proved. However, I would not advise anyone to give a formal dinner party without the aid of servants."

We both agreed, on the other hand, that delightful, *in*formal dinner parties can be given in even the smallest apartments and that there is no more truly hospitable form of entertaining. Of course, such a party must be small; say four, or at the most six diners. The menu cannot be elaborate. Four courses, consisting of soup or an appetizer, a roast, salad and dessert, are all that can be easily handled alone. And it is quite enough. As a matter of fact, even women who entertain on a grand scale have long since drifted away from the interminable meals of twenty years ago. Our knowledge of calories, vitamins, balanced rations, and the new fashions have shown us the folly of gourmandizing.

An excellent idea for these intimate little dinners is to serve a grill plate for the main course. Sectioned dinner plates—blue plates, as they are called—are invaluable assets to every household. In small apartments where there is no room for large dining tables on which to set innumerable dishes, the grill plate is especially welcome. The meat and vegetables can be arranged on the individual plates in the kitchen and only the gravy, relishes and compote have to be passed at the table.

Miss White suggests the following menu for a small dinner party. It is easy to prepare and serve and will leave the smallest amount of work to be done after the guests are gone. First, mock or real turtle

soup, flavored with sherry, served in cups; for the main course a grill plate consisting of a french lamb chop, fried tomato topped with a large broiled mushroom, mashed potatoes and fresh peas; a salad course of hearts of lettuce with rocquefort cheese dressing, and a frozen fruit salad and petit fours for dessert.

The soup can be bought canned or in a glass jar. If it is not already flavored, a small bottle of cooking sherry can be purchased at the same time and added to taste. Remember, cooking sherry is very salty, so proceed with care. Have the soup in the pot ready to heat at the last minute and add the sherry just before serving. The soup, in consomme cups, should be at each place when the guests come to the table. Small, round, salt wafers should be on each bread and butter plate for the soup and salad courses.

THE chops and mushrooms can be broiled while the soup is being heated and left in the hot oven while the first course is eaten. The mashed potatoes should be kept hot over a pot of boiling water. The fresh peas, from which the water has been drained, can be kept piping hot in the same way, a generous lump of butter added to them so that they do not dry up. The blue plates standing on top of the oven will be handy and hot when the main course is to be served. After the first course is removed from the table, the blue plates are carefully prepared, garnished with cress or finely chopped parsley. Hot finger rolls should accompany this course.

The hearts of lettuce on individual

How would you like to give a company dinner with a table set like the one at the bottom of the page? The candelabrum is wreathed with bits of laurel and bayberries. The red vases are filled with narcissi. The first course is in position.

Afternoon bridge is usually followed by tea served in the same room. The table or tea wagon should be prepared beforehand. Dainty sandwiches and small iced cakes are the usual repast.





salad plates should be ready in the ice box, together with a bowl of dressing to be passed with the salad.

BEFORE serving the dessert, the table is cleared of everything but glasses, mints and salted nuts. The dessert, which is really a delicious fruit parfait, can be frozen in an electric refrigerator or a regular freezer. It can be placed on the individual plates before going to the table where the small cakes are passed with it.

Just before the dessert is served, the coffee pot, filled beforehand, should be set on the fire. If you have an electric pot it is much cozier to bring it into the livingroom after dinner and let it percolate in there, where the coffee will be served.

If your guests are congenial to one another—and a wise hostess takes great care to invite only those who are—if the table is prettily decorated with gleaming damask, flowers, candles and shining silver and glassware, you can take all the time necessary to prepare each course artistically before bringing it to the table, secure in the knowledge that the diners are having a good time while they are waiting for you.

The work should be done without flurry and with enough time to arrange each course prettily. A tea wagon is an excellent aid to the servantless hostess for with it each course can be removed or served in one journey. Don't allow anyone else to help you for this is so apt to break up conversation at the table. And after all, the success of any dinner party, large or small, depends as much on the conversation as the food.

Serving the coffee away from the dining table has a two-fold purpose: first, it gives the hostess a reason for suggesting that the guests leave the table when dinner is over so that she can quickly remove everything to the kitchen to be cleaned up quickly when the guests are gone; second, it is indispensable in continuing the mood of the dinner table. Over a cup of coffee and a cigarette, conversation flows with the same cheerful intimacy that inspires it at the table. Later on, cards may be in order or the radio can be turned on and the carpet rolled back for dancing.

THERE is no more delightful place to entertain friends than in the intimacy and quiet of the home, but the hostess must lend all of her efforts to make every one feel relaxed and entertained. To do this, it is important first to feel that way yourself. Plan even the smallest party carefully so that you will be unflurried and at ease before your guests. Mix with them. If one seems to be left out of things, draw her into the circle. If discussions get too hot and tempestuous, change the subject discreetly. Never discuss your own worries and cares, and when your guests are comfortable in what they are doing, don't suggest something else in your anxiety to please.

IN THE autumn there are many excuses for giving special parties, if one needs any excuse at all. Besides these, there are the little luncheons, afternoon bridges and teas which women love to give,—maybe to honor a visitor or to introduce a new neighbor to your friends, or just to gather some congenial souls together.

First let us think of Hallowe'en, a holiday that inspires us all with the spirit of fun and youth. Though it is to a great extent the children's day, adults can release their feelings and rollick, too, in an atmosphere of witches, black cats and ghostly "spooky" and mysterious revels.



A smart luncheon table. The doilies and center bowl of flowers give a touch of distinction to the table that is enhanced by the simplicity of arrangement.

Grace White told me of an invitation which she received last year to a grown-up Hallowe'en party (grown-ups do have such parties, you know) and which was made of a strip of black paper, 20 inches long and 4 inches wide. The paper was folded up in inch widths and a line of the following invitation was written in each fold in white ink:

(*Continued on page 125*)

FRANCES INGRAM *on* *Personality*

Beauty Expert Talks To Women Listeners

(Editor's Note: Believing that it is impossible for all listeners to hear all programs of merit and believing further that many listeners like to have a written record of certain programs they hear, Radio Digest is planning to print a number of programs, particularly those of a prose nature, in virtually verbatim form.)



Feminine listeners eagerly tune in to hear Miss Ingram

MISS INGRAM is as usual in her own studio—a distinctly feminine room done in rose and silver gray. She is busy dictating letters to Marion, her secretary—letters to women all over the country who write to her in response to her radio talks for advice on their complexion troubles.

MARION: There's one here from Detroit that's awfully interesting—to me anyway. Here it is.

Dear Miss Ingram:

I have been listening to you every Tuesday morning for the last month. I'm writing to you because you always are so optimistic and so encouraging. I need to be encouraged because I have no job. I did have a pretty good position which I've held ever since I was graduated from college two years ago. I was assistant buyer in the misses' department in one of the largest department stores here in Detroit. I like my work and I was good at it, but in the past six months three other girls who had not been in the department as long as I were promoted over me. The head of the department never did like me, I know. I went to see her to find out why the other girls had been made buyers while I was still an assistant. The only reason that she gave me was that I lacked personality. She admitted that I was capable, but she said that I didn't act efficiently and I lacked personality. So I resigned. It's the unfairest thing I ever heard of. But since listening to you, I've been wondering if maybe my appearance affected my chance of promotion. There's nothing much the matter with my complexion that I can see although it's a little dull. I don't suppose you can tell me how to develop personality, can you, or how to act efficiently? Sincerely yours, ——

FRANCES INGRAM:—That last sounds like a challenge, doesn't it, Marion? Of course, I can't develop her personality for her, but it is possible to tell her how to do it herself. Take this letter to her, please. (Dictation) I know how bitter and discouraged you must feel, and I am glad that you have given me this opportunity to help you, for I think I can. Please don't allow yourself to think that you cannot alter any aspect of your nature. You can. You become what you think. You know that old saying—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are"—well, this one applies in your case, too—"Tell me what you think and I'll tell you what you are." A new paragraph, Marion. You say that the head of your department accuses you of having no personality. We use that expression a lot these days and it isn't strictly accurate. When we say a person lacks personality, what we mean is that she lacks vivid or attractive personality.

MARION: Most people believe personality is a natural endowment. And you really think that if you don't have a good personality you can make one?

FRANCES INGRAM: That's a large order. Personality is hard to define. I'd say that it was that indefinable something that makes a woman radiant, attractive, likeable.

MARION: And you really think that if you don't have a good personality you can make one?

FRANCES INGRAM: I certainly do. This is an age of self-development—particularly self-development for women. And one of the things women can develop is an attractive personality—as I was about to tell this girl we're writing to. Let's see—what had I said last?

MARION: Oh . . . . "When we say a person lacks personality, what we mean is that she lacks vivid or attractive personality."

FRANCES INGRAM: Oh, yes. A new paragraph, please. (Dictation) You can develop a vivid and attractive personality if you really want to. First, as a foundation on which to develop personality, it's advisable to have perfect health. Occasionally you will find invalids with strong, vibrant personalities, but they are the exception, not the rule. To be radiant, you need splendid health. Too many women are content to spend their lives in a sort of twilight of subnormal vitality. They aren't really ill, but they aren't well either. Often this condition is due to the fact that all is not as it should be internally. Lack of internal cleanliness drains animation and makes women look old even when they aren't. Personally, I am enthusiastic about the saline method for internal use in this connection. (To Marion) Enclose two booklets in this letter, Marion,

(*Continued on page 89*)

Budget Your Way to Prosperity

The road to happiness and contentment stretches before those who have learned the secret of restrained spending

By Anne B. Lazar

TO THOSE impracticable souls who reach down in their reticules, handbags or purses to the tune of the alluring shades of hosiery, the bewildering varieties of gloves and other such objects of delight and who find at the end of the week that the money roll needs a substantial breakfast, Ida Bailey Allen recommends the prosaic, but important expedient of a budget.

The budget may be a stern, formal regulation and its object may be to still the ceaseless cravings of the feminine nature, but its mission in the world is a very worthy one. If faithfully obeyed, the budget makes possible the attainment of many things—from that trip to Europe, the hope of which is entertained by every woman, to the complete and harmonious furnishing of a home.

Ida Bailey Allen, founder and president of the Radio Home - Makers Club, gives helpful budget talks and practical advice on the intelligent apportioning of incomes every Tuesday and Wednesday at 9:45 a.m. EST over Radio Station WABC. These biweekly Wanamaker programs are very helpful to those who are anxious to clip the ambitious wings of this thing called the dollar, and who need something more practicable than inspired moments to open bank accounts.

Mrs. Allen has this to say about the subject: "A home organized on a budget basis is a far pleasanter place to live in than one where financial uncertainties are in the air. Rent or mortgage payments are taken care of automatically. Every member of the family is a self-respecting individual, responsible for the spending of a definite share of the common fund. There is no wheedling or complaining. Instead, a loyal spirit of team-work prevails and the family works as a unit."

The effects of budgeting are manifold. It establishes a common interest among the members of the family. It disciplines the wayward taste for gewgaws and novelties of apparel, and it makes possible, as aforementioned, the attainment of higher aims.

But, it may be asked, how can one learn to budget? The only way to learn is to begin. According to Mrs. Allen a family conference should be called first. Calculate the amount you can actually depend upon for your income. Then make a list of the necessary yearly expenses of each member, and apportion them fairly according to the established plan. Some minor adjustments may have to be made here and there, but the fundamentals agreed upon, they should be made to stay.

Mrs. Allen points out the mutual confidence that will thus be established between husband and wife, the manliness it will develop in boys, and the spirit of cooperation which the children will evidence in being actually allowed to cooperate with the grown-ups.

The most practicable way to outline this year's budget is to base it upon the expenses of the previous year. However, on the opposite page is a table to guide you, in the event that you have no knowledge of last year's expenses.

Under the general headings of the budget tables the following subdivisions should be included:

Savings
- a. Insurance (life)
- b. Mortgage amortizations
- c. Investments
- d. Savings

Home
- a. Rent
- b. Taxes (when not specially provided for)
- c. Interest on Mortgage
- d. Heating
- e. Repairs and upkeep of house or apartment
- f. Fire insurance (on house itself)

Food
- a. Groceries
- b. Fruit and vegetables
- c. Dairy products
- d. Meat and fish
- e. Lunches

Clothing
- a. Husband's clothes
- b. Wife's clothes
- c. Children's clothes, etc.



Photo Courtesy John Wanamaker, New York

A one-room budget home for the single person of small income—piano desk, $375; decorated ritz daybed, $150; plain arm chair, $51; calico covered arm chair, $60; gateleg table, $23; nest of 3 tables, $28; total, $687.

Housekeeping
- a. Fuel for cooking
- b. Ice
- c. Light
- d. Laundry
- e. Household linen, equipment and upkeep
- f. Telephone
- g. Servants' wages, uniforms, etc.
- h. Fire and burglary insurance on furniture
- i. Cleaning materials
- j. Accident and health insurance
- k. Incidentals

Recreation
- a. Vacation and travel
- b. Social clubs
- c. Gifts
- d. Automobile—purchase and upkeep
- e. Radio and phonographs
- f. Amusements
- g. Sports

Health
- a. Medical attention
- b. Dental attention
- c. Medicines, etc.

Education
- a. Tuition
- b. Books, music, etc.
- c. Lectures — cultural clubs
- d. Newspapers, periodicals

Personal
- a. Carfares (daily)
- b. Candy, tobacco, etc.
- c. Toilet articles
- d. Haircuts, shoeshines, manicures, etc.
- e. Loans
- f. Church and charity
- g. Incidentals

Using these charts for your guide, apportion your income to suit your individual needs. Each pay day the first thing to do is to deposit at the bank the amount allotted for saving. Then divide the balance, according to your budget, into the other eight divisions. Money that is not to be used immediately can be kept in a cash box, or in a checking account if there is one, until the end of the month when rent, bills, etc., are due. Other sums, such as vacation money, taxes, and the like, which are not to be used for some time, should be put in the savings bank after being credited to the right accounts.

To be sure to get the full benefit from your clothing allowance, each member of the family should make up a list of every sort of necessary article to complete his clothing equipment for the entire year. After each item put down the approximate cost.

Each week the clothing allowance should be put aside until there is enough to buy one or more of the necessary articles. In this way you will sidestep the temptation to allow the gold and silver pieces to dribble away in unnecessary purchases of those enticing lace handkerchiefs, the colorful ties and other objects that attract your gaze when coins jingle in your pocket.

Budgets for single persons include many types—the independent and self-supporting man or woman, the widow, who often is reduced to a slender income and the widower, who suddenly finds himself in the position of managing a household. Then there are the single young people who, contemplating marriage, can "budget" themselves into the great venture and take part in this fascinating game.

The following plans have been worked out by the Wanamaker Home Budget specialists for single persons:

	Incomes Approximating $1200		Incomes Ranging from $2400 to $5000	
Board and Lodging—including lunches and carfare	55%	$ 660	45%	$1080 $2250
Clothing — including laundry, pressing and repairing	20%	240	18%	432 900
Advancement and Recreation	15%	180	17%	408 850
Savings	10%	120	20%	480 1000
	100%	$1200	100%	$2400 $5000



Photo Courtesy John Wanamaker

The homes that budgets build—sewing machine (used as dressing table), $111; chair, $16; bed, $40; table, $23.50; chair, $45; total, $235.50.

Plan your budget, obey its firm commands. Then worry and sleeplessness, co-partners of unrestrained spending, will be displaced with joy and freedom. Don't give up the battle and don't lose courage, for the errors of the first year will prove to be stepping-stones for next year's progress.

At the end of the year you will experience the unspeakable joy of having money in the bank and of having dissolved little debts which seem so harmless but which gnaw at you like little mice.

Plan a budget, and its stern limitations will prove to be the discipline that so many need.

Budget your way to fascinating trips, to furnishing your home, to accomplishing the many glorious things which you entertain in hope but which you fear are so impossible of realizing, simply because at this moment you have not the means.

The system of budgeting has a far greater sphere of influence than most people suspect. During his presidental term Calvin Coolidge said, "I believe in budgets and I am head of the organization that makes the greatest of all budgets, that of the United States."

This prevents the possibility of Congress having to apologize to veterans of this, that and the other war: "So sorry, Mr. Veteran, don't know how it happened but there just simply isn't enough to go around to you folks." Through the budget system the butcher, baker and candlestick maker are paid promptly.

$1800 A YEAR—$150 A MONTH

	Number in Family			
	Two	Three	Four	Five
Savings	$ 27.00	$ 21.00	$ 15.00	$ 10.00
Home	20.00	20.00	22.00	22.00
Food	37.00	44.00	51.00	58.00
Clothing	20.00	20.00	21.00	22.00
Housekeeping	11.00	12.00	12.00	12.00
Recreation	10.00	9.00	8.00	7.00
Health	6.00	6.00	5.00	5.00
Education	6.00	6.00	5.00	5.00
Personal	13.00	12.00	11.00	9.00
Total for Month	$150.00	$150.00	$150.00	$150.00

$3000 A YEAR—$250 A MONTH

	Number in Family			
	Two	Three	Four	Five
Savings	$ 68.33	$ 56.66	$ 43.00	$ 32.00
Taxes	1.67	.34	—	—
Home	30.00	30.00	35.00	35.00
Food	40.00	48.00	56.00	64.00
Clothing	30.00	33.00	36.00	39.00
Housekeeping	25.00	30.00	32.00	32.00
Recreation	19.00	17.00	16.00	16.00
Health	9.00	9.00	8.00	8.00
Education	9.00	9.00	8.00	8.00
Personal	18.00	17.00	16.00	16.00
Total for Month	$250.00	$250.00	$250.00	$250.00

Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

Sensible placing of modern equipment saves time and energy and banishes the drudgery of the "good old days"

By Evelyn Gardiner

Director, KDKA Home Forum

THE kitchen has at last come into its own. No longer do people think it necessary to have the kitchen in the back part of the house shut off from all the other rooms and a room into which no one outside of the family dare look. Of course many people have for years had a comfortable, convenient kitchen. But too often it is the one room in the house in which little or no effort is put forth to make it attractive. When a housewife spends so much time out of a day in this room, why shouldn't it be the best room in the house? And as the health and comfort and happiness of the entire family rest so largely upon the products of the kitchen it ought to be the best equipped room in the house. How about it? How many agree with me? Is your kitchen convenient?

Some may still cling to the good, old-fashioned kitchen. Habit rules most of us. I heard a woman say recently that she couldn't cook in these new-fangled kitchens, because there wasn't sufficient room. She liked a big kitchen where she would not feel cramped. Yes, I recall the kitchen to which she referred. It was the old-fashioned kind, all right. The stove was on one side of the room near a dark corner. The work table was on another side quite near the stove but miles away from the sink and supply cupboards. The sink was opposite the

(*Continued on page 118*)



That tired feeling often is the result of the needless steps taken because of unscientific arrangement of the kitchen. Note the convenient placing of equipment in the KDKA Home Forum Test Kitchen.



CAN YOU FIND THE ROOSTERS IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PEP FLOCK?

Look the picture over carefully.

THESE bright-eyed, alert birds are proud of their red combs and snowy plumage. They are even prouder of the delicately-flavored, fine quality PEP eggs they are "laying for you."

About those roosters, though . . . that is a little joke. You can't find them . . . because there aren't any. Roosters are not allowed among the PEP laying flocks.

PEP poultrymen can thus guarantee the infertility of every PEP egg. These infertile eggs are the answer of nature and science to the housewife's desire for a perfect egg. They do not contain the life germ which causes the inferior food quality of fertile eggs.

Every PEP egg tastes just like every other PEP egg—and, oh, how different from ordinary eggs!

PACIFIC EGG PRODUCERS

COOPERATIVE, INC.

SAN FRANCISCO NEW YORK CHICAGO

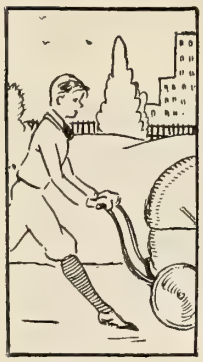
Seattle, Los Angeles, San Diego, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Panama, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Lima, London, and Glasgow

"The Egg with the Reputation"

David *with the* Goliath Voice

Announcer Ross at CBS is Poet, Writer, Book Lover and Athlete. An intimate glimpse into his past

HIS fluent and vibrant personality cannot be cramped into the confines of a stereotyped category. He is too vital for that. He is a native New Yorker. His manner is typically Continental.



His early days were spent in poverty as a ragged newsboy. For ten years he arose at five o'clock every morning to deliver his papers. The cold, gray dawn always found him singing—to keep up his courage. Now he buys the news from almost every poor vendor he passes on the street.

When he was fourteen he was in love with a girl who lived near the park. She did not know him. On Sunday mornings he would skirt the park, going two miles out of his way, with the ricketty baby-carriage that he used to carry the news. This was to avoid the humiliation of being seen by "her."

The warmth of the school room made it difficult for him to keep awake and his exhausted person often thawed out quietly in slumber. Once the teacher disturbed his dreams by asking him to spell "field". Startled, he gasped "F-E-E-L-D". He considers it one of the darkest moments of his life.

AFTER going through grammar and high school, he matriculated at the College of the City of New York. He later enrolled for an agricultural course in a New Jersey College but this proved distasteful to him. He left.

A scholarly doctor gave him his first insight into the fine and profound when he allowed the eager youth freedom of his large library. Through the same benefactor's phonograph he was introduced to the best in music.

Became secretary to a Russian Baroness. Once when invited out to a fashionable dinner with her, he proceeded to lift the finger-bowl containing fresh-cut pansies to his lips. He thought it was another extravagant drink of the rich. The Baroness gave him a timely kick in the shins. This wounded his flesh but preserved his table dignity.

One time he sold a batch of epigrams on "Success" and received a dollar and a quarter for them. This was after they had completed the rounds of a dozen publications. Commenting on this he said, "The writer's failure is the post office's success.

Has a fondness for garlic. He relished an excess of that condiment during a meal that preceded his first appearance on the stage with that prominent actress, Eva Davenport. His part called for violent love-making. She almost swooned as he embraced her. At the end of the act he was called to her dressing-room for a severe rebuke and was dismissd with a warning never to eat garlic while an actor. He is glad the microphone has no olfactory nerves. He still likes garlic.

Has written many reviews of books and plays. His poems have appeared in *The Nation, The New Republic, The American Caravan* and other publications.



He blundered into Radio four years ago. He was in the studios of WGBS when a scarcity of talent resulted in the use of his services as a dramatic reader. Immediately an announcer's position was offered him. It was accepted without hesitation.

Holds hand over ear when announcing. Unconsciously does this when conversing with friends. It is a habit with him.

He is short. Has difficulty reaching microphone, which usually has to be lowered to meet the needs of his stature but his voice has unusual volume and resonance. His hair is chestnut color. It is luxuriant and wavy—the envy of the opposite sex. His moustache is the pride of its owner.

Made a "talkie" short recently. The Kleig lights affected his eyes and he had to remain in a dark room for forty-eight hours.

He is married and has a son and a daughter. He wooed his wife with King Solomon's Song of Songs and still reads her poetry. He claims she is his best friend but, as they have no radio, she is not his severest critic. For the latter he is very grateful indeed.

David, Jr. has been to the studios but once. This caused the father to stutter all over himself. For old felt hats he has a profound attachment, but lacks the courage to wear spats or carry a cane. Always wears soft collars that are several sizes too large—even when in evening dress.

HAS a pathetic weakness for fiddlers and cellists who grunt during difficult string passages. Wonders if there was ever a drummer who left home because he had to carry large packages from the store for his mother.

Most of the programs he announces are of the classic and dramatic type. He gives a highly commendable reading of the poem that opens *Arabesque* every week.

Like every other broadcasting artist, he enjoys reading his fan mail. He is the recipient of many communications from war veterans who remembered him from war days. Once a lady wrote him that, if he were bald, she would lose some of her high esteem for his voice. Now he is certain that his reputation "hangs by a hair" but he is not worried about that.

Browsing among old and rare books is his hobby. He is particularly interested in athletics—especially football.

He is very emotional. When he tells of an incident, it is enacted in voice, expression and gesture for his listeners. He is always himself. If a faint trace of tears are seen in his eyes upon learning of some unfortunate happening—he means it.



He is not an impromptu individual. He thinks and weighs every word. When he speaks it is with considerable nervous energy. Greatly admires anyone who can "Ad Lib" over the air for five minutes.

Life, he believes, is as one fake's it. He never does.

A "Cottage For Sale"





Creator of the Song Reclaims Little Home He Lost when Hard Times Came a Knockin' at the Door

By Lester S. Rounds

THE "Cottage for Sale" has been taken off the market.

There is an actual building, you know, which formed the inspiration for the song heard over a million loudspeakers. It is decidedly no longer for sale, although doubtless the nation's Radios will continue to advertise it nightly; nor will it ever, if its present owner has anything to say about it, be placed on the market again.

It is a very pretty cottage, set in a glade in Crestwood, a residential development in Westchester County, New York. Behind it a host of tall trees marches up a steep hill, casting deep, cool shadows; beside it a tiny brook runs, purling a continuous song. It is such a cottage as everyone has visualized at one time or another as the perfect abode.

And now it is the property of Willard Robison, Radio's latest find. He is heard every Thursday evening over a nation-wide NBC network in the Maxwell House Ensemble program, which he directs. He is also, incidentally, the composer of a "Cottage for Sale." He is highly enthusiastic about Radio, for had it not been for Radio his cottage would still figuratively be 'on the market.'

"A Cottage for Sale" was not the first opus from Robison's pen. From the age of eleven, when he played—not pounded—a piano in an early nickelodeon, music has been his entire life, and the song hit of the season had many predecessors, none of whch seemed to make the slightest dent in the musical consciousness of the American public.

They were written at odd places in the south and southwest, from bits of life Mr. Robison observed while traveling with his Deep River Orchestra. The orchestra, organized long before he reached man's estate, had made something of a local reputation for him, and there were few major hotels between the Mississippi and the Rockies in whch he had not played.

It was in Omaha, Nebraska, that Robison's feet were set upon the somewhat round-about road to nationwide fame. Paul Whiteman, grand rajah of the orchestra world, heard Robison sing, and was impressed with the deep simplicity, the charm, that marked his talent. He reversed Horace Greeley's advice.

"GO East, young man, go East," he told Robison. "New York is looking for talent like yours."

Robison went East. He packed his trunks and marshalled his family, consisting of beautiful, dark-eyed Mrs. Robison and his little daughter, came to New York, and found his coming premature. Equally premature was Whiteman's advice, for if the glamorous metropolis of the country was eagerly searching talents like his, it was woefully blind to the existence of the young man who knocked so valiantly at its doors for his great opportunity.

This discovery was not made immediately. Before bringing New York to his feet, he had first to provide for his family, and together he and his young wife scoured the city for the place that was to be their home.

THEY found it, about fifteen miles outside of the city. It was their idea of the perfect home, and with his family settled in Crestwood, Robison set about cajoling Fame and Prosperity to his fireside. But something went amiss; although he blew his trumpets thrice, the walls of the city failed to crumble. Several published songs made not the slightest impression. Gotham seemed not yet ready for what he had to offer. Failure stared him in the face.

It was a situation which could not continue indefinitely. Any bank-roll will wither away with everything going out and nothing coming in. Inevitably the day came when Robison turned the key in the door of his cottage for the last time and moved to a less expensive apartment in the city—a heartbreaking experience.

The experience made its impression, for his home, his existence, had been

(*Continued on page 121*)

Milton G. Hall of KTRH
Has Had Adventurous Life



"Milt" Hall

MILTON G. HALL, Program Supervisor of KTRH, the budding young station of Southern Texas, insists that he should be a very "rustic" farmer, raising the luscious and well known Texas fruit, watermelon . . . and wending his way to a little brown church on Sundays to meetin'. But he may be spoofing.

Milt Hall is a slender, tall man with quiet eyes (except when he is amused), who has swept through an amazing assortment of experiences which have afforded him a splendid background for his position as program supervisor. A Texan by birth, he has always had that insatiable desire for color and adventure, and has most assuredly succeeded in tasting the spiciest dishes of life's activities.

He has lived the rigid life of the soldier, he has written feverishly to make a midnight deadline, he has bossed roughnecks in the oil fields, he has spanned the skies as an aerial photographer during the war. Now he is responsible for the KTRH programs and this particular task is the one that he enjoys most because it is a happy combination of all the other things he has done.

Brimming with youthful ambition, Milt left Texas for Rochester, New York, where he worked on the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and eventually gravitated into Radio, as manager of WHEC at Rochester and later as commercial manager and announcer of WMAK in Buffalo, New York. Just before returning to Texas, Milt was an announcer and continuity writer at Station WTAM in Cleveland, Ohio.

He is very enthusiastic about KTRH. Outside of his program duties he enjoys broadcasting sports best of all. He likes the crowd's cheering, the quick action of men in the field, whether on the football gridiron, the boxing ring, the baseball diamond or the race tracks. For recreation there is nothing he would rather do than to motor down to a certain little shack on the banks of a nearby lake to fish and swim, and participate in a good old game of quoits.

The inevitable question of an interviewer, "Are you married?" was put to Milt Hall and the answer is "yes," and not so long either. Mrs. Hall, nee Niobe Vitello, is a very attractive young woman, an accomplished pianist doing quite a bit of broadcasting on her own.

* * *

Like Scotch Jokes? Listen In On KMPC

Dan Maxwell, billed as "The King of Scotland," does a fifteen minute talkie over KMPC each week day. Robust, sporting a wing-type collar and a pink complexion, Dan does pretty well, thank you. Of course he tells the old wheeze about going back home one summer only to find his brothers wearing whiskers.. Dan had gone to America and carried the razor with him.

* * *

Charlie Lindsey now directs two orchestras for KGER..the Cavaliers, which is a dance group, and the Mariners, which is the concert group. Charlie was first director for the KNX musical aggregations when that station opened up six years ago. Married..somewhat bald ..always good natured..not so very tall.

* * *

Curt Peterson, assistant Eastern program manager for the National Broadcasting Company, was a voice teacher in two fashionable girls' schools for two years before he entered Radio as an announcer. He originally sought a position in Radio just to pass away the summer vacation.



"Will you remember the day . . . when we were happy in May . . ." Sigmund Romberg, composer of Maytime, Blossom Time, Student Prince and other beautiful operettas whose music is well known to Radio listeners, will join KFWB in their Sunday night broadcasts.

Rolly Wray does many things for KFOX. Sometimes she sits in the office and acts as secretary. Every day she has a twenty minute piano request period. In the evenings she has a girls' trio which does vocal harmony as well as string work. In private life..still in the early twenties..small and diminutive..decided brunette..excellent cook..old fashioned enough to believe that woman's place is in the home. Oh what a priceless gift for some world weary bachelor ready to settle down!

* * *

Ray Martinez, KFWB, Trained In Circus

Ray Martinez, roly-poly conductor of KFWB'S concert orchestra, got his start in the circus. In fact, his father owned a circus and side show traveling menagerie and, at the tender age of four, little Ray was a juvenile acrobat. Later he did music duties, studied extensively, concertized a bit and now directs the KFWB musical groups and does a good deal of work for the talkies.

* * *

This summer, for the first time, the San Diego civic symphony was on the air, although the group has been in existence for three summers. KFSD did the broadcast for eight successive Tuesdays with considerable success. It played from the open air pavilion in Balboa Park—famed as the locale for the 1915 exposition.

"Old Timer" Signs Off

Pat Barnes, Famous for Many Radio Characters, Says Farewell to Broadcast Mike

By David Winsome



PAT BARNES is a man of "character" to practically all Radio listeners. Some like him best as "Mister Kelley," the Irishman who recalls the shades of great musicians. Others swear by his "Rookie" episodes, with their five great characters; still others chuckle gleefully over the misadventures of "Abner," a hoary ancient from the sleepy community of Middlesex, who keeps the town band under his thumb. But none of these, popular as they are, have won the acclaim enjoyed by Pat's "Old Timer."

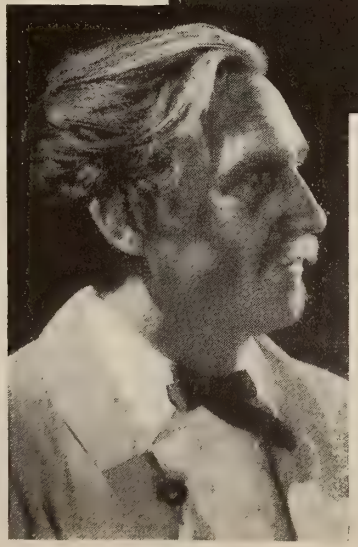
The "Old Timer" is the logical development of Pat's own Radio career which began on April 25, 1925, incidentally the birthday of Marconi, father of all this giddy broadcasting business. Pat's own idea in presenting a Radio program is, as he says, "to put a thought behind it," and the "Old Timer" is as full of thoughts as a sieve of holes.

Pat began broadcasting the "Old Timer" over WGN, Chicago, shortly after he joined the staff in 1928. There was a "spot" on Sunday at 7 o'clock that had to be plugged, and plugged with something that would be appropriate for early Sunday evening listening. Pat's original conception was something allegorical — experienced age counselling rash youth—but it came out on the air as the philosophizing, advising, gently humorous "Old Timer," answering the youthful questions of the irrepressible Pat.

The feature has been occupying twenty minutes and is supposed to take place right in the Radio studio. The Old Timer is a Sunday evening visitor who drops in to see his friend, Pat Barnes, and Pat is always ready with a barrage of questions that starts the Old Timer off on his favorite subject, Humanity and its Foibles. The Old Timer counsels, advises, suggests, or gives examples that will be helpful to everyone in making this high old world a better place in which to live.

Pat had been carrying the idea for the "Old Timer" around in his head before it finally came to light on the Radio. Pat, as most listeners know, is a small-town product. He was born in Scran-

(*Continued on page 106*)

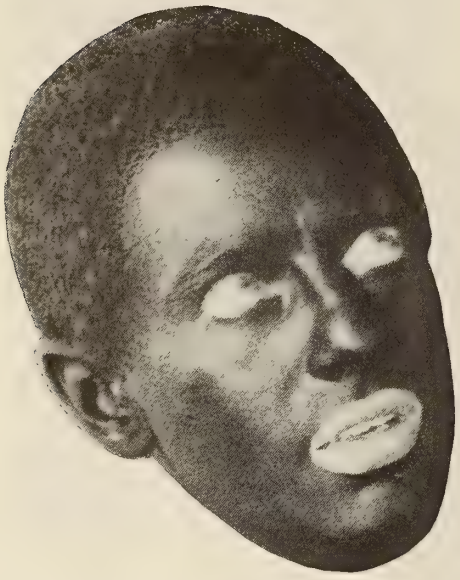




Pat Barnes from his most recent portrait is seen above—a genial, courteous character in himself. At the left he is seen in his latest and perhaps most popular role as Old Timer. At the right he appears in his well-remembered role as a Buck on Leave.

Amos 'n' Andy





In Hollywood

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

HOW do Correll and Gosden like Hollywood and what are they doing? Well, to be brief, they haven't had time to see Hollywood and, secondly, they are working.

Amos 'n' Andy get up in the morning at six o'clock. This is just about the time the Hollywoodians are turning in for rest . . . some of 'em at least.

A cool shower, brisk rub-down, shave, and by quarter to seven they are having breakfast. This is a light meal for them and is soon over. Seven-thirty sharp brings them over to the RKO studios on Grower Street where the portals open wide to admit them within the sacred precincts of "movie land".

Just at this time a line is forming in front of the casting office and scores of extras and others line up in their ambition to get into picture work.

But Amos 'n' Andy walk briskly from their car to the dressing rooms and it takes them an hour and a half to get the make-up on. This, to the uninitiated, may seem like a long time. But it isn't. The various greases, concoctions and lotions preparatory to putting the actual make-up on takes plenty of time, and especially for film work must the job be thorough and painstaking.

Nine o'clock and all set to go. So far, all of their work has been on the lot and they haven't found it necessary to go outside on location.

The sound stages take up all of their time until noon. In the day of the silent films ordinarily their work would mean that crowds of studio employes . . . office form, technical men, props force and others . . . would congregate and clan around to watch the proceedings.

But with the advent of the talkies the old order changeth. Only the actual participants get an eyeful and earful of the actual shooting. Once on the sound stage and ready to shoot, the doors are barred and all is silence.

The lights are focused on the scene . . . the microphones, just out of the camera focus, are in perfect working order . . . and the boys go through the motions, and dialogue . . . practice and the finished performance, takes and re-takes.

CORRELL and Gosden, I think, have stood up remarkably well under the obvious strain of their new activity. But the pace is telling. When they get back to the hotel at midnight they are all in. No social activities, no business conferences, in fact, nothing can be allowed to interfere with their present picture work for there aren't enough hours in the day.

But we left them at noontime. At mid-day the duo takes enough time for another repast . . . not a heavy meal, for the California climate at this time of year is not conducive to heavy stuff. Light meals, dainty sandwiches, nourishing salads, make the best mid-day feast.

A few moments before the performance time everything is quiet. The boys go into the sound booth especially constructed for their work. Nobody can get in there except them. As a matter of fact, no one can even get in the stage room within which is the sound booth.

The reason for this is obvious. Things must not only be quiet from the broadcast angle, but the boys themselves are keyed up to such a pitch, they are a bit self-conscious, too, that the slightest noise would tend to snap them out of character—which would mean a re-take.

So there isn't a chance of any annoyance or interference when they are doing their stuff. I am told that through all of their work, since creating the Amos 'n' Andy characters, they have done their Radio act in solitary confinement.

It has often been written that Correll and Gosden fairly live the characters which they portray when they are doing the Radio stunt. This is unquestionably true. Great beads of perspiration on their manly brows at the end of their twelve minutes on the air well attest to the seriousness with which they attack each episode.

OUT on the West Coast one of the indoor sports, besides listening to the actual Amos 'n' Andy program, is to put up bets on whether the boys will make a mistake in voice. But they never have as yet. I suspect they never will.

This is just another reason for the particular efforts made to keep them in seclusion during the broadcast time. The least sound would unnerve them. As it

(*Continued on page 127*)

Grantland Rice Interviews

Sultan *of* Swat

Famous Diamond Hero Tells Listeners How He Makes a Baseball Hop Grandstands and Bleacher Walls

THERE are arguments for and against Thirteen as a lucky number according to Mr. Plummer in his acount of the superstitions of the stars. But it sure was a bad date on the calendar when the listeners on August 13th tried to hear Captain Hawks tell about his record breaking flight across the continent on that day when just a few notches further on the dial you could tune in Grantland Rice's interview with Babe Ruth, home run king of American big league baseball.

A great many sporting fans were eager to hear both. A Radio Digest representative, anxious to please the subjects of the great Sultan of Swat, took the interview down in shorthand. Then he got a picture of the Babe, Mr. Rice and Graham McNamee together and here they are for you.

Mr. Rice bronzed and smiling stepped up to the microphone. The Babe was near another mike nearby. Said Mr. Rice:

RICE—For me to try to introduce Babe Ruth would be much like trying to bat for him with the bases full, and four men needed to win the game. But the big fellow is a modest cove and he doesn't want to talk about himself. I will have to tell you that he is now within 17 home runs of his best record—60 in one season—and he'll break this record sure if he doesn't break his neck or back. And knowing the Babe, even that might not stop him. At that I think he has to spend more time with his fountain pen than he does with his bat. He has to answer from 10,000 to 12,000 letters a year and he autographs enough baseballs in the course of a season to pave Texas with horse hide. How many baseballs do you autograph in the course of a season Babe?



At the left Grantland Rice stands on deck with Graham McNamee while the Bambino is "at bat" with mike.

RUTH—Too many. I'd say about 18,000. I had to sign 1,000 in Omaha once at one stand and 2,000 in Chicago. But as long as the kids want it, it's O. K. with me until my wrist falls off. You can't be a piker with the kids.

RICE—Babe, I know that a lot of kids, and a few millions who are not kids, would like to know just how you can hit so many home runs? What is the main basis of your home run hitting?

RUTH—First of all I would say that it is the right use of hands and wrists. The wrists play a big part in any sport that calls for club swinging. If they don't work, the shoulders and the body get in too quickly. The body must work with the hands and wrists. It must be back of the blow, not in front of it. I swing all the way through. I start the bat in motion and I let it go. But it is a mistake to try to hit in too much of a hurry. You must take your time — even with a fast one coming up to the plate.

RICE—Do you step into the ball, Babe, as it comes up?

RUTH—I stand at the plate with my back almost to the pitcher. My right shoulder is well around. I am in position then to let my body turn with the swing and not get ahead of the swing.

RICE—Down in Tampa, Babe, I saw you hit a home run in 1919 that was about as long as any I ever saw. What was your longest?

RUTH — Think that Tampa wallop was. It carried 560 feet across a race track beyond the ball park.

RICE—I see Hack Wilson of the Cubs is still chasing you. What do you think of Hack?

RUTH—Hack is a great hitter and a great hustler. He's a short, stocky fellow but he can swing that bat. He knows how to use his hands, wrists and arms.

(*Continued on page 124*)



B. A. Rolfe

A Master of Dance Rhythm

B. A. Rolfe, Conductor of the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, Makes Millions of People Want to Dance When He Plays

IT'S a long step from backyard trumpet practice to boy soloist with John Philip Sousa and a tour of Europe. And it's a far cry from trumpet soloist to vaudeville and motion picture production.

And there's a big difference between being a movie impresario and leading the "hottest" dance band in Radio.

But B. A. Rolfe took the steps. They were made over a period of many years, but he considers every one a natural move in the progress of modern music.

Today, at fifty-one, Rolfe stands on his conductor's platform looking back at these experiences, and is glad, the while he is injecting a saw, a tin whistle or two pieces of sand paper into the orchestra.

He knows it is the fruits of these experiences which give him courage to introduce jews-harps or other instrumental novelties. No one has ever attempted to keep from Rolfe the fact that it is these novelties which contribute largely toward making the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra outstanding in its field.

In addition to being fifty-one, this master of rhythm is rotund and ruddy. There is a placid light in his eyes and an air of serene assurance about his every movement. There is no regret in his mind for the highlights of the past. He is content with the present and ponders only on the wonders of the future.

"I learned music from the varied career of my early youth, music such as I could have learned in no other way. The most important thing I learned is that humor is the essence of dance music. Dance music is gay without restraint, gay with the humor of the ages. To be good it should invite people to dance, make them want to dance," Rolfe says "Rhythm and rhythmic values are my chief study. Unusual rhythms, rhythms growing and forming one out of the other. Rhythm for the dance should be like a rubber ball, bouncing into the air only to fall again, and going on and on. That is dance rhythm."

ROLFE almost never uses a baton in directing his orchestra for its semi-weekly National Broadcasting Company programs. The sweep of a clenched fist—maybe two of them—an upflung finger, or the spread of both hands he considers more expressive than the lifeless wood of a baton.

To watch him at work is to see a calm and peaceful individual revert to a whirling, animated figure with eyes and ears for every note from each of the almost fifty instruments in his band. The most inconspicuous flute player in the group may suddenly feel the Rolfe eye and see the clenched Rolfe fist urging greater volume in support of the musical saw, at the moment in the solo spot.

Rolfe may throw musical dignity into the scrap heap to gain desired effects, but musical traditions are things not to be tampered with, in his opinion. "Setting the classics to dance rhythm is musical vulgarity, not only in bad taste, but inexcusable," he says.

This fifty-one-year-old leader of NBC dance conductors was an accomplished cornetist when he was seven years old. A son of A. B. Rolfe, himself a noted bandsman, the boy was steeped in music appreciation from his earliest childhood in Brasher Falls, N. Y. At ten he was featured soloist with Sousa's Marine Band, and a year later the young gentleman toured Europe as boy trumpet wonder.

Followed several years in school, and the young musician started for New York. But an offer to lead the Lowville Silver Cornet Band at Lowville, N. Y., presented itself, and the journey toward Broadway was interrupted.

Rolfe eventually reached Broadway, but it was several years later, and he came as a builder of vaudeville productions. With Jesse L. Lasky, a youth from California, he took the conventional song and dance turns of the two-a-day and with tinsel and colored lights and pretty girls converted them into feature presentations.

A venture into the then infant industry of motion picture production followed. Rolfe was sure of the brilliant future ahead, but Lasky was doubtful. The latter thought motion pictures could be made best in his California home, and the pioneers parted, Lasky to produce pictures on the Pacific Coast, Rolfe to produce them in New York.

THE latter thrived. His thirty-six pictures a year represented a major portion of the output of the old Metro Company, now the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. Among the stars appearing under his banner were Bushman and Bayne, Harold Lockwood, Viola Dana, Ethel Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, and other popular favorites.

But music again lured and Rolfe turned his back on the motion picture. He tried his hand at vaudeville again, but once more turned to his music. He has been with NBC since 1926. At present his band is heard Thursday and Saturday nights over a hook-up which includes many large and popular stations.

Grand Old Man Of the Sea

(*Continued from page 69*)

York, WNYC, and the short wave broadcast on Columbia's 2XE, carried the arrival of Lipton to every corner of the earth. Thomas Cowan of WNYC was the announcer, while the distinguished yachtsman broadcast from aboard ship as shown in the photograph.

Sir Thomas, for the first time in his life, was suffering from a bad case of stage fright, and only when Cowan told him that the whole world was listening in, including the folks back in Glasgow; and that his neighbors at Southgate, England, had been waiting up all night to hear his voice over the air, did he slowly draw a crumpled piece of paper from an inside pocket, and with the remark that he had prepared a short speech for the Radio, start to read it. He prefaced his remarks by saying, "tell 'em I won't make a speech 'til after the race . . . maybe not then," he added as an after thought.

The passengers on board the Leviathan were cheering and yelling "Good luck, Tommy!" Sir Thomas, though a trifle hard of hearing, stopped his prepared speech for a bit to say " 'Tommy' sounds better to me than 'Sir Thomas,' and I hope the folks back home hear 'em."

His talk over the air finished, Sir Thomas turned as if to go into the cabin, when he thought of some things he wanted to say, and turning to the mike again, spoke of the first time he arrived as an immigrant at Castle Garden, about 55 years ago, "and now I am being received with a band and a reception committee . . . I'm getting to be a real swell." He said that the reason the folks in Boston threw the tea in the harbor was because it was not Lipton's.

When asked if he had ever been taken off the Leviathan before, Sir Thomas quickly replied, "Not by the police."

SIR THOMAS, more than 80 years old today, is just as enthusiastic about the winning of cups as ever. In fact he remarked to Mayor Walker later that there is really no use to keep the famous cup in America with nothing to put in it.

One purpose of Sir Thomas in calling on the mayor was to invite him to be his guest during the races off Newport, on board his steam yacht, "The Erin". "I'll put ye up for fifteen pence a day," he said, "bed and breakfast included."

"These are hard times," said the mayor, laughing, "That's a lot of money."

"Well, then, even if I am half-Scotch," said Sir Thomas, "I'll knock off the thruppence and we'll make it an even shillin'."

"I shall be very proud to accept," said Jimmy, "but I'm not a good sailor; how about the weather; can you assure it?"

"No, me lad," was the rejoinder, "but we've plenty o' buckets aboard the Erin."

When the name of Lord Dewar came up, Sir Thomas said: "He was a very generous man—for a Scotchman. He once sent me a long cable from Africa—he sent it collect—telling me that for three pounds o' my tea he could buy me six wives, and he wanted to know why I should remain a bachelor. I cabled him back—also collect—that I was putting up a number o' three pound packages, ready for an emergency, but he didn't answer."

"How many pounds of tea would it cost to get rid of them after you had 'em?" asked the mayor.

"No wonder it's a great city with a mayor like that," said Sir Thomas, as he moved away. "My heart is surcharged with gratitude at the splendidly generous attitude displayed toward me, who have for some many years been fighting with all the sporting blood I've got, to wrest the America's Cup away. I have the boat now that I think will do it; I have a great captain and crew; a wonderful designer and above all, I have the will to win; and now, with New York's best wishes and even Mayor Walker's hope for my success, I feel the good old cup tottering on its shelf. And I have one more reason for hoping to win, and that is that you'll have to come over to my country to try and win it back and that will give us a chance to repay, in some small measure, the boundless American hospitality that has almost overwhelmed me. But, win or lose, New York has won my heart."

On the committee that took Sir Thomas down to see the Mayor were William H. Rankin, his advertising agent for the United States; Gilbert T. Hodges, President of the Advertising Federation of America, Frank Harwood of the American Tobacco Company and Charles E. Murphy, President of the Advertising Club; with Sir Thomas was one of his private secretaries, Mr. Waghorn of London; Mr. A. M. Kracke, one of Sir Thomas' friends from Chicago was also on the committee.

Frances Ingram on Personality

(*Continued from page 77*)

"Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young"* and . . . . .

MARION: "To Clarice In Quest Of Her Youth."*

FRANCES INGRAM: Right. And check page six, please. And now start a new paragraph. (Dictation) Probably the most important way in which you can begin to develop your personality is to build up your health. And don't forget your skin health. For skin is the very first thing people notice about you. When a woman has a bad complexion, people notice it immediately, and they have to get past it before they really like that person. You may be well-dressed and have beautiful eyes, but in spite of that people will find it hard to forgive an unsightly skin. You tell me that there isn't much the matter with your complexion—that it's just rather dull. But I believe that the dullness of your complexion may have reacted on your subconscious in such a way that your confidence in yourself has become impaired. When our skins are radiant and glowing, our minds respond, you know. There is a definite mental reaction. Internal cleanliness is important in improving the dullness of your skin, but external treatment is also important. Will you read that back to me, Marion?

MARION: "Internal Cleanliness is important in improving the dullness of your skin, but external treatment is also important."

FRANCES INGRAM: Yes. And in the same paragraph add this—Thorough Cleansing is the most important treatment any skin can have. Naturally you must cleanse your skin regularly. Women with beautiful skins are women who have character enough and will power enough to cleanse their skins every day.

FRANCES INGRAM: Among my own friends I have found that lack of personality is frequently due to shyness, and that this shyness often shows itself in a very reserved, stand-offish manner. If this is part of your trouble, remember "You can catch more bees with honey than you can with vinegar." I don't mean that you're to be hypocritical. I mean that I think that it would undoubtedly be wise for you to cultivate that very feminine asset—sympathy. Sympathy is in a way only a feat of the imagination. Imagine yourself in the circumstances of others and you will feel sympathetic toward them. So many thousands of girls are living, striving, just as you are. Be sympathetic toward them. In a surprisingly short time you will find that this reaching out of your personality to establish contact with other personalities has expanded yours. And before you know it, you will have developed a personality that is attractive, radiant and glowing. (To Marion) Speaking of developing, this letter is developing into quite a lengthy one, isn't it, Marion?

MARION: Why . . . . I don't know . . . . I've been so interested that it hasn't seemed long.

FRANCES INGRAM: You've hit on another secret of personality there.

MARION: I?

FRANCES INGRAM: Yes. People always like a good listener.

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* A copy of these booklets will be mailed to readers of Radio Digest on request.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Coincidence! Two big ear specialists, one from the East and one from the West, have complained to Indi-Gest. It seems that their offices are crowded to the doors with a new kind of patient. The symptoms of the disease are large, distended ears, combined with itching



palms. So many Radio fans have strained their ears listening for Hits, Quips and Slips that these specialists haven't time to listen in themselves to compete for that $5.00.

Well, it's no use anyway. Here's an old contrib who gathers them in on an R.F.D. route out West—her four good ones take the laurel wreath this month.

FOUR HOT ONES FOR FIVE DOLLARS

A couple of weeks ago there seemed some brief difficulty in making KOMO connection with "Amos and Andy". It lasted just long enough to get past the opening strains of the Perfect Song and into the middle of Bill Hay's Pepsodent remarks. As a result we were informed, (KOMO announcer) "And now, Amos and Andy! (Bill Hay) are the cause of many of our dental troubles." Ain't dat sumpin'?

During a "Jazz vs. The Classics" program—Mr. Average Citizen, "Does this orchestra play Offenbach?" Announcer, "Oh yes, Beethoven, and, often, Bach!"

During a pipe organ concert by an organist who happens to be a blond, the number "I'd like to be a Gypsy" was announced, and the announcer added, "Gypsies are always brunettes, Betty, so you can't be one until you die (dye)!"

In a "Meet the Folks" program of the Pacific division, N.B.C., Cecil Underwood, announcer, and Mahlan Merrick, orchestra leader, were telling of an embarrassing moment. The orchestra program was coming by remote control, Mr. Underwood in the studio, received a request by telephone for a special dedication, and informed Mr. Merrick, but evidently neither thought of waiting for an appropriate number. Mr. Underwood went to the microphone and said, "The next number is dedicated to Mrs. —— who is today celebrating her sixty-sixth birthday." And the orchestra played "Just Another Day, Wasted Away"!—*Mary E. Hasken, R.F. D. 1, Alderwood Manor, Wash.*

XXX!!XKL!!! ***!**

(Station WJAY) Heard that perfect Knutt (Heeza) give out to his lady friends, this clever receipt:—

"Delicious Custard" 1 cup milk; 2 cups flavoring; 3 eggs; 4 cups cement. Mix altogether and you'll have the best li'le custard that ever cussed. — *Imp, Grosse Ile, Mich.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

Even that fancy cement custard sounds pretty good to Indi-Gest. After two weeks of camping out and subsisting on willy and spuds, except when there was an obliging pickerel or bass around, any kind of custard would hit the spot. (Remember, though, it's dangerous to send custard by mail—doughnuts or cake would be better).

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES IT

Heard on KDKA in the Morning Parade:

Father (to boy friend) What do you mean by bringing my daughter home at this hour?

Boy Friend: Listen, I gotta be at work at eight o'clock!

No, of course, he doesn't catch the worm, he gets it from Pa. And this one is after the wedding:—

Wifey: Do you know you talk in your sleep, Henry?

Henry: Well, do you begrudge me even those few words?—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

DO YOU WANT MORE LIKE THIS?

He is willing to risk his amateur standing, he says, by accepting a check, large, medium, or small (medium it is—$3.00), and says there is more where this came from.

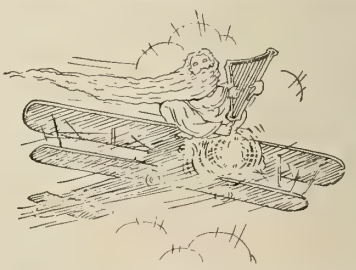
WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE LANDSCAPE

(With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air
With its harsh, discordant noises that would drown you out for fair
Then it truly is a pleasure just to sit and listen in
Without any interference from the static's summer din.
And you hear far out in distance with both voice and music clear
Though its many miles a-coming through the still, cold atmosphere.
Then the set you thought was hopeless seems to reach out everywhere
When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air.

In the still cold nights of winter then your radio gets good
As you sit beside the fireplace with its blaze of coal or wood
When the smoke from out your chimney goes straight upward in the air
Where the bright stars look from heaven with a cold and glittering stare.
When you get a distant station then you feel an added thrill
That's a sort of compensation for the dreary winter's chill
And you find a world of pleasure as you snugly nestle there
When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air.

Adam P. Nutt(?) from Indiana



During the Hunter Brothers' endurance flight over Sky Harbor, Harold Faire (C B S) made this slip —

"You have just listened to Casey Jones, who has to his credit 4300 years in the air."

That would be some record to beat. We wouldn't wake up every morning, stretch for the paper, and discover that a new crew of aviators had beaten the previous record and were still at it. But just picture Poor Casey at the end of the 4,300! His beard would probably be long enough to use as a rudder. Or perhaps he would be sailing up over Sky Harbor with a white robe, a halo and a harp.

NOW WE COME, AS USUAL—TO RUDY

You men whose girls think Rudy Vallee is wonderful and marvelous, will get a laugh from this radio incident. Every morning except Sunday between 7:00 and 9:00 Chicago time, KYW presents a program of phonograph records; and during five minute intervals the correct time is given. While listening to this program Tuesday morning, August 5, I heard the following: Rudy Vallee (by phonograph record) was singing "I'm called the song without a name", and while crooning "I'm—," the music stopped and the clock in the studio sounded the hour with "cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo".—*Rudolph Wilikousky, 1437 Parnell Street, Chicago Heights, Illinois.*

And this one too. However, we don't know whether to blame it on the golden-haired crooner or not. His diction is so good that perhaps it was a couple of other guys who sang it.

For several weeks, I understood the last line of the chorus of the Maine Stein Song to be "The college of our hard-boiled days." It was only a short time ago that I learned that it was "The college of our hearts always." Listen and see if it doesn't sound so to you!—*Mrs. H. A. Dannecker, Newcastle, Ind. Box 328.*

This next is offered as an antidote to all those whose fingers itch to grab a pen in defense of their idol. Remember now, after this, Indi-Gest doesn't want a flock of briefs for the defense of the famous culprit.

So Rudy has been dubbed,
No singer, no saxe player,
With an ugly, ugly mug.
His picture not fit for the press,
Or even for Radio Digest.
Oh, Mrs. Johnson, of Jacksonville,
Despises poor Rudy with might and will,
Altho—'tis within her power,
To tune out the Fleischmann hour.

Rudy's music and songs are divine
And acclaimed as the best of all time,
By listeners-in, far and near.
They bring melody and good cheer.
A criticism like Mrs. J's,
The public will meet with many "Nay, Nay's."
For Rudy is Rudy, with no competition,
May his pictures appear in each "Digest" Edition.

Florence May, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOT SUCH A TOREADOR

Clem and Harry over the Columbia Broadcasting System:

A would-be hero was proposing when he caught sight of a ferocious bull approaching. He, taking to his heels, left the feminine half to face the bull. She later reproved him thus:

She: I thought you said you loved me so much that you would even face death for me!

He: Yea! but that bull was still alive.

We believe all the Middle Western announcers have been in training—swimming, running, hurdling, learning to take long breaths and get out what they have to say in one spurt, like Floyd Gibbons. Otherwise, things like this wouldn't happen:—

"We shall now become a link in that great chain of the National Broadcasting Company for Amos and Andy."

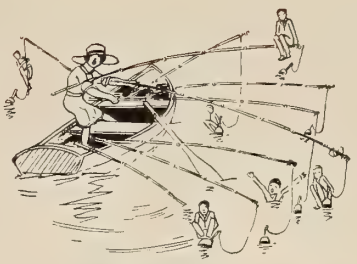
Both the quip and the slip come from Juanita Rickey, 6774a Manchester, St. Louis, Mo.

WHOOPS! MY DEAR

It lives, it breathe, it talks—Indi-Gest's favorite cartoon. Pansy and Abigail, Peter Arno's Bustle Girls, do their whoopsing every night over the C.B.S. net work at 6.45 E.S. Time. (Ye Chief Ed will scold Indi-Gest for lack of editorial impartiality but Pansy is Indigest's light-o-love.) Here is their picture drawn by their creator, himself. Ain't they grand?



"Whoops! Mind the omnibus, Dearie!"
"Gor! 'E Nearly caught me a pretty one in the bustle, the scorcher!"



THIS ONE NEEDS A LICENSE

Last Thursday while listening to the Fleischmann Hour, which was coming from Green Bay, Wis., the announcer was describing the town. He finished up by saying:

"Green Bay is in the heart of the fishing country. This is a special hook-up, etc." It made me think of fish-hooks!—Elizabeth Trayner, Wynnewood, Pa.

Of course, by now you know that we mean a fishing license! Although, perhaps Betty (do they call you that?) doesn't need one. We've never fished in Pennsylvania, but Indi-Gest was surprised to find that New York State allows the ladies to fish for trout, black bass, minnows or sun-fish sans permission and sans payment of license fee. Then, of course, there are the bigger fish—the poor fish—that they dangle on their hooks unmercifully in every state, waiting for *the* word to get the license. And they talk about equality of the sexes!

SOMETHING NEW! SCENTOVISION

Talk about television—I have a case of *scento*vision to report. Here it is:

"On Monday evening, August 25, the dial was turned to WENR. The Smith Family soon appeared and of course little "Morry" along with them. Alas for poor Morry! an auto trip that they were taking ended very unhappily for him. While Ed Smith was fixing a flat tire Morry took a stroll, and caught for a pet a black "squirrel" with a white stripe down its back. Poor, ignorant Morry! One learns only by experience!! As the story closed and the station was tuned out the scent could actually be smelled in Verona, Wisconsin, and fearing to be laughed at and told it was our imagination nothing was said by anyone. Later we discovered that the twin of Morry's little black (and white) "squirrel" was in the neighborhood. It had arrived at the same time as did Morry's—making the story *very realistic!*"—*Dorothy M. Hinrichs, Verona, Wis.*

That one from Verona was a mean one — the office boy who slit the envelope, the editor who read it (me, Indi-Gest), the typist who clicked it out with her lily-white fingers, the compositor who set it on his little linotype, all had to keep violet-perfumed handkerchiefs to their nasal appendices during their respective duties.

Voice of the

RADIO ENTHUSIASM AND HOW!

CERTAINLY enjoy reading the comments offered by different readers of "The Radio Digest," which I wouldn't miss for worlds. A month is so long to wait.

Cannot understand why Lucy Barrett is so unjustly criticized for her comments about Amos 'n' Andy. Surely she is entitled to her likes and dislikes. I myself am not crazy about them. Everyone—or rather every radio listener—will have to admit they are clever, and hard workers. All due respect to them.

There are certain announcers that I would rather listen to than any programme—but I do enjoy Jones and Hare—love Vaughn DeLeath—and enjoy the Palm Olive programmes always and numerous others. Taking it all around, my Radio is a thing of beauty and *joy forever*. The cost of one is small considering the entertainment one gets just by electricity (Edison's donation to the world), and by a twist of the dial. Long live Radio and the Radio Digest!

—M. C. Roberts, El Paso, Tex.

* * *

PAGING J. E. FARRELL, RADIO ARTIST

WOULD you please give me some information concerning the whereabouts of J. E. Farrell—a composer, banjo and guitar artist of no mean ability.

I used to enjoy his work a lot but have lost track of him. I am sure he must be broadcasting somewhere. Just a note in your magazine would be sufficient as I have been getting every copy since first published.

Thanking you, I am sincerely yours,

—Dr. H. O. Swanson, Dentist in Charge, Lincoln State Hospital, Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

READ THIS, MISS BARRETT!

Dear Mr. Editor:

The inclosed letter is in answer to one from Lucy Barrett of Chicago, published by you in your April issue:—

"MY Dear Miss Barrett:

In answer to your letter to the RADIO DIGEST, which was published on page eighty of the April issue, I would like to remark that you are getting into pretty deep water when you attempt to specify or ridicule the type of people who listen to, and enjoy the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast.

Personally, I happen to be an English-Canadian with a rare English sense of real humor, which I find indispensable to my happiness, and I am quite sure no one would consider me an "old fogy!"

So you see I rather resent your insinuating what type of person I am. I also believe there are a few other people who consider themselves reasonably intelligent who listen to Amos 'n' Andy."

Sincerely,

—Winifred M. Barker, 124 Washington Ave., Glendora, Cal.

* * *

SHE PLAYS NO FAVORITES

UNTIL I received the first copy of Radio Digest I had ever seen, I was always wondering about my favorites on the air. Now I need only to get my Digest out and I have something about a good many of them. I have all my copies complete. They make a nice "scrapbook" that way.

We haven't really any stations we like best. Some of course, we like better than others, but we have no 'best.' WTMJ, WLS, WMAQ, and WBBM all rate the same.

I have a few favorite artists and announcers though. Jesse Crawford being foremost, with Rudy Vallée a close second. Among announcers, I think Fred Jeske at WTMJ is one of the best, rating with David Ross, Frank Knight and Milton J. Cross.

Amos 'n' Andy are beginning to be boresome. Leave them out of one issue for a change.—Doris V. Barthelman, Fond du Lac, Wis.

* * *

WHO IS NIAGARA NELL?

OH, for some of "Niagara Nell's" poetic talent—what a "pome" I could do, about you, (help! she rhymes—but accidents will happen!) and a few others who tickle my risibilities—but alack and alas, I ain't got none. The ledy done got herself copyrighted or sumthin' and she jes' didn't leave none left.

"Niagara Nell" always spurs me on to do things that everybody knows I can't do! Her name is familiar to all followers of an early morning radio presentation which frequently inspired her to exceedingly clever and amusing bits of verse—one of the high lights of the program which its director generously shared with all listening friends, and be it said, to our everlasting delight! The studio shed its dignity and rocked with infectious mirth which rapidly spread to those on the other side of the "mike." Frequent relapses followed each contribution from this tantalizingly incognita, and if the studio is still intact, it is entirely due to the careful hand at the helm belonging exclusively to the genial Master of Ceremonies, the courteous and suave Ernest W. Naftzger, whose long record as a daily dispenser of good cheer reaches it's eighteenth month on the 4th of August!

But this is the burning question—is "Niagara Nell" a bona fide lady? Is she? I ask you—but don't tell me because I don't believe anybody any more—not since I discovered, on a tour of a magazine office, a more or less famous feminine authority on women's problems reclining in a swivel chair, with his feet gracefully arranged upon the polished desk before him, sporting a big, fat, black cigar between his pudgy fingers!!!! Right then, I KNEW that there wasn't no Sandy Claws or nuthin' and hadn't never been! But whoever "Nell" really is, I heartily welcome her again, with open arms, in the August edition of Radio Digest, and my enthusiasm has taken the form of an appreciative epistle, built especially to fit a lady, which I am entrusting to your tender care. If she responds to your kind invitation to partake of a check, will you kindly slip the enclosed effusion along with the check—under no consideration deducting it from amount of said check. But if the lady turns out to be a gentleman, please stomp down on your waste-paper basket and make room for one more contribution, because—well, jes' because.

The case rests—and meetin's adjourned.

With advanced indications of aggravated gratitude, I insist upon remaining

Yours—E. H. S., Newburgh, N. Y.

* * *

ONE FOR RUDY

THIS is my first letter to the V.O.L. and is written especially for the benefit of Mrs. Johnson of Jacksonville, Fla.

Just because you don't like Rudy Vallée, Mrs. Johnson, you don't need to insult him so. Don't forget, there are a great many people who do enjoy his singing, and who are proud of it.

Rudy came home recently for a short vacation, and he charmed everyone with his wonderful personality. I don't believe you could find one single person who saw him that would tell you he is "a conceited boob" or "the most disgusting, ugliest snob in New York."

He has worked hard, and deserves all the success he now enjoys, and I am sure that there are a great many Vallée fans who, like me, are not tired of "his everlastingly sweet sugar coated voice."

He has many loyal friends in Maine, and all over the country, for that matter, and we'll always stand by him, won't we, Rudy fans?—"A Rudy Fan and Proud of It," Portland, Me.

* * *

TWO FOR RUDY

IN the August issue of Radio Digest, I read a letter from a Mrs. Johnson of Jacksonville, Fla. She said that Rudy Vallée couldn't sing or play a saxophone. If he and his orchestra were not considered first class they could not demand the money that they do.

As for Vincent Lopez, his orchestra is good but in my opinion Rudy Vallée has a better one. Rudy's voice is not what you would call a well trained voice but it is very soothing and restful, and he is certainly an artist in his own line.

I consider your magazine very interesting and I want to compliment you on having a Union printed magazine.—Helen Baker, 2060 Forest Street, Denver, Colo.

* * *

THREE . . . ALL FOR RUDY

I SEE an item in your August Radio Digest about Rudy Vallée. Give us more of Rudy as he is wonderful! I don't believe he is any snob at all. If we could do what he can maybe we would be a little that way. But it isn't the people who have something to be snobs over who get that way usually—and he sure has. I wish my son had the talent for music that Rudy has. Hurrah for Rudy!—Mrs. McCabe, Towanda, Pa.

* * *

AND ONE AGIN' HIM

THIS magazine seems to feature all southern and far western radio stars. All the pictures are either of Amos and Andy, or some California performers.

I would suggest that you continue giving the histories of famous orchestras such as Art Kassel, Fred Waring, Al Katz, Dan Russo, Johnny Hamp and Buddy Fischer. Please forget Rudy Vallée and Will Osborne for awhile at least.

I do not think Rudy Vallee's orchestra can be placed on the same plane as Guy Lombardo's. Carmen is a much better crooner and what's more he has pep when pep is required—Yours truly, Waxie Darner.

Listener

SEE SEPTEMBER, DOROTHY

WE were introduced to Radio Digest over WTMJ., the Milwaukee Journal station, and find it to be just as they represented it. But why is there so little material featuring that station? Your May number gives the chief announcer one line, and other announcers who are but assistants on smaller stations get several. Whose fault is that? Your Wisconsin circulation would show a marked increase if you could get pictures and stories from that splendid station.—Very respectfully—Mrs. Dorothy M. Dawson, Appleton, Wis.

* * *

WHO IS THIS IRISHMAN?

I HAVE taken Radio Digest since the first monthly number last October and think it is a wonderful magazine. As Radio Digest goes to all parts of the United States, I am wondering if you will publish this letter in V.O.L. in hopes that some one will see it that knows the facts about the following described program.

On the morning of May 24 between 2:30 and 2:45 A. M. Eastern Standard Time, while tuned on 1440 kilocycles, I heard a fine Irish singer just finishing a song. Then he said, "When I first came over from Ireland I stayed around New York for a while. Then I came west and now own a fine ranch in the Imperial Valley." He went on to say he liked to drop in at the Mission and say "Hello" to Uncle Tom and sing some of the dear old Irish songs. Said he hoped some day to step out at San Pedro and sail back to Ireland. Then he sang "Where the River Shannon Flows." When the song was nearly ended, WNRC, the station to which I was listening when I first heard the Irish singer, came on again and drowned out the other so I couldn't get any station announcement or any more of the program. If any one sees this that knows what station it came from and who the singer was will they please write to me.—Grace M. Smith, Linden, N. Y.

* * *

PATIENCE! MORE WILL COME

I TAKE the Radio Digest regularly and we think so much of it we don't see how it could be improved! Only I think you should give us more of WLW's artists—Brook & Ross, Singing Sam Mansfield and Lee—their pictures in the Digest and also stories about them. It is fine for reference when you keep each number on file.

Hope this will be of interest to you.

—C. R. Sandy, Winchester, Ind.

* * *

WHO'S WHO—COMING

MY first copy of Radio Digest was sent to me by a friend, and I enjoyed it so much that I am a constant reader now. I am busy most of the day playing the keys of my typewriter, and I find it one of the most interesting things yet, to relax in an easy chair in the evening and read about my favorite artists, while I listen to them.

One of the most interesting features of your magazine is, "Who's Who in Broadcasting." At least I enjoyed it more than the other, as it gives one short biographies of the artists and helps one to know them better. I sure did miss it in the July number. Would you please continue to run it in your magazine?

Thanks to the friend who introduced me to the Radio Digest. Much success to the magazine, and I am hoping I shall have the pleasure of reading "Who's Who" in your next issue.—Thelma Chaney, Shawnee, Okla.

* * *

REBUKING MRS. JOHNSON

I READ in "Voice of the Listener" for August the article by Mrs. Johnson, who thinks Rudy Vallée is terrible and can't stand him. How anyone can help but like Rudy is beyond me. I think he is perfectly wonderful, I have seen his pictures, got his book, and most of his records. As for missing of the Fleischmann broadcasts, that's an impossibility! I think Rudy is the very best on the air, bar none. He has a marvelous personality, and most of my friends like him, also.

I don't want to slam Coon Sanders' orchestra, but I don't see how anyone can compare the two. They are two entirely different types.

As for confusing Rudy with Will Osborne, any one who hears Rudy regularly, knows there is a lot of difference.

I think Radio Digest is very good, as I get it every month and can hardly wait for it to come out.

I hope you publish this in "Voice of the Listener" as I am sure there are many who will agree that Rudy is as near perfect as I think he is. Here's to him!—Blanche Boyden, Pasadena, California.

* * *

ATTENTION OF H. L. MOHLER, GARY, INDIANA

NOTICED you wished Amos 'n' Andy sooner than 10.30. I always hear them at six o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through station CKGW, Toronto.

If this information would be of any value to you, CKGW broadcasts on 434.8 m., 690 K.C. and of 5,000 W.

More power to Amos 'n' Andy.—H. Hammond, Ont., Can.

* * *

A BOOST TO THE ROYAL CANADIANS!

IF I CAN attain the two ends for which this letter has been written, I shall be more than happy. My first desire is to become a member of the V. O. L. and my second is to praise Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians all I can (if that is possible).

In my estimation Guy Lombardo has the best orchestra that has ever been on or off the air. Is there any one who can doubt me? If so, please give me the "lowdown" on any other orchestra who can produce the effects, as this orchestra does, in the arrangement of "When The Organ Plays at Twilight." What orchestra is there that is so original and versatile in all of their arrangements?

Nothing can induce me to ever miss any of their programs. Parties, theatres, all things are turned down if they mean missing these half hours. However, at the end of the half-hour I feel more than amply repaid.

All this may seem like a lot of talk, but I mean every word. This orchestra deserves all the boasting and praise possible, so come on all you Royal Canadian Fans, let us hear from you and be thankful for a real orchestra.—Loraine Brunner, 4210 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

WE PAT OUR BACKS

WE ENJOY every copy of your Radio Digest. It is just "chuck full" of interest—nothing better! We enjoyed the write ups of Amos 'n' Andy. I am your interested reader—Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Carterville, Mo.

* * *

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS

I WISH to voice my appreciation of the August number of Radio Digest. The articles are interesting—especially those about Phil Cook and John S. Young. I also enjoyed the good pictures in the rotogravure section. I am glad that a great part of the magazine was devoted to the artists appearing on the chain programs, as I am more familiar with them. When I bought the June Radio Digest I was rather disappointed as so much space was given to programs and artists of stations which it is impossible for a Chicagoan to tune in. Since reading the August Digest, I have decided to become a regular reader, however. I hope to find interesting articles soon in the "Voice of the Listener" about Jessica Dragonette and Guy Lombardo.

Mrs. Johnson of Florida, bets that everyone is tired of Rudy Vallée. I am afraid she is wrong, as five members of our family, including my two brothers, enjoy his programs. Mrs. Johnson, in her preference for Vincent Lopez and Coon Sanders orchestra, seems to forget that they invariably play the numbers that Mr. Vallée has made most popular. I have even heard, at times, a singer in the Lopez band whose style is reminiscent of Rudy's. However, I think my defense of Rudy Vallée is needless, judging by his obvious popularity.—M. G., Chicago.

* * *

"HURRAH FOR VALLEE"

I WAS reading Voice of the Listener, and saw an article about Rudy Vallée, which pleased me very much because I feel exactly the same way as Mrs. Verna Geidiman.

Then glancing over some other articles I read another entitled "All Fed-Up on Vallée." This was too much for me, because I am for Rudy in any way. I always listen to him over the Radio. One of the main reasons why I buy Radio Digest is because I find interesting pictures and articles of Rudy.

I think it is bad enough to *think*, what Mrs. Johnson wrote to be published. Any time I hear Rudy's name I am right there, ready to fight for him if necessary.

He is wonderful. Every sensible person would say so too.—Virginia Jackson, Little Rock, Arkansas.

* * *

SHE CRIES "MORE ABOUT RUDY"

HAVE been taking this magazine for some months now, and I think it is great. I just find one fault with it. I do wish you could possibly put more in about Rudy Vallée. He certainly is wonderful and I have never missed one broadcast of his. I would so like to read more about him and see more of his pictures.

Hoping that you will grant this request I remain, a sincere fan.—Betty Prior, 274 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

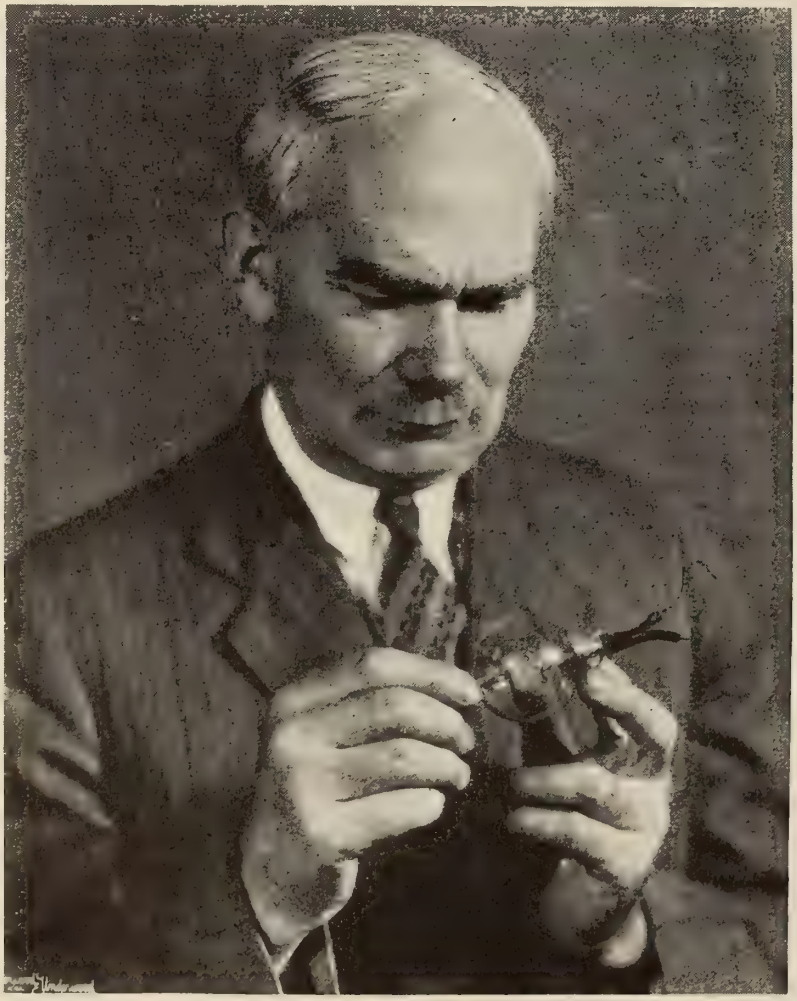
The Tube and Its Work

ON APRIL 10, 1912 a new giant ocean liner left Southampton, England, on its maiden trip across the Atlantic. As it slowly moved from its pier the passengers, flushed with excitement, lined the deck rails waving to friends and relatives on the dock. No one realized the tragedy that lurked in those last farewells. But a few days later, as the great ship forged through the ocean some thousand miles from New York, it struck an iceberg. A short four hours later the waters closed over the ship, leaving a scene of horror and devastation. The dead numbered about 1,500. Some 700 of the passengers and crew were saved by the Carpathia whose radio operator had picked up the distress call from the liner, with the result that the Carpathia's course was immediately altered and she headed, under full pressure, to the aid of the passengers on the stricken liner.

THE name of the liner was the Titanic and many will recall the horror of its sinking. The saving of over 700 lives was a tribute to radio, for it was the "wireless" that enabled the Titanic to send its message of distress fifty-eight miles across the ocean to the Carpathia.

The disaster marks, in some ways, a turning point in radio's career. The Titanic's radio equipment was useful over distances up to about 400 or 500 miles. To-day passenger liners are equiped with transmitters that can span the ocean. It was not long after the Titanic sinking that a government ice patrol was formed to guard the shipping lanes against the dangers of icebergs, and maritime radio was placed under government supervision.

But consider the developments that have taken place in the eighteen years that have elapsed since 1912. In back of all that development is the tube, first invented in 1904 by Dr. James Ambrose Fleming and then greatly improved by the addition of the grid by Dr. Lee DeForest in 1906. Time has shown that DeForest's addition of the grid to the tube gave science one of the most valuable tools that has ever been invented.



Underwood & Underwood

Dr. Lee De Forest Examining the First Audion Tube.

To-day the tube forms the foundation of all radio receivers and transmitters. The transcontinental and transoceanic telephone would be but dreams were it not for the tube. The tube makes it possible for aircraft pilots to keep in constant communication with the ground. A pilot can fly "blind", taking off, flying along a radio beacon, and landing in another field, guided only by the instruments on a panel in the cockpit—instruments made possible by the vacuum tube.

The few pieces of metal that we enclose in a glass bulb and call a "tube" enables us to place a picture in a machine, pick up signals from it, transmit them, and at another location, thousands of miles distant, reproduce a copy of the picture so perfect that it is difficult to distinguish it from the original.

THE tube is used to guide ships across the ocean, to automatically stop trains if they pass a danger signal, to locate oil and ore deposits in the earth, to detect and amplify heart beats, to produce artificial fevers, to control traffic, to count the number of automobiles crossing a bridge or entering a tunnel, to detect flaws in metal castings, to standardize colors, to measure the opacity of a substance, to measure the moisture content and weight of paper, wood and other substances, to detect foreign metal particles in a substance, to control machines, to sort good products from bad, to count production, to separate different grades of material, to prevent accidents to factory workers, to detect fire and automatically sound fire alarms, to automatically turn on electric signs at dusk. Such is the work of the tube, the device which during a court trial some years ago was termed by the District Attorney, "A piece of glass—without merit."

But to-day a million dollar industry has been built on his idea.

of the Radio Arts

Television In The Theatre

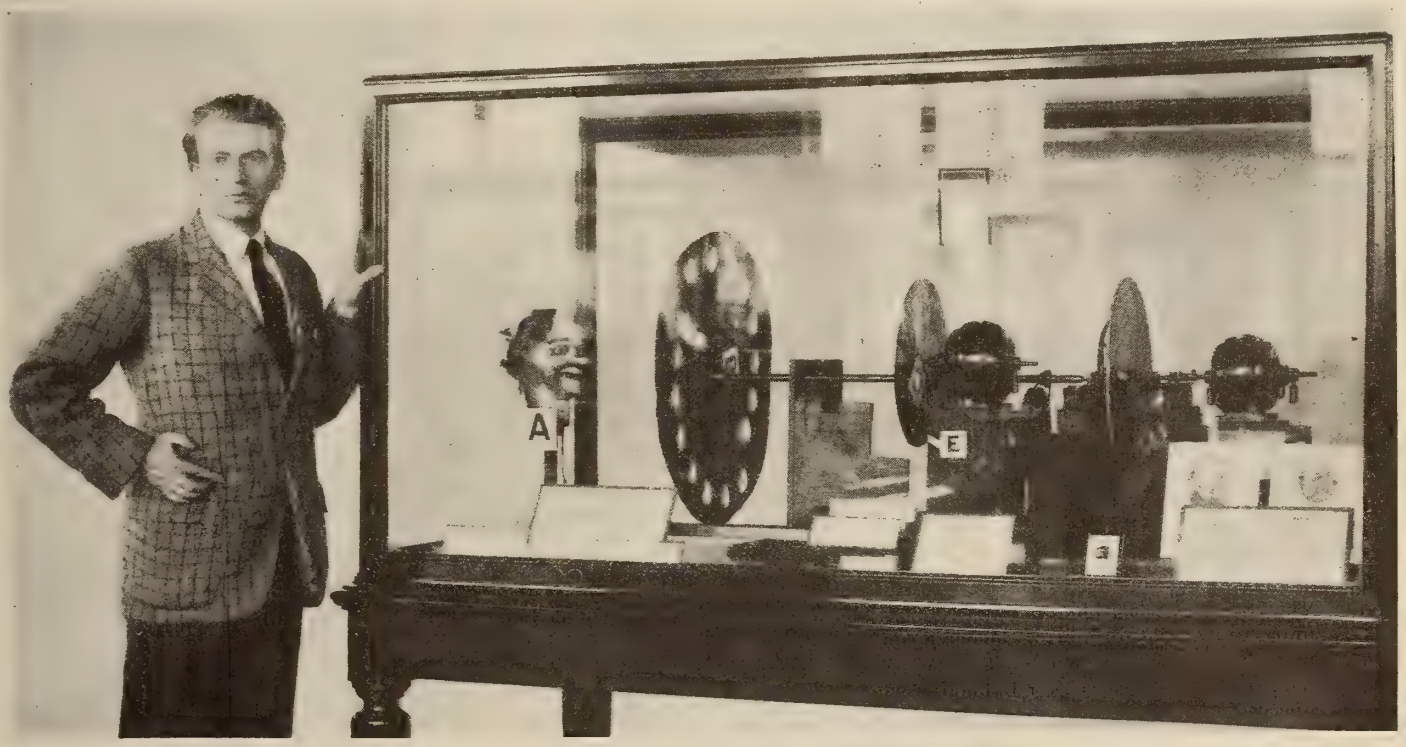
DURING the week of July 28, 1930 television was made part of the regular theatre program at the Coliseum, London, the system used being that developed by the Baird Television Corp. On the program the event was listed as, "Television; the Baird English Invention" and it proved to be the most interesting item in the program. The demonstration was a part of the show for the entire week and its use as a regular feature of the Coliseum's program marks an important event in the history of the science.

At the theatre the television images appeared on a screen measuring five feet high and two feet wide. Various well-known figures in English public life took part in the "act". Their faces were televized at the offices of the Baird Television Corp. located a short distance from the theatre, the signals being transmitted by radio to the Coliseum. The screen consisted of a large number of tiny lamps arranged in rows, the total number of lamps being about 2100. These lamps glowed dim and bright in accordance with the television signals and in this way an image of the person being televised was "painted" on the screen. The radio transmitter used to send the signals from the Baird offices to the theatre operated on a wavelength of 362 meters and its power was 2 kilowatts.

Since this demonstration was undertaken as part of a regular theatre program, the factor of prime interest is the public's reaction to the show. In this connection we purchased a number of English newspapers containing reviews of the demonstration, and the comments of the various reviewers are interesting and important, as they reflect the attitude of the theatre-goer to television. Some excerpts from these reviews are given in the following paragraphs. The reader will appreciate that space is not available to print these reviews in full. We have endeavored, therefore, to pick out some of the more important statements and these will be found sufficient to give a good idea of how the demonstration impressed these reviewers.

The August 3rd edition of the Sunday *Times* (London) stated,

"By far the most interesting thing in last week's programme at the Coliseum was the seventh item, "Television; the Baird English Invention" . . . The experiment so successfully undertaken at the Coliseum is not essentially miraculous; it is exactly what one has long expected. It ought not be necessary to state that the experiment is as yet in a stage which can only be called wildly experimental. The pictures thrown on the Coliseum screen were blotched, smudged, and unflattering to their originals . . . But this was only to be expected, and they are very foolish people who will pretend that television cannot be perfected . . ."



John L. Baird and the Apparatus With Which the First Demonstrations of Moving Scenes by Wire and Wireless Were Accomplished.

IN THE *Daily Express* of July 29th we read, "Television advanced a long way yesterday, when J. L. Baird's invention formed part of the ordinary Coliseum program . . . Television obviously has a long way to go, but it proved last night that its young Scottish inventor has got something which will soon arrest the attention of the world".

From the *Daily Herald* of July 29th. "Of course the invention is still very imperfect, but it is good enough to show

(*Continued on page 115*)

Scientific Progress of the Radio Arts

Radio "Police" Station

IF WE were to closely study a map of the United States we would find that Grand Island, Nebr., is located at the geographical center of the country. This spot has therefore been chosen for the location of the Federal Radio Commission's "police" station to daily check and report on the Radio transmissions from all American stations, ashore and afloat.

Radio stations of every kind are licensed by the Federal Radio Commission to operate on a certain frequency or wavelength. If they stray from their assigned frequency they are almost certain to cause interference with some other station and it will be the task of this centrally located monitoring station to immediately report to the Federal Radio Commission at Washington any station that is not operating on its assigned frequency. In the broadcasting band considerable difficulty has been experienced from improper station operation. The fact that the monitoring station will continually be checking the transmissions from all broadcasting stations will, it is hoped, cause station operators to exercise the greatest care in making certain that their station is always operating on its assigned frequency.

Many of the large modern broadcasting stations are held on their correct frequency by means of a small thin piece of quartz crystal. Twenty years ago scientists had to delve through ancient, dusty, unused text books to find what little was known about piezo-electricity, which simply means electricity produced by pressure. These old text books said that if certain crystals (quartz for example) are squeezed that a small amount of electricity was developed on their surface; the amount of electricity so produced was so small that engineers must have laughed at the idea of putting it to any practical use. Yet to-day these very crystals are used to control the thousands of watts of power developed by a broadcasting station. Not all stations use crystal control however and it is these transmitters, especially, that tend to wander over into some other station's channel. As a result, interference is produced and listeners within the range of the station hear a continuous melancholy whistle, varying slightly in pitch from minute to minute, and well calculated to drive sensitive persons crazy. It is this type of interference that accurate frequency control will eliminate, providing for clear reception.

THE station at Grand Island will check all types of transmitting stations, including all government stations on land and sea, television, photoradio, amateur, aircraft, experimental, and broadcasting stations.

The "Stenode Radiostat"

IN ENGLAND remarkable claims have been made for a new radio receiving system, designed by Dr. James Robinson, and known as the Stenode Radiostat. With this system it is claimed that radio broadcasting stations need be separated by only one kilocycle—one-tenth the present separation—and yet each station may be tuned-in without interference from another station operating on an adjacent channel, and without loss in quality of reproduction. If this is true it means that ten times as many stations can be placed on the air without causing interference, than is possible using present methods.

It is too early to give any definite opinions regarding the claims for the system. If it does work it certainly means that our present theories regarding radio transmission and reception must be revised—but theory has gone wrong, and it might be wrong again. Current theory states that when a broadcasting station is transmitting a program, music for example, "side-bands" are produced whose transmission and reception are essential if high quality reproduction is to be obtained; and it follows that if the side-bands are gradually eliminated we would first lose the high notes, then the middle register, then the bass notes and finally we would hear nothing at all—though the musicians kept sawing and thumping at their instruments and the tubes at the transmitter kept pushing "juice" into the antenna! In other words the side-bands are the conveyors of the music and even their partial elimination will lower the quality of the reproduction. These side-bands have the effect of "spreading" the wave transmitted by a station and it is for this reason that all broadcasting stations are separated by ten kilocycles to permit this spreading effect to take place without causing interference.

THE claim for the Stenode Radiostat system that it can separate stations only one kilocycle apart implies that this "spreading-out" effect does not take place, that side-bands therefore do not exist—or at least that they are not necessary for satisfactory reproduction.

Such a claim is altogether in disagreement with present theories, in disagreement with engineers in all countries who have the task of allocating radio stations, in disagreement with radio set designing engineers who work day and night to produce receivers that will pass all the side bands, in disagreement with all engineers who have worked on the problem of television and realize that the task of satisfactorily receiving all the side bands is one of the major problems hindering the realization of television.

Although the claims of very great selectivity without loss of quality have been made for the Stenode Radiostat system it is unfortunate that these claims have not been substantiated (so far as we know) by any definite laboratory tests. Such tests are not difficult to make and would prove conclusively whether the claims made for the system are true. Until such tests are made and definite quantitative figures are published it is not possible (or fair to its designer) to discuss in detail the merits of the system.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Radio Digest's November Number for New Official Log and Call Book

K

KBPS.....Portland, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KBTM.....Paragould, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla. 250 w.—1370 kc.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KDB....Santa Barbara, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 50,000 w.—980 kc.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KDYL...Salt Lake City, Utah 1000 w.—1290 kc.
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1430 kc.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.
KEX.....Portland, Ore. 5000 w.—1180 kc.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr. 5000 w.—770 kc.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont. 2500 w.—1280 kc.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas 1000 w.—560 kc.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D. 1000 w.—550 kc.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo. 2500 w.—680 kc.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans. 1000 w.—1300 kc.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif. 5000 w.—640 kc.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash. 100 w.—1120 kc.
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KFJB....Marshalltown, Iowa 250 w.—1200 kc.
KFJF...Oklahoma City, Okla. 5000 w.—1480 kc.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KFJM....Grand Forks, N. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo. 1000 w.—880 kc.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans. 5000 w.—1050 kc.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill. 500 w.—1410 kc.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa 1000 w.—890 kc.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr. 250 w.—1210 kc.
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000w.—1250 kc.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—1340 kc.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska 100 w.—1230 kc.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KFRC....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—610 kc.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif. 1000 w.—600 kc.
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas 500 w.—1290 kc.
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo. 1000 w.—1270 kc.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo. 1000 w.—550 kc.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif. 250 w.—1000 kc.
KFVS....Cape Girardeau, Mo. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif. 1000 w.—950 kc.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KFWI....San Francisco, Calif. 500 w.—930 kc.
KFXF.....Denver, Col. 500 w.—920 kc.
KFXM .San Bernardino, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla. 250 w.—1310 kc.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas 250 w.—1420 kc.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D. 500 w.—550 kc.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash. 5000 w.—1470 kc.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz. 250 w.—1370 kc.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif. 250 w.—1330 kc.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska 500 w.—900 kc.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr. 1000 w.—930 kc.
KGCI....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont. 250 w.—1310 kc.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn. 250 w.—1200 kc.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif. 250 w.—1100 kc.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1300 kc.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.
KGEW....Fort Morgan, Colo. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KGFI...Corpus Christi, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D. 200 w.—580 kc.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KGGF.....Picher, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M. 500 w.—1230 kc.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo. 500 w.—1320 kc.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont. 500 w.—950 kc.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho 250 w.—1320 kc.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont. 500 w.—1360 kc.
KGIW.....Trinindad, Colo. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark. 250 w.—890 kc.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.
KGKO...Witchia Falls, Texas 500 w.—570 kc.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho 100 w.—1420 kc.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr. 100 w.—1500 kc.
KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii 500 w.—1320 kc.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KGNF....North Platte, Nebr. 500 w.—1430 kc.
KGNO....Dodge City, Kans. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif. 7500 w.—790 kc.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1410 kc.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii 1000 w.—940 kc.
KGW.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—620 kc.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—900 kc.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—590 kc.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho 500 w.—1320 kc.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho 1000 w.—1250 kc.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1070 kc.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash. 5000 w.—970 kc.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah 500 w.—1400 kc.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif. 250 w.—1440 kc.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif. 500 w.—880 kc.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo. 1000 w.—560 kc.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa 1000 w.—930 kc.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—950 kc.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KMMJ....Clay Center, Nebr. 1000 w.—740 kc.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash. 500 w.—860 kc.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo. 5000 w.—1090 kc.
KMPC....Beverly Hills, Calif. 500 w.—710 kc.
KMTR....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—570 kc.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif. 5000 w.—1050 kc.
KOA.....Denver, Colo. 12,500 w.—830 kc.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore. 1000 w.—550 kc.
KOB.....State College, N. M. 20,000 w.—1180 kc.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla. 500 w.—1400 kc.
KOH.....Reno, Nev. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KOIL....Council Bluffs, Iowa 1000 w.—1260 kc.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—940 kc.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—920 kc.
KONO....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—1390 kc.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—650 kc.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz. 100 w.—1500 kc.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif. 5000 w.—680 kc.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas 2500 w.—920 kc.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.
KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif. 10,000 w.—1490 kc.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 500 w.—1380 kc.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif. 500 w.—1010 kc.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas 10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif. 1000 w.—930 kc.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans. 1000 w.—580 kc.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa 2500 w.—1330 kc.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho 250 w.—900 kc.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah 5000 w.—1130 kc.
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa 500 w.—1380 kc.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D. 2000 w.—1110 kc.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.
KTAB....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—560 kc.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz. 1000 w.—620 kc.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas 1000 w.—1240 kc.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1300 kc.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La. 1000 w.—1450 kc.
KTHS..Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—780 kc.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa 5000 w.—1170 kc.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas 500 w.—1120 kc.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas 2000 w.—1290 kc.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.
KTUE.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.
KUJ.....Longview, Wash. 100 w.—1500 kc.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D. 750 w.—890 kc.
KUT.....Austin, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash. 1000 w.—760 kc.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz. 500 w.—1260 kc.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla. 5000 w.—1140 kc.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1210 kc.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore 500 w.—1060 kc.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—1350 kc.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo. 100 w.—1370 kc.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La. 10,000 w.—850 kc.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa 100 w.—1270 kc.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash. 500 w.—1220 kc.
KWWG....Brownsville, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash. 500 w.—570 kc.
KXL.....Portland, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—1230 kc.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.

W

WAAF.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—920 kc.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J. 300 w.—940 kc.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr. 500 w.—660 kc.
WABC.....New York City 5000 w.—860 kc.
WABI.....Bangor, Me. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WABO-
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WACO.....Waco, Texas 1000 w.—1240 kc.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio 1000 w.—1320 kc.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—640 kc.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala. 5000 w.—1140 kc.
WASH...Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa. 1000 w. —1430 kc.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md. 1000 w.—1060 kc.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas 10,000 w.—800 kc.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 1000 w.—1300 kc.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.
WBCM.....Bay City. Mich. 500 w.—1410 kc.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.
WBNY.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—860 kc.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala. 1000 w.—930 kc.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WBSO...Wellesley Hills, Mass. 250 w.—920 kc.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.—1080 kc.

WBTM.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—990 kc.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr.
500 w.—590 kc.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WCAM.....Canden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCCO....Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
1000 w.—880 kc.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1310 kc.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas
250 w.—1410 kc.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
500 w.—930 kc.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
1000 w.—1120 kc.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
350 w.—1120 kc.
WDGY....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.
WDOD...Chattanooga, Tenn.
2500 w.—1280 kc.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
500 w.—780 kc.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
2500 w.—1290 kc.
WEBQ.....Harriburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
200 w.—1310 kc.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.

WEHC.....Emory, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill
50,000 w.—870 kc.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WFJC.....Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
2500 w.—620 kc.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y
100 w.—1210 kc.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.
WGBS.....New York City
500 w.—600 kc.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10000 w.—820 kc.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.

WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—560 kc.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas.
1000 w.—580 kc.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
300 w.—1200 kc.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
500 w.—890 kc.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.
WISJ.....Beloit, Wis.
500 w.—560 kc.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
400 w.—890 kc.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WJBC.....La Salle, Il.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WJBI.....Red Benk, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WJBT-WBBM..Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill
20000 w.—1130 kc.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1250 w.—1360 kc.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.
WJSV.....Alexandria, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJZ.....New York City
30000 w.—760 kc.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WKBQ.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
150 w.—1500 kc.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.
WKY...Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WLBF....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.

WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WLBL.....Stevens Pt.,Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
1000 w.—1260 kc.
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill.
25000 w.—720 kc.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—870 kc.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50000 w.—700 kc.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.
WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.
WMAL....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.
WMBD.....Peoria, Hts., Ill.
1000 w.—1440 kc.
WMBF....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
250 w.—1420 kc.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—780 kc.
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.
WMMN....Fairmont, W. Va.
500 w.—890 kc.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMSG.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.
WNBF....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WNBH...New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
2000 w.—560 kc.
WNRC.....Greensboro, N. C.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WNYC.....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
5000 w.—1190 kc.
WOAN....Whitehaven, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WOBT.....Union City, Tenn.
250 w.—1310 kc.
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.

WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.
WOKO...Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WOOD...Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.
WOW.....Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10000 w.—1160 kc.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—560 kc.
WPCH.....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1500 kc.
WPG.....Atlantic, City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.
WQAO.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
300 w.—1360 kc.
WQDV.....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WRAF.....LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WRBX.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.
WRDO.....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—830 kc.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000w.—1110 kc.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WSAZ....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.

WSJS...Winston-Salem, N. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—650 kc.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La. 500 w.—1320 kc.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio 200 w.—1380 kc.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C. 250 w.—1420 kc.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio 1000 w.—1340 kc.
WSSH.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa 500 w.—880 kc.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass. 250 w.—580 kc.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio 50000 w.—1070 kc.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis. 1000 w.— 1330 kc.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.
WTAW..College Station, Tex. 500 w.—1120 kc.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md. 100 w.—1420 kc.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga. 500 w.—1450 kc.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn. 50000 w.—1060 kc.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis. 2500 w.—620 kc.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga. 500 w.—1260 kc.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—920 kc.
WWL.....New Orleans, La. 5000 w.—850 kc.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C. 1000 w.—570 kc.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va. 5000 w.—1160 kc.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—1240 kc.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m. 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co. Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC,Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m. 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930 kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880 kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask, 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m. 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m. 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599,6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m. 680,2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643,7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 9143.kc. 250w.



Comparatively few women's voices are really adaptable to broadcasting no matter what culture and training is back of them. In the above picture may be seen four women who have been able to blend their voices in harmony for Radio listeners so that they have become known from coast to coast. They are the Aerial Four of KHJ, Los Angeles. Many letters have been received from listeners along the Atlantic seaboard stating that they had been heard from the City of the Angels.

Chain Calendar Features

See index of wave lengths and kilocycles on page 104

Sunday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
TONE PICTURES—
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WJR WBAL KWK WIBC WRC

THE BALLADEERS—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WOW WSB WTAM WHO
WOC

MORNING MUSICALE—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WHP
WHEC WHK WAIU WFBM
KMOX KMBC WSPD WMT
WREC WWNC WTAR WDOD
WBT WLAC KRLD WPG
WNAX WBCM

LAND O'MAKE BELIEVE—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WEAN WNAC WHP
WJAS WFBL WFBM KMOX
KMBC WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WGST
WDOD WREC WLAC KRLD
WPG WNAX W2XE

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
10:50 a.m. 9:50 8:50 7:50
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WHP WJAS WFBL WAIU
WFBM KMOX WIBW KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WGST WDOD WREC WLAC
KRLD WPG

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
W3XAU WHP WADC WHK
WAIU WKBN WMAQ WBBM
KMOX KOIL KMBC WISN
WCCO WTAR WDBJ WDOD
WREC KRLD KLZ KHJ
WPG WBT WDAY WORC

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WCAO WHP WHEC WKBW
WADC WHK WAIU WKBN
WMAQ WBBM KMOX KMBC
WISN WCCO WBCM WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WDOD
WREC KRLD KLZ KDYL
KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT
WDAY

BALLAD HOUR—
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WHDC WKBW
WHK WKRC WAIU WKBN
WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW WBCM
WMT WWNC WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC KLZ KDYL
KVI KFPY WXYZ WPG
WDAY WORC

PAUL TREMAINE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WHEC
WKBW WADC WKBN WFBN
WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WBCM WMT
WWNC WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WLAC KLRA KLZ KVI
KFPY WPG WDAY WORC

THE FRIENDLY HOUR—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WJZ WBAL KDKA WJR
WLW KWK WREN KFAB
WRVA WJAX WIOD WJDX
KVOO WFAA WOAI KSL
WFLA WSUN KTHS WSB
WLS WBZ WBZA KGW
KFSD

CONCLAVE OF NATIONS—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WHEC
WKBW WADC WKRC WKBN
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
WBCM WMT WWNC WDBJ
WBRC WDOD WLAC KLRA
KLZ KFRC KVI KFPY
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

CATHEDRAL HOUR—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WHEC WKBW WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU WKBN WFBM
KMOX KOIL KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WDBJ
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KLZ KDYL
KHJ KVI KFPY WXYZ
WBT WDAY WORC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
SABBATH REVERIES—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM WLW KWK WREN
KFAB KSTP WEBC WJAX
WIOD WMC KOMO WJDX
WOAI KVOO KPRC WFLA
WSB WSUN KOA KTAR
KGO KGW KHQ KDKA
WRC

MYSTERY HOUSE—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WRC
WGY WGR WTAG WFJC
WWJ WSAI WCAE WOC
WHO WOW KSD WLIT
WDAF

EL TANGO ROMANTICO—
7:05 p.m. 6:05 5:05 4:05
WJZ WJR KWK WREN
WTMJ KSTP WRVA WJAX
WEBC WMC WFLA WSUN
WBZ WBZA WJDX KFAB
WIOD KOA WSM WCFL

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WFAN WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WHEC WMAK
WADC WKBN WFBM KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WGST WDOD KLRA
KLZ KDYL KHJ KVI
KFPY WBT WDAY WORC

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—
7:35 p.m. 6:35 5:35 4:35
WEAF WSMB KSTP WCSH
WEBC WDAF WIOD WMC
WSB WJDX WKY WJAR
WCAE WRC WGY WWJ
WSAI KSD WFJC WHAS
WTAM WOAI KTHS WFLA
WSUN WHO WOC WTAG
WCFL WSM

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WFAN WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WHEC WMAK
WADC WKRC WAIU WKBN
WFBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW WORC
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WDOD KLRA KLZ
KDYL KHJ KFRC KVI
KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT
WNAX WDAY

ENNA JETTIC MELODIES—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KWK WKY WJR WREN
WFAA KPRC WOAI WHAS
WSM WTMJ KSTP KDKA
WJAX WMC KOA KYW
WEBC WIOD KTHS WSMB
KPO KOMO KFI KGW
KSL KHQ WCKY WSB
WBAL WPTF WAPI WRVA
WFLA WSUN KFAB KFSD
KTAR WJDX

MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WHEC
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WKBN WOWO WFBM WBBM
KMOX KOIL KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW WSPD WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
KLZ KDYL KHJ KFRC
KVI KFPY WXYZ KOL
WBT WDAY WNAX WORC

CHASE AND SANBORN CHORAL ORCHESTRA—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WRC WGY WGR WCAE
WFJC WWJ WSAI KSD
WOW WIOD KSTP WIBO
WPTF WAPI WRVA WFAA
WHO WOC WLIT WDAF
WHAS WEBC WMC WSB
WSMB WKY KTHS KPRC
WOAI WTMJ WTAM

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WMAK
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KMBC WCCO WSPD

JESSE CRAWFORD—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WFAN WMAL WHP WJAS
WLBW WHEC WMAK WADC
WKRC WAIU WKBN WFBM
WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW WORC
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WDOD KLRA KLZ
KDYL KHJ KFRC KVI
KFPY WXYZ WBT WNAX
WDAY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
WMAK WKBW WDEL CFRB
CKAC WADC WHK WKRC
WXYZ WOWO WFBM WBBM
KMOX KOIL KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW KFH WSPD
WWNC WSAZ WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU KRLD KLRA KFJF
KTSA KLZ KDYL KHJ
KFRC KOIN KVI KFPY
KOL

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WEAF WEEI WRC WFI
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KSD WOW
KSTP KOA KSL KFI
KGW KOMO KPO KHQ
WSM WMC WFAA KPRC
WOAI WKY WSMB WHAS
WGN WSB WOC WHO

IN THE TIME OF ROSES—
9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WEAF WEEI KSL KPO
KGW KSD WGY WGR
WWJ WSAI WOW WTMJ
KSTP WEBC WTAG WRC
KOA WTIC KTAR WDAF
WFI

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WTIC WTAG WFI
WCSH WRC WGY WCAE
WTAM WWJ WGN KSTP
WJAR WTMJ KOA WEBC
KGO KGW WOW KOMO
KFI KHQ WEEI WDAF
WGY WGR KSD

AROUND THE SAMOVAR
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WHEC
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WKBN WOWO WFBM KMOX
KOIL KMBC WIBW WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WGST WBRC WORC WDOD
WLAC KRLD KLRA KLZ
KDYL KFRC KFPY WXYZ
WPG WBT WNAX WDAY

MUSICAL MEMORIES—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF WCAE WHAS WFJC
WJAX WOW WKY WWJ
WPTF WGY WRC KOA
KGO WEEI WIOD WMC
WSB WGR WEBC KGW
KYW WSM WHO WJDX
WTAM CKGW KSTP KSD
WDAF WSMB KPRC KOMO
KHQ WTMJ WOC KTAR
KFSD KVOO

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WRC WFJC WWJ
WBAP WOC KOA WHO
WOW WSB WGY WTAM
CKGW KSTP WEBC KVOO

CORAL ISLANDERS—
12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WMAL WHEC WADC
WKRC WKBN WFBM KOIL
WISN WCCO WIBW KFH
WSPD WMT WTAR WDBJ
WGST WBRC WDOD WREC
KLRA KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WXYZ WDAY WBT
WNAX

NOCTURNE—
12:30 a.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WMAL WADC WKRC
WKBN WFBM KOIL WISN
WCCO WIBW KFH WSPD
WMT WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WXYZ WBT WDAY
WNAX

Monday

THE QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBAL KDKA WBZ
WBZA WHAM

THE HEADLINERS—
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WBAL KDKA WBZ
WBZA WHAM

MORNING DEVOTIONS—
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WRC WCAE WGY
WHAS WOW WGR WFI
WCSH WLS WJAR WWJ
WCKY WPTF WIOD WAPI
WFLA WSUN WTAG WJDX

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
CHEERIO—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WCKY WRC
WGR WJAR WGY WCSH
WCAE WWJ WOW WDAF
KSTP WAPI KPRC WFI
WBS WJAX WPTF WTAG
WOAI CKGW WIOD WHAS
WFLA WSUN WTAM WSM
WMC WIBO WJDX



F. Channon Collinge, Music Director of CBS. Conducts the Cathedral Hour every Sunday at 4:00 p. m. EST

MORNING MELODIES—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WRC WWJ WOW
WHAS WGY WTAM WAPI
WGR WSM WIBO

POPULAR BITS—THE QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WLW WJS WRC WJR
KWK WREN KFAB WTMJ
KSTP WEBC

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WMAL WHP
WJAS WHEC WKBW WHK
WKRC WAIU WKBN WMAQ
KMOX KOIL KMBC WIBW
WGL KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC WLAC KLRA
WPG WBT

BLUE MONDAY GLOOM CHASERS—
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WHP WLBW WHEC
WKBW WKRC WKBN WBBM
KMOX KOIL KMBC WIBW
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
WXYZ WPG

THE MANHATTERS—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WBZ WBZA WREN WRVA
KSTP WHAM KYW WSM
WSB WAPI WTMJ WJZ
WBAL KWK

MAJESTIC HOME—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WOWO KMOX KOIL KMBC
WJJD WSPD

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WLIT WRC WHAS WSM
WSB WGR WCAE WWJ
WSAI KFKX KTAM KSD
WOW WTMJ KSTP WEBC
WAPI WSMB KTHS KVOO
KPRC WOAI WKY WEEI
WGY WMC

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WTAG WRC WGR
WCAE WWJ WTMJ WJDX
WEBC WRVA WHAS WMC
WAPI WGY KSTP WSM
WTAM WIBO KOA

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Eastern 11:30 a.m.	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WKBW	WADC	WAIU	WKBN
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WGST	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
WXYZ	WPG	WBT	WDAY
WORC			

BACK FENCE—

Eastern 11:45 a.m.	Central 10:45	Mountain 9:45	Pacific 8:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WKBW	WADC	WAIU	WKBN
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	WISN
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KRLD	KLRA	KDYL
WXYZ	WPG	WBT	WDAY
WORC			

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 12:30 p.m.	Central 11:30	Mountain 10:30	Pacific 9:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WHEC	WMAJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WGST	WBRC	WORC	WDOD
WREC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	KOL
WBT	WDAY		

HAROLD STERN AND AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 1:30 p.m.	Central 12:30	Mountain 11:30	Pacific 10:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WLBZ
WFAN	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WHEC	WMAK
WADC	WAIU	WOWO	WBBM
KMBC	WCCO	KFH	WBCM
WMT	WTAR	WDOD	WREC
KLRA	KLZ	WXYZ	WBT
WDAY			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

Eastern 1:45 p.m.	Central 12:45	Mountain 11:45	Pacific 10:45
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WJR
WLW	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WPTF	WHAS	WSM	WOW
WMC	WSB	KVOO	WKY
WOAI	WRC	WHO	WDAF
KPRC	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
WIOD	KWK	WREN	KOA
WBZ	WOC	WBZA	WFAA
KFAB	WAPI	KTHS	WFLA
WSUN	KFKX	WJAX	

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN

Eastern 2:30 p.m.	Central 1:30	Mountain 12:30	Pacific 11:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WHEC
WMAK	WADC	WHK	WAIU
WOWO	WBCM	WSPD	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WDOD	WLAC
KLRA	WXYZ	WPG	WBT
WORC			

WARDMAN PARK HOTEL ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 4:00 p.m	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WMAK	WADC	WKRC
WAIU	WKBN	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	WGL
WBCM	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WPG	KOL	WBT	WDAY

THE MERRY MAKERS—

Eastern 4:15 p.m.	Central 3:15	Mountain 2:15	Pacific 1:15
WEAF	KSD	WOC	WHO
WCAE	WTAG	WDAF	WWJ
WRC	WGR	WTAM	

EBONY TWINS—

Eastern 4:30 p.m.	Central 3:30	Mountain 2:30	Pacific 1:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WMAK	WADC	WKRC
WAIU	WKBN	WFBM	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
WGL	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KRDL
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	KOL
WBT	WDAY		

MANHATTAN TOWERS—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WFBL	WADC
WCCO	WKRC	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WNAC	WDBJ	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	WLBZ	KFPY
WXYZ	KOL	WBT	WDAY
WPG	WBRC	KHJ	WORC
WKBN	WOWO	WCAU	W3XAU

CARL RUPP AND HIS WXYZ CAPTIVATORS—

Eastern 5:45 p.m.	Central 4:45	Mountain 3:45	Pacific 2:45
WABC	W2XE	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WAIU	WKBN	WBBM
KMBC	WISN	WIBW	WGL
KFH	WBCM	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WGST	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	WXYZ	WBT	WDAY

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WJZ	WBAL	WSM	KWK
KOA	KSL	KGO	KOMO
KFAB	KGW	KPO	WLW
CKGW	WRC	WHAS	KDKA
KSTP	KFSD	KTAR	WAPI
WFAA			

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID

Eastern 6:45 p.m.	Central 5:45	Mountain 4:45	Pacific 3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WCAE	WTAG

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—

Eastern 7:00 p.m.	Central 6.00	Mountain 5:00	Pacific 4:00
WJZ	WBZA	WHAM	KDKA
WBZ	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WBAL	

CURRENT EVENTS—

Eastern 7:00 p.m.	Central 6:00	Mountain 5:00	Pacific 4:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAO
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	KMOX	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WMT	WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
KOL	WORC	WDAY	

PHIL COOK—

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WFLA
WSUN	WIOD	WKY	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WHAS	WENR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WSB	WSM	WEBC	WSMB
WJDX	WOAI	KTHS	KVOO
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	WRC	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	KPRC	WFAA

EVANGELINE ADAMS—

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WFBL	WMAK	WKBW
WXYZ			

SINCLAIR OIL—

Eastern 7:45 p.m.	Central 6:45	Mountain 5:45	Pacific 4:45
WABC	WADC	WCAO	WGHP
WMAQ	WKRC	WHAS	KOIL
WCAU	KMOX	WSPD	KSCJ
KRLD			

ROXY AND HIS GANG—

Eastern 7:50 p.m.	Central 6:50	Mountain 5:50	Pacific 4:50
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	WSB	WSM	WCKY
KGO	KFAB	KOA	WFLA
WSUN	WRC	KGW	WCFL
CKGW	WIBO	KTHS	

HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WIOD	WPTF	WJAX
WJAR	WTAG	WLIT	WCSH
KSFD	KOMO	WRC	WCAE
WGR	WFJC	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WOW	WHO
KYW	WDAF	KSTP	WDJX
WSMB	KGO	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KECA	KGW
WFLA	WSUN	WTIC	

A. & P. GYPSIES—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WGN	KSD	WOC
WDAF	WTAM	WOW	WHO

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WADC
WKRC	WFBM	WMAQ	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WGL	KFH	WSPD	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
KLRA	KLZ	KFRC	KVI
KFPY	WNAX	KOL	WDAY
WORC			

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KYW	KWK
WSMB	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WSM	KTHS	WKY	WOAI
KOA	KSL	WCKY	WJDX
KGO	KECA	KGW	KHQ
KOMO	WTMJ	WHAS	WMC
WFAA	WSB	KVOO	KPRC

MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL SYMPHONY HOUR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	WCCO	WISN	WPG
WBT	WMAL	WCAU	WSPD
WFBL	KMOV	WEAN	WJAS
WFAN	KOIL	WLB	KMBC
WOW	WGHP	WHY	WKRC
WBBM	WKBW	WNAC	WCAO
WADC			

CHESEBROUGH REAL ROLKS—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KYW
WJR	WREN	CKGW	

GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PARTY

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WCSH	WTAG	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WGN	KSD	WOC
WOW	WSAI	WDAF	KSTP
WTMJ	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJAX	WFAA	KECA
WOAI	KPRC	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	WHO		

BOURJOIS—AN EVENING IN PARIS

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WABC	WMAL	KMOX	WCAU
KMBC	WHK	WBT	WSPD
WEAN	KOIL	WOWO	WKRC
WPG	WFBL	WJAS	WLBW
WGHP	WBBM	WKBW	WNAC
WCAO	WNAC		

ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAP	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WCCO	WSPD
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	KFRC
KOIN	KVI	KFPY	KOL

STROMBERG-CARLSON PROGRAM

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WHAM	WJZ	WBZ	WBZA
WREN	KDKA	KYW	KWK
WIOD	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WSB	WHAS	WSM	WMC
KPRC	WSMB	WKY	KTHS
KFI	WOAI	KOA	KGO
KOMO	WCKY	KGW	KHQ
KVOO	WJDX	KSTP	WPTF
KFSD	WFLA	WSUN	KTAR

SIGN OF THE SHELL—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WOW	WDAF	WRVA	KOA
KSTP	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WEBC	WHO
WTAM			

AMERICAN MAIZE PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WABC	KLZ	WKBN	WHY
KOL	WNAX	WHP	WKRC
KFPY	WCCO	WSPD	WBBM
KFRC	WDAY	WJAZ	WADE
KDYL	WCAH	WCAU	KOIN
KSCJ	KOIL	KHJ	WMT
WLBW	WISN		

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 11:00 p.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WHEC	WKBN	WFBM	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WORC	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KLRA	KLZ	KDYL
KFRC	KFPY	WXYZ	WDAY
KOL	WBT	WNAX	

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—

Eastern 11:15 p.m.	Central 10:15	Mountain 9:15	Pacific 8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WHEC	WKRC	WKBN	WFBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WGST	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WLAC	WORC	WDOD
WREC	KFRC	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	WBT	WXYZ	WDAY
KOL		WNAX	

Tuesday

MORNING DEVOTIONS—

Eastern 8:15 a.m.	Central 7:15	Mountain 6:15	Pacific 5:15
WEAF	WCAE	WRC	WGY
WGR	WFLA	WSUN	WFI
WCSH	WLS	WJAR	WWJ
WCKY	WPTF	WHAS	WIOD
WAPI	WOW	WTAG	WJDX

CHEERIO—

Eastern 8:30 a.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCKY	WPTF
WTIC	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WGY	WGR	WCKY	WPTF
WWJ	WOW	WDAF	KSTP
WAPI	KPRC	WJAX	WSB
WCAE	CKGW	WOAI	WIOD
WHAS	WFLA	WSUN	WTAM
WIBO	WSM	WMC	

POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—Phil Cook—

Eastern 8:45 a.m.	Central 7:45	Mountain 6:45	Pacific 5:45
WLW	WLS	WRC	WOC
WTMJ	WJR	WREN	KWK
KFAB	KSTP	WEBC	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	WHO	WOW	WKY
WDAF	WEBC	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	

MORNING MELODIES—

Eastern 9:00 a.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WRC	WWJ	WOW
WTAM	WHAS	WSM	WSB
WGY	WAPI	WOC	WHO
WGR	WIBO		

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—

Eastern 9:00 a.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WHEC	WKBW	WHK
WAIU	WKBN	WMAQ	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WIBW	WGL
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KLRA	WPG
WBT			

U. S. ARMY BAND CONCERT—

Eastern 9:30 a.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WKBW
WKRC	WKBN	WBBM	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WIBW	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WDBJ
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KRLD	KLRA	WXYZ	WPG

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—

Eastern 10:15 a.m.	Central 9:15	Mountain 8:15	Pacific 7:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WLW	WREN	KFKX	WJR
KDKA	KWK	CKGW	

O'CEDAR TIME—

Eastern 10:30 a.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
W2XE	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WKBW	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WBCM	WSPD
WGST	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	KRLD	KLRA
KFJF	KTSA	KTRH	WPG
WBT			

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON

Eastern 10:45 a.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WREN	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WIBO	WIOD	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	KFAB
WKY	WTMJ	WHAS	WPTF
WJDX	WJAX		

"YOUR CHILD"—

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WEAF	WRC	WOC	WGY
WWJ	WSM	KSTP	WJAR
WCAE	WSAI	WJAX	WIOD
WHAS	WKY	KPRC	KTHS
WDAF	WRVA	WAPI	WSMB
WOAI	KOA	WHO	WTAG
WIBO			

THE METROPOLITANS—

Eastern 2:00 p.m.	Central 1:00	Mountain 12:00 m.	Pacific 11:00 a.m.
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WLBZ
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WMAK	WADC
WHK	WAIU	WOWO	WBCM
WSPD	WWNC	WTAR	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KHJ	WXYZ	WPG	WBT
WORC			

RHYTHM KINGS DANCE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WFBL	WMAK
WADC	WKRC	WAIU	WBBM
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WGST	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	WBT	WDAY	

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WEAF	WRC	WTAM	KSD
WTAG	WJAR	WWJ	WGR
WSM	WFAA		

PETER ARNO'S WHOOPS SISTERS—

Eastern 6:45 p.m.	Central 5:45	Mountain 4:45	Pacific 3:45
WABC	W2XE	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WHEC	WKBW	WHK
WAIU	WKBN	WOWO	WMAQ
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
WBCM	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	WBT
WDAY			

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—

Eastern 7:00 p.m.	Central 6:00	Mountain 5:00	Pacific 4:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAU
W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WHEC	WKBW
WADC	WKRC	WKBN	WFBM
WMAQ	KMOX	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	KLRA	KLZ	KFPY
KOL	WBT	WDAY	WORC

JACK DENNY AND HIS MT. ROYAL ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 7:15 p.m.	Central 6:15	Mountain 5:15	Pacific 4:15
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WFAN
WCAO	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WHEC	WKBW	WKRC	WAIU
WKBN	WOWO	WFBM	WISN
WCCO	KFH	WBCM	WWNC
WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD	KLRA
KLZ	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
KOL	WBT	WORC	

PHIL COOK—

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WLW
WHAS	WAPI	WSB	WSM
WEBC	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WTMJ	KSTP	WSMB	WJDX
KTHS	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WFLA	WSUN	WIOD	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	KGW
WRC	WENR	WFAA	

BLACKSTONE PROGRAM—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	WHK
WXYZ	WAIU	KOIL	KMBC
WCCO	WSPD	WMT	

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WKBW	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WOWO
WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WCCO	WSPD		

THE FLORSHEIM FROLIC—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WJR	WTAG	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WSUN	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	KHJ	WGST	KMOX
WGHP	KOL	KLZ	WTOC
WEAN	WHK	KFPY	KRLD
WDBO	WJAS	WKRC	KVI
WDSU	WQAM	WCAU	WMAQ
KFRC	WLAC	WDAE	KOIL
WKBW	KDYL	WCCO	WMAL
WLBW	WTAC	KOIN	WBT
WSPD	KMBC	WCAO	WPG
WFBC	WOWO	WADC	

HENRY AND GEORGE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
KFH	WSPD		

EVEREADY PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WSB	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WGN	KSD	WHO
WDAF	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WJAR	KOA	KSL	KGO
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WSMB
WDJX	WCSH	WFJC	WSAI
WOW	WOC		

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WTAM	WFJC	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WHO
WDAF	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WSMB
KVOO	WKY	KOA	KSL
WJDX	KGO	KOMO	KECA
KGW	KHQ	WBAP	WFI
KPRC	WOC	WOW	

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WMAK
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WSPD
WXYZ			

GRAYBAR'S MR. AND MRS.—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WAIU	WKBN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	KFH
WSPD	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WGST	WBRC	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	KRLD	KLRA	KFJF
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KHJ
KFRC	KOIN	KVI	KFPY
KTRH	KOL		

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
KDKA	WJZ	WBZ	WBZA
WBAL	KDKA	KYW	KWK
WEBC	WJAX	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSMB	KGW	KPRC
KOA	KSL	KGO	KHQ
WPTF	WTMJ	KOMO	WHAM
WREN	WRVA	WKY	WOAI
WSB	WIOD	KECA	WCKY
KVOO	WFLA	WSUN	KSTP
KTAR	KFSD		

CUDDLES AND MONTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WTAG	WCSH	WFI
WRC	KSD	WDAF	WWJ
WJAR			

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WXYZ	WOWO	WFBM
KMOX	KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	WNAX
WBT	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	KTRH	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WRR	KFJF
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	KOL
KFRC	KOIN	KFPY	WDAY
WPG	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE

RADIO-KEITH-ORPHEUM PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WFJC	WSAI
WHO	KSD	WOW	WSMB
WOAI	KTHS	KOA	KSL
KGO	KOMO	KHQ	WIBO
WJDX	WTMI	KSTP	KVOO
KECA	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WDAF	WEBC	WKY	WFLA
WSUN	WOC	WBAP	KFSD
KTAR	WWJ	WTAM	

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WKRC
WKBN	WFBM	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	WORC
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WTAR	WDBJ	WGST	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KLRA	KLZ
KFRC	KFPY	WXYZ	WPG
WBT	WNAX	WDAY	

Wednesday

CHEERIO—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WGR	WRC
CKGW	WCKY	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	WCAE	WWJ	WDAF
KSTP	WPTF	WAPI	KPRC
WFI	WSB	WJAX	WTAG
WHAS	WOAI	WIOD	WSUN
WGY	WFLA	WSM	WIBO
WMC	WJDX		

BETTY CROCKER—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WSM	WFI	WRC
WGY	WGR	WBAP	WOAI
WSB	WMC	WHAS	WJAX
WOC	WHO	WRVA	WWJ
WPTF	WSAI	KFKX	KSD
WTMJ	KVOO	WKY	KPRC
WAPI	WIOD		

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WTMJ	KSTP	WMC	WEBC
WRVA	WSM	WHAS	WJDX
WAPI	WIBO	KOA	WIOD
WKY			

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00 noon
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WFBL	WMAK	WADC
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WMAQ
KOIL	WISN	WIBW	WGL
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WGST	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KLZ	KHJ	KFRC	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	WBT
WDAY	WORC		

MUSICAL ALBUM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WMAK	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WFBM
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
WGL	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KRLD	KLRA	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WPG	KOL	WBT	WDAY

FOOTNOTES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WFBL	WADC
WKRC	WAIU	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WGL	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WGST	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KRLD	KLRA	KLZ	KDYL
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
KOL	WBT	WDAY	

TEA TIMERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WRC	KSD	WSB
WSM	KOA	WHO	WAPI
WTAM	KGO	KGW	WGY
KTAR	KFSD	WTAG	WOC
WIOD	WJDX		

COLUMBIA MALE TRIO—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WFBL	WMAK
WADC	WKRC	WAIU	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WGL	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WGST	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WBT	WDAY		

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WKBW	WKBN	KMBC	WISN
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	WXYZ	WDAY	

JACK ALBIN AND HIS HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ	WBAL	WREN	KFAB
KSTP	WHAS	WSM	WAPI
KOA	KGO	KTAR	

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:05 p.m.	5:05	4:05	3:05
WEAF	WRC	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WOC	WHO	CKGW
WJAR	WTAM		

OZZIE NELSON'S GLEN ISLANDERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WKBW
WAIU	WKBN	WBBM	KMBC
WISN	WGL	KFH	WBCM
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDOD
WREC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	WXYZ	WBT	WDAY

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	KMOX	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	KLRA	KLZ	KDYL
KFPY	KOL	WDAY	WORC



Marcella Shields in the "Old Witches" NBC Wednesday at 8:15 a. m. EST

PHIL COOK—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	WLW	WAPI	WSB
WSM	WEBC	WENR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WFLA	WRC
WSUN	WIOD	KOA	KSL
KGO	KOMO	KECA	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	CKGW	KGW
KDKA	WFAA		

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WRC	KOA	WTAG
KSL	KECA	KGO	WCSH
WGY	WCAE	WFJC	WRVA
KGW	KOMO	KFSD	WJAX
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WSM
WAPI	KTHS	KPRC	WKY

"DIC-A-DOO ENTERTAINERS"—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	KYW	KWK
WREN	KFAB	KSTP	WEBC
WHAM			

ESKIMO PIE PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	WCAO	WNAC	WHK
WKBW	WMAQ	WKRC	WCAU
WJAS	KMOX	WFBL	WMHL
WHEC	CKAC	WCCO	WBT
WGST	WBRC		

MANHATTAN MOODS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAO	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WHEC	WLBW
WADC	WAIU	WFBM	WMAQ
KMOX	KOIL	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	KLRA	KLZ
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WPG
KOL	WBT	WDAY	WORC

EAST OF CAIRO—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WCSH	WGR	WOC
WDAF	WWJ	WJDX	WSMB
WJAR	KGO	KGW	WHO
WEEI	WTAM		

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WAIU	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
KMOX	KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	KFH	WSPD
WTAR	WDBJ	WREC	WLAC
KRLD	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KOIN
KVI	KFPY	WLAP	WCAH
KFBK	KMJ	KOL	

WADSWORTH PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WLS	KWK	WREN	WCKY
KDKA			

O'CEDAR TIME—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WLS
KWK	WREN	KDKA	WHAM

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WREN	WLW	KYW
WSJS	WPTF	WRVA	WJR
KWK			

LA PALINA SMOKER—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WMAK	WFBL
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WSPD
WREC			

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WGN	KSD	WOC
WOW	WSMB	KSTP	WTMJ
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WHO
WSB	WJAX	KVOO	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WFAA	KECA
KPRC			

COCA COLA PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGR	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WOC	KYW	KSD	WEBC
KSTP	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WSM	WSMB	WKY	KTHS
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KHQ
KOMO	WJDX	WGY	CKGW
WDAF	WHAS	WTMJ	KVOO
WTAM	WHO	WOW	KFSD
WMC	WSB		

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WLBW	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KLRA	KLZ	WXYZ	WBT
WNAX	WDAY	WORC	

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WFLA	WSUN	WRC
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	KSTP
WJDX	WKY		

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WLBW	WKRC	WOWO	WFBM
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
WXYZ	WBT	WNAX	WDAY
WORC			

ABE AND DAVID—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WWJ	WSAI	WHO	WENR
KSD	WOC	WSM	WDAF
WEBC	WHAS	WSMB	WJDX
WTAM	WFJC	WOW	WTMJ
WMC	WSB	KSTP	

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
KYW	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WLW	KFAB	WBAP
KTHS	KECA	WEBC	WKY
KPRC	WOAI	KSL	WDAF
KOA	KFSD	WMAQ	KGO
WJDX	WSM	KOMO	KGW
KHQ	WHAS	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJR		

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WLBW	WADC	WFBM
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	WORC	WBCM	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WLAC	KLRA
KLZ	KHJ	WXYZ	KOL
WBT	WNAX	WDAY	KBYL

PHIL SPITALNY'S MUSIC—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WRC	WOC	WHO
WDAF	WTAM	KOA	

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—FLOYD GIBBONS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WENR	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WJR	WLW		

ROYAL YORK ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	WIBO
KWK	WREN	KFAB	

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMOR ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WLBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WKBN
WFBM	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WGST	WBRC	WDAY
WREC	KRLD	KLRA	KVI
WXYZ	WPG	KOL	WBT
WNAX			

HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 Mid.	11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30
WEAF	WRC	WWJ	WFJC
KOA	WDAF	WCFL	WSD
WOC	WHO		

NOCTURNE—ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 a.m.	11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WFBM	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	KRLD	KLRA
KVI	WXYZ	WPG	WBT
WNAX	WDAY		

Thursday

CHEERIO—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WFI	WCKY
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WWJ
WOW	WDAF	WAPI	KPRC
KSTP	WSB	WPTF	WTIC
WJAX	WOAI	CKGW	WIOD
WHAS	WFLA	WSUN	WTAM
WSM	WIBO	WMC	

MORNING MOODS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WKRC	WKBN	WBBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
WXYZ	WPG		

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—
Radio Home Makers.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	WBBM	KMOX
KOIL	WISN	WIBW	WBCM
WSPD	WWNC	WDBJ	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KLRA	WXYZ
WBT	WORC		

BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY TALK—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WFBL	WKBW	WHK
WKRC	WXYZ	WOWO	WBBM
KMOX	KOIL	WCCO	WSPD
WGST	WDSU	KRLD	

BON AMI RADIO MATINEE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WOC	KYW	KSD	WDAF
WEBC	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	KVOO	KTHS
KPRC	WOAI	CKGW	WJDX
WTIC	WKY	WHO	KSTP

RADIO - KEITH - ORPHEUM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
	RKO	WEAF	WEEI
WTIC	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WOW	WTAG	WGY	WTAM
WWJ	WDAF	WGR	KYW
WCAE	WHO	WFJC	

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WCAU
W3XAU	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WHEC	WAIU	WKBN
WOWO	WBBM	KMBC	WISN
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	WXYZ
WBT	WDAY		

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN		

PHIL COOK—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WEBC	KVOO	WENR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WOAI	KPRC	WKY	WPTF
WJAX	WFLA	WSUN	WIOD
WSM	WSB	WAPI	WJDX
WSMB	KTHS	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	WLW	WRVA
WRC	KGW	WFAA	

WARD'S TIP TOP CLUB—Variety Program—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WJAS
WFBL	WHK	WXYZ	WKBN
KMOX			

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	KYW	KWK	WREN
KFAB			

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WIOD	WJDX	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WFJC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WWJ	WTMJ	WHAS	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WKY	WSAI
KOA	WEBC	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	KGO
KHQ	WBAP	KTHS	WAPI
KECA	KSD	CKGW	WTAM
KGW	KSTP	WHN	WPTF

HAMILTON WATCH PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFBL	WCAU	WOWO
WKBW	WJJD	KMOX	KOIL
WGAP	WNAC	WMAL	WEAN
WLBW	WHK	WCAO	WSPD
WJAS	KMBC	WKRC	WADC

KNOX-DUNLOP ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WIBO	KWK
WREN	WCKY	WJR	

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
NBC Service to		WEAF	WEEI
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	CKGW
WFI	WRC	WGY	WSB
WSM	WIOD	WJAX	WOAI
KOA	KSL	WKY	WBAP
WRVA	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WDAF	KYW	WCAE	WEBC
WOW	WSMB	WJDX	WOC
WPTF	WFJC	WTMJ	WMC
KGO	KECA	KOMO	KHQ
KGW	WHO	WAPI	KSTP
WGR			

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WLW	KSTP	WKY	WTMJ
WEBC	WHAS	WSM	KPRC
WJAX	KOA	WRVA	WSB
WBAP	KYW	KWK	WREN
WIOD	WJR	WSMB	WOAI
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	WAPI	WPTF	WMC
WHAM	KDKA	KSL	

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WSPD		

RCA HOUR—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WFJC	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOW	WKY
WOAI	KOA	KSL	WTMJ
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSMB	KYW	WDAF	WJAX
KTHS	WTAM	KSTP	KGO
KGW	KFI	KOMO	WJDX
WEBC	WRVA	WAPI	WFLA
WSUN	WBAP	WSB	KHQ

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WKRC	WORC	WKBN
WBBM	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WDAY	WDOD	WLAC
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KFRC
KFPY	WPG	KOL	WBT
WNAX			

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WMC	WWJ	WSAI	WENR
WFJC	WTMJ	KSD	WTAM
WOW	WSMB	WJDX	KSTP
WHAS	WENR	WFJC	WEBC
WSB	WDAF	WHO	WOC

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WHEC
WKRC	WKBN	WOWO	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KLRA	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KFPY	WXYZ	KOL
WORC	WNAX	WDAY	

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
KYW	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	KPRC	KGO
KOA	WKY	WFAA	WOAI
KSL	WDAF	KECA	WLW
KFSD	WBAL	KOMO	KGW
KHQ	KTAR	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
WMAQ	WJR	KFAB	KTHS

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WHEC
WADC	WKBN	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WGST	WBRC
WORC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KHJ
KPRC	KFPY	WXYZ	KOL
WBT	WNAX	WDAY	

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Floyd Gibbons.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WENR	WREN	KWK	KFAB
WJR	WLW		

JACK ALBIN AND HIS HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	KSD	WCFL
WDAF	WHO	WWJ	

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WHAS
WMC	WSM	WSB	WJDX
WSMB	WOAI	KPRC	WKY
KVOO	KOA	KSL	KPO
WFAA	KECA	KTHS	KTAR
KFSD			

PAUL TREMAINE AND HIS ORCHESTRA from Asbury Park—Dance Music.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WHP
WLBW	WADC	WKRC	WFBM
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WGST	WBWC	WDOD	WREC
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	KOL	WBT
WNAX	WDAY		

Friday

MORNING DEVOTIONS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WCAE	WRC	WGY
WGR	WLS	WFI	WCSH
WWJ	WCKY	WPTF	WIOD
WAPI	WHAS	WFLA	WSUN
WOW	WCAE		

CHEERIO—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCAE	WRC
WGR	WCKY	WJAR	WFLA
WFI	WTAG	WCSH	WWJ
WOW	WDAF	KSTP	WAPI
CKGW	WGY	KPRC	WSUN
WJAX	WOAI	WPTF	WIOD
WHAS	WTAM	WIBO	WSM
WMC	WSB		

MORNING MELODIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WRC	WWJ	WOW
WHAS	WGY	WTAM	WGR
WSM	WIBO		

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—Conducted by Ernest Naftzger.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WHEC	WKBW	WHK
WAIU	WKBN	WMAQ	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KLRA	WPG	WBT

MORNING MOODS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WKRC	WKBN	WBBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WIBW
WGL	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	WXYZ	WPG	

RADIO HOME MAKERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WKBW	WADC	WBBM	KMOX
KOIL	WISN	WIBW	WBCM
WSPD	WWNC	WDBJ	WGST
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KDYL	WXYZ	WBT	WORC

BETTY CROCKER—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	SCSH
WFI	WRC	WGY	WSAI
WJAX	WHO	WOAI	WRVA
WEEI	WTMJ	WWJ	WIOD
WPTF	WSM	WMC	WAPI
WKY	WBAP	WSB	KPRC
KFKX	KSD	WHAS	KVOO
WOC	WGR	WCAE	

RADIO HOME MAKERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WKBW	WADC	WOWO	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WWNC	WDBJ
WGST	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KLRA	KDYL	WXYZ
WBT	WORC		

DON AND BETTY—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	KSCJ	KOIL	WKRC
KFH	WAIU	WOWO	WBBM
WREC	KMOX	WGHP	WMAK
WMT	WCAU	WHK	WNAC

LOS ARGENTINOS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WTAM
WWJ	WSM	KSTP	WAPI
WJDX	WCFL	WDAF	WHO
WSMB	WRVA	KOA	WOC

RADIO HOME MAKERS—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WMAK
CFRB	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KOIL	WISN	WSPD	

COLUMBIA REVIEW—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WAIU	WORC
WOWO	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WIBW	WBCM	WMT	WWNC
WDBT	WGST	WDOD	WREC
KRLD	KLRA	KFWC	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	KOL
WBT	WDAY		

ELGIN PROGRAM—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WRC	WGY	WWJ	WSAI
KYW	KSD	WOC	WAPI
WHO	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA

COLUMBIA REVIEW—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	WLIT		

COLUMBIA REVIEW—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 Noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	WEAN	WNAC	WLBZ
W2XE	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WFAN	WFBL	WKBW	WOWO
WLBW	KMBC	WISN	WIBW
KOIL	WWNC	WDBJ	WGST
WBCM	WREC	KRLD	KLRA
WDOD	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
KLZ	KOL	WORC	WBT
WPG	WDAY		

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WFBL	WMAK	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WOWO	WBBM	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WIBW	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WORC	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KHJ
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WPG	KOL	WBT	WDAY

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:45 p.m.	12:45	11:45	10:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WJR	KYW
WLW	KWK	WREN	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WJAX	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WSMB	KTHS
KVOO	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WIOD	WOC	WPTF	WAPI
KFAB	KOA		



Stanley Maxted in the Children's Corner CBS Monday 10:30 a. m. EST

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WLBZ
WFAN	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WHEC	WMAK
WADC	WAIU	WOWO	WBBM
KMBC	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WMT	WTAR	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	KLRA	KLZ
WXYZ	WBT	WDAY	

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:45 p.m.	12:45	11:45	10:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WJR	KYW
WLW	KWK	WREN	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WJAX	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WSMB	KTHS
KVOO	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WIOD	WOC	WPTF	WAPI
KFAB	KOA		

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WFBL	WMAK	WADC
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	KOIL
WISN	WIBW	WGL	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KLRA	KLZ
KHJ	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	WPG	WORC	WDAY

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WMAK	WKRC	WKBN

Eastern Mountain Central Pacific

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WMAK	WKRC	WKBN
WFBM	WMAQ	WISN	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WPG	WBT	WDAY	

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WWJ	WRC	KSD
WTAG	WTAM	WOW	WSM
WFAA	WGY		

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

5:25 p.m.	4:25	3:25	2:25
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	KYW	WRC
CKGW	KSTP	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WCAE	WTAG

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WRC	KDKA	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WBAL	WFLA	WSUN	

EVANGELINE ADAMS, Astrologer—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WFBL	WKBW	WXYZ

PHIL COOK—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WHAM	WLW	WHAS
WAPI	WSMB	WSB	WJDX
WSM	KTHS	WEBC	KVOO
WENR	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WTMJ	KSTP	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WFLA	WSUN	WIOD	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	WRC
KGW	WFAA		

NIT WIT HOUR—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WHEC	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WAIU
WOWO	WFBM	KMOX	KOIL
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KLZ	KHJ	KFRC
KVI	KFPY	WPG	KOL
WBT	WDAY	WORC	

TRUE STORY HOUR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WMAK
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WSPD		

CLIQUOT CLUB ESKIMOS—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WSAI
WIBO	KSD	WWJ	CKGW
KECA	WHO		

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
KYW	KWK	WREN	KPRC
WHAM	WJR	KSTP	WTMJ
WEBC	WHAS	WSM	WSB
WOAI	KOA	WKY	WSMB
KSL	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KGO	WMC	WLW	KFI
WFAA			

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WKBW	WKRC	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WGST	WORC	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KLRA	KLZ
KFRC	KFPY	WXYZ	WPG
WNAX	WDAY		

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WWJ	WSAI	WENR	KSD
WOC	WHO	WDAF	WEBC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	WFJC
WOW	WMC		

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy.

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
KYW	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WKY	KPRC	WEBC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KFSD
WDAF	WMAQ	KGO	WBAP
WLW	KECA	KOMO	KGW
KHQ	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	WJR
KFAB	KTHS		

Saturday

MORNING DEVOTIONS—

8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WCAE	WRC	WGY
WGR	WFI	WLS	WCSH
WWJ	WCKY	WPTF	WHAS
WIOD	WAPI	WFLA	WSUN
WOW	WJDX		

CHEERIO—

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WCKY	WTAG
WCSH	WWJ	WOW	WDAF

INDEX TO WAVE LENGTHS AND KILOCYCLES

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

	Kc.		Kc.
CKGO	960	WFJC	1450
KDKA	980	WFLA	620
KECA	1340	WGN	720
KFAB	770	WGR	550
KFI	640	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KXXX	1020	WHAS	820
KGO	790	WHO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WIOD	560
KOA	830	WJAR	890
KOMO	920	WJAX	900
KPO	680	WJDX	1270
KPRC	920	WJR	750
KSD	550	WJZ	760
KSL	1130	WKY	900
KSTP	1460	WLIT	560
KTAR	620	WLS	870
KTHS	1040	WLW	700
KVOO	1140	WMC	780
KWK	1350	WOAI	1190
KYW	1020	WOC	1000
WAPI	1140	WOW	590
WBAL	1060	WPTF	680
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBZ	990	WREN	1220
WBZA	990	WRVA	1110
WCAE	1220	WSAI	1330
WCFL	970	WSB	740
WCKY	1480	WSM	650
WCSH	940	WSMB	1320
WDAF	610	WSUN	620
WEAF	660	WTAG	580
WEBC	1290	WTAM	1070
WEEI	590	WTIC	1060
WENR	870	WTMJ	620
WFAA	800	WWJ	920
WFI	560		

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WEAN	780
CKAC	730	WFAN	610
KDYL	1290	WFBL	1360
KFH	1300	WFBM	1230
KFJF	1480	WFIW	940
KFPY	1340	WGST	890
KFRC	610	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIBW	580
KMBC	950	WISN	1120
KMOX	1090	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLBW	1260
KTSA	1290	WLBZ	620
KVI	760	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WADC	1320	WMAQ	670
WAIU	640	WMT	600
WBBM	770	WNAC	1230
WBCM	1410	WNAX	570
WBRC	930	WOWO	1160
WBT	1080	WPG	1100
WCAH	1430	WOAM	560
WCAO	600	WREC	600
WCAU	1170	WRR	1280
WCCO	810	WSPD	1340
WDAE	1220	WTAR	780
WDAY	940	WTOC	1260
WDBJ	930	WWNC	570
WDBO	1120	WXYZ	1240
WDOD	1280	W2XE	6120
WDSU	1250	W3XAU	9590

Eastern Standard Mountain Pacific

KSTP	WPTF	WAPI	WJAX
WSB	KPRC	WTIC	CKGW
WHAS	WOAI	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSM	WIBO	WMC
WJDX			

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
WPG	WBT	WABC	W2XE
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WHEC
WKBW	WHK	WAIU	WKBN
WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WTAG	KFKX	KSD
WOW	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KTHS	

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—

12:00 Noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XBU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WKBW	WAIU	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WIBW	WBCM	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WGST	WDOD
WREC	KLRA	KFRC	KVI
KFPY	WPG	KOL	WDAY
WORC			

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WFBL	WMAK	WKRC
WKBN	WMAQ	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	WBT
WDAY			

RHYTHM RAMBLERS—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WMAL
WHP	WLBW	WHEC	WKBW
WAIU	WKBN	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	WISN	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WGST	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
KRLD	KLRA	KLZ	KHJ
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
KOL	WBT	WDAY	

"TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS"—

6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WHEC	WKBW
WAIU	WKBN	KMOX	KMBC
WISN	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KLZ	KHJ	KFRC
KVI	KFPY	WXYZ	KOL
WBT	WDAY		

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WJAR	WCSG	WFI
WRC	WCAE	WTAG	WGY
WEEI			

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WLBZ
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WKBW	WADC	WOWO
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC

Eastern Standard Mountain Pacific

WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KHJ
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WORC
WBT	WDAY		

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAU
W3XAU	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WHEC	WKBW	WADC
WKRC	WKBN	KMOX	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WDBJ
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KLZ	KHJ	KFRC
KFPY	WORC	KOL	WBT
WDAY			

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	CKGW	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WRC	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN		

POP CONCERT—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WSMB	WSAI
WTMJ	WJDX	KOA	KGO
KGW	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WWJ	

DIXIES CIRCUS—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WLW	KDKA	KYW
WBAL	WHAM	WJR	WBZ
WBZA	KSTP	KVOO	WOAI
KPRC	WKY	WBAP	

RIN-TIN TIN THRILLER—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WLW	KYW	WREN	KFAB
WJR	KWK		

PICKARD FAMILY—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WREN	KWK	WSM
WLS	WHAM	WJDX	WSMB
KFAB			

DIXIE ECHOES—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WFAN
WCAO	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WKBW	WADC
WKRC	WAIU	WOWO	WFBM
KMBC	WISN	WORC	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WWNC	WDBJ
WDOD	KLRA	KLZ	KHJ
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	KOL
WNAX	WBT	WDAY	

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS—

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WRR	WDSU	WCCO
WBT	WMAL	KMOX	WJAS
WGHP	WCAU	KMBC	WMAQ
WNAC			

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	WZXAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WDBJ
WGST	WORC	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KLRA	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	WPG	WBT	WNAX
WDAY			

DUTCH MASTERS MINSTRELS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WLW	WJR	KWK	KYW
WREN	WBZ	WBZA	

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CHICAGO VARIETY PROGRAM—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WORC	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	KLRA	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	WPG	KOL	WBT
WNAX	WDAY		

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—

10:00 p.m.	9.00	8.00	7.00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WFI	WRC	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WWJ	WGN	KSD
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WIOD
KSTP	WTMJ	WSMB	WJAX
WHAS	WSB	KPRC	WMC
WOAI	WKY	WAPI	WSAI
WFJC	KOA	KGO	KSL
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WEBC
WJDX	WRVA	WCSH	WFLA
WSUN	WOC	KFI	KTAR
KFSD	WBAP		

MINIATURE THEATRE—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
CKGW	WJR	WHAM	
WOWO	WFEM	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WDBJ	WGST	WBRC	WNAX
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	WBT
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WPG	KOL		

JESSE CRAWFORD—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WORC	WHEC	WKBW	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WDAY	WKBN
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KHJ
WDAY	KFPY	WXYZ	WORC
KOL	WNAX	KOL	WNAX

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9.00	8:00
WLBZ	WFAN	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WADC	WKRC	WKBN	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO

TROUBADOUR OF THE MOON—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WFI	WRC	WIOD
WDAF	WAPI	WSMB	WOW

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WWJ	WSAI	WTAM	WOC
WHO	WDAF	WEBC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WFJC	WOW
WLS	KSTP	WTMJ	WMC
WHAS	WWJ	WSAI	

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WHEC
WKRC	WKBN	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
WDAY	WBCM	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WGST	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	WORC
KFPY	WXYZ	KOL	WBT
WNAX			

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N ANDY—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
KYW	KWK	WREN	WTMJ
KSTP	WJR	WLW	WEBC
WKY	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	WDAF	WMAQ	KSL
KGO	WBAL	KECA	KOMO
KGW	KHQ	WHAS	WMC
WSM	KFAB	WSB	WSMB
KFSD	WJDX	KTHS	

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—FLOYD GIBBONS.

11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WIBO
WLW	WJR		

KAY KYSER AND HIS HOTEL NEW YORKER ORCHESTRA—

12:00 p.m.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	WJDX	WFJC
WCFL	WOW	KOA	WWJ
KSD	WOC	WHO	WDAF
KSTP	WFLA	WSUN	WSB

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

12:00 p.m.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WHP	WHK	WKRC	WFBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WGST	WBRC	WDAY	WDOD
WREC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	KOL	WBT	WNAX

NOCTURNE—

12:30 a.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WMAL	WHP	WKRC
WFBM	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WGST	WBRC	WDAY	WDOD
WREC	KRLD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	WPC	KOL	WNAX
WBT			

Victor Herbert—"As I Knew Him"

(*Continued from page 7*)

or dance tune that he chose to conduct.

That Herbert was a genius goes without saying. He never stole a melody, consciously or unconsciously, and he never repeated himself. At the same time his compositions have a definite character, a certain something that makes them instantly recognizable.

He worked hard. His day started early. During his last years at Lake Placid I was with him. Long before anyone else in the house was awake he was up and was strolling around the grounds. After a long walk, he would return to the house and have breakfast. Then he would go to work.



Underwood & Underwood

One of Victor Herbert's favorite pictures, taken in 1923.

HE WORKED alone. Members of the family and close friends were forbidden to enter the room in which he was composing. There was a piano in that room and occasionally one could hear the strains of a melody being born. Most of his music, however, came from his head and went on paper before it was played. He didn't get his melodies by fingering piano keys; they first came from his mind.

He worked from breakfast until lunch time and then, lunch finished, he went back to work until three o'clock in the afternoon. Then he tossed aside his work and again went for a long walk. At such times I always went with him. We would climb hills or try difficult trails. This walk, except in midwinter, always ended in a swim in Lake Placid. The lake is cold at all times of the year and especially so in the spring and fall. Yet I have seen him dive into the water when it was so cold that my teeth were chattering. He was a good swimmer and, next to walking, that was his favorite recreation.

He never played golf and he hated cards. He considered the latter a waste of time.

After his swim came dinner. Then a few hours more of work and he was ready for conversation. The day always ended with conversation—preferably accompanied by liquid refreshments. He disapproved of prohibition and predicted that dire things would result from it. How right he was still is a matter of general argument.

I have seen few men with a memory for music that equalled Herbert's. When he conducted his orchestra at Willow Grove in Philadelphia he never used a score unless he was conducting a selection for the first time. He knew perfectly all the intricacies of the most complicated scores. Once he heard a composition he never forgot it and, if asked to play any part of anything he had ever written, he could do it instantly.

He was fond of children and dogs. He did not like cats.

"Cats are treacherous," he used to say to me. One of his favorite anecdotes concerned a serenade that drove away the family cat. He enjoyed telling it.

February 1 was the day of his birth. A number of years ago the Twenty-second Regiment band decided to serenade him on his birthday at his home on Park Avenue. The band gathered in the street in front of his home. It was so cold that the valves on the brass instruments froze and the serenade was impossible from the street. The band crowded into the lobby of the house in which he was living, and struck up a Herbert march.

THE family cat, sitting on a window sill, heard the first blast of the brasses. The cat, according to Herbert,

went right through a pane of glass and was never seen again. As he had never liked the cat and had only permitted it to stay around because Mrs. Herbert liked it, he considered the serenade a complete success.

Herbert was the most genial and generous man I have ever known. On the other hand, at times, he displayed considerable temper. If things did not go right, he was difficult to pacify. Yet every man in the orchestra adored him, and they would sit patiently until his composure returned. A few minutes later he would be apologizing for his outburst.

He was always "the old man" to his musicians. Even to men twenty and thirty years older, he was "the old man." Yet, when they addressed him face to face, he was always "Mr. Herbert."

He enjoyed his audiences and always played up to them. He was a great showman and had an Irish accent that he used before an audience.

HE CONSIDERED that his greatest light opera was "Eileen," an operetta set in his native Ireland and composed in a distincly Irish vein, but with all original themes. He was most proud of his grand opera "Natoma."

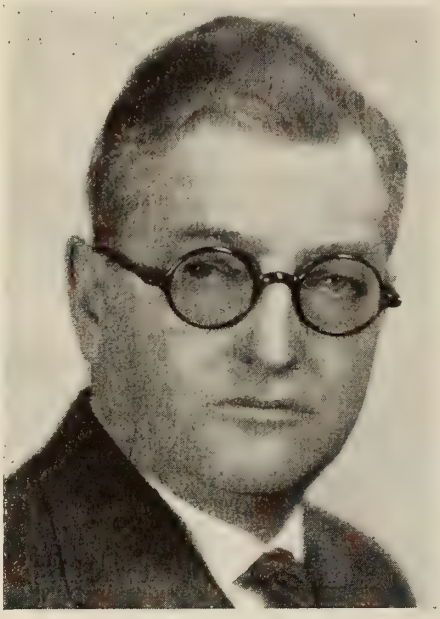
"The Irish Rhapsody" was a favorite composition, but he did not claim credit for it, as the composition was based on Irish folk tunes. While it was Herbert who collected and arranged the themes to the point where he was the actual composer of the selection, he always pointed out that he was merely the arranger.

Herbert was meticulous in his dress and was a strict observer of all conventions. He had but one peculiarity: he always wore a green knitted tie excepting when in full dress. When conducting a concert he worked so hard that he invariably found it necessary to slip out during intermission and make a complete change of dress clothes.

He was a great admirer of the Viennese tradition in music. During his youth he played first 'cello in an orchestra directed by Johann Strauss.

He was an incurable optimist. No matter what he was composing, he was sure it would be a success. His "Red Mill", one of his most famous operettas, opened in Rochester. It was branded a failure. However, Herbert insisted that it was a good production. The following week it opened in Buffalo, where it was heralded as a great success. It eventually became one of the biggest hits that Herbert ever had.

His best known selection, perhaps, is "Kiss Me Again" from "Mademoiselle



Harold Sanford

Modiste." The number was added after the show had opened. For some time Fritzi Scheff, star of the production, refused to sing it. It wasn't suited to her voice, she said. Herbert finally prevailed upon her to try it. Since that time "Kiss Me Again" and Fritzi Scheff have been synonymous.



A Group of America's Leading Composers. Left to right: Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Victor Herbert, Gene Buck, John Phillip Sousa, Harry Von Tilzer, and Charles K. Harris.

Victor Herbert died all too soon. He could have given much to Radio broadcasting. He would have liked broadcasting, for he liked anything that gave him a vast audience. He would have fitted well into broadcasting, for he had the ability necessary to meet the insatiable demand of the Radio public for more and better music.

I believe that the greatest tribute paid Victor Herbert is the enthusiastic response of Radio listeners to all his compositions and their oft-repeated requests for "more Victor Herbert."

"Old Timer" Signs Off

(Continued from page 85)

ton, Pa., and shortly after his birth, his family moved to a still smaller town, Sharon, incidentally, the original for the town of Middlesex in the "Abner" series. It was in Sharon that he came into contact, as a boy, with a garrulous old Irishman, who seemed the embodiment of wit, humor and aged wisdom.

LISTENERS who have missed the Old Timer since Pat's departure from WGN will be interested in learning that he contemplates resuming the dialogues in a new recorded program.

Pat first sprang into prominence back in 1926 when he rolled up sufficient votes to take second place and win the silver cup in the Radio Digest's contest to find the most popular announcer. In 1927 he came back to win first place and the gold cup. He has been on the air nearly 20,000 hours. He came to Radio after a successful career as a playwright and actor in his own show, "A Buck on Leave," which he first produced before the A. E. F. in France, and then sent on a highly successful tour of this country.

Pat had this to say about his departure from WGN:

"I had some reason to believe that my efforts at WHT were appreciated by the Radio audience, but I never knew how widespread popularity could be until I joined Station WGN. Its tremendous audience took me to its heart at once.

"I left with the deepest of regrets. If you've stood on the sidelines like I have and wondered about WGN's never-failing popularity, you will understand it only by becoming a part of its organization and coming into contact with the men who direct its programs. Where most Radio stations depend on the inspirations of one man or a small group, WGN can boast of a staff that is the equal of any in the country."

Herbert Hoover Anecdotes

(*Continued from page 11*)

might bring. He had made the broadcasters a promise that he would speak before the microphone. It was the breaking of his faith with them that made him regret the occurrence, unintentional as it was.

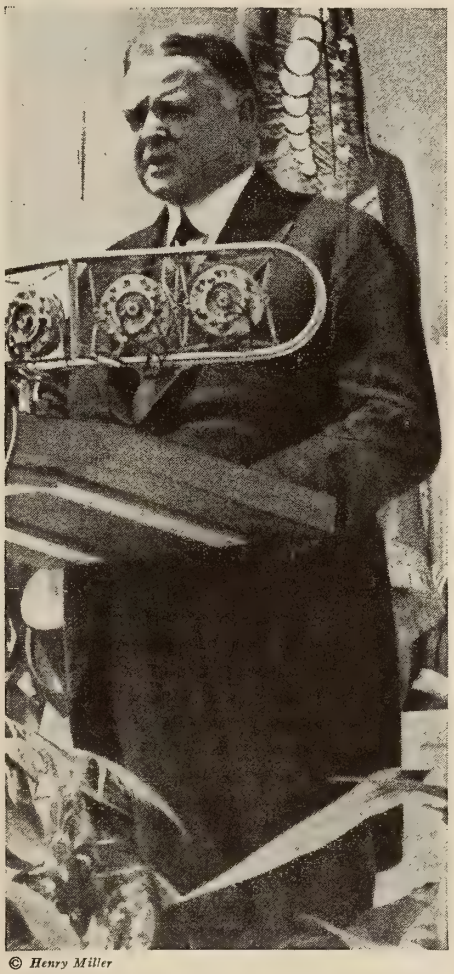
His consideration for a visible audience was evidenced at the formal opening of the Ohio river's newly-dredged deep-water channel. A heavy rain was falling when the President's party, on board the Steamer Greenbrier, arrived at Louisville. In fact the rain had accompanied the steamer on her entire trip up the river. Mr. Hoover was scheduled to speak from the deck of the Greenbrier as soon as she docked. His address was to be broadcast and the Radio engineers were waiting to bring the microphones and their communication wires aboard.

On the docks and river bank many crowds were standing in the cold penetrating rain. Umbrellas afforded but little protection against the elements. Dry feet were at a premium. Even the weather was adding its bit toward making the channel which was about to be dedicated an inch or two deeper than specified by the navy engineers.

Rather than expose these people to further discomforture, with the possibilities of an aftermath of illness, the President requested that the exercises be transferred to an interior location. Arrangements were made immediately for the ceremony to take place that evening in the American Legion auditorium in Louisville. The crowd was dismissed. The time for the broadcast was shifted accordingly.

The weather was still extremely moist when the time came to start the sheltered ceremony that evening. For this reason the huge hall was filled to about one third of its capacity. It was a dismal failure as a public appearance for the President but a tremendous success as a Radio broadcast. Those who ordinarily would have been present remained with their feet in front of the well known fireside and their ears in front of the equally well known loud-speakers.

BECAUSE of this unsatisfactory ending to a scheduled ceremony Mr. Hoover decided to make all future speeches, whenever possible, from the White House by Radio. Had this procedure been followed at the dedication of the Ohio river deep-water channel the rain-water interference would not have made necessary a last minute change in the arrangements. That part of the program which included the President's address would have been a Radio broadcast only. Not a personal appearance. It was his presence on board the steamer which brought out thousands of eager spectators to stand in the downpour. To Mr. Hoover this seemed an unnecessary exposure now that Radio has become an institution in the American home. When that same Radio made it possible for them to listen without being present at the postponed address the President held the absent ones blameless. The situation only served to strengthen our President's conviction in the ability of Radio to handle the majority of all addresses in better shape than public appearances.



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A special standard with a bracket of microphones has been made for the convenience of the President in broadcasting.

White House broadcasts take place in the Lincoln Study. About four minutes prior to the time set for the start of one of these broadcasts Mr. Hoover enters the room and takes his place at the desk, where the microphones already are arranged. He reads the first few sentences of his speech just as he will read them for the actual pick-up and the Radio engineers set their controls. This short rehearsal makes it possible for them to adjust the volume so that the President's first words will not be lost to the listeners while the operators are seeking to find the proper level for his voice.

During the last presidential campaign the Republican party made eight national broadcasts. Mr. Hoover took part in two of these.

The President is certain that Radio, more than any other one medium, was responsible for the exceptionally large vote cast on election day. The Radio made it possible to place before an interested public a clear understanding of the issues at stake. It awakened a desire in the listener to take a personal part in deciding these issues. And as the years go on Mr. Hoover is of the opinion that Radio, more and more, will become a recognized factor in deciding international as well as national political issues.

THE broadcasting of the the daily doings at the Disarmament conference in London unquestionably served its purpose in clarifying that particular international problem in the public mind. That it was instrumental in forcing the ratification and signing of the pact in this country assuredly is true. Expressions of people from all parts of the country gave Congress its cue to act. The will of the majority governed America's final decision. And Radio played a vital part in creating this will of the majority.

It seems strange that after having been commercialized for eight years, an industry could become as important as Radio without giving us something more than a general idea as to just how far reaching it really was. Although everyone respected its powerful influence no attempt to obtain any real statistical data about the ears of Radio until this spring. All broadcasting stations were known but the number of receiving sets and their geographical distribution was a matter of conjecture. The federal Radio commission wanted first hand information. So did the heads of other governmental departments. To this end the director of census added the inquiries concerning receiving sets and potential listeners to the 1930 questionnaire.

How many receiving sets are there in the White House? Seven or eight, I am told.

Is the President a frequent listener to air programs? Yes, indeed.

His favorite programs are speeches of a political or an educational nature. He enjoys the news flashes, too. He is an appreciative listener to programs of good music. All in all, he seems typically American in his choice of programs.

Mr. Hoover is strongly interested in the

development of future programs along educational lines. At no time in the history of the world has the public been privileged to enjoy the advantages of an institution equal to Radio as a distributor of knowledge. This public includes the layman of any age. That the Radio of the future will become the "college of the air" as well as a carrier of diverse entertainment features is the fervent hope of our Chief Executive.

The President never has been a believer in censorship. His policy toward those who have sought to bring about legislative censorship of Radio programs has been "thumbs down." He feels and always has felt that the broadcaster has too much at stake to jeopardize his own reputation and that of his station by permitting objectionable programs to reach the air. There always will be self appointed reformers, usually with a personal grievance, ready to claim that they have heard air material offensive to their sensitive ears. However, the Radio Commission reports that few such complaints are received today.

THE future of Radio as a carrier of commercial and personal messages internationally is of tremendous interest to our President. In February of this year Mr. Hoover exchanged greetings with President Ibanez of Chile to formally open the radio-telegraph system now in operation between the United States and that far away republic. Two months later he extended the greetings of our country to the Presidents of both Chile and Uruguay at the inauguration of radiophone service to South America.

Oh, yes. There is another reason for the President's interest in Radio. A purely personal one. You see, a young gentleman by the name of Herbert Hoover, Jr., holds the position of director of Radio operations with the Western Airway Express. It is only natural that a son's vocation engage the attention of his father.

Beyond the question of a doubt President Hoover is radio-minded.

(For the cooperation received when gathering material for this article, Mr. Hobart wishes to express his appreciation to K. H. Berkley, manager WRC; George Hicks, NBC announcer; Jack Norton, CBS engineer; also those to whom credit has been extended in the text.)

Gene Rouse, chief announcer of KYW, Chicago, claims a record as the result of his five years and five months of service for the Herald and Examiner in broadcasting 5,000,000 words of news. This, according to some statistical demon, is the equivalent of one hundred average length novels. Twenty-one days of steady reading, twenty-four hours a day, would be consumed by an average person in reading these volumes. Some record!

Jerry Buckley, Radio's First Martyr

(*Continued from page 25*)

him joy, he was shot down in the lobby of the hotel where he had been making his home during the campaign. He had lived there because of the many threats against his life; he wanted to go on living until his work was done.

WHEN news of his death found its way throughout the city the people refused to believe Jerry had been killed. As one man expressed himself: "It just couldn't be possible." But when the newspapers came out with the story there was no doubting.

A few days later came the funeral; a quiet morning, a darkened home. Suddenly came cars by the thousands, mostly cheap and battered little cans—the motive power of the Common Herd. Trucks, delivery wagons, a coal cart, patient children, overalled men who were tired from long walks clear across the city—men who had not worked in a long time and to whom carfare meant a fortune—all had come to bow at the bier of their friend.

There were far more dresses of calico than silk; more faces lined with care than bright with success; more hands blackened by toil than fresh with leisure.

Thirty thousand men, women and children came, passed through the darkened house, and out again into the drear realities of life.

"His voice seemed to rest me so when I'd come home from work," a woman sobbed. A man behind her crossed himself.

"I'd have gone crazy this spring—with no work or nothing—if I hadn't listened to him," a man said brokenly. "He made me think there was somebody who cared for me."

And so they came—and went—back into life. And those who carried Jerry to his grave were judges and men who had worked with their hands, believers and non-believers. The services were military and in charge of the Spanish-American War Veterans.

NOW that he is gone his spirit still lives. Thousands of letters to WMBC and to the newspapers continue to pour in. From a hospital comes this: "Many times Mr. Buckley has brought into our lives a load of sunshine and his every appearance here was a time of great rejoicing. Now he has gone, but I am sure that in the hearts of all the patients there always will be a corner reserved for our true friend, Jerry Buckley.

And another—from a member of the Common Herd:

"These days, I hardly know how to act when 6 o'clock comes. I feel as if I had lost a loving friend. Jerry Buckley was the only man in Detroit who was so strong for the common people. Will these people forget him. They will not. There will always be a memory of him, our friend. May God rest his soul in heaven."

The Isle O' Blues—an Oasis in a Desert

While cruising over the wave lengths, we find the Isle o' Blues in a bay of the raging seas of dance music, standing out, verdant and fertile, as a sort of haven for those who are weary of the cut and dried jazz the Radio carries so much and so often. If we stop off at this little island we are greeted warmly by thirteen unsuperstitious men of whom Lloyd Huntley is king and leader.

In other words, Lloyd Huntley's Isle o' Blues Orchestra, numbering thirteen talented musicians, is a panacea for those who like dance music and yet weary of the commonplace. Lloyd Huntley, himself, the young maestro of this gathering, went to Colgate five years and received two degrees there before he came to the conclusion that music was to make him his fame and fortune in the world. His orchestra is the outgrowth of a band he organized when he was struggling as an undergraduate to meet his college expenses. And his present popularity can also be termed as an outgrowth of these same first years which brought him so many successful intercollegiate engagements that at one time he made the purchase of two specially built Cadillacs to carry his orchestra hither and yon to the parties at which their auspices were demanded.

The Isle o' Blues, at one time playing in the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany, N. Y., broadcast over WGY, keyed to the National Broadcasting Chain. That is one of the things that caused all of the trouble last New Year's Eve. Lloyd Huntley was delighting the dancers at the College Inn, whose programs were broadcast over WBBM early this year. Another chain wanted him for its programs. The result is already known. National Broadcasting placed Huntley on their Dancing Across the Continent program.

The Langthwaite Pearls

(*Continued from page 29*)

had this money and your personal jewelry in the jewel-case?" I inquired. "Was it before or after you missed it?"

"Oh, as we were walking across to the hotel!" she replied. "I said to him that I hoped Antoinette and the jewel-case would be all right and mentioned what was in it."

"Didn't Captain Molesworth think it a dangerous thing to risk valuable property in that way?" I asked.

"No; he said Antoinette was not likely to let anybody rob her."

"By the way," I said, "did Antoinette see you with Captain Molesworth?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "She met us in the booking-hall at King's Cross."

"This is a rather delicate question, Lady Langthwaite," I said, "but it is easily answered. Was this maid of yours in your confidence?"

"No!" she replied promptly. "She knew nothing."

"And suspected nothing?" I suggested.

"I do not see why she should," replied Lady Langthwaite.

"During the time you were in the hotel at King's Cross did Captain Molesworth ever leave you, Lady Langthwaite?" I inquired.

"He left me for a little while to send a telegram," she replied.

"How long?" I asked.

"ABOUT a quarter-of-an-hour," she said, staring at me. Then suddenly bursting out, she exclaimed, almost angrily: "Why do you ask these questions about Captain Molesworth? What has he got to do with it?"

"Those are questions which you must not ask me, Lady Langthwaite," I answered. "Let us forget that you asked them. One more, and I have done. You, of course, lunched with Captain Molesworth in a private room at the hotel. Now, after you entered that room, did you leave him alone in it?"

She stared at me more wonderingly than ever.

"Yes, for a few minutes," she answered.

"That was before he went out?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, half peevishly.

I rose from my desk.

"Very good, Lady Langthwaite," I said. "That is all we can do at present. Your object is to recover the jewel-case and to avoid all knowledge of its loss coming to the ears of Lord Langthwaite."

"Yes,—oh, yes!" she exclaimed.

"And yet," I said, "if your original plans had been carried out, Lady Langthwaite, the Earl would have heard of his loss in—less pleasant fashion."

She hung her head at that and said nothing.

"I am to understand, I suppose, that the original plans will now be altered, or postponed—?" I asked, regarding her keenly.

"Oh!" she burst out. "I don't know what to do—I am so wretched, so miserable! Everything has gone wrong. Even if I were to go and tell Lord Langthwaite, I am frightened to death of doing so—he has so often been angry with me for allowing Antoinette to take charge of the jewel-case, and only last week I promised that I would never allow it out of my sight."

"AH!" I said. "I see—I see! Well, now, Lady Langthwaite, be guided by me. Where are your trunks? In the left luggage office at King's Cross? Very good—now go there, collect them, and drive to some hotel and remain there until you hear from me this evening—and in the meantime see no one, not even Captain Molesworth. What hotel will you go to?"

"I will go to Claridge's," she answered. "But—why may I not see Captain Molesworth? He will be anxious to know the result of my interview with you."

"I will inform him of that myself," I said. "Leave all to me, Lady Langthwaite—go to Claridge's and remain in absolute quiet until I call this evening. I hope—and I believe—I shall be able to relieve your anxiety in some way. But you must obey my wishes."

She hesitated a little, but finally promised to do what I wished. I took her downstairs, and put her into a cab for King's Cross. And that done, I went back to await the wire from Saxonstowe, and to reckon up the precise value of the information I had received from my foolish client

Captain Molesworth! Well that gentleman was known to me. I know nothing of an absolutely criminal nature against him, but I did know that he was on his last legs from a financial point of view, and that the country was getting a bit too hot for him. A friend of mine, engaged in similar pursuits to my own, had told me only a few days before this adventure that Captain Molesworth was very much in Queer Street; and could it be possible that at such a juncture he was going to saddle himself with all the trouble which would necessarily arise from running away with a young peeress, the wife of a famous nobleman? My own opinion was that he was after what ready money the Countess of Langthwaite could get together.

Naturally, I had formed a conclusion while Lady Langthwaite was with me. That conclusion may seem a very obvious one, but obvious conclusions are usually safe ones. I believed that Molesworth had gone off with Antoinette and the jewel-case. It seemed to me that it came to this: he had known that his cousin would carry a considerable sum in cash and in jewels with her; he had found out that all this wealth was in the jewel-case left with the maid. Leaving Lady Langthwaite in the hotel he had gone back to the station and arranged matters with Mademoiselle Antoinette, who had forthwith taken her departure. Packing his cousin off to me, where he knew she would be engaged for some little time, he had repaired to the Frenchwoman and they were now no doubt in the first stages of a flight.

Such was my theory, and I think most people would have formed it on the facts. Obviously, with such a theory, I must seek Captain Molesworth.

But first I wanted the telegram from Saxonstowe.

It came soon after four o'clock. The five thousand pounds had been paid to Lady Langthwaite in fifty notes of one hundred pounds each, the numbers of which were given in the telegram.

I had my own idea as to the precise value of this telegram. I put it into my pocket-book and went off to the Bank of England.

That solemn establishment was already closed, of course, but I had means of entrance to its high places. And within a very short time I discovered that Lady Langthwaite's notes had been exchanged for gold at the West-end branch of the Bank of England at ten minutes past three—just about five minutes after the time at which the Countess began to unfold her woes to me in Jermyn Street.

I suddenly saw what I conceived to be the true light on this matter. Molesworth, when he left Lady Langthwaite at the hotel on the pretext of sending a telegram, must have gone straight to Antoinette, procured the jewel-case on some pretext, abstracted the notes, and returned the jewel-case to the maid. This upset my first theory, but it was obviously more correct, this second one. But if it was—where was Antoinette?

TO CONVINCE myself that it really was Molesworth who had dealt with the notes I sent to the West-end branch where they had been exchanged for gold, taking with me from Threadneedle Street certain credentials which immediately procured me audience of the agent. His staff was still on hand, and I had no difficulty in getting the information I wanted. The notes had been brought to the bank by a commissionaire, who, assisted by the driver of a taxi-cab, had carried away the gold in a strong leather bag. The clerk who had dealt with the matter gave me a description of the commissionaire, and in less than half-an-

hour I ran him to earth outside a famous restaurant in the St. James's district. And then I found that it was certainly Captain Molesworth who had dealt with the five thousand pounds' worth of notes. He was well-known to the commissionaire, whose return from the bank he had awaited at the St. James's Street end of Jermyn Street. A cool customer, I thought, to carry on his operations under the unconscious nose and eyes of his beautiful and much-duped cousin!

A MAN cannot conveniently carry five thousand pounds of gold about him, much as most of us would cheerfully do so for the mere possession of it. What had Molesworth done with this gold? Why had he been in such haste to change the notes? I learnt from the commissionaire (who was communicative enough when I disclosed my identity) that he had gone off in the very taxi-cab that had brought the gold from the bank. And the commissionaire added that he knew the driver of that cab very well by sight; and that he was bound to come back to a stand in St. James' Street, sooner or later.

As luck would have it, the driver came back while the commissionaire and I were talking. Questioned, he made no objection to giving me the information I wanted. He had driven Molesworth to a certain well-known *bureau de change*, had helped him to carry the gold inside, had been paid off, and had left him. How long since was that? Oh, well, about two fares since. It would be about half-past three, he said, when he set Molesworth down. I glanced at my watch: it was now well past five o'clock.

I told this man to drive me to the *bureau de change*. There I met distinct opposition, a direct rebuff. They showed me, not quite metaphorically either, the door. I was in a vexatious plight.

I WALKED out into a by-street, wondering what to do. I felt confident as to what Molesworth had done. He had changed that gold into Continental paper money—most likely French bank-notes. He would be off to the Continent. But when, where, and how? He was scarcely likely to go openly from Charing Cross or Victoria, or any of the London stations, for he would know that sooner or later suspicion must fall upon him. For it seemed to me that the position was now clear—the thief was Molesworth, and the loss of the five thousand pounds was a mere flea-bite compared with the loss of the famous Langthwaite pearls.

But where was that Frenchwoman—Antoinette? Was she in it, or was she out of it? Well, Molesworth was certainly in it, and I must go for him. I jumped into the car, and bade the driver take me to Claridge's Hotel.

I purposely assumed a very solemn and serious expression of countenance as I was shown into Lady Langthwaite's sitting-room.

As the door was closed behind me she came forward with eager eyes.

"You have heard something!" she exclaimed. "You have discovered something!"

"Yes, Lady Langthwaite," I replied at last. "Yes—I have heard something and discovered something. Please sit down and hear what I have to say. My news is very serious."

"You have heard of Antoinette?" she said, sinking into an easy chair and regarding me with a tense expression.

"No," I said. "I have heard nothing of Antoinette, Lady Langthwaite. But I have discovered who abstracted the bank-notes from your jewel-case this afternoon—have discovered it with ridiculous ease."

"Yes! Yes!" she exclaimed. "Who was it?"

I watched her keenly for a few seconds and then decided to tell her the truth straight out.

"Captain Molesworth," I answered abruptly, keeping my eyes on her.

IF I had any doubts as to the Countess of Langthwaite's possession of spirit I had none now. She turned pale, flushed crimson, turned pale again, and leaping to her feet clenched her fists and looked at me as if it would have given her the greatest pleasure to drive a dagger through my heart.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. "How dare you? This is unbearable, this is——"

"Lady Langthwaite," I said quietly, "the bank-notes which you obtained at the Saxonstowe and Normanchester Bank yesterday, and brought in your jewel-case to King's Cross this morning, were exchanged for gold by Captain Molesworth at the West-end branch of the Bank of England soon after three o'clock this afternoon. That, unpleasant as it may sound or be, is the truth."

She went paler and paler as I spoke, and once I thought she would have fallen in a faint; instead, she sat down, clasped her hands tightly together between her knees and rocked herself to and fro.

"He may not have meant——" she began hopefully.

"Don't try to excuse him, Lady Langthwaite," I said. "The whole affair was well planned. Now answer me one or two questions. This—this elopement was doubtless arranged while your cousin was staying at Langthwaite?"

She nodded sullenly.

"Did he ask you what money you could bring away with you?" I went on.

"Yes, because he had so little," she answered. "We meant to realize on my jewels."

"And on the pearls?" I suggested.

"No! No!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, no! I was mad to bring them—I meant to send them back."

"I'm afraid that is too late," I said rising. "Now, Lady Langthwaite, let me give you the soundest advice you could possibly hear from anyone. Go and tell your husband everything. Then we can put the police on this man's track."

She stood tapping her foot on the hearth-rug, and staring at me out of her great frightened eyes. And I saw the exact moment wherein to play my great card had come.

"My own impression," I said, half-carelessly, "is that Mademoiselle Antoinette is with your cousin. Tell Lord Langthwaite the whole truth, and let us set the police to work. They cannot have got far in so short a time."

I saw a dull flame creep into her eyes and her hands clenched themselves.

"Please go away," she said, in a half-choked voice. "Come back in—in two hours. I will decide on what to do by then. I must have time to think."

She closed the door on me herself, and I heard her lock it.

It seemed to me that that decision could only take one form. With those pearls missing the Earl must be informed of what had happened—and his wife must be the one to tell him.

I returned to my office as soon as I had dined. Killingsley was the most obliging of clerks; he never went away as long as there was a chance of my wanting him. Now, as I entered, he handed me a sealed letter which was addressed in an unfamiliar writing.

"This was brought by special messenger an hour ago, sir," he said.

I carried the letter into my private room and cut it open. I drew from it a sheet of note-paper destitute of any address—the communication upon it was hastily written in pencil. I glanced first at the end and saw that the letter was merely initialed. The initals were "G. M."

"Captain Guy Molesworth," I said to myself, spreading the sheet out. "Now for some more light—or darkness."

"DEAR Sir," ran this precious epistle, "I sent my cousin to you this afternoon in relation to the loss of her jewel-case at King's Cross Station somewhat earlier. As I don't wish her to remain in suspense longer than is necessary I write to you as to what I know of this affair. You will kindly communicate to Lady Langthwaite what I have to say.

"I may as well be brutally frank, and confess that when my cousin told me of the existence of the five thousand pounds in notes in her jewel-case, I made a very hasty alteration of my plans. It had been my original plan to obtain the five thousand pounds from her this evening; her remark that the sum was in the jewel-case left in the maid's custody, showed me a better way, and also a way which would not involve Lady Langthwaite any further with me.

"On entering the private room at the hotel to lunch, my cousin left me for a few moments. She also left, lying under her hand-bag, a bunch of keys, one of which I knew was that of the jewel-case. I took the keys, made an excuse

to her when she returned, and went back to the station. The maid, who knew me very well, made no objection when I said that her mistress wanted the jewel-case. She handed it over at once, and I carried it to the hotel, possessed myself of the notes, and took the case back to Antoinette. I saw Antoinette then pass into the refreshment-room carrying the jewel case with her.

"WHEN Lady Langthwaite and I went to the station after lunch, we found that Antoinette had disappeared. I immediately saw that it would be very awkward for me to join in any search for her. My own object was attained, and after sending my cousin to you, I set about my own business.

"That business is now finished, and I am off. I may as well tell you that it would be as impossible to track me, or to find me, as to resuscitate Queen Anne. My plans are perfected. I shall never be seen again; I am starting a new life. But I want you to let my cousin know that wherever they may have got to I did not appropriate her jewels. All I wanted was the five thousand pounds. With that I shall make myself a man again.

"That's all—except that I hope Antoinette and the jewel-case will come to hand. I understand that it only contained my cousin's personal adornments—what a catastrophe if the celebrated Langthwaite pearls had been in it!

"G. M."

I folded this communication into its cover, and having looked at my watch, departed for Claridge's. The two hours stipulated for by Lady Langthwaite had gone by, and I was prepared to give her my final advice.

The letter from Molesworth I regarded as a bluff—the most impudent bluff I had ever known of. Did he really think that I was to be taken in by it?

I was admitted at once to Lady Langthwaite. It seemed to me that she had been through a scene with herself: she was very pale and her eyes were unnaturally bright. I lost no time in handing her Molesworth's letter. She read it through, and handed it back to me without comment but with trembling hand.

"Well?" she said.

"LADY LANGTHWAITE," I replied, "there is only one thing to do. Lord Langthwaite must be informed of what has happened. You must inform him yourself in your own way. I have no doubt whatever that Molesworth and your maid were in collusion, and that they met after he left you. The police must be employed, and in order that they may be called upon you must tell your husband of what has happened."

"Then I shall have to tell him—everything," she said. "And that will mean—oh, I don't know what it will mean! I have been a fool, and now——"

"Pardon me," I said, "but I don't know that everything need be told. It was natural for you to travel to London; it was natural that your cousin should meet you. If he and the maid were in collusion, what better proof of your innocence can you have? And again——"

Horoscope
of
Floyd Gibbons

Reveals high lights of his career to date. You will be interested in a forecast of his activities in the near future as revealed by the stars.

Evangeline Adams, famous astrologer, will present this fascinating life chart of this great journalist and international adventurer in the

NOVEMBER
issue of
RADIO DIGEST

Before I could proceed further there came sounds outside the door; a deep voice said "This room?" the door opened, and a tall man walked in.

The Earl of Langthwaite.

It was said that the Earl had a reputation for cynical humor which was really not ill-natured. He smiled now as he nodded to his astonished wife and looked rather slyly at me.

"Well, my dear," he said pleasantly, "as I was passing I thought I would call in and ask if you intend staying here or coming round to Berkeley Square. I see, however, that you are engaged with Mr. Campenhaye—I know you by sight Mr. Campenhaye, as I do by reputation—and I have no doubt it is on important business. Eh, my dear."

I bowed to Lord Langthwaite and turned to his wife. She had flushed a little, but she regarded her husband steadily. And with a sudden resolve she came straight to the point.

"William!" she said. "I have lost my jewel-case."

The Earl gave a start of surprise.

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

"It is all my fault," she said. "I—I broke my promise to you. I let Antoinette carry it."

"Ah!" again exclaimed the Earl.

"Antoinette has disappeared with it," continued Lady Langthwaite. "And, William—the family pearls were in the jewel case."

The Earl had turned his back upon me and his wife, and appeared to be studying a picture on the wall. It seemed a long, long time before he faced Lady Langthwaite again.

"You have no doubt suffered greatly because of this?" he said.

She flashed a quick look at him.

"I have been—miserably contrite!" she answered.

I could swear that the Earl's eye twinkled as he regarded her.

"When children say that they are really sorry and have suffered," he said, "the only thing to do is—to forgive them. So we will go home, and see if we cannot find Antoinette and the missing jewel-case."

The Countess looked at him quickly. So did I. The Earl chuckled dryly.

"THE fact is," he said, giving me an arch look, "Antoinette and the jewel-case are at Berkeley Square—safe. You see, I happened to go to King's Cross to meet a friend this afternoon, and I encountered M'am'selle Antoinette strolling out of the refreshment-room with the jewel-case, and as I remembered your promise, my dear, and my warning, I determined to give you a sharp lesson. So I bundled Antoinette into my car without ceremony. She and the jewel-case are quite in safe keeping. Now put your things on and we will go to them."

The Countess left the room in a great hurry, and the Earl turned to me.

"You can keep secrets, Mr. Campenhaye," he said, "so I'll tell you an interesting one. My wife thinks that the real Langthwaite pearls are in that case. They are not. What is in there is a magnificent imitation set, which only certain experts could tell not to be the real ones. I keep that set down at Langthwaite. But the real ones—ah, they are safely locked up in the vaults of the Bank of England."

Terror

(*Continued from page 53*)

escape from the web of circumstances?

The arrests and trials went ever forward. On June 15th two Catos and one Fortune were condemned to be hanged and a Ben and a Quack to be burned to death. On this same day five Spanish slaves were brought to trial and they complained, through an interpreter, Mr. Gomez: "since Mary Burton was the only white evidence against them and they could speak only in a tongue she could not understand, how could she tell what passed between them?"

But the court suspected that the masters of the slaves had put them up to this clever fetch.

Mary Burton came into court and swore that Antonio had spoken to her often in English and said that "while the New York negroes killed one, the Spaniards could kill twenty."

THE masters of these slaves came into court and swore to their good characters. Mr. Delancey took his oath that her man Antonio had frozen his feet at his farm and could not walk at the time of the plot. A surgeon testified that he had dressed the man's feet.

None the less, the jury found all the Spaniards guilty, though out of courtesy to their masters they were sentenced merely to be hanged.

To encourage the slower-witted slaves, a proclamation was issued now, offering mercy to each and every one who confessed and discovered other guilty ones. This sent all the negroes scurrying to change their pleas from "Not Guilty!" to "Guilty!" and new names began to tumble from their scatterbrains. The judges felt the need of speed for the summer was coming on apace and the fetid jail grew ominous as the source of a plague more dangerous than the fire. The gentlemen of the bar were invited to divide up the negroes in batches for simultaneous confession.

Again the lawyers sacrificed themselves for the town and devoted weary hours to transcribing the maunderings of fear-maddened zanies. But not one lawyer sacrificed himself for the cause of truth; not one threw down his quill and cried:

"I will record no more of this poor wittol's nightmares of fright. The plot is disproved of itself. The town was to be burned at night, yet all the fires occurred by day, a week apart, and all of them were easily quenched."

The trials went on and the flesh-burnings made such a stench that the citizens found them hard to endure. The slaves must have found them still harder.

On the fourth day of July, a date that meant nothing then, as the negro Ward's Will was broiling and even as the flames purled about him, he set his back to the stake, lifted a brown leg and laid it on the fire, and introduced a novelty.

He cried out that Kane and Kelly, two white soldiers at the fort, had part in the conspiracy. He was one of the more boisterous slaves and he may have risen to the sublimity of a posthumous ironical revenge. If so, it was because he knew his masters better than they knew themselves. These Irish names suggested both discontent in an English garrison and papistry. And papistry was the utmost possible rallying cry for prejudice.

The judges turned to the inexhaustible Mary Burton and she took the hint. She remembered for the first time that Kane had been present at the grand councils of the damned.

She brought in also a solemn young scholar named John Ury, who had never been to the tavern until after the Hughsons were jailed and it had been taken over by a man named Campbell.

Of course Ury was arrested and though he swore he had never met Mary, she answered him doggedly and told of prayers he had held among the negroes. She swore he had heard confessions, too, and had promised the blacks absolution for their sins. He had even told Mary that, no matter what her sin might be, he could redeem her; and had offered her silken gowns if she would take part in the plot to destroy the English and let in the Catholic Spanish and French.

NOW the town, jaded with the incense of smoked negroes, rejoiced in a new wrath. The evil of all evils was at work and the powers of hell were leagued against them under the archfiends of Popery. Once a man was accused of papistry anything inhuman or superhuman could be believed of him, except a decent motive.

The shoddy taproom of the dead Hughsons grew and grew into an anteroom of Rome. Black masses were held there; orgies of ritualistic worship; renewals of all the old fires and slaughters that had seared themselves on Protestant memory.

The clamor often arises and is especially loud today, that crime increases because the courts are slow and lax, too careful of the rights of the accused, too deliberate in execution and too hospitable to appeal.

Let those who raise this bloody cry read in Judge Hirsmanden's book "The New York Conspiracy" what happens when the courts are quick and eager to condemn, impatient of the defendant's ruses, swift to avenge and deaf to appeal. For there is no room here to recount the climbing fire of persecution, the gluttony for blood increasing to delirium until the judges were but maniacs in ermine.

As the fire in His Majesty's House ran here and there, flung blazing embers across wide spaces and started new fires, so the ferocity of the citizens mounted and leapt across the barriers of reason to flare up in unexpected corners and spread thence to the most unforeseen destructions.

And over all, like a mad priestess of cannibalistic savages, towered little Mary Burton, pouring forth her cursed accusations, pointing this way and that; now breaking back to girlhood and weeping that all she said was lies and everybody hated her; now frothing at the mouth with new deliriums.

Beneath her deadly finger the people cowered, white and black. The negroes bubbled and squeaked in an orgiastic fugue "Not me! but him! I didn't want to! He made me! Don't burn me! Oh Gawd, don't chain me up and blister my poor hide! Take him! or her! or them! but not me! not me! not me!"

And the judges and the jurors sat high, catching the very spittle of rabies, and writing it down as evidence, pointing out this and that and those for the throttling rope or the red-hot chain.

The documents carried the majestic words "The King against Ellison's Jamaica, and Meyer Cohen's Windsor and Murray's Jack" "The King against Bound's Jasper and Duane's Prince and Bosch's Francis" "The King against Mrs. Carpenter's Albany and Marston's Scotland and Burk's Sarah and the negro doctor Harry" "The King against Quamino and forty-one other negroes."

The 18th of July was a gala day. Othello was hanged, along with Venture, Frank, Galloway and Walter's Quack who had been heard to laugh.

"FORTUNE behaved at the gallows like a mountebank's fool, jumped off the cart several times with the halter about his neck as if sporting with death." But Doctor Harry even in the lighted pile averred that "he knew nothing of the plot, though if he did he would discover it to save his soul."

On August 15th a Spanish negro Juan de Sylva was hanged, "neatly dressed in white shirt, jacket, drawers and stockings, behaved decently, prayed in Spanish, kissed a crucifix, insisting on his innocence to the last."

The judges were wearying of hanging

and cooking negroes. They released a few for want of "evidence" just to show that the word was still in use. But they loaded the ships with the rest, sending them out shackled to a more degraded slavery in Hispaniola, Madeira, Curacao, St. Thomas.

THE lust of the city now was for the blood of Catholics. Kane the soldier from Athlone in Ireland swore that he knew none of the conspirators, but confronted by Mary Burton, changed his tune and dragged in other soldiers and "the priest, the little man" and a peddler who was arrested and "trembled and cried, but denied."

Mary Burton began to pour forth none but white names now, soldiers, a dancing master, another dancing master.

Sarah Hughson was condemned to hang and respited, condemned again and respited, and finally confessed what she was desired to confess, recanted it all and re-confessed it. She dragged in poor John Ury's name and made him out a mixture of priest and demon.

John Ury asked to be confronted by Mary Burton and Sarah Hughson and his questions and her answers prove, to one who reads today, their perjury. But he was found guilty of the capital offense of "being an ecclesiastical person made by authority pretended from the See of Rome" and of coming into New York province and celebrating masses.

This was enough and he was sentenced to be hanged, and in spite of a most beautiful and heart-breaking plea, which may still be read, his young neck was stretched from the gibbet. He had devoted his final hours to the composition of a farewell address exquisitely worded and thorough. He left it for his epitaph and repeated somewhat of the substance of it before he was turned off.

It began: "Fellow Christians. I am now going to suffer a death attended with ignominy and pain; but it is the cup that my heavenly father has put into my hand and I drink it with pleasure; it is the cross of my dear redeemer, I bear it with alacrity, knowing that all that live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. . .

"I am to appear before an awful and tremendous God, a being of infinite purity and unerring justice, a God who by no means will clear the guilty; in the presence of this God, I lift up my hands and solemnly protest that I am innocent of what is laid to my charge: I appeal to the great God for my non-knowledge of Hewson, his wife, or the creature that was hanged with them; I never saw them living, dying or dead; nor never had I any knowledge or confederacy with white or black as to any plot; and upon the memorials of the body and blood of my dearest Lord, in the creatures of bread and wine, I protest that the witnesses are perjured; I never knew the perjured witnesses, but at my trial."

He went on to deny that he believed it in the power of man to pardon sin, and accounted the pretence of it the unpardonable sin against the Holy Spirit. He called upon the sinners who watched him die to take thought for their own souls and repent before it was too late.

"In fine, I depart this waste, this howling wilderness, with a mind serene, free from all malice, with a forgiving spirit, hoping and praying that Jesus will convince, conquer and enlighten my murderers' souls, that they may publicly confess their horrid wickedness before God and the world."

The result of his eloquence was that the judges still believed what Mary Burton said of him, denounced him as a fiend who debauched slaves to his hellish purposes, and concluded that, while Mary Burton might have exceeded the bounds of truth at times and was probably tampered with towards the last, "but for her, next under the interposition of divine providence, this city would in all probability have been laid waste in ashes."

They resolved that "we ought once a year at least to pay our tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Being, that through his merciful providence and infinite goodness, caused this inhuman horrible enterprise to be detected and so many of the wicked instruments of it to be brought to justice, though we have not been able entirely to unravel the mystery of this iniquity; for it was a dark design, and the veil is in some measure still upon it."

The bulk of the townspeople were now fagged out with the whole dreary business. The cynics grew bolder and it was time for a new fashion.

Weariness rather than justice or mercy led the justices at last to give over the burnings and hangings and transportations. There were further alarums and excitements but they were merely flickers in the ashes and the Hughsons and Peggy and John Ury were the only white folk put to death. Only thirteen negroes were baked and only seventeen turned off the cart.

On September 2, the Common Council voted that Mary Burton, "the evidence who detected the conspirators" should have her hundred pounds minus nineteen pounds paid "for the freedom and other necessaries to and for the use of said Mary."

And now the maid of sweet sixteen, rich beyond all her dreams, had only to wait for the final reward of her grisly drudgery. The townspeople had no gratitude for their little savior and she was as lonely as Judas with his thirty pieces of silver. But she hugged her eighty-one pounds to her lonely breast and waited for Tom Wilson to return and help her make a home. She almost prayed that he would come home penniless so that she might lift him from despair to luxury.

But sailors take a deal of waiting for; and the blacks and whites in town glared at her with equal spite now that she was no longer either a terror or a guardian angel. So she retreated to Long Island to watch for the masts of the *Flamborough*.

It chanced that the ship stole in at dusk one night and Tom Wilson went ashore in haste to seek her at Hughson's tavern. He found new names and faces there and learned in a few appalling hours what devastation had been wrought by the little barmaid.

HE HAD run away from her pitiful helpfulness in tears and remembered her as a child afraid and alone. He came back to find her pictured as a gory harpy dripping with the blood of wretches who had done her no harm. Because of her, the jails had been crammed with frightened innocents; the gallows had been festooned with jumpingjacks that had been men and women; because of her that luckness thirteen had watched their own flesh sputter and fry.

JOHN GARLAND
THE DELIVERER

By

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

A love story
that will bring a tear
to your eyes and put a song
in your heart.

There is drama and heroic endeavor in this story. Also a love that is tender and true. There is a bit of sadness and a great deal of sunshine.

Don't miss this story
by a great writer in

NOVEMBER
RADIO DIGEST

There was a smell of smoke and of carrion about her, and he thought of her with all the loathing he had acquired for the stool-pigeon, the snitch, the renegade. He had been a thief and had feared the gallows and despised the sneaks who betrayed their fellows with an utter abomination. And his sweetheart had sent men and women to the gallows and the transport ships in droves!

The alehouse keeper Campbell gave him a copy of John Ury's outcry from the grave. It bewitched him with its pathos, its unbearable pity.

THE next day Mary Burton in the prettiest clothes she could buy came over to town to find him. She came soon enough on his trail and traced him all too easily by the hideous things he had said of her. His words were repeated to her with no softening and no more pity than she had shown.

When she found him at last by the waterside near a ship where a *Flamborough* small-boat was moored, he was fighting a squad of sailors who were dragging him back to the ship. He was fighting them with maniac ferocity, but they held him till he caught sight of Mary. Then he stood fast till she ran to him crying:

"Tom, Tom! my darling! I'm free, I'm rich! We can be married. See all the money I have now."

For a moment a look came into his eyes that made his captors grip him with frenzy and brace themselves against his plunge. But there was so much to say that there was nothing to say. His eyes blazed with an ire that burned them out. His nostrils flared with loathing.

Then he seemed to understand that it was only fear that could have dragged the poor, pink, shy, tremulous thing through the deepmost hell she had travelled—some hurricane of frightfulness that had tossed her as his ship had been flung at the gale's mercy through no fault of its helpless captain.

He was only a boy and she was only a girl and the world had never given them anything but the worst of it. His eyes filled with tears for her and for himself. He put forth his hands so gently that his friends forbore to restrain him.

And Mary ran into his arms.

When they had ceased to weep together, the sailors had left them and they began to laugh the curious foolish sweet laughter that follows upon tears.

He had a moment's nobility. He seized the money from her hands and flung it into the bay.

But the gesture exhausted his heroism, and he dived in after it and came up with it, dripping and sobered, and greatly in need of warmth.

He handed her her treasure with a silly snicker: "God knows we've earned it!" They embraced once more.

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 61*)

ways into the dungeon-like organ room, the mighty notes of the organ itself, all contributed to give the experience impressiveness. "She can't possibly be as little and child-like as that picture," I told myself.

But she was. "Little Organ Annie," one of her fans named her, and little she is. An absurdly childish figure sitting perched high on the organ bench, her arms and legs stretched out in almost acrobatic positions as she reached for hand and foot pedals and worked the various stops.

It was still her rehearsal time. After a smiling greeting she went on with her playing, working out the combinations that give such richness to her playing. A chubby-faced organ boy was taking her directions. "Number four, add bass to the pedal. Number five, take off solo. May I have the four foot piccolo. Take off the sixteen foot tuba." The organ boy would go behind the organ and do various mysterious things to a board covered with what looked like rows and rows of little safety pins. It was Greek to me but I suppose the above-mentioned bass, solo, piccolo, and tuba were properly added and subtracted.

ANN continued playing, the shutters of the organ room opening and shutting. I could see the rows of pipes which were producing music at Ann's direction.

Every night Ann's Midnight Melodies come over WABC closing the day's broadcasting for the Columbia System. Then there are her concerts during the day. She gives twelve programs a week.

She was born in Omaha, Nebr., on June 28, 1906. (But look at her picture, and she looks just like her picture, too, and see if you think it can be true.) She doesn't remember that far back, of course, but she says her family told her that the first step she ever took was in the direction of her sister's piano.

She was only eleven when she made her first public appearance, playing a Mozart concerto with an orchestra. She studied music both in Omaha and in New York with the Damrosch School of Music.

The organ intrigued her and she started out to make herself an accomplished organist. When her family moved to Los Angeles she applied for a position in one of the city's movie theatres, and despite the fact that she had never played a Wurlitzer before, obtained, and more important kept, the position.

Her most difficult position, Ann told me, was playing in a pre-view picture theatre. Without knowing anything about the film she had to play appropriate music. This was where her marvelous memory stood her in good stead.

For Ann, "Go west, young man," was changed into "Go east, young woman." She came to New York, and through Paramount had an introduction to Columbia. Columbia, knowing a good thing when it saw it, or heard it, signed her on for twelve programs a week.

Esther Leaf, Ann's sister, is also a very talented organist, and substitutes for her during her vacations.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. They're married, so we can put their names together. And you may hear them every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock over the Columbia network in the Blackstone program—two stage people who have gone over to Radio. And do they regret the footlights. Well, they've named their home in Springfield, "Dunrovin."

"Oh," says Julia, "to be able to stop living in suitcases."

"Oh," says Frank, "to be able to send the laundry out and have it come back before we leave."

Not that they don't like the stage, but they like Radio more. Radio lets them eat their cake and have it too. They can sing and act and still have their own hearth fire.

They live in Springfield, only three and a half hours from New York by the Boston Post Road. When they are through with their program they get in their car and are home by one o'clock. "Yes," says Julia "we're home. And there we stay for the rest of the week. We don't have to pack and unpack trunks and suitcases. They can talk about Radio bringing back the American home, that the family now gathers around the loud speaker, instead of going in various directions, but it's also making possible a home for the people who are broadcasting. And at the same time we reach a vaster audience than we ever could from the stage. And then," with a glance around the studio, "it's so much like a big family down here. So friendly."

BOTH Julia and Frank have had many years of stage experience. Julia, having an actor father, found it easy to make her debut at fourteen. Frank, after graduating as an electrical engineer, made straight for the vaudeville stage. In "Tangerine" Julia teamed up with Frank, and they liked the combination so well they decided to make it permanent. As husband and wife they have played in "Moonlight," "No, No, Nanette," "Queen High," and "Oh, Kay."

Julia is small and blonde and exotic looking. Frank is tall and brown and "outdoorsy." Both please the eye.

Have You Heard Zaro Agha?

(*Continued from page 49*)

Of the eleven wives who succeeded each other in the life of Zaro there were born twenty-nine sons and seven daughters. His oldest son, Eshref, by his first wife died in Bitlis in 1900 at the age of 101. Osman, a son by his fifth wife died in Bitlis at the age of 97. Zaro was 91 when his last child was born.

"I have seen twelve sultans come and go in Turkey," said Zaro through his interpreter. "The first was Ahmid and I remember him from the time I was a boy of 12."

"You were quite a fighter in your youth?" I inquired.

"YES, yes, yes," or the equivalent for that word he nodded when my question had been repeated to him. "I was in six wars. I helped drive Napoleon out of Egypt—that was a very savage war."

"You were lucky your days didn't end there."

"Some luck, and by the grace of Allah," he muttered.

"Did you ever see Napoleon in person,"

"No."

"Ever wounded in battle?"

"Bullah! Bullah! Bullah!" At least that is how it sounded to me. He tapped his right ankle with his long fingers, then he tapped vigorously on his right leg, just above the knee. I asked about his weapons. He went through as fine a pantomime as ever I saw, showing me how he poured powder into a barrel of an old musket, pounded it down with a ramrod, then aimed, crooking his forefinger to indicate the movement of the hammer as he fired.

"Ever been sick?"

"In a hospital 26 days from a wound," said the interpreter.

It was in 1877 that Turkey declared war on her old enemy, Russia. Now that he had achieved some fame as a centenarian Zaro was looked upon as patriarch, Ahmid explained. I turned a little away to look at the slim young Turk who sat on the edge of one of the narrow beds.

"He enlists at 103. Very good effect on young men to fight for their country. He rides a horse—a cavalryman. I hear much about that. I am very proud of him."

I felt an impelling look as one often will under an intense gaze. Zaro was studying me intently through half closed lids while his grandson talked.

"He seems alert," I said.

"We just returned from a trip to Washington and down to the Virginia country home of John Armstrong Chaloner. Zaro was guest of honor at a garden party. He also was entertained by the Turkish ambassador at Washington, D. C. But he is not at all fatigued."

"He is active—"

"Quite. He becomes restless if he has to sit too long and will exercise by walking up and down in the hall."

"How about his food."

"He touches no red meat. He eats fruit and vegetables mostly. Now he has taken a great desire for apple pie, which he tasted for the first time since coming to this country."

"What would be his typical diet for a day?"

"For breakfast he would have fruit salad, oatmeal, stewed prunes and buttered toast. Water would be his drink—never any liquors. At noon he will have some string beans, spinach, green peas—and possibly a little fish. For dinner he will have some pea soup, or chicken soup, French pastry, apple pie and a glass of milk."

"How about his teeth?"

"Oh he has just been fitted out with new teeth by your New York dentist. Dr. Julius Sheinman. It is his third set. This is guaranteed for 75 years to come, then he is coming back for a new set. He is quite serious about it. He enjoys life—likes good clothes and always takes pleasure in meeting new friends."

"Still a ladies' man?"

"In one way, perhaps. He has always been highly respectful of women, was way in advance of his times as regards higher recognition for them. Kemal Pasha is a man after his own heart for his attitude toward the women of Turkey, and he is glad to be alive to see his country advance with civilization. Kemal Pasha gives him a banquet each year. He is also frequently feted by other dignitaries of the nation."

I could not tell whether Zaro was able to follow any of our conversation. But I imagined there was a slight flicker of his heavy lids at the mention of the word ladies. He ejaculated a few short words. Assim stepped over and put a hand on his shoulder and there followed a brief conversation that was entirely Turkish to me. Then the interpreter turned to me.

"He says that he danced with some of the ladies while he was in Washington. As I stated, he was the guest of the Turkish Ambassador, Ahmet Muhtar Bey."

I asked about his hours of sleep.

"ZARO usually goes to bed about 10 at night and is up at 5:30 in the morning. Sometimes he will drowse for half an hour in the afternoon. You asked if he was ever sick—I forgot to mention that he was a bit seasick during the 21 days he was on the voyage here."

I looked at the old man. Something interested him from the window. It was time to give a man with 156 years behind him a little rest. As I got up to leave he stood up and gave me another salute. Just imagine—156 years old! You were lucky if you heard him on your Radio.

Television in the Theatre

(*Continued from page 95*)

that within ten years television will be as accepted as telephoning . . . In the center of a dark curtain you see a small frame of light. Into the frame comes a human face. Flickers pass across it so marked that one almost has the impression that it is seen through the slats of a Venetian blind; and it sways up and down like the waves of the sea . . . Nevertheless it is undoubtedly somebody. You could probably recognize the person if a near relation . . . Altogether, a memorable event and the Coliseum is playing its part in the making of scientific history."

In all of these reviews we find several common thoughts. First, that the demonstration was viewed with much interest by the public; secondly, that the demonstration was looked upon as an experiment; thirdly, that the images were not "perfect".

Without pretending to have a passport into the sanctums of the Baird company we feel that it is probably true that these tests were undertaken, in part at least, to show what could be done in the transmission and reception of television images from an ordinary broadcasting station. They do not represent the best results in television that can be obtained, for if the transmissions were made using short waves, where broad channels are available, much better quality of reproduction could have been obtained.

SUCH demonstrations, imperfect as they are, always are a part of the history of the development of any new device. When the talkies started but a comparatively short while ago someone referred to the quality of the reproduction as resembling, "the bellowing of sealions", but to-day that appellation would be entirely undeserved. The development of television may be slow, it may be rapid, but it will certainly advance and demonstrations similar to that given at the Coliseum will form part of that growth. The Baird Television Corp. deserves much credit for having undertaken this important demonstration.

To Broadcast Football

Followers of pigskin clashes will be glad to hear that there is plenty of entertainment in store for them at the hands of Graham McNamee and William Munday, the "Georgia Drawl." NBC plans to paint action pictures of two games every Saturday during the entire season, with the aid of these two word painters.

A novel feature of the broadcasts is designed for the fair sex exclusively. Miss Carmen Ogden of Rochester will describe the smart costumes appearing at each stadium, down to the last button.

The Pickards

(*Continued from page 30*)

material" are folksongs, negro songs, steamboat songs and old hymn tunes. Characteristically, he accompanies himself on the fiddle, varying that frequently with the banjo, guitar, jews-harp or harmonica.

"A few weeks ago," Dad explained to me recently in his pleasantly indolent drawl, "we got a letter from Mr. Henry Ford's right hand man at Detroit to come out and give a personal appearance before some of the Ford employes. That was easily arranged under the good "artist service" arrangement we have been able to make with NBC. And we gave a pretty good performance too, if I do say so myself, as shouldn't. While we were playing away there for a number of the employes, a slender quiet man slipped into the room. I noticed my wife, who was playing the piano, began to get a little nervous and then I glanced up. It was old Henry Ford himself! and he was listening with a smile on his face as wide as Lake Michigan, and (you know he's crazy about those early American songs!) his foot was tapping out the time on the floor and his head was swinging to the time of the music! Yes, sir!

"I MIGHT have been scared under other conditions—playing before the richest man in America right there in his own domain. But do you know I wasn't scared a bit; it seemed the most natural thing in the world! He got so interested I thought he was going to dance, but he didn't! He just stood there, as interested a listener as the Pickards ever had. And then just as we were playing that famous old reel-tune Sourwood Mountain . . . You know how it goes—

"I got a gal on Sourwood Mountain
Dum diddle di do, diddle diddle dee!"

blamed if he didn't jerk a little jews-harp out of his pocket and play with us! And he could play, too! Just as natural as could be! It's a fact, or I hope I may never!

"It was worth the trip out there to Detroit just to see Henry Ford standing there in his office playing that jews-harp and keeping time to Sourwood Mountain. He came over and talked to us afterwards and said some mighty nice things about what we played.

"Did we like him? Yes sir, he's simply fine—the pleasantest spoken, most modest man you'd find in ten states! I swear he reminded me of the old-time southern gentleman that I used to know down in Tennessee . . .

"I am mighty glad of the opportunity to play and sing these old ballads and folksongs. I feel that we are doing something worth while, for we are helping to preserve something very sweet and fine which otherwise would be lost. The favorites among the old ballads are *Barbara Allen* (twelve different versions to that song!) *Red River Valley, Kitty Wells, the Little Rosewood Casket, Sourwood Mountain, Froggy Went A-Courtin'.* Then there's a bunch of old negro songs that are favorites. And when I say old negro songs, I mean old ones—not "blues" and jazz baby stuff. There was one that was called Old Zip Coon, a hundred years ago. Later they changed the name to *Natchez-Under-the-Hill,* and you could hear that old song on the steamboats any time, down on our little Cumberland River or on the big Mississippi too. That tune can still be heard most anywhere in America but by a different name. It is now dignified by the title *Turkey in the Straw.*

Mr. Pickard claims that neither he nor his family ever learned these old songs. They simply have always known 'em. From the time his mother sung them to him when he was a baby he has been acquiring and absorbing ballads and folksongs. At first that was only because he liked them, not because he felt he would ever find a use for them professionally. Dad used to be a traveling salesman or, as they called it in those days, a drummer. Stopping one day to listen to a program broadcast by WSM at Nashville, he heard George Hay interrupt his rendition of the *Solemn Old Judge,* to ask:

"Will Obediah Pickard, now traveling somewhere in rural Tennessee, return immediately to his home in Nashville. His daughter is seriously ill."

That was Dad Pickard's introduction to Radio. It was a sad introduction, for his little daughter died, but it led to a personal introduction. And shortly thereafter the Pickards were playing over WSM, Nashville, regularly, and Dad had given up his traveling job. Later the Pickards went to New York and formed their present NBC connection. After a short residence in New York City, the family moved out to Chicago, where they now live and broadcast.

Though the extensive Pickard program includes far more than the "hill-billy songs" from old Tennessee, that is the class of music Dad likes to specialize in. And he makes no bones about saying so.

In NOVEMBER RADIO DIGEST

the story of a Radio City

The greatest cultural center of modern times is being planned for New York. It will cost $250,000,000. It will be a city of wonders. The next issue of Radio Digest will describe in detail the many marvels this great Radio Center is to contain.

Don't miss this number.

Radio Music Practical Aid to Study

College students can study better when they are listening to Radio music while going over their books, according to tests completed at the University of Minnesota by two experimenters of psychology in cooperation with KSTP.

Two sophomore students, James Copeland and Robert McBrady, conducting experiments in psychology with varied groups, found that students can accomplish more, and are less distracted when they are listening to Radio music than under normal conditions.

In conducting these experiments, the subjects were given several groups of problems in mathematics to solve under varied conditions. When a thrilling story was put on the air the students had difficulty in concentrating on their work and solved fewer problems, but when jazz selections were played, experimenters expecting the same results, were surprised when they found that more problems had been solved while the music was played than when conditions were quiet.

In attempting to account for this unusual result, one of the experimenters said he thought it was due to "practice effort". "The student may have been distracted by the music but tensed himself and concentrated on his work in order to combat the distraction," the experimenter said. Because of this the experimenter believed that the subject used greater effort than he normally would, thus increasing the total number of problems he was able to work in a limited time.

Pet Superstitions of Radio Stars

(*Continued from page 14*)

popular contralto studies the program she is to sing, decides its general mood, and then selects a pair of earrings to harmonize with that mood.

Alwyn Bach, 1930 diction award winner, always announces with his left hand in his trousers pocket. More of a habit than a superstition, though, he claims, and explains that it makes him feel at ease and as if he were talking to people he knew extremely well.

MARCELLA SHIELDS always carries a handkerchief she has embroidered herself. Practical-minded Marcella claims this trait acts as a reminder that she can do things, and reassures her.

Phil Cook, the multi-voiced Quaker Man, has a lucky coin he always carries and he often rubs it just before going on the air. Ray Perkins, the Old Topper, is deathly afraid of running into black cats on the way to the studios and has been known to turn about face and change his route simply because a dusky feline has crossed his path.

Paul Dumont, of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, is a step-counter. Going up or down any steps, he always counts them, and if he doesn't reach the top or bottom with his right foot, the fact worries him.

Even the production men believe in the time-tried omens. John Wiggin, of the NBC staff, has never believed it just the proper thing to do to open an umbrella in a house, and if he sees someone bring a "rain-stick" into a studio, he is horrified to a deathly pallor.

Probably the outstanding superstitions of Radio artists are invested in musical numbers, believed to be forerunners of bad luck when played or sung. The artists themselves will absolutely refrain from the rendering of songs which they believe are their individual jinxes. Many orchestra leaders of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who will hardly admit to being superstitious, confide that there are compositions which they absolutely refuse to conduct.

Mayhew Lake, the band-leader who has composed or orchestrated over 5,000 selections, will never play Ase's Death from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite. He considers it the greatest lament ever composed and a work of great beauty, but for him it has a sinister portent, a hint of impending disaster.

Perhaps for the same reason Freddie Rich avoids Tosti's Goodby and The Rosary. These two selections are the bane of a great number of musicians and singers. Rich not only refuses to conduct an orchestra in these two numbers, but won't even listen to them. Once when the program department scheduled The Rosary on his ballad hour, Rich, who had no time to leave the studio, sat in his chair with head bowed and hands clasped tightly over his ears until the conductorless orchestra had finished. His utter dislike for these two pieces is attributed to their association with several unfortunate occurrences in his life.

Vincent Sorey, director of several ensembles, believes that Schubert's "Serenade" ranks with the most beautiful and touching of compositions—yet it is an impossibility to persuade him to play it. Persistent questioning revealed the fact that this selection was predominant the night he parted with his fiancee a number of years ago in Italy.

Although he attributes no special reason for his antipathy toward Suppe's "Light Cavalry" overture. Nat Brusiloff, director of WABC's novelty orchestra, dismisses the subject with "It's a jinx. The boys say it's so, and that's my reason for never playing it."

Emery Deutsch, whose gypsy music is heard regularly over the same station, finds his so-called disastrous number, not among his native Hungarian airs, but in "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone," which fills him with some unexplainable fear whenever it is played.

THE conductor of the Philco and Grand Opera programs, Howard Barlow, recalls an unusual incident that occurred at a concert in the old Aeolian Hall, New York, some eight years ago. As Barlow was about to raise his baton for the playing of the Meistersinger Overture, he was seized with a premonition that this was his last appearance in the place. He conducted the orchestra through the selection with a heavy heart. A short time later the musical landmark was demolished to make way for a skyscraper office building. Barlow has not given a rendition of the Meistersinger Overture since that time because he deeply regretted the passing of the famous music hall.

The Volga Boatman, whose mournful and vivid chant is known to all, is never played by Claude MacArthur. He contends that it depicts too much misery and suffering to bring anything but ill luck. He admits it is a silly superstition, but refuses to deviate from his belief. MacArthur's faith in evil omens is a heritage from the years he spent in the show business as conductor for numerous musical comedies. As with many theatrical folk who will not tolerate whistling in the dressing-rooms or back-stage, MacArthur bans whistling in the Radio studios. He recalls the occasion when he was bodily ejected from a theater by Gallagher and Shean, then playing in The Rose Maid, because they had heard him whistling a few bars from the show.

To the Crockett Mountaineers the playing of Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, is a forewarning of an impending tragedy. No offer of money or favor can induce them to give a rendition of this song. Mark Warnow, musical director of the Ward's Tip Top program, says that Over There, which recalls the war-time period, is his jinx number.

WILL OSBORNE, Guy Lombardo, Ozzie Nelson, Ted Fiorito and other dance orchestra leaders all admit that while they are not exactly superstitious persons there are certain songs which they will never play or, if possible, listen to, because they feel that these pieces are bound to bring them bad luck.

James Melton, first tenor of the Revelers, has an aversion to cruising in his motor boat in uncharted waters. Other owners of cabin cruisers may enjoy the extra thrill that comes from exploring strange waters, but not Melton. "It may be that I am not adventurous or it may be that it's common sense, but I am superstitious about leaving the charted course. I am a land animal and I don't want to defy Neptune too much."

Wilfred Glenn, bass of the Revelers, refuses to hunt on Sunday. "I am fond of hunting, but when I was a kid, it seemed to me that the sound of a gun exploding was too much of a disturbance on Sunday. So I deny myself the fun of Sunday hunting even though that is the only day I can find to go after the ducks in season."

So you see Radio does have it's superstitions, mostly the old ones, however, for sorcery is an ancient art and broadcasting is entirely modern magic. But call off your witches and voodoo doctors a minute while I extoll a few 1930 model superstitions for you, Mr. Setowner, yourself:

1. Never fool around with the power tubes or power pack of your set while the current is turned on. Otherwise your vocabulary is apt to become swollen and blue.

2. Always keep the volume control turned to "soft" after ten P.M. especially if your neighbors are larger and stronger than yourself.

3. Never attach your aerial to a power line pole or run it across power lines. Your friends hate to sit in morticians' folding chairs.

4. Buy Radio Digest (this adv. will go big with the editor) every month.

Next issue—November—will bring another interesting article by Mr. Plummer. He promises to tell what and how the air stars cook and perhaps what they will be eating on Thanksgiving day. Stand by and keep tuned in.

Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

(*Continued from page 80*)

stove across the large room and far away from the supply cupboards, dish cupboards, table and stove. Another work table was near the third wall and two doors, but there was nothing else. The dish and supply cupboards were close to the dining-room door but were a long distance from the stove, sink and tables. As the room was quite large it meant walking countless steps to do any little task in the kitchen. But this woman liked space, light and air and plenty of room in which to move around. She also found that this large room was a sort of gathering-place for all the family and for neighbors as well who often dropped in while she was cooking in the morning.

DO YOU think such a kitchen ideal? And yet in a small, compact kitchen where one could reach stove, refrigerator, table and cupboard in a few steps, this old-fashioned housekeeper was lost. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that the refrigerator in this old-fashioned kitchen was placed on the back porch. This made additional steps necessary. When I hear or think of the good old days, I am often reminded of Edgar Guest's poem called—When Mother Cooked With Wood. Do you too miss the rare old days? But then Edgar Guest himself did not have to cook on the old wood range.

What makes a kitchen convenient? Size is one consideration. A small kitchen is much more efficient than a large one. If your family is of average size, you will find that a kitchen 8 by 12, 9 by 11, 11 by 11, or 10 by 12 is large enough. The size will depend upon the kind of fuel used. If you use a gas or an electric range it need not be as large as if you used a coal or wood range. Not only does the range require more space but there must be a place to store the fuel. And then furniture may be placed closer to the gas and electric ranges than to the others. Our Test Kitchen is long and narrow. This is a very convenient size as it is compact and it saves unnecessary steps. After size the next considerations planning a convenient kitchen are light and ventilation. It certainly is not healthy or wise to work in a hot, poorly ventilated, poorly lighted kitchen. How can you feel fit at the end of a day if you have worked under such circumstances?

THEN the floor and walls are important because of the care they require. I wish you were all as fortunate as we are here in the KDKA Home Forum Test Kitchen. The walls and floor of the kitchen are made of tile, the most sanitary and most easily cleaned material. This white tile covers the floor and walls nearly to the ceiling. Of course this is not always possible in a home. The next best material is linoleum because it can be washed easily. Avoid wood as it is difficult to clean and usually absorbs grease unless treated with hot linseed oil. Then there are composition materials made of asbestos, cement or rubber which are applied to the floor the same as cement. Walls should be of such material that they may be washed frequently and easily.

What pieces of equipment shall we have in our kitchen? What piece seems to you the most valuable? To the woman who does her own cooking, the range is the most valuable piece of furniture not only in the kitchen but in the whole house. When you think of the time spent using this range, it is only right that it should be of the very best kind of material and just the size to fit your needs. Of course at the KDKA Home Forum we think that there is nothing quite as fine as our new electric automatic range. I do wish you could all see it and cook on it. It is a joy and comfort. When a dish is put into the oven we can go about our other work and forget it. If you were in another part of the house the alarm would tell you when to take out the food. The guess work and uncertainty are eliminated when cooking with this range. As our range has a heat regulator we know that the food will not be spoiled by incorrect or changing temperature. There are many fine features about it which save the housewife's time and energy.

THE next important piece of equipment is the refrigerator, and, of course, there is nothing better to keep food at the exact temperature than an electric refrigerator. We are mighty proud of our refrigerator. It has a temperature-selector which may be set to give different temperatures for various purposes. The motor runs very silently and is an enclosed one. The refrigerator stands on legs thus facilitating cleaning. It is easily cared for and it keeps the food in excellent condition.

The third important piece of equipment in my opinion, is the electric mixer. Of all of the large pieces these three, range, refrigerator and electric mixer, are, I believe, indispensable to the housewife. The heavy beating, whipping, stirring, mixing, chopping, slicing, grinding and countless other tasks are taken from the weary shoulders of the housewife and she is thus enabled to enjoy housekeeping and homemaking, instead of feeling the usual fatigue.

Why should we be tired at the end of a day's housework? Surveys indicate that the housewife spends 1,125 hours each year (over three hours a day), in cooking and baking and it is generally agreed that she is entitled to some energy-saving devices.

To return to the electric mixer let me say that it may be bought with or without all of the extra pieces of equipment, and as many parts as necessary may be purchased. The beater is essential, as it mixes cakes, mashes potatoes, and creams butter, cheese and sugar and other things. The whip is also necessary as it beats cream, mayonnaise, eggs, meringues, boiled frostings, etc. Two mixing bowls come with the electric mixer. There are many other pieces, such as the dough hook, pouring chute, hot water jacket, vegetable slicer, ice cream freezer, slicer plate, ice chipper, food chopper, colander, sieve and roller, fruit juice extractor, coffee and cereal grinder and oil dropper for making mayonnaise. This equipment may be used with a kitchen cabinet or its own cabinet which has a white enamel top and cupboard space for many of the small pieces. The whole thing takes up very little space and is a wonderful time and energy saver. Who is there who would not consider cooking a joy if such a servant were at hand?

OF COURSE you must have a cabinet in your kitchen and, if possible, this should be one that is built-in. There are many excellent cabinets on the market which meet every need, but if one is in the process of building a house, I would suggest that the cabinet be built at the same time in order that it may be used to the best advantage. Economy of time and space is thereby effected. Instead of having the cabinet protrude into the room, it may be set back, leaving an even working surface. You will want space for food supplies, working top space, a place for dishes, a compartment for cleaning supplies, and room for linen, cutlery and pots and pans. Wood cabinets are easily cared for if they are finished in enamel but the metal cabinets are more sanitary, although noisier.

We have considered the four biggest pieces of kitchen equipment, the range, the refrigerator, the Kitchen Aid, and the cabinet. No doubt, you will want a worktable and one on which supplies may be laid while you are working at the cabinet. An enamel-top one is very easily cared for and it looks clean and attractive. If your space is small, one with drop leaves is handy. A chair is necessary, in the kitchen, not for visitors but for the housewife who may wish to rest between her labors. More chairs invite loitering and we are usually too busy in the kitchen to visit. A stool and stepladder combination is very handy to have, especially if you

are small and cannot reach the top shelves of your cupboards and cabinet.

One article so often overlooked in the kitchen is a bookshelf of some kind. This is the housewife's workshop, so why not have all of the tools within reach? A built-in bookshelf and desk combination is the best. Have shelves above for books and magazines and a drop-leaf which will form the top of a desk when it is down. Here the family meals may be planned, the bills filed, checks made out, market lists compiled and other similar tasks cared for. Such a place is as necessary to the housewife as it is to her husband at his office. The kitchen is your workshop just as the office is your husband's workshop.

Have your tools suit your needs. It is very handy to sit at my desk in the Test Kitchen and work, answer the telephone without getting up, typewrite, reach for something from the bookshelf or files and even turn around on my leather upholstered swinging chair and be able to reach the range. But what does the housewife generally do? The desk may be in the living room, the telephone on the stair landing, bookshelves upstairs and all of them at a long distance from the range or cabinet where she is working. Think of the steps saved to have things within easy reach.

The sink is another important and very necessary piece of equipment in the kitchen. One with a double drainboard and garbage-pan attached to it is very convenient. Be sure that your sink is at the right height for you to do your work with as little back strain as possible. Sinks are generally too low.

Now that we have selected the biggest pieces of kitchen equipment, namely, the range, refrigerator, cabinet, sink, Kitchen Aid, bookshelves and table, how shall we place them? Work out a plan in your kitchen that is the most convenient one for you. In the beginning of this article we described an old-fashioned and very inconvenient arrangement of a large kitchen. Think over the tasks which have been pointed out, especially those which require the equipment to be placed closely together. Examine the arrangement of the equipment in the illustration of the KDKA Test Kitchen. You will note that the range is placed near the window where the housekeeper may receive good light and air. The ventilator in the window keeps the air circulating and prevents a draught on the food in the oven. The cabinet is between the range and refrigerator. Pans, kettles, utensils, and food may be reached in a very few steps.

OPPOSITE the stove is a desk with bookshelves above. This is the office unit of the kitchen where the bookkeeping and meal planning are done. The Kitchen Aid is across from the cabinet and near the range and refrigerator. The work table is directly across from the refrigerator. Here it receives the groceries when they first arrive. It is convenient to the Kitchen Aid and other equipment.

Every kitchen is different and calls for a different arrangement. Analyze your needs and place your equipment to suit best the size of your family, the size of the room, nearness to the dining room and your own comfort. Save as many steps as you can and you will conserve your time, energy and retain an ever-cheerful disposition.

We have just begun the discussion of the convenient kitchen, haven't we? Our small equipment is not yet in place and that is quite necessary. Have you just the right tool in your workshop for efficient work? Perhaps you are planning a new home or wish to know how to make your present kitchen more convenient. We want to consider the construction, efficiency, utility and economy in the selection of our kitchen utensils.

Before you select these utensils, decide what you need. We might give you a suggested list but it would take too much space. And then each person's tastes and needs vary. We might include a coffee percolator in our list but suppose you don't drink coffee. Or the list might include a griddle and you may not care for griddle cakes. At best such a list would be but a guide.

WHETHER or not our lists would be similar, let us consider some of the materials of which our kitchen utensils are made. Shall we buy aluminum, tin or other ware for a cake or a muffin pan? How shall we decide which is best? Is there any best?

We mentioned before the fact that construction is important to consider. By this we mean the size, shape, material, type of construction, and general durability. For instance, if you are buying a knife you will want to be sure that the handle is long enough for the required purpose. How is it fastened to the blade? Is it fastened so that it will be sanitary? For example, if the handle is of wood, is one end open to allow food to enter? Of what material is the handle made? Will it give good service?

Or you might be buying a cover for a pan. Will it suit your purpose? Has it a well constructed handle? Can it be easily cleaned?

Efficiency is next in importance to the construction of a utensil. The tool must fit the job. If you want something done daintily, you use a small utensil. An egg beater or knife should save your time and labor and not increase it.

We want our kitchen utensils to wear a long time so that it will not be necessary to replace them too often. Think of this when you are buying a "bargain". Is it really cheap, in price alone, or is it also cheap in construction? Although we should not expect an endless life from any utensil we should expect a reasonable term of service. To check up on the wearing qualities of various utensils, keep a household record book and record the name of the utensil, the time purchased, the name of the store and the price. In this way you are able to test the service of the different makes. Consider the use given by the utensils as well as the care which they received.

Have you thought about selecting your utensils on the basis of the temperature to which they must be subjected in the kitchen? Some materials will stand a higher temperature than others.

BESIDES convenience in the use of your kitchen utensils, we should think of the convenience of their placing. Do you jumble everything in a drawer? Or do you have a place for each item? Hooks, shelves and drawers in convenient places will greatly aid the housekeeper. Place those things which you use while working at the stove on a shelf over it and on hooks beneath. This is more convenient than the lower cupboard of a cabinet across the room. Divide the drawers of your cabinet into sections to be used for different utensils. There are other things we need by the sink. Place them on a shelf near the sink and on hooks beneath the shelf. You may think a kitchen looks better with no pots, pans or spoons visible. But let us think of the convenience first of all.

"The satisfaction with which the owner enjoys the kitchen is due to the wisdom with which the equipment is bought and the judgment with which it is arranged."

Lindbergh Tells The World

(*Continued from page 18*)

the maps and charts he had made for us. Food was forgotten as we tried to picture him over the course, and the remarkable thing about it all was that subsequently events proved that he had scarcely deviated in the least, and passed within 50 miles of the point over the British Isles indicated on the chart.

"His return is unforgettable history. "His mother told me he was so well guarded in New York that when she slipped out of the apartment to go on a shopping tour and telephoned the apartment later from a Fifth Avenue store to speak to her son she was told that 'Mrs. Lindbergh is still in the room with her son' and therefore the request must be from a fraudulent person. She had considerable trouble to prove her identity."

There were countless letters of proposal from infatuated girls. Two young women walked 35 miles and slept in the corridor of a hotel where he was stopping in Portland, Ore., to make sure they would not miss seeing him when he left.

* * * *

What was that? Baby Wee—Shh-h—he's off to a new flight through the realm of Dreamland.

(See Lindbergh's Message on Page 128)

A Radio Column by Heywood Broun

(*Continued from page 15*)

yet. I like the White Chip better but maybe you can suggest something. Broadcast Manor wouldn't be so bad.

I DON'T believe Mr. D. saw my name on any society page lately. Not since I was expelled from the Social Register for conduct unbecoming a member of the four hundred. But of course it isn't really the four hundred. There must be about ten thousand names. That makes it all the more cruel to be expelled. Anybody's likely to figure that he has a chance if they are going to pile up a list like that. In fact this business about exclusiveness is very much over-rated. The Social Register cannot expect to make itself exclusive just by throwing me out.

Anyhow I am still a prominent club man. That is I am a joiner. Whenever anybody in any organization says, "I think if I make a special point of it I might get you in," I say "Sure." I love belonging to things. Right now I am in ten different organizations and I am not counting the two where I am suspended. That is not on account of any unworthy conduct on my part. It is just for non-payment of dues. An oversight, so to speak.

I like secret grips and badges and hatbands. In fact I am wearing three hatbands this Summer. The other seven clubs haven't got any hatbands. I have only one hat and so I have to wear the three bands one on top of each other. If I am in Club A, I show the colors of Club B, because the people around must know that I belong to Club A or I wouldn't be in there. I wear the Club A band when I go to Club C. It keeps my fingers all cut up getting the pins out.

I am afraid that some of these exclusive clubs aren't really so very exclusive. There is one where my father put me up for membership when I was five years old. That sounded exciting and romantic. I felt, "'If I ever get in there I will really be a society man." And I would like to be a society man,—if you can do it by shaving every other day and never leading any cotillions. I haven't ever seen any cotillions. I have read about them in papers a lot but I can't quite figure out what happens. Where does the cotillion leader lead them? Does it mean that if he walks on his hands everybody in the ball room has to do the same thing? Even being in the Social Register—for one year—never got me into any cotillion.

I MIGHT interrupt right here to say that this is going to go on about like this for the rest of the fifteen minutes but that I am going to close the week tomorrow by doing a serious talk on unemployment. At least that is my plan. No guarantee goes with it.

I was talking about being put up for membership in an exclusive club when I was five years old. As a child I pictured it as being ever so swanky and a little mysterious. Some nights my father did not come home to dinner. He would phone and say he was going to stay at the club. And when you are a child a place where you can stay up and away from home until ten or eleven o'clock at night seems pretty dazzling. And so for more than twenty-five years I waited to get elected to this club. And finally, in a moment of absent mindedness, the membership took me in. A good many very old gentlemen kept dying and they had to take somebody in.

BUT we haven't got as many old gentlemen as some of the clubs in New York. Just after the war a young French officer came over here and a friend put him up for two weeks at a club that nobody is likely to get in until he is seventy. I do not know whether that is a rule or just a custom. The young French officer went there for lunch twice and then fled to Paris. When his American friend arrived in Paris the next summer the Frenchman sent him a note. He said, "It was very kind of you to put me up at your club. I want to square the obligation. I will take you to the tomb of Napoleon."

And we have romantic legends about our club too. Way back in the gay nineties a prominent member drove up to the door in a hansom cab. And because he had been *dining* he decided that it would be a good idea to take the horse out of the shafts and ride him right into the club. But the veteran doorman, he is still there, barred the way. "What is the matter, Charles," said the distinguished clubman. "Why are you stopping me. I am a member of this club."

"Yes, sir," said the doorman with rare presence of mind, "but your horse is not."

I have a pretty strong inferiority complex and what with all these legends about this club and the fact that I had been waiting twenty-eight years I was excited when I got the notice that I hadn't been blackballed. I decided that I would go down and walk around the exclusive premises and that probably from this time on I would have a civil word for no man but just go through the world giving people the stony stare and saying "Oh really!"

Unfortunately at the desk somebody gave me a book containing a list of members. It was about as big as a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—from Ab to Booh. That gave me, as you might say, pause. "Can we be," I thought, "so terribly exclusive, when according to this book there are something like ten thousand members. Is there enough blueblood to go that far round."

BUT I did go up to take a Turkish bath. I was rather figuring that maybe they would have rose petals in the pool. They did not. It was just like any other Turkish bath. In the cubicle next to me there was another aristocrat getting ready for the plunge. And as he took his shirt off—maybe it was two shirts—I observed that across his chest was tattooed an American flag, three green serpents and a large pink heart pierced by an arrow which had a tag on it. This tag was inscribed in rather gaudy purple tattooing. That seemed to me the one false touch. Just that extra bit of ostentation a gentleman should avoid. Black tattooing or red tattooing—oh, yes—but not purple. The label was entirely simple and inoffensive. It merely spelled out "Genevieve." That is a nice quiet name. His devotion did him much credit. After all with the start he had it might have been Cherie, or Fifi or even Little Egypt. Just the same I couldn't help looking at the flag and the snakes and the arrow and thinking, "Is this the exclusive and aristocratic and high toned club that I have been waiting to get into all my life!" I imagine society is like that. If I were in the society pages every day it would all be just so much dust and ashes to me. But now—say Mr. D are you sure it was me, and what was the date and what newspaper. There wasn't any photograph, was there?

I GUESS blue blood is just about the same as any other sort of blood. I don't believe a radical has to say that every rich man is a deep dyed villain. I am a radical but I don't think that. The sort of Utopia I think about and dream about is one where nobody is barred. Anybody can join, anybody can help—everybody can hang around. I don't think the Brotherhood of Man is just an empty phrase. It does mean something and that something is as wide and as deep as God's mercy. If all men were created free and equal—all men and that has got to mean *all*—let us start right now to get them on that basis.

* * *

A veteran actor, is Charles B. Hamlin, cast as "The Old Settler" in WTMJ's Sunday evening "Now and Then" program, a feature contrasting life twenty-five years ago with that now.

A "Cottage for Sale"

(*Continued from page 83*)

centered in the little cottage. To Robison the four words, "a cottage for sale", told as graphic a story of human tragedy as an entire book-full of words. And, since he expresses himself with notes rather than words, he wrote a song about it.

The song was wistful and haunting and strangely melancholic. There were no words to it, but the melody was written around the four words "a cottage for sale". He put it away and forgot about it, and took up his labors where he had left off.

He turned to Radio, to which he was no newcomer. He had been the pianist in the old Night Hawk gang from Kansas City, once the goal of ear-phones all over the country. So he reorganized his Deep River Orchestra, and played programs of the better kind of popular music, injecting his own material on every program.

Needing fresh material, he dug out his wordless melody, and gave it to Larry Conley, song writer, to whom he explained his feeling about the poignancy in a cottage for sale. Conley took the song, created an imaginary unfortunate love story, and handed back the song as we know it now.

It was published, without any great expectations. And then, unexpectedly, sales hit 10,000. Radio orchestras started playing it. Sales passed 20,000, bounded up to 30,000, reached the 50,000 mark. Royalties started getting fat. Sales reached 90,000. Robison made his first appearance on a nationally sponsored program. Sales passed 125,000, and Robison was achieving real Radio recognition. He was given a contract to appear on the Maxwell House program, one of the oldest and best-known on the air. His ideas, musically sound, were to be given free play in the program he was to direct.

His place in Radio was made. Thousands of letters were received congratulating him on this or that phase of the program. The Warner studios signed a three-year contract with him to write songs for the talkies. Early in September he started a contract with Radio-Keith-Orpheum theatres. His song, musically inferior to other opuses of his entirely unknown, had something that appealed to the public, and was making a fortune for him.

A short time ago a very important real estate transaction took place in Crestwood, in Westchester. The owner of a pretty little cottage was surprised to receive an offer from the same man who had accepted just half as much for the same house only a few short years before. The deal was made gladly.

To-day little Miss Robison takes her dolls canoeing in the little brook alongside the house, while Mrs. Robison fusses around the fire-place in the living room. There also may be found the somewhat battered piano on which the young musician composes his songs.

And not so long ago, on a Thursday night Maxwell House program, Willard Robison himself sang the plaintive words of "A Cottage For Sale" in honor of the sale of the 200,000th copy. At the conclusion of the program he turned to the writer and said, his hand resting affectionately on his special microphone; "You know, Radio's a wonderful thing . . ."

Marcella

(*Continued from page 63*)

well-known program, "Kassels in the Air" broadcast every Monday night from the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Kassel is not what one might term a law-breaker, but it does seem as if he has annihilated the law of gravitation in keeping his castles in the air. He is the composer of such popular song hits as "Around the Corner" and "Doodle de Doo."

* * *

ISN'T it just like Floyd Gibbons to have chosen Washington, D. C., for a birthplace, L. O. F.? It evidenced a great deal of foresight, it seems to me. No wonder he is on speaking terms with Presidents, Congressmen, Senators and the like. And it was on July 16th, 1887. We have no history book available to see what other great happenings fell on that date, but we are sure that all other events faded into insignificance with the appearance of Floyd Gibbons on *terra firma*. And now for a little disappointment. He *has been* married! That's the way it was put by our adviser. I queried, "But *is* he married?" "He *has been* married", was the kind but firm reply. So use your judgment, L. O. F. As far as I am concerned, that settles the question in my mind.

* * *

IT WILL do your heart good, Joseph B., to refer to the January issue of Radio Digest, for there is just one grand big writeup of Little Jack Little. It begins on page 9, continues on page 104, and then intrudes for more than a column on page 105. Think of it—just two and a half pages of "the greatest piano player on the air", and a full page on page 8 of that edition. And if you will turn to the rotogravure section of this magazine, you will find your favorite artist seated at the piano, surrounded by the admiring staff of WLW. You see, Radio Digest catches great broadcasting artists in its noose sooner or later.

* * *

IT SEEMS as if the story of Arabesque in the September issue was written especially for you, Mrs. F. E. O. And Reynold Evans takes the part of Achmed.

* * *

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—Letter asking about Blue Steele. Come home to Marcella and read: Blue Steele, of all things, is on his way to California—that is on August 2nd he was on his way—he's most likely there now—to make a picture with Charles Farrell. Texas is his 'ome town, don't you know, and hob-nobbing with cowboys is probably his specialty. Eddie Utt ran into Blue Steele at Amarillo, Texas, and that is why we all know now about the picture with Charles Farrell. And here's a little something about Eddie himself. He is a versatile recitationist and is broadcasting over Station WDAG, in Amarillo, and loves to talk to children. I'm sure that the children love to listen to you, Mr. Utt, and hope you will continue in your fine work. Do you think you can send along a picture for this "colyum"? Thank you.

* * *

ONCE upon a time a very gentle woman was captured by a very great big monster. True, she put herself in the way of being captured, for she knew that in this new captivity she would neither hunger nor thirst. This lovely lady had a young son and they had both been traversing the desert of human longing for a long time. When they finally came to a spring, they found this monster who demanded in exchange for food and water interesting stories to fascinate him and his subjects.

The heroine of this short tale is Yolande Langworthy, well-known author of "Arabesque". The figurative, benevolent monster—the Columbia Broadcasting System. Now, all of the facts about Miss Langworthy's future work have not been revealed, but I have gleaned this much—that a very substantial offer of gold has been made to Miss Langworthy to adapt her stories to the talking films. I don't know how many bushels of gold and silver will be measured out by this very large picture company, but it will be enough so that Miss Langworthy and her boy will never have to cross the desert again.

Lindbergh Honors Radio

(*Continued from page 19*)

The National Broadcasting Company with Columbia participated in broadcasting the evening address. The actual speech was delivered from Studio Six on the 22nd floor of 485 Madison Avenue, headquarters of WABC, and was carried by telephone to the main office of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company at 24 Walker Street. From that point it was relayed to the main office of the National Broadcasting Company at 711 Fifth Avenue and thence to the transmitting stations WEAF, WJZ and approximately seventy stations on the National Broadcasting chain. The hookup in the United States, which was the largest in point of the number of stations broadcasting ever accorded to a studio feature, was distributed as follows:

Columbia	74 stations
National .....(red and blue networks)	70 stations
Total	144 stations

In addition to these, a London broadcast was arranged for a network of twenty-one stations affiliated with the British Broadcasting Corporation and through that corporation arrangements had been made to rebroadcast in Sweden over the Radiojaenst, Stockholm station. Interest in Sweden was particularly keen because of the fact that Colonel Lindbergh's father was a native of Sweden and in that country America's "Lone Eagle" is still regarded as one of Sweden's sons.

Three short wave stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company also carried the speech, an advance copy of which had been sent to Germany for reading through stations of the Reichs Rundfunk Gessellschaft, the German broadcasting organization. A station in Sydney, Australia, planned to pick up and rebroadcast the National transmission.

The National Broadcasting Company's short wave stations are W3XAL, Bound Brook, N. J., W8XK, Pittsburgh, Pa., and W2XAD, Schenectady, N. Y.

ATTEMPTS have been made to estimate the potential Radio audience of this hookup. It is probable with so notable a speaker before the microphone that the listeners numbered between 75,000,000 and 100,000,000, including those in remote parts of the world who picked up the address by short wave transmission.

The mechanical alignment whereby the broadcast was sent abroad makes an interesting story in itself. Picked up at the A. T. & T. office in New York, it was amplified and sent over a direct circuit to one of that company's Radio telephone transmitting stations. The A. T. & T. has two of these stations—long wave at Rocky Point, L. I., and short wave at Lawrenceville, N. J., and uses whichever one is most suitable under the prevailing atmospheric conditions. Rocky Point broadcasts on a wave length of about 5,000 meters and Lawrenceville on a short wave between 14 and 33 meters.

At the telephone company's Radio station the voice currents are amplified millions of times and "blended" with a high voltage current, powerful enough to bridge the gap to England. Colonel Lindbergh's words were picked up on the other side by one of the receiving stations of the British Post Office which operates the telephone system of Great Britain—either the long wave station at Cupar, Scotland, or the short wave station at Baldock, England. These receiving stations again amplify the voice currents, attenuated,



Jesse S. Butcher

after traveling such a distance, millions of times. From the receiving stations, the speaker's words travel over a wire line through the London "trunk exchange", the Post Office's long distance center, to Station 2LO, key station of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The Radio circuit here used bridges a distance of approximately 3,400 miles. With the wire links this makes a combined wire and Radio circuit between Columbia headquarters and the British Broadcasting Corporation's station of more than 3,600 miles.

Unfortunately for British listeners, atmospheric conditions were unfavorable and only about half of the address was received in London. The reception was so poor that the British Broadcasting Corporation could not rebroadcast the speech to its listeners. The reason the broadcast failed was heavy static occasioned by intense electrical storms at some point in the Atlantic. This is a somewhat rare occurrence and was the first time an international broadcast had been completely silenced by weather conditions.

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S first Radio talk accordingly was heard by a comparatively small audience in the studio of WABC, a few short wave receivers in the United States and on ships at sea, and a vast audience in South America and Australia.

He expressed regret that the afternoon European broadcast had failed and seemed pleased when officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System invited him to speak to the British audience on another occasion. Phonographic records of the speech were made and rushed the following day by mail steamer to London, where they were available for rebroadcasting.

The second broadcast made six hours later from the same studio was a complete success. The National Broadcasting Company added its contribution to the happy occasion by assigning Gene Mulholland of its staff to be present and extend his capable services in making Col. Lindbergh's address a memorable one. This address was transmitted to Radio listeners n this country over the usual long wave networks and virtually monopolized the air. The newspapers of the country in the main carried front page accounts of the broadcast the next day.

Colonel Lindbergh, who is as much a public idol now as he was three years ago, found crowds of admirers gathered at the studio for both appearances, and police lines were formed to make a lane for him and his party from the studio entrance to his automobile. The distinguished aviator was accompanied by Mrs. Lindbergh, Col. Henry Breckinridge, his friend and attorney, Mrs. Breckinridge and Miss Nancy Guggenheim, a daughter of Harry T. Guggenheim, Ambassador to Cuba.

His speech had been written by him in advance and copies had been sent to all newspapers for publication immediately after the broadcast. It was about 1,200 words in length and with the studio announcements, effectively made by Frank Knight, required ten minutes for presentation. Colonel Lindbergh spoke into two microphones, a precaution in case of mechanical defect interfering with either one. He declined to sit at a table and broadcast, preferring to stand for his address.

Both times an audience of about a dozen people was in the studio. Colonel Lindbergh, although a novice at broad-

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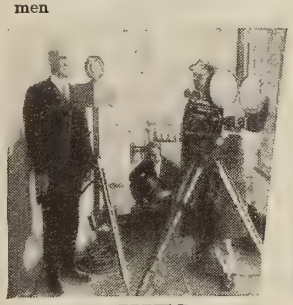
Good Jobs at Good Pay! Steady, Interesting Work! Fine Profits for your Spare Hours! Big Money as Your Own Boss! That's the Opportunity for you in Radio right Now! Why? Because the great, fast-growing Radio industry has reached the stage where it must have many more trained men. Most of those now employed are untrained—they just "picked up" what they know about radio, and even many of them get good pay. But the *Big Pay Steady* jobs go to the *Trained Man*, and R. T. I. offers you the definite way to prepare for them. R. T. I. training is endorsed by Leading Radio Men and Radio Trade Associations.

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Stations demand better trained men

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Do you want to get into some branch of Radio where trained men can easily make $40 to $50 weekly—where some earn $75 to $100 per week—where trained experienced men are selected for executive positions paying up to $5,000 and $10,000 yearly and more? Then send for the R. T. I. Radio Opportunity Book. Find out how R. T. I. trains you at home for this well-paid work—you don't have to give up your present job—you learn quickly and thoroughly—just a little time needed at home—earn an extra $10 to $20 per week in spare hours while learning—Then step into radio and go steadily on up to the Big Money. No experience needed to start—R. T. I. starts you right.



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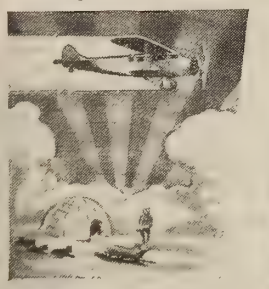
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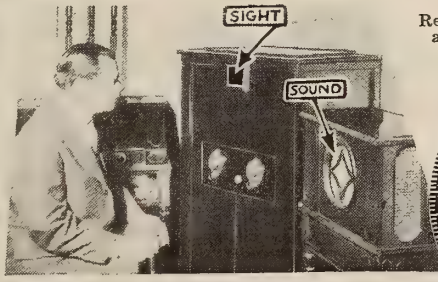
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R. T. I. R. T. I. TRAINS YOU AT HOME FOR A GOOD JOB OR A PROFITABLE PART TIME OR FULL TIME BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

Lindbergh Honors Radio

(*Continued from page 122*)

casting, spoke in a well modulated voice. His words came over the air distinctly with proper pauses for emphasis and the even tone that is one of the requisites of a broadcasting voice.

Prior to the address, photographs were made of him standing in front of the microphone and these were rushed in response to a demand by special service to newspapers in all parts of the world, in itself an indication of the tremendous interest in everything that America's most famous young man does.

THE talk in the evening once over, his own natural liking for mechanics, the scientific curiosity in him, made him ask questions. Anxious to inspect the various pieces of apparatus, particularly did the master control fascinate him—the meaning of the various dials. Reluctant, at last, however, he had to bring his casual inspection to a close, but not before he had assured the officials he would come back again, perhaps many times, to learn completely all the secrets still undisclosed.

Voices from Across the Sea

(*Continued from page 57*)

proved a good prophet. France and Italy soon proclaimed their refusal to make it a quintuple pact.

So it remains for my scholarly friend and colleague, Cesar Særchinger, whom I left in charge of Columbia's European interests and who is now its general representative "over there," to magnetize Bernard Shaw to the microphone. Whenever that happens, Radio will register a new high.

Viscount Cecil's was the only address not devoted to the naval conference. He delivered an eloquent 15-minute address on the occasion of the national memorial services in honor of the late Chief Justice Taft, including a moving tribute to Mr. Taft's services in behalf of world peace. The Chief Justice's family directed Columbia to inform Lord Cecil that nothing said on the occasion of Mr. Taft's passing had moved them more profoundly than his broadcast from London, delivered at 12:30 P.M., American time with complete clarity.

NEVER in the history of international relations—of course, not at all over the air—has so eminent a galaxy of personages addressed themselves within a brief span of time to a subject engrossing the world's attention. Here were the two chief actors in the naval drama at London—Stimson and MacDonald—communing by word of mouth directly into the ears of uncountable American hearers. MacDonald, speaking from Chequers, chose his Columbia broadcast on March 9th for the occasion of the first important, decisive announcement of the whole Conference, i.e., Britain's refusal to give France "military guarantees." That utterance marked the turning-point in affairs at London, the beginning of the end of the Five-Power negotiations and the paving of the way to purely Three-Power arrangements.

The Department of State, both in London and at Washington, caused to be issued regularly under its official auspices all copies of speeches broadcast by members of the delegation. Those utterances became part of the official history of the Conference of 1930. They are prima facie evidence of the importance with which statesmanship dignifies this new means of enlightening public opinion and solidifying international friendships—this magic medium of the microphone and the short-wave which has become its equally magical and reliable handmaiden.

Grantland Rice Interviews Sultan of Swat

(*Continued from page 87*)

If he passes me I'll be the first to send him a stick of dynamite.

RICE—Just why are there so many more home run hitters today than there were in the "good old days" of baseball?

RUTH—The game's different. In the old days pitchers could doctor the ball and make it dance in the air. I'll give you another example. In the old days they only used five or six balls during a game. Now they use from 45 to 50 so you are always hitting at a new, white ball that is harder to throw. As a result about everybody is gripping the bat down by the end of the handle and taking his full cut. They are swinging from the ground at everything that comes up to the plate where most of them used to grip the bat well up and chop or punch. I'd say that was the main reason.

RICE—Do you ever get tired of baseball, Babe?

RUTH—No. I play about 180 games a season, counting all the exhibition games. But I get a big kick out of every game I play in.

RICE—Who was the fastest pitcher you ever faced?

RUTH—Walter Johnson. He was the fastest of them all in his day and don't let anybody tell you different. He could make that baseball look like a golf ball shot from a gun.

RICE—Who is the best young ball player developed in the big leagues this year?

RUTH—Lopez, the Brooklyn catcher. He's a star in every way and he's been a big factor in keeping Brooklyn up.

RICE—What two teams will be in the next world series, Babe?

RUTH—The Athletics have too big a lead with only 38 games left. They look to be about over the line. But the other race is still a battle. The Cubs must clean up this month if they are to win again for the Giants and Dodgers finish at home. I think you'll see a close finish here right down the stretch.

RICE—What advice have you got for the kids who are playing baseball and want to improve?

RUTH—It's hard to tell anybody how to play a game. Most of the good pro golfers are ex-caddies who watched and studied good professionals. I'd suggest that every kid watch and study the methods of good ball players at every chance and then work out his own game. Don't get discouraged too quickly but keep on trying. Don't tighten up and try too hard. Just be easy and natural—and keep hustling.



Achieving Perfection in Informal Entertainment

(*Continued from page 76*)

Now what on earth
Do you suppose
Is in this
Little folder?
Just keep right on
And you'll find out
Ere you're a
Minute older.
A few more turns
And then you'll know—
I hope that you're excited—
We entertain
On Hallowe'en
And this means
You're
Invited.

Name.....

Date.....Time.....

Place.....

Such a novel invitation prepares your guests for an equally novel evening, and they must not be disappointed.

On the evening of the party when the guests arrive they are confronted by a large placard hanging just inside the entrance door which reads: "SILENCE. DO NOT SPEAK TO ANYONE AFTER PASSING THIS SIGN." Have a large cardboard hand pointing in the direction the guests are to take to leave their wraps. On one door hang a sign for the ladies and on another door one for the men. In each room have a pile of sheets and over it place a sign ordering each guest to wrap himself in one. Nearby have a pile of black masks, one for each guest, and on a dressing table some grease paint, powder and rouge. A large sign reading: "DISGUISE YOURSELF AS COMPLETELY AS POSSIBLE AND THEN GATHER IN THE LIVINGROOM" should hang in a conspicuous place in each dressing room.

The livingroom should be decorated in keeping with the spirit of Hallowe'en and dimly lighted with candles and mystic blue lights obtained by burning wood alcohol in brass bowls. Have the necessary card tables set up with a sign on each reading: "ONE WORD BEFORE 9:30 WILL COST YOU YOUR FORTUNE. BE SEATED. IF YOU CAN'T DEMONSTRATE YOUR BIDS WITHOUT TALKING, WRITE THEM ON THE BACKS OF SCORE SHEETS. BEGIN TO PLAY AT THE CHIME OF THE BELLS."

When the tables are filled, give the signal to start playing with a raucous cow bell or an alarm clock. A heap of fun will ensue when the players try to invent signals to signify their bids. If anyone speaks, he loses ten points from his score each time—the host quietly marking down these penalties.

By the time the alarm clock rings at the time signified to break silence (one hour after the playing starts), everyone will be dying to talk and the success of the party will be assured.

A simple buffet supper of assorted sandwiches, olives and pickles, doughnuts, cheese bits, apples, raisins, nuts, cider and hot coffee can be served at midnight. Or, if something more elaborate is desired, the dining table should be amusingly decorated and a course supper of creamed tomato soup in cups, ham and sweetbread patties, and hot pumpkin pie with cheese might be served.

If you do not care to play bridge, a hundred other ideas for Hallowe'en can be thought up. Unconventionality should be the keynote of the evening and everything should be conducted in an unusual manner. Costumes are always fun and there is no better time to give a costume party. An "old clothes" party, a "baby" party, a "literary character" party can

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"Been on a vacation Bill?"

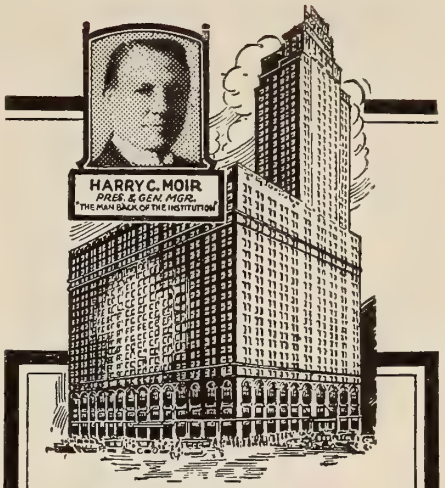
"No, Jim—I've stopped smoking. Gained six pounds in a week. You know how I used to smoke—a package of cigarettes and a cigar or two a day—it sure had some hold on me. I tried to stop many times but could only quit for a few days. But I'm through forever now—took a scientific home tobacco treatment—fixed me up in two weeks.

"Wasn't hard on me at all—noticed improvement the first day—I feel like a new man. It didn't interfere with my work—didn't leave any druggish after-effects—the money I saved in the last two weeks has paid for the treatment alone.

"Why don't you take it? It has entirely banished the tobacco habit for many thousands of men like you and me. It has been successfully used for over fifty years and comes to you with a money-back guarantee—it is a doctor's individual prescription that sure fixes you up. Write for full information NOW. No obligation. All correspondence is strictly confidential."

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Closest in the City to Stores, Offices, Theatres, and Railroad Stations

The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, with 3450 rooms

be counted among the many suggestions that mean no extra expense for your guests. Fortune telling is an indispensable feature of the evening and many ideas for mystic readings of the future can be found in entertainment books at the public library.

Another unusual party for the fall suggested by Miss White is a football dinner. This should be given following a football game, of course, and lucky, indeed, is the hostess who can count one of the players among her guests. Someone who stayed at home—mother, usually,—should have the dinner ready when the football enthusiasts arrive, ravenous and exuberant after hours in the open air.

The dining table should be decorated with the colors of the home team, or both, if any rooters from the other side are to be present. Chrysanthemums and autumn leaves banked in a low mass in the center of the table make a beautiful center piece. Miniature footballs holding place cards are attractive favors. A hearty dinner, as elaborate as the hostess wishes to make it, will surely be relished. An ambitious dinner would be cream of celery soup, shrimp, lobster and oysters creamed in patty shells, roast turkey with chestnut dressing, mashed potatoes and turnips, cranberry sauce, endive salad with french dressing, and hot mince and pumpkin pies. After such a hearty meal the guests will be glad to sit quietly over a cup of good hot coffee in the living room before starting bridge or dancing. During the coffee it would be a fitting climax to the football game to start an old-fashioned "sing" ending with the college songs of both teams.

Thanksgiving parties are usually family affairs. Decorations and menus, too, follow a time-honored tradition. But after Thanksgiving dinner is over—preferably in the middle of the day so that the home-maker can have time to rest and relax before evening—a good idea is for the older members of the family to meet at one home for a quiet evening of conversation or cards and the younger ones to meet at another house for an evening of old-fashioned games, a marshmallow roast, popping corn, and the like. After the hearty turkey dinner of the middle of the day, no one will want much in the way of supper. A buffet holding doughnuts, cheese tidbits, apples, nuts, raisins, and cider will be all any one will want.

LUNCHEONS, teas and bridge parties are among the most delightful forms of informal entertainment for women. The wise luncheon hostess will prepare a simple meal, keeping in mind the dieting habits of her friends. Heavy luncheons make us dull and sleepy, whereas a light, appetizing repast puts us in an expansive frame of mind.

A cream soup, a main dish of some broiled fish and green peas, and a light dessert such as prune whip, constitute the sort of meal women enjoy. This should be served on a colorful and gay table with a low bowl of fresh flowers in the center, place doilies or the more fashionable crossed runners, freshly polished silver, gleaming glass, colorful china. Candles should never be on the table at lunch time or at any time before nightfall, for that matter. And paper napkins should only be used at large buffet parties or at late night suppers.

Luncheon should be taken leisurely, for the real purpose of it is talk—the exchange of ideas and news, civic discussions, the theatre, books, club news, fashion news—the things in which women are interested and not the petty affairs of the day, nor the gossip uninitiated men suspect us of. The tactful hostess will always lead the conversation away from dangerous personalities. Luncheons served at one usually end about three, giving the hostess time to clear everything up and rest a while before starting dinner.

Afternoon bridge, to which guests are usually invited at about two-thirty, is usually followed by tea served in the same room. The hostess should have her tea wagon prepared beforehand—with cups and saucers, plates, tea napkins, spoons and forks, tea pot, tea cannister, the pot for boiling water, sugar, cream and lemon. It is quite fashionable nowadays to have a double compartment dish containing cloves and candied cherries on the tea tray for those who like their tea with an exotic flavor. Colored pieces of sugar in the shapes of diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs are also amusing novelties. Dainty sandwiches cut in odd shapes and small iced cakes are the usual tea-time repast.

While the players are adding their scores and settling up, the hostess makes the tea at the wagon and one of the guests, chosen beforehand, passes the refreshments to the guests. Bridge should stop not later than five o'clock, giving an hour for the enjoyment of the tea before the guests take their leave at six.

Probably the most intimate and jolly form of entertainment is the late supper party. After the theatre, lecture or club meeting, for instance, it is fun to invite people to your home for a midnight bite. Everyone is in an expansive mood and just physically tired enough to want to sit quietly and talk of cabbages and kings. This is Grace White's favorite kind of party and she told me that she never lets a chafing dish recipe escape her shears. She keeps a special scrapbook in which she pastes suggestions for midnight snacks.

Two things are indispensable for midnight parties: a chafing dish and the ability to make extra-good coffee.

* * *

If you have any questions about entertaining that are bothering you or if you'd like to have some help with a party which you're planning, write to me care of Radio Digest and I'll be glad to help you out. You can also get lots of new ideas about entertaining and every other phase of home-making from the morning broadcasts by the Radio Home-Makers Club. These are given every weekday except Saturday between ten A.M. and noon over the Columbia Broadcasting network.

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with bath $3.00

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Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chas. A. Phildius, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

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Auto Radio—Uses 2-224, 2-227 tubes and 1-245 Power tube. Single dial, tremendous volume. Compact. Fits any car. **We guarantee this set to perform better than sets selling up to $1.50.** 20.00

B Eliminator, Bone Dry with 280 tube, 180 volts, will operate up to ten tube set, fully guaranteed 6.75

AC—A B C Power Packs 8.75

Tubes: UX type, 30-day replacement guarantee, No 210, $2.25; No. 250, $2.35; No. 281, $1.85; No. 245, $1.25; No. 224, $1.25 No. 227, 75c; No. 226, 65c; No. 171, 75c.

CHAS. HOODWIN CO.
4240 Lincoln Ave. Dept. K-19 Chicago

Amos 'n' Andy in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 86*)

is, they use their Amos 'n' Andy tones, snap into Van Porter and the Kingfish and others, in rapid succession and never miss out.

When the afternoon performance is over, they go right back to work on their sound stage and keep it up until six o'clock. This gives them an hour and a half and, since taking off make-up is quicker than putting it on, in this time they can change attire and have their next meal, a bit more substantial than the other repasts.

Mostly they are still in the studio lot. But sometimes they dash back to the hotel, though not often. Comes seven-thirty and they repeat the episode for the benefit of the western audience.

That accounts pretty well for their time. But wait, for they are not through. From then on until midnight they work on future adventures of Amos 'n' Andy, and rehearse tomorrow's Radio act. This takes an hour or two, and the rest of the time is spent in practising their dialogue for the next day's picture work.

So far as the listening public is concerned, there isn't a second's delay in switching from Chicago to Hollywood for the act. But the Radio officials, at the first, had a couple of fits because in the switching process there is an interval of two seconds between Bill Hay's "And here they are," to the time Amos 'n' Andy begin to expostulate.

But this two seconds interval is absolutely necessary to make all the plug-ins for the affair. Not being too technically minded, I never catch the fact that there is a two second interval, and I don't think the audience does either.

SO THERE you have a pretty accurate picture of what Amos 'n' Andy have been doing during the summer months.

Do they like Hollywood? Well, they just know the route from the hotel to RKO's lot. Over towards the mountains they can see the hillside homes and colorful street lights at midnight as they wend their way back to rest after the day's activity.

But the pace is a terrific one. Sometimes they dash out at eleven o'clock and get an extra hour of sleep. Once in a while they sneak in fifteen minutes more during the morning.

But the boys are punctual and never miss out on the work schedule. They will be glad when it is all over and the rush subsides. Over at the studio they tell me the picture will be released about the middle of October.

So perhaps by the time you are reading this you will have a chance to see their initial talkie effort. I think it will not be their last.





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LINDBERGH'S MESSAGE

By Col. Charles A. Lindbergh

THROUGHOUT history the progress of civilization has been dependent upon the development of transportation. Centuries ago men found they could live better by engaging in trade with one another. They discovered that an article which was plentiful in one locality was often scarce and in great demand in another. It became apparent that life could be made simpler and more worth while by trading the surplus of a district suited to agriculture for that of a natural manufacturing community. As methods of transportation improved it was found impossible for the individual or the community to remain completely independent of other individuals and communities. Contact with foreign countries brought about an intellectual development together with the commercial. Men became no longer content with the bare necessities of existence and the luxuries of ancient commerce grew into the everyday necessities of a more modern world. The intercourse which sprang up as a result was responsible for the banding together of larger and larger communities under one central government and eventually brought about the comparatively high standard of living.

EVERY great advance in transportation has forecast a greater unity in world government. Directly or indirectly, whether by peaceful negotiation or by warfare, the demands of commerce have made it both impossible and undesirable for an entirely independent community to exist permanently. Thousands of years ago it was found advisable to form local organizations to regulate trade. The development of shipping and foreign commerce caused the adoption of a central government by groups of communities for advantages in trading with foreign countries. Transoceanic traffic with its worldwide commerce brought about the necessity of international regulation and agreement. In every instance the advantages of cooperation and exchange broke down the barriers of sectionalism.

Foreign relations were originally greatly hampered by artificial obstacles imposed in the form of local tolls and taxes. Communities were fearful lest their neighbors obtain some advantage in trade. Better transportation brought intercourse and mutual understanding and gradually caused the local taxes to be removed, thereby greatly stimulating internal business. Wherever new methods of transportation brought people in contact with one another and made it possible through cooperation for them to obtain a better living with less effort, artificial obstacles gave way before the advantages of trade.

The Twentieth Century brings a third dimension in transportation to a world which has not yet had time to become accustomed to the more recent developments of the steamship and the railroad. The airplane and the airship are placing time and distance on a new scale of relativity. Aviation as it is today is having a worldwide effect on communication. If we attempt to envision what it will be after a century of modern scientific development it is difficult to find precedent for what it may bring to civilization.



Each year the French government issues three bronze medallions honoring individual accomplishment. These medallions are sold through the Louvre in Paris. The medallion illustrated above was issued last year and is the first time such a tribute has been paid to an American.

Aviation has not gripped the imagination of the world solely because man has at last found a way of flying. Its fascination lies far more in the changes it is bringing about in existing methods and policies. Possibly the most important effect will be on international relations. When measured in hours of flying time the great distances of the old world no longer exist. Nations and races are not separated by the traditional obstacles of earthbound travel. There are no inland cities of the air and no natural obstructions to its commerce.

The last few years have seen the extension of airlines over every continent. The next few will bring transoceanic routes to unite these continental services into a network covering the entire world. To realize the full significance of this development, however, it must be considered as a part of the whole system of modern transportation. For unless some radical scientific discovery revolutionizes our present aircraft we cannot compete with ships and railroads in the movement of most articles of commerce. The airplane augments rather than replaces ground transport. Its mission is to simplify intercourse between countries by rapid transportation of passengers and documents; to bring us in closer contact with other people and to facilitate the negotiations necessary for mutual understanding and trade.

If we accept the principle that life today is preferable to that of ancient times then it is logical to assume that any future improvement in transportation will result in a corresponding advance in methods of living. As people grow accustomed to flying a new sense of distance will develop and foreign countries will not seem so far away. Men instinctively judge the distance of places by their accessibility. In consequence we have formed many false impressions of geography. Aviation will replace these old ideas with a true order of location. The ease of travel between Canada, Mexico and the United States, for instance, will undoubtedly bring about still closer cooperation between them. Even today there is a well established airway between North and South America. It is no longer a difficult feat to fly between the two continents and as flying activity increases there will be a regular traffic of aircraft north and south through the Isthmus of Panama and the West Indies. The Western Hemisphere is by no means unique in aeronautical development. European airlines have been equally active in their extension through Asia and Africa.

AVIATION brings with it the necessity of uniform regulations. Aircraft often cross several international boundaries in the space of a few hours and non-uniform local regulations would greatly hamper the development of airlines. One of the most important factors contributing to their rapid expansion in the United States has been our federal supervision and consequent freedom from local restrictions. The maximum advantages of air commerce can be obtained only by international adoption of uniform flying regulations and in this day of education and progress it seems unnecessary to permit fear and misunderstanding to retard commerce between nations as it retarded that between individuals in ancient times. We should be able to replace an evolution of necessity by a program of intelligent encouragement. The conquest of the air should bring with it a new era of international commerce and agreement.

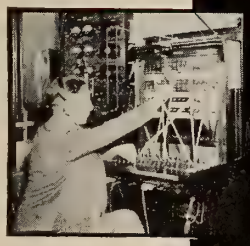


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